

ZANZIBAR

ALL ABOUT THE ISLAND OF CLOVES
AND ITS MOHAMMEDAN SULTAN.

GAL One Carpenter's Letter

ZANZIBAR.—Have you ever heard of Judge Riley of Virginia? He was one of the noted figures in Washington during the administrations of Grant, Hayes, Arthur, and Garfield. A carpet-bag official at the close of the war, he came in for one of the foreign appointments which were given by the northern presidents to the Republicans of the south. He was first sent as minister or consul general to one of the little South American republics and after that was given the consular post to Zanzibar. Before leaving Washington for the latter post he treated all his friends, dilating the while on the splendors of the court of the sultan and his harem and the black-eyed hours whom he expected to see. He then left; but at the end of six months came back weary and worn and sad. When asked how he liked Zanzibar he replied:

"Zanzibar! Zanzibar! Where in the blank is Zanzibar! I have been cruising over the world for the past six months and, for the life of me, I can't find Zanzibar!"

I have been more successful than Judge Riley, for I have found Zanzibar, and have seen its young sultan, though not his harem. For our consuls of the future I would say that Zanzibar is a coral island about one-sixth as large as Porto Rico, situated in the Indian ocean, 399 or 400 miles below the equator and from 15 to 20 miles from the coast of German East Africa. It can now be reached by a half dozen steamship lines, and the fare from here to Washington is something like \$300. There are four lines which connect the island with Europe, and the German East Africa ships go regularly from here to Bombay, in India, and to Rangoon, in Burma. There are also ships which have regular sailings to the Persian gulf and Madagascar, so that the island can be easily reached.

THE ISLAND OF CLOVES.

In coming here from Tanga we steamed along the Zanzibar coast for about 40 miles, and there are 20 or more miles yet below us. Zanzibar is about 50 miles long and 20 miles wide, and it would make altogether about 400 one-thousand-acre farms. As you look at it from the sea the land is low and its shores are fringed with coconut trees loaded with nuts. The island has a dense vegetation. It is in the heart of the tropics and is noted for the fertility of its soil. It is the chief clove island of the world, and the cakes and pickles of the universe are flavored by it. Throughout Europe and the United States there are millions of secret drinkers who hide their whiskey breath from the knowledge of their deluded wives by the aroma of Zanzibar cloves. The island produced last year over 25 million pounds of these spices. This is enough to smother the scent of all the liquors raised by man and leave some to spare. During my stay I have ridden out to some of the plantations. Cloves come from trees which are set out in orchards and cultivated. At the age of six years the trees begin to bear blossoms, and it is these blossoms which form the cloves of commerce. They are bright red in color and are full of perfume. They are picked when they are in full bloom and then smoked over slow wood fires. During the smoking they turn from red to brown,

and when cured are almost black. After they are well dried they are packed up in bags, and in that shape are sent to Europe and the United States. The English have another clove island, known as Pemba, which lies a little north of Zanzibar, and is governed from here. These two islands produce more than 90 per cent of all the cloves raised in the world.

ZANZIBAR CITY.

The capital of Zanzibar is Zanzibar city. It is the chief port of East Africa. Foreign goods being sent from here to the mainland and carried across to Lake Tanganyika and other parts of the continent. At the same time ivory, hides and the various native products are brought here to be shipped to Europe, so that the place has a great trade.

As you approach the city from the sea it makes you think of southern Europe. The shore is lined with three-story buildings, built of stone or brick, covered with stucco and painted in all colors of the rainbow. There are blue buildings, white buildings, green buildings and yellow buildings, all mixed together. The town appears twice as big as it is, and it looks both imposing and beautiful. Right out of the center, on the edge of the sea, rises the sultan's palace, and farther down to the south are the buildings of the British consulate, which look like a white marble castle.

As you come nearer the marble turns to whitewash, and the sultan's palace dwindles in grandeur until it looks like one of our great seaside hotels. It is, in fact, a three-story building of wood painted yellow, with galleries running about it from story to story. These galleries are about 20 feet wide and are for all the world like hotel porches. The roof is red, and, as it seems to cover a roof garden, the hotel effect is still more in evidence. It is there that the sultan lives with his numerous wives. I do not know how many and who they are in the harem. His majesty is a Mohammedan and he keeps such things to himself. I only know that the soldiers are always guarding the doors and that the eunuchs at the entrance seemed to frown at me as I passed by. There is no royalty, however, about the looks of the palace, and there is but little power in the hands of the young man of 23 who lives there and pretends to reign.

THE SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

Indeed the glory of this sultanate is fast passing away. It once controlled almost the whole of East Africa. The sultan had all the territory that now belongs to the Germans, reaching as far east as Lake Tanganyika, and also the whole of the coast lands of British East Africa, extending almost to Arabia. He was one of the great slave-dealers of the world. I recently went through the slave market where some of this young sultan's ancestors sold negro slaves for American consuls. After Tipoo Tib, the great slave dealer who aided Stanley in his explorations, when Tipoo Tib died 12 years ago he left more than 300 black wives. Within recent years the British have abolished slavery, but I understand there are some who are still slaves although nominally free.

As to the sultan of today his income and from his own private estates. The sultan has all the territory that now belongs to the Germans, reaching as far east as Lake Tanganyika, and also the whole of the coast lands of British East Africa, extending almost to Arabia. He was one of the great slave-dealers of the world. I recently went through the slave market where some of this young sultan's ancestors sold negro slaves for American consuls. After Tipoo Tib, the great slave dealer who aided Stanley in his explorations, when Tipoo Tib died 12 years ago he left more than 300 black wives. Within recent years the British have abolished slavery, but I understand there are some who are still slaves although nominally free.

A City of Arabs, Hindoos and Africans Governed by the British—A Look at the Clove Plantations—The Sultan and His Harem—Zanzibar as the Warehouse of East Africa and How Americans Started Its Foreign Trade—Our Cottons in Great Demand—They Pass as Money and Are Traded for Ivory—Chances for American Calicoes—A Business Uncle Sam Should Push.



THE SULTAN AND HIS PALACE ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA.

Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

women who are kept in slavery by the Arab officials and merchants here.

AN ARAB CITY.

The Arabs are still the lords of Zanzibar, although the British act as rulers. They own the greater part of the island; they have the clove plantations and they work the native Africans to the limit. They go about in turbans and gowns; and the city looks more like a part of Egypt or India than of Central Africa. The streets are narrow and winding. The buildings are high, with barred windows. They have enormous doors, plated with big-headed nails, making every house look like a prison. Some of the streets have the walls so close together that carriages cannot enter them, and all are so narrow that the cabs have bells like dinner gongs, which they keep ringing as they drive through the streets, to warn the people to get out of the way.

The whole place is a combination of squalor and splendor. Some of the shabbiest houses have doors of teak wood so beautiful that they would ornament any Fifth Avenue palace, and these doors open into the meanest of shops and warehouses. The architecture throughout is Mohammedan, and the best-clad people on the street are those who wear turbans and gowns. Many of the Arab merchants dye their beards a brick-dust red, and I see scores of women who go about com-

pletely covered by yellow gowns which fall without a break from their heads to their feet. Their faces are entirely covered, and each girl looks out through a little network of white cords woven over a hole not larger than a visiting card, and that so closely that one cannot see the eyes behind.

TEN THOUSAND HINDOOS.

About one-sixth of the inhabitants of Zanzibar come from East India. There are more than 10,000 Hindoos and also Klings, Parsos and Brahmins. These people are from all parts of Hindoostan, and they wear many strange costumes. I see little black girls whose arms and legs are loaded with gold and silver jewelry. They have tight pantaloons which fall to their ankles and are fringed with lace. They have also a coat which comes to the knees. These are dark-faced Indian women with nose buttons of gold and silver, and fat, greasy-looking Indian men, who strut about wearing pill-box caps made of velvet and cloth of silver. These men have on long coats buttoned up to the throat, and under them calico pantaloons which fit tight to the skin. Others have round-about jackets with gold studs down the front, which look for all the world like dress shirts with the tails cut off.

These Hindoos do most of the retail business of Zanzibar. They have long streets of bazaar-like stores in the city

itself, and their peddlers go all over the island. They use rupees as money, and their chief customers are the Swahilis and the other natives.

THE NEGROES OF ZANZIBAR.

The bulk of the population of Zanzibar is made up of Africans. The Arabs are the nabobs, the Indians the traders, but the black men do the work. There are on the island altogether 250,000 or more negroes of various tribes. There are more Swahilis than any other. They are fine-looking black people. The men and women are straight and the young girls in their long white cotton gowns are quite handsome. Many of the men speak a little English, and my guide knows enough to tell me about the city and its people. They are the most efficient of the natives of Central Africa, and are employed by traders to carry goods to all parts of the continent. I find the thatched villages of the negroes along the roads as I drive about the country. They work the plantations, taking care of the clove trees and gathering the crops.

AMERICAN TRADE.

This city should be a center for our

trade movement toward the conquest of East Africa. It is the warehouse of this coast and its business is several times as large as that of any other ports on this side of the continent. It naturally belongs to the United States, for we were the first to open up its foreign trade. As far back as 1835 Uncle Sam established a trading consulate at the court of the then sultan of Zanzibar, and we then began to send in cotton goods and hardware for distribution over the eastern part of the African continent.

The work of that time is still in evidence. American cottons are known everywhere. They are considered the best made, and if our exporters would push them they could crowd out the poorer goods from India, England and Germany. The other nations fight American goods, and they do everything they can to destroy our trade. They are studying the wants and tastes of the natives and are making patterns to please them. The most active merchants at present are the Germans, who are selling the fashions of these cottons from time to time, and the women want the new styles and colors as soon as they come. Here in Zanzibar I see some which have patterns of playing cards and others which are covered with animals, and especially lions or leopards. They cost about 70 cents a pair. I understand there is a demand for fannel kangas printed in colors. There undoubtedly would be a large sale for American kangas if the patterns were right.

The bulk of the American goods brought into this part of the world is through European firms. There are some American firms, but the most of the profits of our trade go to outsiders. There is a man at Marseille named Klein who is doing an enormous business in American cottons throughout eastern Africa. He has a branch house here and one at Mombasa, and his agents are traveling through Abyssinia, Somaliland, British East Africa, Uganda and German East Africa. He has his cotton made to order in America in pieces of 42 yards each and he brings a shipload of about 4,000 tons across the ocean every year.

I met one of Klein's agents on Lake Victoria. This was a Eurasian who had just come from Bismarckburg on the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and was then on his way to Mombasa. He had gone to Lake Tanganyika to investigate the confiscation of \$20,000 worth of ivory tusks by the Belgians.

Klein made a great deal of American cottons for ivory. The elephants' tusks are carried on the heads of porters down to the coast, or they are brought to Lake Tanganyika and sent to Mombasa by the Uganda railway. The ivory in question had been bought in German East Africa, and the porters were taking a short cut through the Congo territory to get it to the coast. While on the way they were captured, and the Belgian officials claimed the ivory on the ground that the porters were smugglers. Klein's agent succeeded in getting the ivory back, and it is now coming here to Zanzibar across country on the heads of porters. It will be transferred to boats at the seacoast and brought here for shipment.

HOW IVORY IS BOUGHT.

I asked this young man as to the selling prices of ivory. He tells me that the ordinary price in the interior for a tusk of 180 pounds is about 120 rupees, or \$40. At Mombasa, the same tusk would be worth \$400 or \$500. The ivory varies in price according to locality, and that which is worth 100 cents a pound on Lake Tanganyika will sell for \$2.50 a pound at the seacoast. In buying ivory of the natives the current money is American cotton sheeting,

which is turned in at the rate of 10 cents a yard. The same cloth sells in Europe for about 4 cents a yard. The European and Indian cloths are cheaper, and the traders try to put them in instead of the American. Many of these cloths come from Bombay. They are so thin that one can see through them. The German cloths are little better.

Our goods are known as American all over East Africa, and they are the only kind that really sell themselves. This man Klein keeps a big stock of American at a number of interior trading stations. He has a branch office at Tabora, which lies about midway between here and Lake Tanganyika, where he has now something like \$100,000 worth of American on hand. This gives one an idea of the extent of the trade. Indeed, the demand is such that I do not hesitate to advise our American cotton factors to study the market and to send their agents to Africa to investigate the possibility of building up a big business in colored cottons and print goods.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

W. R. Ward of Dyersburg, Tenn., writes: "This is to certify that I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People for chronic constipation and it has proved, without a doubt, to be a thorough, reliable and pleasant remedy. It is with pleasure I offer my commendation and reference." For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

SIX BEST SELLING BOOKS.

Record for May.

According to reports from the leading book sellers of the country, the books which have sold best in the past month during the month are:

1. The Barrier Beach, . . . \$1.00
2. The Black Bag, Vance, . . . \$1.00
3. The Shuttle, Burnett, . . . \$1.00
4. Old Wives for New, Phillips, . . . \$1.00
5. The Lady of the Decoration, Little, . . . \$1.00
6. The Fair Moon of Bath, Ellis, . . . \$1.00

In addition to the above we have a large stock of other popular books of the day.

DESERET NEWS BOOK STORE.

6 Main St.

SLEEPING UNDER FIRE.

It is not an unknown thing for a soldier to fall asleep even when ostensibly taking an active part in an action. A case in point is supplied by an interesting communication from a London surgeon who served in South Africa.

"Any one who has seen men in situations of great tension know that sometimes, in fact, a small minority of them—may be overcome by an uncontrollable desire to sleep. It affects some men more than others. At Honning Spruit, June, 1900, the writer happened to be the only surgeon on the spot when Col. Bullock (now Gen. Bullock) was attacked for about nine hours by a Boer force numbering his own in numbers, better armed and assisted by artillery. We were without this invaluable assistance. The Boers failed to take the post."

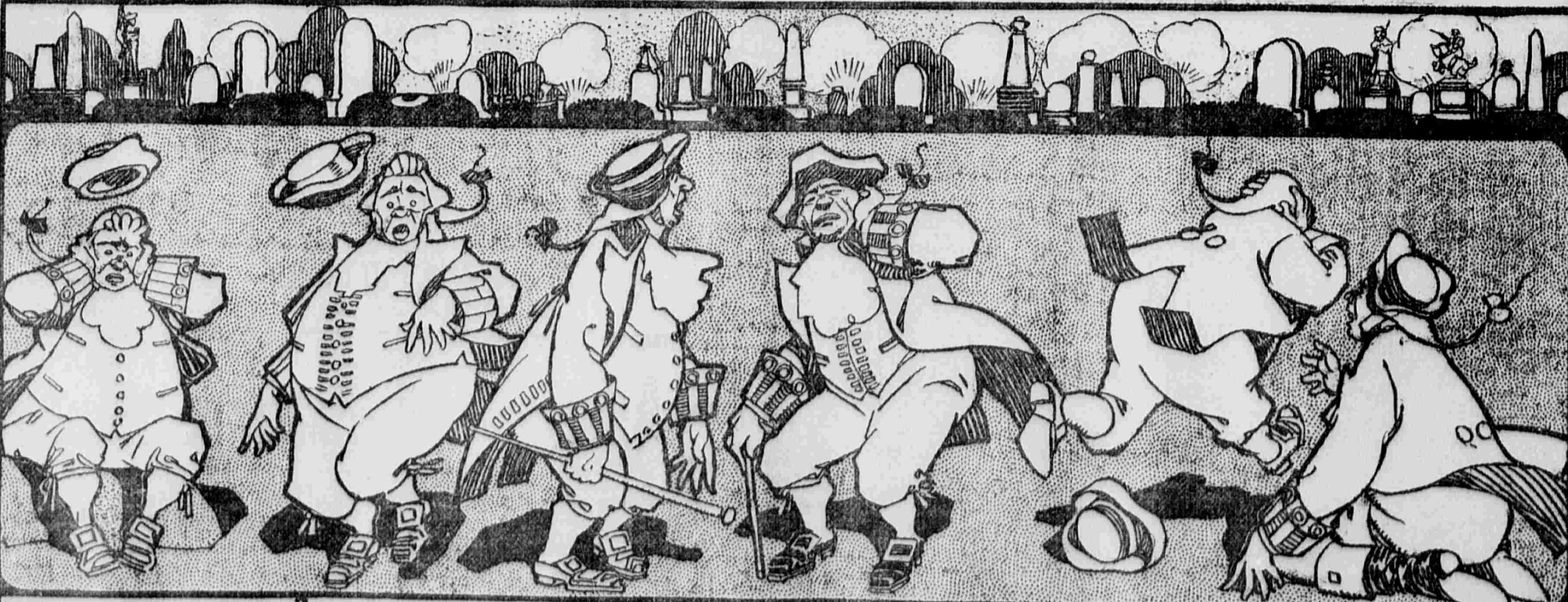
"During the attack, the writer visited a trench in which one man was badly hit another was lying apparently dead except that he had not the color of a man killed in action. The writer turned him over to get a better look at him, and found the man had been sound asleep; and this was not the only case of sleeping that day."

"Col. Bullock's forces were called upon to repel an attack at about 7 a.m. on empty stomachs; were obliged to lie face downward in shallow trenches and endure the shell and rifle from all but invisible foes, and in the sun, the sleepless night of travel in many trucks, a few of them went to sleep. The main cause, the writer believes, was the tension of the situation, the absence of active physical exertion. "The writer felt the same desire for sleep, but active employment kept him awake. The wounded, except the most severely wounded, soon succumbed to the beautiful action of this natural anesthetic."—British Medical Journal.

ARE THE SIGNERS SORRY THEY SIGNED?

As a matter of fact, 'twas a wonderful act.
When the fathers in seventy-six
Made the colonies free by concurrent decree
And their names to the same did affix.
But, alas, when the great Declaration they signed
The big noise they would cause they had never in mind!

If the patriot sires who enkindled the fires
Wherein liberty's beacons still burn
Are aware of the noise that is made by the boys,
In their tombs they must tremble and turn;
Every signer must rise in his large white-crawbat
And remark to the militant celebrant, "Scat!"



There are times when I think that their spirits must shrink
And their shades they must shudder and shake,
For the deafening din of their progeny kin
Is enough to keep dead men awake,
And I don't understand why it is that the sons
Cannot honor the sires save with crackers and guns.

Now, it isn't that I'm so opposed to a "time"
On the glorious Fourth of July,
But the "Let Us Alone" motto should, you must own,
To the dead as the living apply,
And we shouldn't with clamor be, oh, so unkind
As to make the old signers regret that they signed!

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