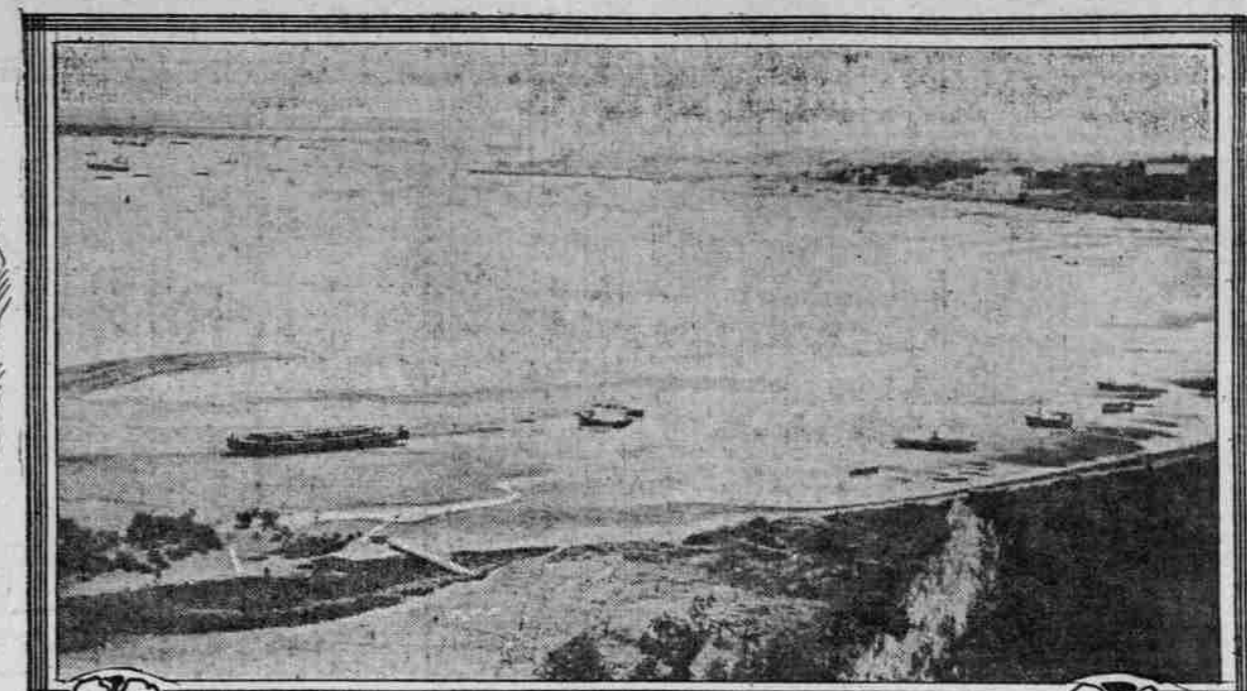


WORLDWIDE EAST AFRICA

Frank G. Carpenter Writes of Land That Furnishes Native Workmen for the Gold Mines of The Rand



PORTUGUESE LABORERS FOR THE GOLD MINES OF THE TRANSVAAL



DELAGOA BAY

AWAY out here in the jungle, in the misty lowlands back of the Indian Ocean, about 2000 miles northeast of Cape Town, in the heart of Portuguese Africa, I find an American managing a cotton plantation. He is employed by the Rhodesia Company, and he has set out a tract of about 500 acres along the line of the railroad, which runs from Beira to Bulawayo. His work is entirely experimental. The company owns three miles on each side its tracks, and it hopes to develop a great cotton industry in the Portuguese possessions.

The cotton is now two months old and it is already knee high. The plants look thrifty, and the fields are as clean as a garden. They are watched day and night to keep out the rhinoceroses and hippopotami, and during the rainy season one has to be careful how he wades through the rows for fear of losing a leg to a hungry crocodile.

I have had a long talk with the manager. His name is Stillson, and he comes from Meridian, Miss. He tells me that one of the chief dangers is from the wild beasts. The country has many lions, and his men killed a young leopard with their hoes the other day. The leopard was asleep and they sneaked up on him and sunk their mattocks into his brain. Mr. Stillson says that the tracks the hippopotami make are each as big around as a dinner plate, and that if they get into the fields they ruin the plants.

Cotton in South Africa.

I talked with this man as to the prospects of raising cotton in this part of the world. He tells me that there is a vast deal of available land both in this region and in the Cape. The cotton has been grown on the Maputo River, not far from Lourenco Marques, and experiments are being made in other parts of Portuguese East Africa. The cotton raised here at Bamboo Creek has a longer fiber than that from the same seed when grown in America. Mr. Stillson is experimenting with our cotton and with Egyptian cotton. He uses a steam plow to break up the ground, and then runs American cultivators over it. The cotton is now grown here was planted last December, and the first picking takes place in May. The plants ripen at different times and the Egyptian is ready later than the American cotton. The picking season continues throughout the summer.

I understand that the Mozambique Company, which controls this great territory, has sold 6000 acres of land to a syndicate in the province of Mozambique, and that this syndicate intends to raise cotton upon it. The land is to be irrigated and tramways are already being built on the plantation. Steam and motor plows are to be imported and the estate will have the most up-to-date of labor-saving appliances.

An Odd Contract Labor System.

During my talk with Mr. Stillson, I asked him some questions as to the men who work his plantation. Said he: "We use the negroes, and hire them through the Mozambique Company. The company has control of the natives, and they are forced to do as it says. We are now paying about \$2.30 per month for a good man. We hand this over to the company, and it allows the man \$3 and takes the \$0.70 as its commission. That is the way all labor is furnished here. We have now 150 men in the fields, and we get them all from the company. If a man shirks or refuses to work, we send him to the military commandant for punishment, and he will not work after that. He is put in jail and another man is sent in his place."

"What punishments are used in such cases?"

"The most common one is slapping the man on the hand with a web strap, which sucks up the skin. The auction is like that of a piece of leather pressed against a flat stone. It is very painful, but it does not usually lay a man up for more than a day or so at a time."

"What hours do your men work?"

"From sunrise to sunset. They work hard and I should say as good as good hands in the cotton fields as our negroes at home. They are much like our negroes, but they are on the whole better formed, and, if anything, more muscular."

Portuguese Natives for African Mines

Portuguese East Africa is now one of the chief sources of the supply of the mines of the Transvaal. Before the Chinese were imported four-fifths of the negro workmen were brought in from the outside, and mostly from this region. The miners paid about \$3 a head to the Portuguese authorities. Within the past year it has been decided that the Chinese must be sent back home as soon as they can, and a large number of natives will be required to take their places. There are white labor contractors now going through Portuguese East Africa and British Central Africa looking up men to work in the gold mines.

We took a great gang of such laborers on the ship at Chinde, the chief port for Nyassaland, as we came down the coast to Beira. The landing there is rough. We anchored far outside the bar and the negroes were brought to the ship to a

steam launch and loaded by means of a great basket. This basket was about as large around as a hoghead and about 10 feet in height. There was a door at one side. The negroes, to the number of a dozen at a time, stepped into this. The door was closed, and then the basket, negroes and all, was raised by means of a derrick to our steamer. The human freight howled out in unison as it rose into the air, and then they were killed when the basket came down with a thud on the deck.

During our stay we took about two sacksful of baskets of ebony burr-nuts, making something like 200 negroes in all. It was told that the men would be taken to Delagoa Bay, and thence shipped in by railroad to the mines of the Rand. They are employed on short-time contracts, and as a rule serve only a few months, when they are anxious to go back home. The Chinese came in on three years' contracts, with the privilege of extending them to six years. They have made much better laborers than the native Africans, who, as a rule, wish to stop labor as soon as they have accumulated enough money to buy an extra wife or so who can support them at home.

A Night at Bamboo Creek.

I stopped at Bamboo Creek on account of a washout on the railroad going into Rhodesia. I had traveled all day from Beira, on the Indian Ocean, passing through lands largely covered with water. It had been raining for a week or so, and the country is now flooded. Some of the bridges have been swept away and the road is so unsafe that the manager has decided to go on at night. The result is that our party is landed here in the wilds. There is no town excepting a hotel and this little better than a legalized slaver's den. It has a barroom in front, a dining-room at the side and a kitchen in the rear. The barroom is filled with monuments of big game. There is a huge skull of a hippopotamus lying on one end of the counter, and there are lion skulls and leopard skulls among the horns of a dozen different kinds of animals. I had a drink, and then I went to bed. At one end of the room is a stuffed zebra with a stuffed leopard on top of him, and about the walls are the heads and horns of a dozen different kinds of animals. I had a drink, and then I went to bed.

"Sweet Marie" in Black Africa.

We were a curious party as we came into the hotel for dinner, and our entertainers were in the first place. The chief engineer of the Rhodesia Railways, and with him a nephew of Lord Roberts, who is also a well-known soldier. We had another railroad official, who has charge of a line away up the Zambesi in British Central Africa, and the American cotton planter of whom I have already spoken. Among the other travelers are a millionaire Wall street broker, who is making a pleasure tour of Africa, an English comedian, who is on his way to the Transvaal. We soon got acquainted and after dinner we had a little entertainment. One of the best of these was "Sweet Marie," which was written by Cy Warman when he was the engineer on a railroad near Denver. The song is composed by one of the best of the wilds of the Rockies, and now, far off here in the wilds of Africa, it was sung for us by another engineer.

"Sweet Marie" was a big game story, including those of lion hunts, elephant hunts and struggles with hippos and rhinos. Among these was a surprising tale about a crocodile which had been African engineer had recently shot. He said the reptile was an old one, and that it had evidently been a great man eater. He had found forty-eight native bracelets and anklets in its stomach. His presumption was that the crocodile had eaten forty-eight negroes so ornamented, to say nothing of numerous others who had left off their jewelry when they went to bathe.

Portuguese East Africa.

This is my first taste of Portuguese East Africa. I saw the country first at Chinde and sailed for miles along the coast before I came to Beira. The territory is much larger than Texas and it would make considerable more than six states the size of Ohio. Kentucky or Virginia. Its native population is estimated at 2,000,000 or 3,000,000, but no accurate census has been taken, and although the Portuguese have owned the country for more than 300 years, they know almost nothing about it. The greater part of it, as I have said, has been leased to the Mozambique Company and another part to the company of the Zambesi. Beira belongs to the Mozambique Company and that company fixes the taxes and pays Portugal for the privilege of exploiting the town. It runs the postoffice and sells its own postage stamps.

It farms out the natives and makes them pay taxes, which in some cases they work out by giving their labor



A BASKET OF PORTUGUESE NATIVES

to foreigners. This is known as the prazzo system. The country is divided into districts known as prazos. These are put up at auction, the successful bidder having the right to collect the taxes of his prazzo for a term of three years. He is allowed to levy a tax of so much on each native and he must pay that amount in cash or work. The contractor has also the right to force the people to do a certain amount on the public roads and on house building for the officials. He has other rights which make the system little better than a legalized slavery. The taxes are often paid in goods, and the value of their work is measured by American or English cotton cloth, the price of which can be regulated largely

by the collector. A part of the labor is the hunting of elephants and the gathering of rubber, both of which are exceedingly profitable. I am told that the abuses of such men in the faraway districts are terrible, and that the people have comparatively few rights that the tax collectors are bound to respect. It is said that slavery is still common in some regions, although it is not recognized by the government, and is contrary to law. The conditions are not as bad as in Portuguese West Africa, where slaves are still bought and sold, but they are bad enough.

The cities of Portuguese East Africa are changing. It used to be that Mozambique was by far the most impor-

tant. Situated on a little island in the wide channel between Africa and Madagascar, it was for years one of the great ports of the continent. It was a center of the slave trade, and the residence of the chief Portuguese officials. The country has two capitals, one at Mozambique at the north and the other at Lourenco Marques, at the south. Mozambique is still the headquarters of the Mozambique Company, and its operations are conducted from there. Lourenco Marques is the chief commercial center, and with its magnificent harbor and its short railroad to the gold fields, it is fast becoming one of the most important cities on the east coast of Africa.

Mozambique lies on a little island only a quarter of a mile wide and not more than a mile long. It is close to the mainland, and canoes are always moving back and forth carrying food and supplies. The island is covered with houses. It has clean sidewalks paved with cement, and its roadways are macadamized.

It has a fort and public buildings, but now the streets are practically deserted. Many of the good houses are

vacant, and others have been turned into the homes of coolies and petty trading stores. The bazars in which the slaves were exposed for sale have passed away, and the town is practically dead.

The city of Beira is not as prosperous as it has been in the past. Its population has fallen off since the Boer war, and it now has 600 or 700 whites, about 1500 negroes and a considerable number of East Indians. It is a town of banks, stores and hotels. It has a streetcar line, but the cars are little four-wheeled affairs, each large enough to hold but two persons, and they are pushed over the tracks by negroes, who run along behind.

Lourenco Marques, on the other hand, is rapidly growing. It is lighted by electricity, and there are lines of electric tramways which connect its various sections. It has a new postoffice, a new railway station and many new buildings. The great marsh at the back of the city has been drained, and the mosquito plague is practically wiped out. The town is rapidly becoming the chief port for the Trans-

vaal, and it is where our American goods for that region are now landed. The city has one of the best harbors on the African continent. It is known as Delagoa Bay. It is 28 miles long and about 14 miles wide, and reminds one of Manila Bay in its extent. Indeed, it could contain at one time all the ships which come to Africa and have room to spare.

Lourenco Marques began to grow when the railroad connecting it with Johannesburg was built. This was about 18 years ago, and its progress has been steady from then until now. It is by far the nearest route from the sea to the gold fields. The distance from Johannesburg is only 394 miles, while from Durban, the chief port of Natal farther south, it is 433 miles, and from Cape Town more than 1000 miles. The Portuguese Government has been doing much to improve the harbor. They have built a quay almost half a mile long, and have equipped it with all modern conveniences for loading and unloading vessels. They have built great warehouses, and have also constructed a drydock and other marine works.

When Letters Were Carried by Private Firms

Several Concerns Made a Mint of Money Doing Business in Opposition to Uncle Sam.

FIFTY years ago this Government had not begun to dream of the extent to which its postal business would spread. There was a National letter-carrying service, to be sure, but it was in its infancy, and its methods, as compared with those in vogue today, were marvelously crude and undeveloped. Within the recollection of our three-score-and-ten men and women there were no Government stamps. Postage was paid in cash at the postoffice and was regulated by the distance the message had to travel. To facilitate the dispatch of mail certain cities had stamps of their own, which were accorded semi-official recognition, and which are reputed to have been a wonderful aid to the then embryonic system of the National Government. But in those days there arose in the land certain shrewd individuals and private concerns who were mightily impressed with the financial possibilities of well-organized postal service, and they straightway undertook the establishment of these at their own expense, and ultimately to their own profit.

The private carrier stamps of the United States in use in the forties and fifties are among the most interesting memorials of the progress of our people from the quaint customs of a century ago to the highly advanced methods of today's civilization. Every section of the country got its private mail-carriers, just as every section of the country today has its moving-picture trade and its diablo agency. The city of Washington had a violet stamp, the inscription on which was "one cent despatch" and "Washington City." The picture in the center was of a gentleman on a prancing horse, the likeness, however, on close inspection, does not appear to have been that of Washington.

Baltimore used the same stamp, with the substitution of the name Baltimore in the lower scroll, and sometimes with this scroll blank. These stamps were used on local matter principally intended for mail delivery, but in frequent instances for the highly advanced methods of today's civilization. Every section of the country got its private mail-carriers, just as every section of the country today has its moving-picture trade and its diablo agency. The city of Washington had a violet stamp, the inscription on which was "one cent despatch" and "Washington City." The picture in the center was of a gentleman on a prancing horse, the likeness, however, on close inspection, does not appear to have been that of Washington.

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Still another rival of these mail men was in the field in the person of the Hartford Mail, a famous old private mail carrier that operated between the cities of Hartford, Boston and New York. There were several smaller enterprises covering portions of the same ground, and the fact that they all thrived shows that even at that time the advantages of reliable mail communicating methods were appreciated. The Hartford stamp, by the way, was a unique specimen, it bore no inscription.



tion save the word "mail" in tiny letters on a sack carried on the back of a gentleman wearing a "stovepipe" hat, who was stepping from the midst of one city to another, his stride carrying him over a body of water along which passed a steamboat.

There were numerous private posts out of New York to points up state. One of the most enterprising of these was Hoyt's Letter Express to Rochester. The stamp used was a plain type-set affair with ornamental border. Copies of it in existence today are worth \$25.

It should have been stated that Hale & Co., of Boston, did a large private mail business, handling a large quantity of letters of firms and individuals between Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston. This concern had a number of different types of stamps, some of which are valuable now.

Brainard & Co., who flourished in New York in 1843, carried mail to Albany and Troy, and used a type-set circular stamp. The private mail carrying in Cleveland was largely done by Bishop's post-City Post it was called. It is said that this carrier also extended the limits of his service to other Ohio cities, including Columbus and Cincinnati, but the bulk of the work was in the home town.

In St. Louis there was a prominent carrier in the person of the St. Louis City Delivery. The stamp of this concern bore a picture of a mailman hurrying on his way.

The principal service in Chicago was by Brady & Co.'s Chicago Penny Post. This had affiliations with the mail service of other cities, and was one of the links in the chain of private carriers that made connection between the East and West in mail transportation.

The "Pony Express" of the Wells-Fargo Company, played a conspicuous part in Western mail-carrying. There was a large variety of stamps of this concern and they included many denominations, from 10 cents to \$4. They made their appearance in 1859 and continued to be issued as late as 1875. A specialty stamp was issued for the purpose, which was inscribed "One Newspaper Over Our Routes in U. S." or "Over Our California Routes." The most attractive of these stamps portrayed a mounted mail-carrier. Another Western carrier of distinction was the California Penny Post Company, which began operations in the '60s and continued in business 10 or 15 years. Adams & Co. also operated a postal system in California, and had several varieties of stamps. One of the ocean-to-ocean companies was Berford & Co., who had offices at No. 2 Astor House, New York, in 1843.

Their little stamps carried to California. D. O. Blood & Co., of 28 and 28 South Sixth street, Philadelphia, had an extensive mail service and issued a variety of stamps.

Bougan had a "City Dispatch" in New York, as did Boyd, the latter's headquarters being at 1 Park Place, and the long series of stamps he used covered the period from 1844 to 1878.

Brady & Co.'s New York stamp showed an old-time mail box. The Broadway postoffice stamp represented an antique locomotive. The Brooklyn City Express Postoffice stamp showed a letter in its bill. Browne's City Post, of 145 Nassau street, New York, presented a picture of a mail-carrier trundling a wheelbarrow loaded with mail.

The Cincinnati City Delivery, with offices at 64 West Third street had a stamp similar to the St. Louis City Delivery.

Cressman & Co. used a type-set stamp in their Philadelphia service.

The East River postoffice, in New York, had stamps illustrating steam and sailing vessels. The Empire City Dispatch, of 23 Deey street, New York, had a plain, unostentatious stamp.

Gahagan & Howe, of Washington and Sansome streets, San Francisco, had a series of type-set stamps.

Grafflin's Dispatch, of Baltimore, illustrated the Battle Monument of that city, while Guy's City Dispatch was a combination of geometrical lines.

Jenkins's Camden Dispatch portrayed George Washington on his stamps.

Humboldt's Express, doing business in Nevada, pictured a stage coach.

Mason's New Orleans City Express had a type-set stamp.

The Metropolitan Postoffice of New York, with offices in the Bible House, had a black stamp of funeral aspect. A type-set stamp was used by Moody's Chicago Penny Dispatch.

The same type was used by Pip's Daily Mail, of Brooklyn.

Also the Private Postoffice, of San Francisco, used a type-set stamp, which guaranteed "letters delivered to any destination in the city within one hour after mailing."

Type was used in printing the stamps of Teese & Co., of Philadelphia.

Wood & Co., of Baltimore, had a type-set stamp in use in 1856.

There were still others—numerous others—in the business of mail-carrying 50 and 60 years ago. They made money at it, and when the Government expanded its system this has today such mammoth proportions, they gradually dropped out of the running and lost their business with its remunerative returns.