

# MOUNT KILIMANJARO

HOW THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY USES ITS TOP AS A PAPERWEIGHT.

Special Correspondence.  
Tanga, German East Africa.  
**K**aiser Wilhelm, the emperor of Germany, now owns the scallop of this African continent. It is a bit of rock as big as your fist, and it was cut from the top of Mount Kilimanjaro, where, dominating all Africa, it kisses the sky at an altitude almost four miles above the sea. The rock was cut off by one of the Germans who climbed to the top of that mighty mountain. It was ground smooth and made into a paper weight, and it now lies at the Kaiser's right hand on his library table in his palace in Berlin.

**ABOUT MOUNT KILIMANJARO**  
I understand that the Kaiser is proud of owning Mount Kilimanjaro, and there is no doubt that his subjects out here feel the same way. The mountain lies just back of this part of Tanga, almost on the border between British and German East Africa. Its lowest slopes are now reached by railroad, and some of the richest regions of German East Africa lie at its foot. These are now being settled by Germans who are planting out coffee and hemp. There are some plantations which contain tens of thousands of coffee trees, and some of the best of the world's coffee is being planted to grain. A colony of Boers has located there, and there are also many Jews, who have been driven out of Russia by the persecutions of the czar. The land is high and the climate is healthy. The railroad has now been extended about 72 miles westward, and it is to go up the slope of Kilimanjaro itself. The German Kaiser, who has recently made a trip through that region, tells me he is well satisfied as to the progress now making, and he predicts that we will some day have a little Germany away out high, or about as high as Popocatepetl in Mexico.

**THE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST MOUNTAINS.**  
Kilimanjaro is on the roof of the African continent, and it is one of the half dozen or more spires which rise high above the roof of the world. With the exception of Mount McKinley and certain of the Himalayas and the Andes, it is by far the highest mountain on the globe. We have nothing to compare with it in North America, and if you could put the Allegonias on top of Mount Blanc they would not reach so high. I have gone along the Andes from Panama to Patagonia and have seen all their great peaks. Chimborazo in Ecuador is just as tall as Kilimanjaro, with the height of the Washington monument added to it. Mount Sorato in Bolivia is something like 12,000 feet higher, and Aconcagua, on the borders of Chile and Argentina, is 23,000 feet, or 3,000 feet above this topmost point of Africa.

One of the greatest sights of the world is Mount Everest, which rises out of the midst of the Himalayas to a distance of almost six miles above the sea. Its actual height is 29,000 feet. I have seen it from near Durjiling in the bright sun of the early morning, and I can tell you it does not compare in beauty with this mighty Kilimanjaro. Everest has so many other mountains around it that you cannot realize its size. Kilimanjaro stands almost alone, and its double dome of frosted silver fairly floats in the blue sky. Indeed, the natives living near it believe that the top of the mountain is made of silver. They are too far down to know what snow means and in a region so near the equator that all the lowlands are steaming.

## THE NATIVES ABOUT KILIMANJARO.

During my stay here I have talked with German travelers who have explored large parts of this mountain. They tell me that the land is rich at the foot, and that it is inhabited by a number of tribes, each governed by an independent sultan or chief. There are Masai among them, who have large flocks of cattle and sheep, and many other tribes who engage in farming, having little fields of grain surrounded by hedges. Some of these people irrigate their fields, carrying the water from level to level by means of canals. A little further up, Kilimanjaro is covered with a dense vegetation. The trees are full of orchids and other plants, and there are lions, leopards and all sorts of wild beasts. There are some elephants, and the hunting is said to be very good. Higher still the vegetation changes and becomes more like that of the temperate zone. At the altitude of Pike's Peak it ceases entirely, and from thence on the perpetual snow begins.

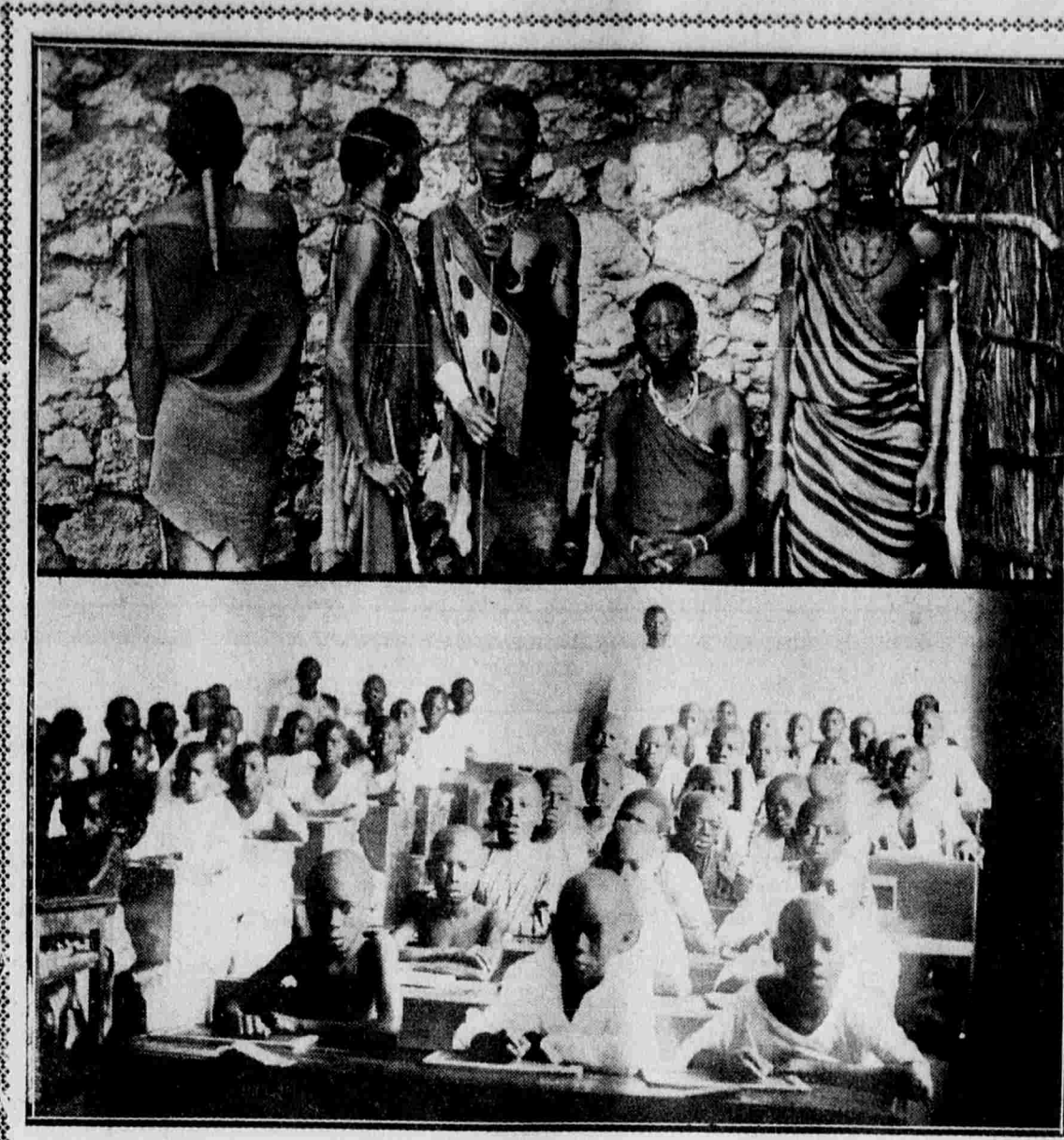
The topmost peak, known as Kibo, is always snow covered. This was first ascended by Hans Meyers in 1889. He says that it has a crater more than a mile in circumference, and over 600 feet deep, the walls of which are covered with ice. The lower peak is known as Kimaewasi. It is just about 17,500 feet high, or about as high as Popocatepetl in Mexico.

## THE PORT OF TANGA.

I wish I could show you this little African town of Tanga. It lies here on the seacoast just opposite the clove island of Pemba, which belongs to Great Britain. It is in German East Africa, a few miles below the Umba river, which is part of the boundary between this country and the British East Africa. It lies at one of the mouths of the Pagani river, which rises on the slopes of Kilimanjaro and carries away the greater part of its snows. The coast here is low and tropical, and the vegetation is so dense that the mountains cannot be seen. Indeed, there are no hills anywhere, and the eye wanders over coconut palms loaded with nuts and grass lands spotted here and there with fat baobab trees, whose skeleton-like branches reach out like great white fingers clutching the air. Tanga has a beautiful harbor. The mouth of the river is such that it forms a bay of thousands of acres, well protected from the storms of the Indian ocean. At the entrance to the bay is a point on which stands a white-walled, red-roofed hospital of two stories. At the end of the bay the buildings of the city begin. They are composed of European structures and thatched roofed huts, which are the homes of the Hindoo merchants and of the Swahili natives.

## GERMAN SETTLEMENT.

The town has a boma or fort, and a large iron shed, which serves as a native market. It has a postoffice like those of the United States, and a number of buildings of various kinds. There is a



A BOYS' SCHOOL AT TANGA AND SOME NATIVES.  
Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

two-story hotel with a roof garden upon it and wide verandas running around it. There is a public school where the pupils are black boys with shaved heads. They study their lessons under the pictures of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, which look down from the walls. As to that matter, however, the emperor and empress are ubiquitous in this part of East Africa. The officials hang their pictures in every public building, and nearly every house, store and hotel has a cheap print of the Kaiser. There is a statue of him on a pedestal in the public garden at Tanga, and a rather fine statue of him at Dar es Salaam. The streets of Tanga have German names, like the streets of Berlin, and the same is true of Dar es Salaam. There is no doubt about this being a German territory, and no doubt that the Germans rule it.

## FLOGGING THE NEGROES.

I see the same fierce native soldiers everywhere, as I saw them about in Victoria Nyanza, and they, as well as the European officials, go about with a lordly air. I have already written of the flogging. The colored man here has but few rights that the white man is bound to respect. This is especially so after one gets out into the wilds. Indeed, I am surprised at the cold-blooded way in which the traders relate their own treatment of the natives. An American, whom I met here, was talking the other night of a trip he had made through German East Africa, in which he had employed a large gang of negro porters to carry his supplies. Said he: "You can never tell whether those rascals are shamming or not. I re-

member one of my porters who was always playing off sick, and whom I had to whip almost from the start. None of my men like to walk through the swamps after nightfall. It is rather dangerous, you know, but I had to hurry and I pushed right along. One evening this porter refused to go farther. He squatted down on the edge of a bog and said he would not move. I had my men stretch him out and I flogged him again and again in vain. At last the fool put one of his arms behind him to save his back from the blows of the kutoka, and I struck his wrist and broke it. Of course, I could do nothing with him after that. He could not hold the load on his head and I had to leave him there in the swamp."

But they were those of an American and were uttered as though breaking the man's wrist and leaving him to die in the swamp were of no consequence whatever.

Another man, who pretended to be a Maltese, but who looked like an Eurasian, told me that he had lost several porters by death from exposure during a recent trading trip, and that he had flogged one until he dropped. The wages of such porters is about four cents a day and they feed themselves. They carry loads of about 20 pounds each, and they trot along all day with such loads on their heads. I am told that they are cheated by the traders in every possible way. Their trousers are paid in cloth, and short measure is usually given, three yards being made to go for four.

The cloth mentioned in the contract is often American, and is being sold by the traders who try to palm off Indian cottons, which are little better than cheneo cloth. Indeed, the English and Indian traders make no bones of telling how they cheat the natives, and they laugh over it as they do so.

Not far back from Tanga is one of the greatest forest regions of this part of East Africa. The government has reserved several hundred thousand acres, but the remainder is open to exploitation, and prospectors are now going over it with a view of shipping timber out to the coast. I understand that there is a great deal of fine hard wood, as well as cedar and other timber of value.

Much of the country near the coast of German East Africa is covered with mango trees and coconut palms. Higher up there are acacias, sycamores and baobabs. There are vines and trees which produce rubber and also valuable fiber plants. Down along the coast the Germans are now setting out coconut plantations, and are experimenting with cacao, tobacco, vanilla and the cinchona tree from whose bark our quinine comes.

## TRAINING ZEBRAS.

I have written of the experiments which the British are making in attempting to raise the zebra for agricultural use. They are being carried on at Nairobi and on the government farm near Lake Naivasha. In British East Africa, the Germans are making similar experiments in their territory, and they have been quite successful. They are trying to train the zebra as riding animals, with the idea that they may eventually be able to outfit the native cavalry with them. In the barracks at Dar es Salaam I saw a half dozen zebras tied up in the stalls

side by side with horses. The officers told me that they had been broken to riding, and that they were easily tamed. In another stable I was shown the results of some crosses between the zebra and the horse. One was a zebra mule a year old, whose mother was a zebra mare. This animal was larger than the ordinary zebra, but it was shaggy in just the same way, and it had every aspect of the hairy ape. It was striped in black over a body of light brown. The stripes of the pure zebra are of the deepest black and the whitest white. When the Lord painted him He did it in such colors that he who runs can read them.

There are many zebras in the interior of German East Africa, and they are often shot and eaten by the hunters. As to hunting this country promises to be more popular than British East Africa, which is generally known as the land of big game. German East Africa is a vast plateau, and there are regions in it which swarm with antelopes, zebras and other game beasts. There are many lions and leopards, as well as elephants, hippopotamuses and rhinoceroses. At present it costs \$250 for the right to shoot big game in the British possessions. The Germans issue licenses to shoot for \$3 or \$4 each, but they require a small royalty to the government for each head of game killed. The high rates are driving the sportsmen out of the lands north of here, and eventually the Germans will have the greater part of that travel.

## THE PETS OF THE BLACK CONTINENT.

While on the subject of animals I want to tell you about the queer pets I find in this part of Africa. I am holding a baby leopard in your lap! Or lifting up a lion by the nape of the neck! This is what I have seen done in the past week. The baby lion was at a hotel here. He was tied by a chain and I was able to pet him without being hurt. I took hold of the skin of his neck and lifted him off the ground. Although I saw a lion's arm to do so, the lion did not seem to mind. On Lake Victoria I saw a pet hyena and at one of the native villages found several pet antelopes. Pet sheep and goats are common among the Africans, and there are certain tribes in which a sheep will follow its master about as close to him when called. In Uganda sheep are often petted. They are fattened animals, with hair as coarse as that of a tin-can-fed American goat. They are usually white in color, although some are as red as a blood bay horse. In Dar es Salaam I stopped with a man who owned a pet leopard. It was only a few weeks old and was as tame as a cat.

The captain on one of the Lake Victoria steamers has several pet monkeys, a dog-faced baboon, and some parrots. The parrots have silver gray feathers on their bodies and their wings and tails are bright red. They talk in the native language and whistle in extraordinary ways.

About the queerest pet bird I have yet seen on this continent is the whale-headed stork of Uganda, one of which has been sent to Khartoum and is kept there in the garden of the Sudan. The bird is found all around Lake Victoria, and especially at the source of the Nile. It is as big as the largest turkey gobler, and its head looks as though it had been chopped out of a telegraph pole and then hung to its neck. This stork has long legs, and it walks about with great dignity. It looks sleepy, and it does not seem at all afraid. I took a snapshot of the bird with my camera, standing within a few feet of it at the time. It did not budge, but gazed at me out of its beady eyes as though it thought me a very foolish fellow.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

# John A. Johnson, Governor and Presidential Aspirant: Mr. Bryan's Most Conspicuous Rival at Denver

**A**LTHOUGH "Marse Henry" Waterson has not appeared to give himself up unreservedly to the business of exploiting Governor John A. Johnson as his strictly exclusive candidate for the presidency, which he might have been expected to do under the circumstances, that gentleman has really emerged from the indistinctness in which the great editor's discovery found him into the self acknowledged position of a seeker after the nomination at Denver. More than that, he is now regarded as the only possible candidate whose supporters may be able to diminish the glory of the walkover which the adherents of Mr. Bryan have predicted so confidently.

Apologies of Governor Johnson's tardy consent to be listed as an aspirant for presidential honors, it may be said that he is not the kind of man to be carried off his decidedly ample feet by a passing wave of hot air and that he has never manifested an inclination to dream dreams of great and cheerful possibilities unless they are based on something more material than vague political gossip. It can be doubted no longer, however, that the governor of Minnesota has ceased to be only an amused and unconcerned spectator in the game and that he is now an earnest participant in it.

There is no reason for any one to think that John A. Johnson believes himself to be a great man. Many a man who has done even less to deserve it would accept the designation modestly, even gratefully, but not so constructed is the governor of Minnesota. He does not even believe that he is destined to become a great man, and that is a good sign to start with. His does not seem to be an unusually philosophic mind. It is not in his nature to delve in the abstract and to endeavor to reason out the why and wherefore of everything that is brought to his attention. He accepts things as he finds them, thus paying silent tribute to the great minds which have gone before him. He has never acquired the habit, so manifest among the successful public men of today, of believing he has nothing to learn and much to impart. His public utterances show that he is far inferior to Roosevelt and Bryan as a moralist and preacher. To continue the comparison, he may be likened to Taft, whom he resembles in his capacity for being a good listener. A talk with Taft or Johnson is the real thing; the conversation is not a monologue. The governor has also been compared with McKinley, most aptly of men in drawing out the opinions of others before expressing his own.

## Is Plain Spoken.

Should it happen that Governor Johnson is given the opportunity to become the chief spokesman in an aggressive campaign it will be found that

he deals far less with the abstract than does Mr. Bryan and that his speech is practically unadorned with metaphors, adage or fine phrase. Unlike Mr. Roosevelt, his way of putting things is not dashing or markedly incisive, and he seems to have little command of figurative or ornate diction. Like Taft, he never indulges in mere verbiage, but strikes firmly and at once at the kernel of a thing and states with admirable precision and fairness the actual condition as he finds it.

Comparison may be extended still further. Those who know Mr. Johnson declare that there are times when his quiet insistence on sticking to the point is suggestive of Grover Cleveland. Another way in which he resembles the only living ex-president is in his absolute lack of affectation. Those who have known him from boyhood assert that he could not pose if he would, even though the presidency were the stake.

The paragraphs have always maintained that Governor Johnson's success is due primarily to his personality. In a measure it is undoubtedly true. He is a whole man, simple in his manner to the verge of ingenueness. He is winning, and he holds men by his obvious integrity and good intent. The impression he creates of a desire for square dealing becomes absolutely convincing as one sees more of him. It may be said of him without reserve that he is one of those rare men whom one likes at first meeting and continues to like better at each subsequent encounter.

## A Visit to the Governor.

Perhaps it is true that most men new to public life are somewhat awed and self conscious when they are honored by any considerable number of persons with a suggestion of their fitness for the highest office in the land. They are not willing to talk of it as if it were one of the practical things of life. They are inclined to pose, to make mystery, to act as if set apart by some special providence. A journalist who visited Governor Johnson recently was impressed with the latter's perfect freedom from such an attitude. Although he was a perfect stranger to the governor, except by reputation, the newspaper man was met with the utmost frankness, and the whole matter of the presidency was talked over with as much ease as if they had been discussing a game of baseball.

The journalist was so unprepared to discover in Mr. Johnson an example of this rare type that his account of the interview is an unwitting eulogium of the man whom he had expected to be able to criticize freely. Hear him: "Considering that I was a stranger, it was a somewhat remarkable exhibition of perfect poise, confidence in himself, confidence in another, manly frankness, the very essence of common sense without frills. Governor Johnson had nothing to conceal, nothing to speak distantly about, nothing to leave to guesswork. He came right out and

said what he thought every time without any circumlocution or indirectness. He spoke of his boyhood, of his struggles, of his efforts in public life, of the complexities surrounding his present position. The conversation by chance touched such delicate topics as his relations or lack of relations with Mr.

governor speak of all these things without heat, without indirection, without any false modesty, without any virtuous pretense that he had been insulted and that it was time for him to get on his horse and ride high and hot to show what a good man he was.

"The whole thing gave the impres-

sion of a man who has himself always knowing it was modesty, constituted the smallest charm of it. He was a little surprised that any one should talk of him for president, and yet evinced not the slightest fear he could not give a good account of himself were he to be chosen to that office.

His modesty through it all, without his knowing it was modesty, constituted the smallest charm of it. He was a little surprised that any one should talk of him for president, and yet evinced not the slightest fear he could not give a good account of himself were he to be chosen to that office.

## A Serious Man.

In his temperament and spirit he is profoundly and instinctively serious. It is evident that he is under the direct and constant influence of his conscience. This cropped out expressively in his last Thanksgiving proclamation. There is nothing profane in such a sentiment as this: "In the great city awakening, the great regeneration of the public conscience, we have reason for belief that a better day is dawning, that there will be less worship of self, less love of power, less lust of gold, less weakening of faith and that the return to honesty and honor will lead easily to the walk of virtue, the way of happiness, the path of glory."

It is so in all his daily life, public and private. When he has in mind the duty of the government to the governed his view is the same as if he were a struggling young lawyer. He is constantly on the lookout to see what those in power are doing to make the struggle harder for those low down the ladder. He is literally and without modification the viewpoint of the masses, from whom he has never separated himself or shown the slightest disposition to do so. This is the view of humanity that comes as a birthright—from the cradle, from close contact with the life—and it cannot come naturally any other way.

The following description of Governor Johnson's present appearance is furnished by one who has made a study of him: "He is just as tall as he has been, painted and has just the same slight stoop, but he is lankier and looks more

who have seen much of the man who does not conceal his willingness to accept the presidency, if it be given to him, that he is an idealist and that in this lie his greatest strength and most appalling weakness. It is this idealism that attracted Colonel Waterson's attention, and he made much of it in the account which told of his discovery. Johnson's whole life proves that his impulses are philanthropic. While admitting that he would make an ideal leader of a cavalry charge, some of his biographers call attention to the fact that he has not yet shown his capacity to drill a raw recruit into a good soldier or map out a scientific campaign. It has been pointed out that there is an analogy between Johnson and Hughes of New York in their election as governors on the strength of the popular faith in their integrity. Of the two, Johnson has made less capital of his success as a reformer, but he has been no less thorough and has shown as great care to act fairly by all interests concerned. It is not at all difficult to comprehend his point of view. He doesn't get excited over it. There is a piece of work to be done, and he does it. There are two sides to the matter, and both of them must be given a fair show.

## THE DECEPTIVE SENSES.

Our senses deceive us curiously at times. A flash of lightning lights up the ground for one one-millionth of a second, yet it seems to us to last over so much longer. What happens is that the impression remains in the eye or the retina for about one-eighth of a second or 124,000 times as long as the flash lasts. If on a dark night a train speeding along at sixty miles an hour is lit up by a lightning flash it appears stationary. Yet in the length of a second during which we seem to see it the train travels eleven feet. But we really only see it during one-millionth of a second, and in that time it travels only one-hundredth of an inch.

When a man's leg is cut off, if the stump be irritated he feels the pain in his toes. This curious deception is the same as any one can practice on himself by striking his elbow on the table, when he feels the pain in his fingers. Of course in both cases the pain is felt in the brain. We do not actually perceive different distances with our eyes, but judge them from various indications. When our judgment is at fault we are deceived. If you see a person in a fog, for instance, he seems to be much bigger than usual. The same thing happens when you see men or cattle on the top of a hill against a dark background. They are not the size you judge them to be, but farther away than they really are, and consequently they appear uncommonly large.

the student and less the man of affairs. He is quietly attired in dark gray; his coat is wearing shiny; he evidently thinks little of dress, and you have a vague impression that if he were not carefully superintended by a good wife he might be negligent about his appearance. A man of much nervous force, he moves about restlessly while he talks. You must observe him from all angles to have him in correct perspective; for instance, only a side view reveals the best things in his ruddy, wholesome face.

"He is clean shaven and brown but the strong jaws. His dark brown hair is growing a little thin and at times is much rumpled by an eloquent and restless hand. He has a good head, not quite full enough in some places; a rather sensitive mouth, but firm enough; a long nose (a good feature); an expression perfectly frank and good humored. The eyes are very fine, clear and steady, blue, but too dark, to my thinking, for it is the light eyed men that tear up the old things and start the new. Out of them looks the man with a certain level, composed and candid way of working and talking. He has good hands, good teeth, really wonderful voice for smoothness, tone and quality, and a manner that ought to make him popular in any democracy. It is so absolutely without pose, without affectation, without arrogance and without deference."

W. J. CRANSTON.



TWO RECENT PICTURES OF GOVERNOR JOHN A. JOHNSON.

Bryan, his private finances and the story that has been so much whispered that instead of being a 'true friend of the people' the Minnesota governor has fallen under the spell of the system as represented by one patriarchal and useful citizen of this republic, James J. Hill. It was delightful to hear the

sion of a man who has himself always well in hand, who is afraid of nothing in himself or about himself or his past or his life, who has an unconscious love for truth and simplicity and straightforwardness and who is a good and clever politician just because he is these things and for no other reason.

Particularly good was his. If there are 5,000 people in the United States who think I ought to be president, am worthy to be, that is one of the greatest honors that could be paid to a man of his kind. I so esteem it."

It is also asserted by some of those