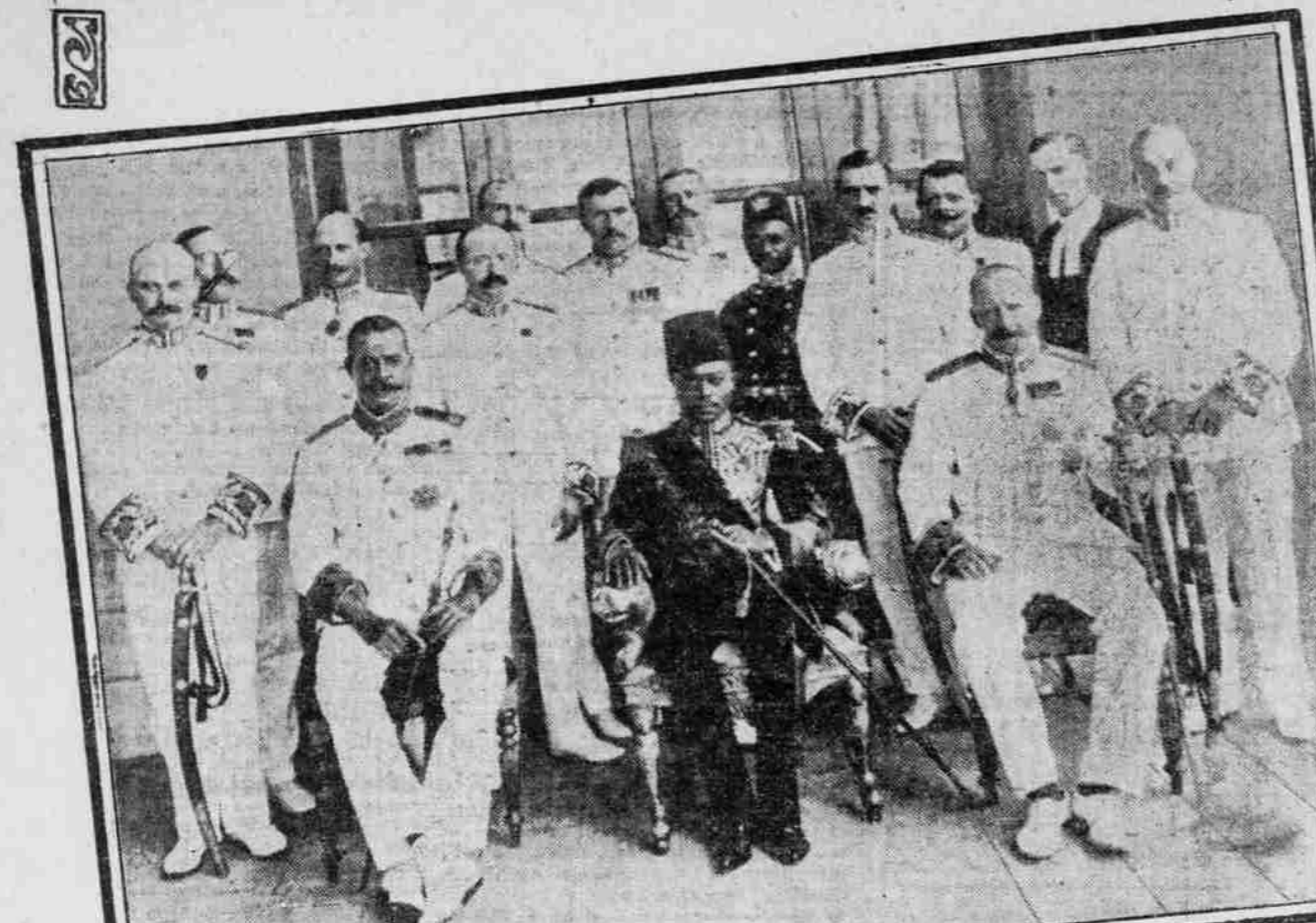


ZANZIBAR, WHERE THE CLOVES COME FROM

ALL ABOUT A CITY OF ARABS, HINDOOS AND AFRICANS GOVERNED BY THE BRITISH



THE YOUNG SULTAN AND HIS ENGLISH ADVISORS



ON THE EDGE OF THE SEA RIGGS THE SULTAN'S PALACE

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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 Consulate 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 which 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 even 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, three or four hundred 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 \$20. 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 30 miles wide, and it would make altogether about 400,000 acres of land. As you look at it from the sea the land is low and its shores are fringed with cocoanut 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 whisky breath from the knowledge of their deluded wives by the aroma of Zanzibar cloves. The island produces more than 20,000,000 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 here 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 50 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 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 up to 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 whiteness; and the Sultan's palace dwindle 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 they 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 dusky ladies there 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 canopy 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 greatest 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 consumption, and I stopped in a hotel named after Tippu Tib, the great slave dealer who aided Stanley in his explorations. When Tippu Tib died not long ago he left more than 20 black wives. Within two years the British have abolished slavery, but I understand that there are some who are still slaves, although nominally free.

As to the Sultan of today his income is largely from the British government and from his own private estates. The British hold the protectorate over his dominions on a perpetual lease, for which they pay him \$5,000 a year; and the Germans have secured the fee simple title to the lands which formerly belonged to his father upon the payment of something like \$1,250,000 cash.

I am not sure as to just what the Sultan is worth, for his purse is kept separate from the general treasury of the country; and the taxes are used by the British under the direction of the British consul-general. I only know that he has and he spends a considerable amount to keep up magnificent stables, comprising the finest of Arabian horses. He has probably a large number of female slaves in his palace, and I am told there are thousands of women who are kept in slavery by the Arab officials and merchants here.

An Arab City.

The Arabs are still 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 the Orient than of Central Africa. The streets are narrow and winding. The buildings are high, with barred windows. They have enormous doors, piled with big-headed mallets, 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 they are completely covered by yellow gowns, gongs, which they keep ringing as they drive through the streets, to warn the people to get out of the way.

The women and women are straight and squat and splendid. Some of the shabby 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-dressed people are more than 10,000 Hindus and also Kings, Parsees and Brahmans. 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 over their ankles and are fringed there with lace. They have also a coat which comes to the knees. There are dark-faced Indian women with nose buttons of gold and silver, and fat, greasy-looking pill box caps made of velvet and cloth of silver. These men have on long coats buttoned up to the throat, and under the calico pantaloons which fit tight to the skin. They have round-about jackets with gold studs down the front, which look all the world like dress shirts with the tails cut off.

Ten Thousand Hindoos.

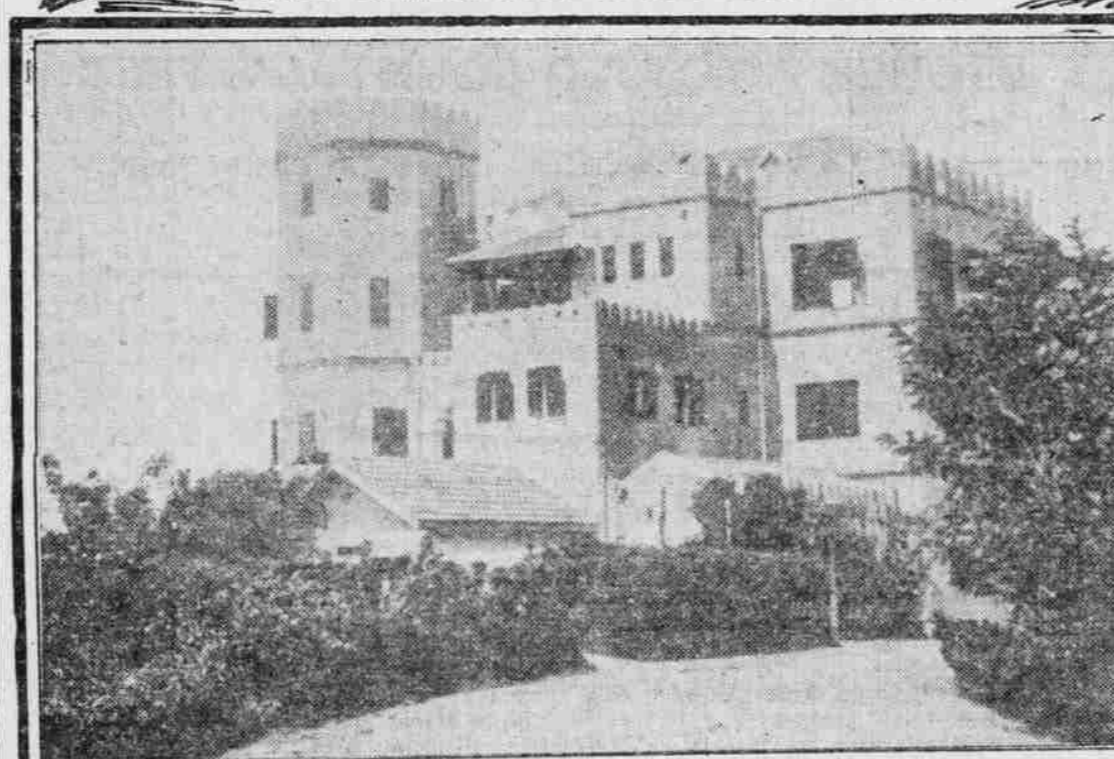
About one-sixth of the inhabitants of Zanzibar come from East India. There are more than 10,000 Hindus and also Kings, Parsees and Brahmans. These people are from all parts of Hindoostan, and they wear many strange costumes. I see little black girls whose arms and legs are loaded with gold and silver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

These Hindus 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 British government handles the colony as though it were a part of India. The laws are those used in the courts



THE ZANZIBAR STREETS ARE NARROW



THE BRITISH CONSULATE LOOKS LIKE A FORTIFIED CASTLE

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 20,000 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 port 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 1826 Uncle Sam established a trading consulate at the court of the 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 a kind of cotton known as kangas, used as women's dresses. A kanga is a square of calico about two yards long by a yard and a half wide. It is printed in bright colors and two kangas form a complete dress for a woman. One goes around the waist and another about the body under the arms or over the shoulders. There is a change in 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 flannel kangas printed in colors. There undoubtedly would be a large sale for American kangas if the patterns were right.

American Goods Sold by Foreigners.

The bulk of the American goods brought into this part of the world is through Europeans. 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 ship load of about 400 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 cotton trade of \$20,000 worth of ivory tusks by the Belgians. Klein trades 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 \$45. At Mombasa the same tusk would be worth \$40 or \$50. The ivory varies in price according to locality, and that which is worth 15 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 16 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 \$40,000 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 factories to study the market and to send their agents to Africa to investigate the possibilities of building up a big business in colored cottons and print goods.

Zanzibar, June 2.

Who Are Authorities in English

Professor Lounsbury Would Make Great Writers Final Court of Appeal.

GRAMMARIANS are wont to tyrannize over a language. In the case of the English language, where grammar is an uncertain factor of which most writers know little, they have been especially tyrannical. Professor Lounsbury, of Yale, is a bold man, however, and he flings his defiance in their teeth, says the Providence Journal. The only rational grounds for judging of the correctness of speech, he argues, in his recent volume, "The Standard of Usage in English," is the authority of the great writers, not "the more or less imperfectly trained and even more imperfectly informed persons who profess to show us what we are to do and what we are to refrain from doing." And he sets forth the somewhat startling principle that "rules of grammar are of no value save as they are based upon the practice of these great writers." In other words, the writing of English is not an exact science. It is a comforting view for those who write, as probably most of us do, by instinct rather than by rule. Perhaps Mr. Lounsbury puts the case in rather an extreme way; but he is essentially right. A careful regard for the so-called rules of grammar never made a good writer. On the other hand, the constant reading of the great writers will do more than anything else to form an easy, agreeable and reasonably correct style. We have had our rules today, but the explanation will probably be found in the fact that they are singularly ignorant of English literature. Ability to "parse" a sentence is of slight value to one who knows not his Shakespeare, his Bible, who has learned nothing from the prose of Swift and Southey and Arnold, from the poetry of Dryden and Wordsworth and Landor.

Yet there are difficulties in referring most points to usage. What is usage? Professor Lounsbury takes up this question. He says it may be noted that usage is constantly changing. How wide is the gap between Chaucer and Thomson, or even between Swift and Thomas Hardy, when these latter are writing in the English language is becoming corrupt. It is an ancient complaint. Swift was an energetic opponent of novelty; he wished to have an academy to set a standard. And Dr. Johnson himself is as suggesting the Elizabethan standard as the final one. "If the language of theology were extracted from Hooker and the language of medicine from the knowledge from Bacon; the phrases of poetry, war and navigation from Raleigh; the dialect of poetry and fiction from Spenser; the language of the book of common law from Shakespeare, few ideas would be lost to mankind for want of English words in which they might be expressed." But Dr. Johnson himself did not live up to this ideal, and perhaps he was not quite serious in advocating it. A living language must grow like any other living thing. It is curious to note the words now in common use which were once anathema martha to the fastidious. Such are mob, banter, battalion, novel, Expressions that, Englishman in the 18th century did not like were called Scotticisms, just as they are now called Americanisms.

In truth, if we take for authority the contemporary opinion of successive periods, there is no escape from the conclusion that, for the past 200 years, at least, our tongue has been steadily deteriorating. There is in it an innate depravity which tends to make it go wrong. As if this were not enough, there are always certain mischievous irresponsible persons who are engaged in the work of destroying its purity. In Swift's time it was the frequenters of the court, the theatrical writers, the translators from the French and the poets. In Beattie's time it was the political pamphleteers and essayists. But during the last 50 years the agency which has done the mischief has been the newspaper. Its influence upon it has been described as pestiferous. Doubtless the errors of the newspapers have been exaggerated. But we can hardly assent to Prof. Lounsbury's contention that "there is no such thing as a language becoming corrupt." The English language is less strict in its grammatical construction than most others; but it does not follow that carelessness in its use, however it may be supported by the example of great writers, is desirable. If this were so there would be no need to set before the student models of style; the latest popular novelist would be as valuable reading as Thackeray. Prof. Lounsbury goes so far as to say that the use of the singular verb with the plural noun may be justified because such instances are to be found in good writers—which is nothing more or less than giving to their faults equal weight with their merits. He carries this theory to its logical conclusion when he defends

the split infinitive. "Let it be conceded," he says, "that the practice is improper," and adds: "But why is it improper? What is the nature of the particular have wrought to the language by the insertion of a word or words between to and the infinitive? On this point the objectors to the usage in question, along with the severity of their attitude, maintain a silence so profound that the question inevitably suggests itself that they communicate no information about it, they advance no arguments against it, because they have neither information to furnish nor arguments to present. Of expressions of personal opinion, however, both of the usage and its users, the supply is ample. It consists mainly in the application to each of derogatory epithets and phrases. The practice is termed a barbarism, a solecism, it is held up as a glaring example of the corruptions which are invading our speech."

If we take the standard of usage as the consensus of the cultivated, the cultivated, we still must discriminate against the inaccuracies into which even the cultivated are liable. Probably every error in the use of English could be justified by a reference to some known writer. But that would not make it less an error. The distinction between "shall" and "will," for example, is reasonable and essential; to overlook it is simply alshaped writing. The objection to the passive voice followed by an object is perhaps quite as well founded, but in this case usage is so well-nigh universal that the strict law of grammar may properly be waived. And in every similar case the weight of usage is to be considered. To cite Thackeray, Arnold, Lowell in favor of an assumed solecism would be a bold argument, but a hundred other authors might be named without carrying conviction.

"The truth is," says Richard Grant White, "that the authority of general usage, or even of the usage of great writers is not absolute in language. There is a misuse of words which can be justified by the authority, however great, by no usage, however general." The statement may be open to modification, but it seems to be far nearer to the truth than Prof. Lounsbury is willing to admit. Indeed, if we examine the question historically, we shall find that there have been periods when the authority of the great writers in language, if not corrupt, showed tendencies to corruption. Nor can we be at all sure that the present is not such a period. The bulk of the newspaper and magazine writing of today, to say nothing of the fiction, is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the language of the present is not merely in correctness, but in style as well—shows a sad falling-off from the standards of the past. Now to quote even general usage as authority is to say that the slang of the street is puerile and expressive and therefore worthy of adoption, is to err as seriously as one direction as the grammarians have erred in the other. There are undeniably tendencies, not altogether to be deplored, toward a larger and freer use of the language. But surely it is the duty of educated men to endeavor to keep these tendencies within bounds. The "facility to certain words" which Professor Lounsbury deprecates is in most cases based upon a sound instinct. It is so easy first to endure, then pity, then embrace in numbers of languages. Here the grammarians give us little help.

To sum up, it may be admitted that the authority of great writers is on the whole out of the question of that sort. One who has studied the best writers will himself write good English if it be in his power to do so. Conversely one who reads trash will fall into trashy diction. But there is a certain standard of propriety which even great writers cannot do without. Prof. Lounsbury deprecates the mistakes an excuse for our own.

Wanted—A chauffeur.
"Wanted—A chauffeur, both sober and neat. And able to clean up the car. And when he's not driving to wait on the door.
And manage the pigs with care. He must sleep in the stable and take his meals.
The chickens and pigs he must feed. And keep all the lawn and the grass perfectly mowed.
And the garden he also must weed.
He must work every Sunday, and clean all the boots.
He must milk and attend to the cow. And put up the clothes and beat out the rugs.
And to polish the windows how he can. For duties like these the neatest man or ten dollars a week he will gain. The sooner or man who located this ad. Is in want of a chauffeur as fast."
—New York Sun.