

# GREAT DEVELOPMENT OF RHODESIA

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WITHIN the past few weeks the British South Africa Company has increased its capital to \$45,000,000. This company is perhaps the greatest land development syndicate in the world. It compares with the Dutch Company, which owned Java, and with the East India Company, which had so much to do with making Hindustan a British possession. It is far greater than the Hudson Bay Company was at the height of its power, and prospectively its riches are beyond the dreams of avarice. The company owns and controls the vast territories in this part of Africa which were acquired by Cecil Rhodes when he made his great expedition from Kimberley northward. He conquered some of the tribes and made treaties with others, and at the end had added to the British empire a principally greater than France and Germany combined. It comprised altogether almost one-half million square miles, going northward to the Congo Free State and Lake Tanganyika.

Mr. Rhodes was granted by the English crown the right to govern and develop this property, and he organized the British South Africa Company for that purpose. It was started with a capital of \$5,000,000 along about 1889, and by 1904 its capital had increased to

natural stock country. In the days of Lobengula, the native king of the Matabels, these highlands swarmed with cattle, and were it not for the various pests the land would support a vast number. Indeed, it is estimated that if the hay were cut and the grass protected from fire we could feed something like 25,000,000 cattle in Northern and Southern Rhodesia. We are doing what we can to wipe out the diseases and at present we are as free from the various cattle pests as is any part of your country. We quarantine against all outside stock, finding that the natives respect the laws. Indeed, we are having more trouble from the whites than from the natives. To show you how little of the available country is used for stock I would say that we have only about 200,000 cattle in Southern Rhodesia when we could support millions. We have 500,000 goats and about 200,000 sheep.

### The Natives and Their Labor.

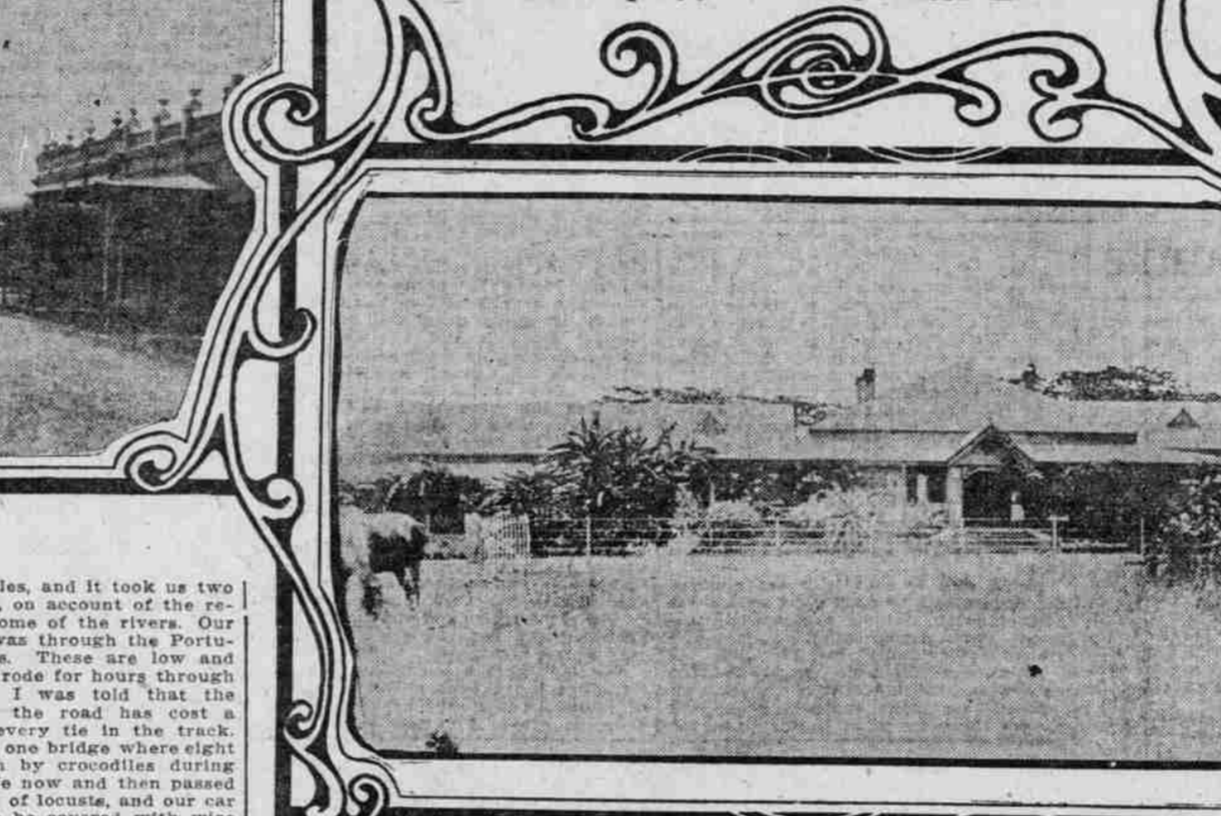
"Can you give me some idea of your native population?"

"We have comparatively few natives for the size of the country. The total negro population of Rhodesia is not larger than that of some of your Southern states. We have, all told, only about 800,000 natives in our whole territory and they are scattered over a country which is perhaps one-seventh the size of the United States proper. They are, as a rule, quiet and easily controlled, but they have not enough wants to make them a good working force. You see, the average ne-

## How the British South Africa Company will Exploit Its Immense Empire in the Dark Land



RAISING CORN IN RHODESIA THE GRAIN IS GROWN BY NATIVES



I MET SIR WILLIAM AT THE GOVERNMENT HOUSE



SIR WILLIAM H. MILTON ADMINISTRATOR OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA

### A STREET IN SALISBURY

\$20,000,000. All of this money has been spent on the property. Several thousand miles of railroads have been built, numerous towns established, many farms sold and developed, and many mines opened, out of which \$45,000,000 or \$50,000,000 have been taken. So far no dividends have been paid, but the company has recently been meeting its expenses, and at the last meeting of the stockholders it was decided to issue 3,000,000 additional shares. This will bring in \$15,000,000 and will probably make the syndicate pay big dividends.

### A Talk With the Governor-General.

I am writing this letter at Salisbury, which is the capital of Rhodesia, and where are also the chief administrative offices of the British South Africa Company. During my stay here I have had a talk with Sir William H. Milton, the governor of the colony. He is one of the chief officials of the syndicate and has been connected with the company from its beginning. He was the private secretary of Cecil Rhodes at the time the company was formed, and it is no slight feat since he was sent here as the chief secretary and secretary for native affairs. He has been connected with the administration of Rhodesia since 1890 and he knows like a book, the country and everything connected with it.

### More About Farming.

Returning to the agricultural possibilities of Rhodesia, the administrator has been very frank in his opinion. He has had quite a setback after the Boer war. The farmers are slow coming in, and I doubt much whether the company is satisfied with its success in inducing white immigration. I understand that one of the great troubles is lack of transportation. Horses cannot be successfully raised here. They are soon attacked by a sickness which carries them off. In the past oxen were used to trek wagons over the country, but the rinderpest killed them by the thousands, many falling dead in their yokes. The cattle are now steadily increasing, and there is a fair prospect of the lands being restocked. Much of the farming is mixed, the average settler taking up from 500 to 3000 acres, and using a small amount for cultivation and the remainder for grazing. He will put a hundred acres or so in corn and employ the rest for cattle. The climate is such that the animals can feed out of doors all the year round, and about 10 acres will furnish enough grass for one head of beef. In my trips about the country I see that corn is raised everywhere, and that such oats as have been planted are all dead. The present demand for grain is such that the country cannot supply it, and in the past quite a lot of American corn has been imported. Good corn now brings about a cent a bushel, or more than a dollar a bushel. Much of it is sold in 200-pound sacks at \$4 and upward per sack.

### As to the tobacco, the administrator has not overstated the possibilities. There are Turkish cigarettes sold here which are made from the native weed, and smokers tell me they are quite as good as any that can be imported from Cairo or Constantinople.

### A White Man's Country.

I asked Sir William Milton whether the climate of Rhodesia was fitted for white men. He replied that the higher parts were very healthy, and that the heat was altogether dependent on the altitude. All lands which are over 3000 feet above the sea are suitable for Europeans, but it is only upon those which are 1000 feet higher that bread, the latter area is not much bigger than the State of Maryland, and it has one of the finest climates of the world. The former is almost as large as California, and it is healthy. The rainfall averages 33 inches. Here at Salisbury the altitude is about 4700 feet, and in coming inland from the coast I have crossed country which is more than a mile above the sea. The most of Rhodesia is a rolling plateau, and as far as I can see much of it will come day be covered with the homes of white men.

### From Beira to the Capital.

I came to Salisbury from the Indian Ocean by the Rhodesia Railway. This begins at Beira, and after crossing Portuguese East Africa runs across Rhodesia to Bulawayo, where it connects with the main line of the Cape-to-Cairo Railroad. The distance to Sal-

isbury is 274 miles, and it took us two days to make it, on account of the recent floods of some of the rivers. Our first 200 miles was through the Portuguese territories. These are low and unhealthy. We rode for hours through swamps, where I was told that the construction of the road has cost a man's life for every tie in the track. We were shown one bridge where eight men were eaten by crocodiles during its building. We now and then passed through swarms of locusts, and our car windows had to be covered with wire screens to keep out the mosquitoes.

### Traveling Through Rhodesia.

As we approached the western end of the Portuguese colony, the land rapidly rose, and at Umfali, on the borders of Southern Rhodesia, we came into mountains equal to the most beautiful of the Alleghenies. Here the track wound this way and that in horseshoe curves, so that, standing on the rear platform, we could sometimes look into the eyes of the engineers on the locomotive. We passed through thick forests, and finally came out upon a high rolling prairie covered with luxuriant grass. There are but few farmhouses and few native vil-

lages. There are no fences anywhere, and the land looks as if it were God made it. There seems to be plenty of water, and the country appears fitted to support a large population. The prices of lands are, I am told, something like a dollar an acre, and more or less, according to location. I doubt much, however, whether the markets and the present state of the country would warrant the coming of American colonists. I wish I could show you this capital

### of Rhodesia. If you could lift it up and drop it down in the United States it would look much like some of our best Southern towns of 3000 population, except that these buildings are finer, more artistic and more substantially built. The material used is chiefly stone and brick, the roofs being made of galvanized iron. The residences are bungalows, with wide verandas running about them and with low, overhanging roofs. Every home

has a garden about it filled with the flowers and plants of both the tropical and temperate zones. There are roses and morning glories, as well as flowers which would grow well in Florida or Cuba.

The business blocks are chiefly of stone. There are many large stores with well-displayed windows and stocks of goods which would be considered excellent in any of our cities of three times this size. One can buy anything he needs and many American things are sold. I see our

canned goods and American cottons among the articles in the windows, and outside the farm-implement stores are plows from Moline, Ill., and reapers and mowers from Chicago and Springfield, Ohio.

### A Town of Clubs and Race Tracks.

I find Salisbury much alive. It is a modern town of clubs, public amusements and high prices. It has its social swim and it has its cricket grounds, golf fields and tennis courts. The high fences of the latter are covered with morning glories, and the balls are thrown back by hedges of green leaves spotted with flowers of bright blue. The little city has a library without the aid of Mr. Carnegie. It has three banks and a chamber of mines. It has a hospital, a half-dozen churches and a newspaper which comes out every week and is read by all.

Everything in the town is high priced. I took a ride in a jimricka drawn by a negro, and the charge was 27 cents in gold. I could have had the same service in Shanghai, China, for 5 cents in silver. I went out in an automobile for a day last week and the charge was \$20 the day, and the hungry eyes of the waiters are always asking for fees. I usually buy photographs wherever I go in addition to my own, which I have developed by the local photographer. The price here for making 8x10 copies is \$1.25, and when I asked the photographer this afternoon to make me a rate of \$10 per dozen he hesitated for a moment and said he couldn't really afford to print them at that. Salisbury, Rhodesia.

### and for the different branches of the library administration.

The requirements have been fulfilled in accordance with the modern idea in planning libraries and museums of inviting the public to make use of the treasures of literature and art. There was a time when a librarian of Harvard College announced with satisfaction on a Saturday afternoon that every book but one was back on the shelves and that he was sending a messenger for that one. The newer point of view is to make the literary collections as accessible as possible. It will be noticed that in the John Hay Library the rooms visited by most users of the library are on the first floor. Practically all the rooms open to the public, in fact, except the large exhibition room, are on this floor. The administration of the building is centered on the vertical center of the building, which the cataloguers' room is midway, and these rooms are connected with one another and with the stack by a lift and by stairs. The stack will contain some 250,000 volumes, and 30,000 volumes will be contained in other parts of the library. It is expected that pneumatic cleaning will be installed throughout the building. The department libraries will be accommodated in the old building, which will communicate with the new and thus make available to readers in either building the resources of the other.

### The reading-room has seats for 178 readers, arranged so that every reader has the light over his left shoulder and sits next to an aisle, and no reader faces another or will have another pass behind him in going or coming. This room contains the loan desk and the desk of the reference librarian and the catalogue. On the walls will be placed the reference books, the books reserved for the use of the classes, the current periodicals and several thousand volumes of general literature. This room is about 26 feet in height; it is lighted by high windows which leave space for bookcases around the walls. Off the reading-room on the north is expected to contain the college library proper, or a collection of some 25,000 volumes especially selected for the use of the undergraduates. Adjoining the stack and connecting with the reading-room is the large, high and well-lighted cataloguing-room, which fronts on the court. The catalogue trays are so arranged as to be accessible both from the cataloguers' room and the reading-room. On the right of the vestibule are the public stairs, with the men's and the women's restrooms on the two sides of the passage, at the end of which are the librarian's two rooms, one public and one private.

### Ascending the stairs, the visitor reaches the mezzanine floor, which contains a large and handsome monu-

mental room for the famous Harris collection. American poetry, a rare book room, in which sliding bookcases will be employed, and a large study-room over the catalogue-room, lighted from the court. On this floor will be two balconies overlooking the reading-room.

### The second or top floor is devoted to special collections and study-rooms. From it opens the eighth floor of the stack. Here are a large room and a study-room in each case for the Rider collection of Rhode Island history and the Wheaton collection of international law, a large unassigned room, a map room, three rooms for art folios and other art volumes, and three study-rooms, besides a large exhibition-room, lighted from above.

### The simplicity and orderliness of such an architectural plan exactly accords with the character of the great American library which it commemorates. Perhaps at some time subsequently a sculptured memorial of Brown's distinguished alumnus may be added to impress still further upon generations of students the worthiness of their heritage from the nineteenth century.

### Widow Was Contrary.

Bohemian.

The editor of the Beaville Clarion dashed wildly into the composing room and yelled at the foreman:

"Ed! Hank, hold that story of Widow Jones death. She ain't died yet."

"How long you want me to wait?"

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### Trunks.

New York Sun.

Arose, laid, the head that's light, And a stout above.

Can stay the foot from faring? Then it's out and up and far away.

And if you there's a corner? Why, where is the weight that's carrying?

Aye, it's Will o' the trunk foot for me, And a "pout" for whatso his kindred bel.

And his shoes steel.

A lover of dawn and gloaming; Then I'm out and up and far away.

And you'll drain the very drops of the day.

Hide, an' you'll, where's thy westward poe? But give me the range of the sky for rogit.

Just the broad blue.

A pack and a comrade trusty! Then I'm out and up and far away.

Till the last star twinkles through its shroud of gray.

Devil may care and dusty!

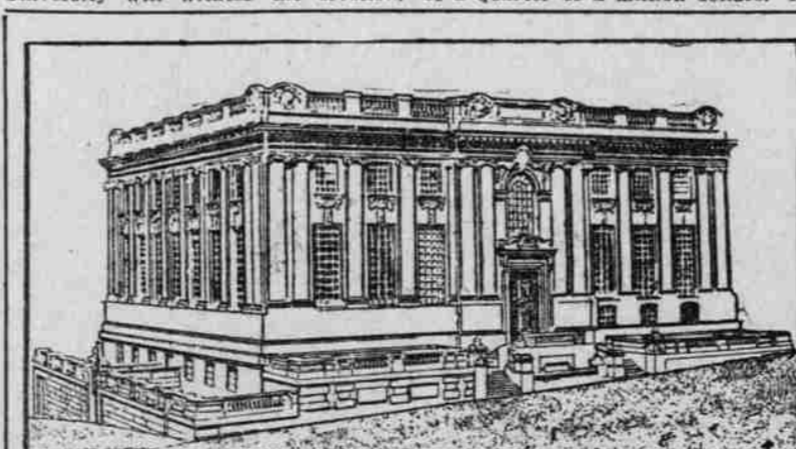
—Clinton Scollard.

### THE JOHN HAY LIBRARY—EXTERIOR OF THE BUILDING WHICH WILL COMMEMORATE LIFE AND SERVICES OF ONE OF BROWN UNIVERSITY'S MOST DISTINGUISHED ALUMNI.

## FINE MEMORIAL TO JOHN HAY.

Library to Cost \$300,000 at Brown University, the Gift of Twenty-Five Friends.

PROVIDENCE, July 4.—(Special Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian).—"To my mind John Hay is the finest flower of our civilization," the late President McKinley once said. Thousands of Americans who came into personal contact with the distinguished literary man and statesman whose death was regretted a short time ago shared that feeling. To hundreds of thousands of other Americans who have forgotten neither Mr. Hay's achievements in the public service nor his literary masterpieces—for what schoolboy has not declaimed "Jim Bludso" or "Little Breeches"—it is necessarily of interest that an enduring memorial is about to be erected through the gifts of some 25 gentlemen, friends of Mr. Hay and of his Alma Mater. These friends had already subscribed \$100,000 when Andrew Carnegie subscribed \$100,000 more, and the memorial will soon be erected.



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Very appropriately this memorial will take the form of a university library, the plans for which have just been accepted by the corporation of Brown University. Honor will thus be done not only to an individual, but to the general conception of the responsibility of the educated man in a democracy. Mr. Hay throughout his long and useful career was always a scholar, in the productive, not in the pedantic sense. Literature he followed professionally only as a conscientious duty could. His interest in public affairs and his sense of the duties of citizenship were such as to prevent his devoting all his energies to authorship. Just as when he was chief editorial writer of the New York Tribune he refused to familiarize himself with the business details of newspaper publication because he wanted to keep his attention fixed on the current events which he interpreted as brilliantly certainly as any writer in the days when journalism was more personal than now, so he also later on declined to become acquainted with any of the ways of the hack writer constantly studying the market for opportunities of placing his literary wares. What he wrote was written from conviction, and from knowledge that he had something worth saying. Consequently from the class poem at his graduation from Brown University in 1858 through the brilliant "Castilian Days," the first essays of which Mr. Howells hailed as an important discovery for the Atlantic Monthly, and on through the celebrated "Pike County Ballads," the life of Lincoln and the occasional papers of the last few years, nothing unworthy or perfunctory came from his pen. More

than any other man in public life in the United States, with the possible exception of Mr. Roosevelt, of whose power of keeping in touch with many things Mr. Hay sometimes expressed envy, he was an enthusiastic student of the best that has been thought and said, delighting in reading in the quiet of his castle-like home at Washington, able in conversation to quote from a surprising range of literature.

Honoring such an alumnus, Brown University will witness the erection

of a memorial to the noble American is easily appreciated if the details of its construction are studied. According to the plans prepared by the architects, Messrs. Shepley, Ruten and Coolidge of Boston, who were also the architects of the John Carter Brown Library, already on the university ground at Providence, and of the Harper Memorial Library of the University of Chicago, the John Hay Library will be erected at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars. The

building will have a frontage of a little more than 125 feet, facing the university grounds, and will extend 135 feet down College street. The style of architecture is the English Renaissance of the period of Sir Christopher Wren. The material will be Indiana limestone. The building will have a basement, ground, first, mezzanine, and second floors, the main entrance being Prospect street with only a few steps of ascent.

The interior of the John Hay Library has been planned on the basis of suggestions made by the librarian after months of study, including a tour of inspection made in company with an architectural expert to the principal libraries of the East. The problem was to provide accommodations for 200 readers, 300,000 volumes, rooms for various special libraries and for study,

and for the different branches of the library administration.

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### Trunks.

New York Sun.

Arose, laid, the head that's light, And a stout above.

Can stay the foot from faring? Then it's out and up and far away.

And if you there's a corner? Why, where is the weight that's carrying?

Aye, it's Will o' the trunk foot for me, And a "pout" for whatso his kindred bel.

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A lover of dawn and gloaming; Then I'm out and up and far away.

And you'll drain the very drops of the day.

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