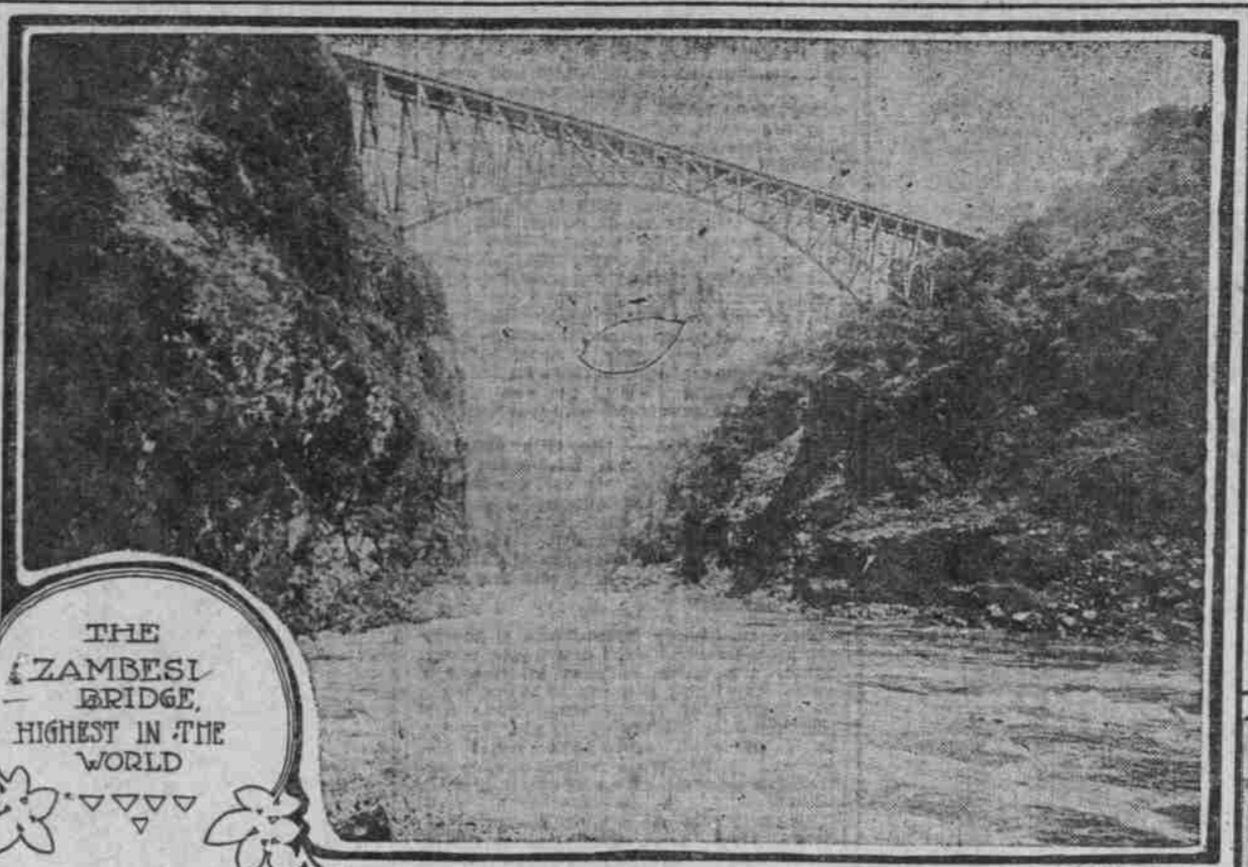


# THE MIGHTY ZAMBESI

## FRANK CARPENTER DESCRIBES THE FALLS OF THE MIGHTY ZAMBESI IN THE HEART OF AFRICA



THE ZAMBESI BRIDGE, HIGHEST IN THE WORLD

VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE SHOWING THE GORGE

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.  
I HAVE been wandering for days about the Niagara of Africa. Its awful wonders grow upon me and I am appalled at its grandeur. Away off here in the wilds of the black continent, far below the equator, several hundred miles south of Lake Tanganyika, as far north of Cape Town as Galveston is distant from New York, hundreds of miles west of the Indian Ocean, and still farther from the Atlantic, is one of the grandest natural features of old Mother Earth. It is the falls of the mighty Zambesi, one of the great rivers of the globe. It has been compared to the falls of Niagara. Now that I have seen both, I find it almost impossible to liken one to the other. Each is of its own kind and each beyond description beautiful. From the point of striking view, and as a raging convulsion of nature, I should call Victoria Falls far the greater. The two may be compared to a play. Niagara is a drama with but one act. Victoria is equally great, but of many acts and many scenes, each of which has features of its own.

son is \$15 per day, which is not extravagant, considering that we are far off in the wilds. As to our meals, we have three every day, and in addition, a cup of coffee on rising, and an afternoon tea. Our table waiters are natives in uniform, and our chambermen are black boys in white sarong.

On the Zambesi Bridge.  
But come with me and take a look at the falls. We shall first stroll down to the Zambesi bridge which crosses the gorge through which the mighty river flows after it leaves the falls. You have probably heard of this bridge. It is the highest in the world and one of the biggest. It was made in England, and brought out here in sections and put together. It is 400 feet above the water, and it jumps from rock to rock in a span of 550 feet. The spray falls upon the cars of the Cape-to-Calro railroad as they pass over it, and travelers will have a glimpse of the falls as they go by.

is greater than any fall in Switzerland; it is only a little section of Zambesi, but if it could be carried to the Alps it would be one of the wonders of Europe which tourists would travel thousands of miles to see.

On Livingstone Island.  
The most remarkable view of Victoria falls is from Livingstone Island, which divides the Zambesi in its center. This island is on the very edge of the falls, and when the river is high there is heard by a perceptible mark of division, the great cascade of a mile wide going down in one mighty sheet. It was upon this island that David Livingstone took his first view of the cataract in 1855. He reached the island from the Upper Zambesi, coming down in a canoe. While there he cut his initials and the date of his discovery upon a tree, and the letters and figures are still to be seen. It is said that he also planted an orchard, but if so this has long since been eaten up by hippopotami.

At the Devil's Cascade.  
Our next trip is to the Devil's cascade, on the other end of the falls. The distance is about two miles, and we must cross the bridge and walk through the park. We frighten the monkeys, and strange birds fly about our heads as we go. A thick mist, falling, we cannot see the cataract until we are right upon it. We sit down opposite the lip of the falls, and watch the great rivers of water pouring over the black rocks in volumes of yellow foam. The Zambesi is now at its full and it is consequently muddy. Right in front of us is the great pit into which it falls. It is a mighty cavern, hundreds of feet deep. We cannot see its bottom, for out of it is rising such a volume of steam and foam as exists nowhere else in the world. The western end of the fall is cut off from the main portion by Cataract Island, which lies several hundred feet out in the river. The western cataract alone

Then the mist would break and I looked down into a bottomless pit filled with steam which rose up in clouds and extended for a half mile into the sky. I tried to take notes, but the rain poured down upon my paper, obliterating the pencil marks and washing them out as fast as I made them. I shut my memorandum book and put it into the pocket of my waterproof. When I took it out it was turned almost to a pulp. The water had caught in the pockets and I carried a pint or so with me to land.

As to the volume of water, the Niagara Falls probably surpasses those of the Zambesi, for over there pours the watershed of half a continent. The great basin of Lake Superior is 600 feet above the Atlantic, and almost one-third of its drop is in a swamp which lies a mile above the sea and its waters have already fallen 200 feet in their course of 800 miles before they make their mighty drop into this basaltic gorge.

The Eastern Falls.  
Leaving the bridge, we take our first view of the cataract from its eastern end. The way is along green paths, under green trees, where the ground is so level that we cannot see the falls until we are close to them. The great river

bursts upon us all at once. It is dashing over the rocks, falling hundreds of feet, striking with a noise like a cannonade of artillery. Here the mist is so dense that we can see only one-third of the distance across. The falls are over a mile wide and we can hardly get a sight of Livingstone Island, which lies in the center. Notice the rainbows? The sun is shining through the foam. There are rainbows above and below us. We can see some in the great gorge. One a thousand feet long has stretched itself from wall to wall, about 300 feet under where we are standing. It is a perfect bow and its color are more gorgeous than those of any rainbow I have ever seen. A child stood here the other day and asked her father why men did not lower themselves down by ropes over the rocks and get the great bags of gold which the fairies say are always found at the ends of the rainbow.

What Cantrell did not know was that the trip to Livingstone Island is so dangerous that it should only be made when the river is low. It is now much too high for safety, and had I been aware of the danger I should not have thought of making the trip. As it was, we several times narrowly escaped going over the edge of the falls. The excursion one of my greatest experiences of my life. I am, however, much like the proud Texas father who was strutting along the street the morning after his eleventh baby was born and said, "I know I know I know earth and when asked what he thought of the new arrival, replied: "Well, I would not take a thousand dollars for this one, but I would not give a nickel for another."

thought of his offer, and how much she appreciated the generous spirit, the unselfishness, the kindness, the thoughtfulness, the promptness. All of which nearly sent Cantrell headlong down the smokeroom staircase before he perceived it.

As I stood there in the midst of the Zambesi, I was on a little section of bare black rock in the heart of that mighty cascade. All around, above and below me was a mist so thick that I could see beyond it only when the wind came and blew it away. The water rose in great clouds, dropping down in a warm rain which, notwithstanding my rubber coat, drenched me to the skin. There were times when I could not see ten feet in front of me.

drift. They are wet by the spray from the falls, and one cannot go through and keep dry without rubber clothing. When the wind came our way the droppings turned to a shower. The vegetation was dense and at the breaks in the woods the sun found its way in and turned the spray to a veil of fine lace. The rain drops on the leaves sparkled like jewels, and here and there could be seen little rainbows extending from one tree to another. Victoria Falls, Africa, July 14.

### In the Heart of the Wilderness.

Of these two mighty wonders of nature, that of the Zambesi has by far the best natural setting. Niagara has been destroyed by commercialism. One goes along its gorge in an electric trolley; upon landing he is fought for by guides and hotel keepers, and the peddler and fox hunter tag at his heels. The manufacturing cities of Buffalo and Toronto foul the air with their smoke, and the factories which use the power turn the sublime into the sordid.

### Two and a Third; a Story of the Sea

THINGS happen more quickly on shipboard than elsewhere, always excepting the Riviera, expresses. Between departure and arrival it is possible for a beautifully-completed-in-every-detail life tragedy to be enacted. And on certain liners it is even possible to be introduced—though this can be dispensed with—engaged, married, divorced, and re-engaged to someone else, and all within the period in which the Almighty created the world. This, of course, may be an exaggeration, and you can believe just as much as you choose; but it is certain that valuable experiences can be crammed into the space of a voyage, whose lesson should be extremely valuable, and should with care last quite a long time.

### Getting a Drink in the South

DEPUTY SURVEYOR JOHN M. BISHOP, known to his friends as Colonel, chiefly because he is a native of Tennessee, has returned from a visit to his old home at Tate Springs with some impressions of the political battle down there between the forces of Prohibition and what the Prohibitionists and others call the Demon Rum. The Colonel says he has made something of a study of the situation in Tennessee.

### Battle Cry.

John G. Nehardt, in Outing. More than his heart, but fearles. Facing the storm and the night; Here in the full of the light. God of the fighting clan, Lifting my gas I implore thee, O spare me this stab of a sword! What though I live with the witness Or perish with those who fall? Fighting the fight is all! Strong is my faith, O Lord! See the proud banners and lances! O spare me this stab of a sword! Give me no pity, nor spare me; Calm not the wrath of my foe; See where he beckons to dare me! Bleeding, half beaten—I go. Not for the glory of winning, Not for the fear of the night; Summoning the battle is ringing—O spare me this stab of a sword! Red is the mist about me; Deep is the wound in my side; God of the fighting clan, O spare me this stab of a sword! Grant that the woman who bore me Suffered to suckle a man!

### The Fire-bearer.

Ye who bear the within your breast, Look not for rest; Early ye're clamoring heart shall learn Only to burn, To ask no other food Than his own fire. Nor bicker brotherhood, That his sublime, unquenchable desire. Ask not what end, if asking give Less joy to live, Or if, in answering, Where the glib answers dwell; Four heart of fire Hath his own love to tell. Of his sublime, unquenchable desire, The mute, unkindled multitude, The rough, the rude, Let them your loving rapture know, And share the bliss, The undreaming give their dream Fulfillment, sweet shall seem Or your sublime, unquenchable desire!

### View from the Bridge.

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Notwithstanding all this, the Zambesi Falls may be seen with almost as many comforts as Niagara. There are now trains de luxe, with dining cars, observation cars and bathing accommodations, which bring one from Cape Town or Beira, and the little hotel form, although it is built of galvanized iron, is almost equal to those at Niagara in comfort and prices. All the rooms are on the ground floor, and some are well furnished. I have a suite of four, including a parlor, dressing-room bedroom and bathroom. My apartment is lighted by electricity and is cooled by an electric fan. The parlor is carpeted, and it boasts a piano. The rate I pay for myself and

Miss Charteris had not been beautiful, Cantrell would not have given her a second thought, and would have looked for the glory and universal goodness of women elsewhere. This, however, has nothing to do with the present. Cantrell had admired Miss Charteris from the moment she came on board. No one suspected this, but of all Cantrell, who would have been very much shocked had anyone told him. But Miss Charteris had asked him to do it, he would have stood on his head and whistled. "Rule, Britannia," gladly. On the whole it is a pity that Cantrell did not know this, as it might have saved him much unnecessary pain and suffering.

It was all very beautiful and it became more so when Cantrell went on to say that he was perfectly willing to sacrifice himself because he believed in the glory and universal goodness of women, and that he did not count anyway. Rightly speaking his feelings should not enter into his face of the most blinding evidence, and to call that evidence a concoction of venomous lies.

Miss Charteris, after her first gasp of astonishment, had tightened hold of herself, and had sat in silence. She may have been grievously tempted more than once during the recital to snub the unfortunate Cantrell, but being as wise as she was beautiful, she held her peace. It was part of her creed that most happenings in this world could be turned to advantage if properly and judiciously handled.

As Cantrell walked away, he noticed the remarkable clearness with which he could hear the revolutions of the screw. Then he went headlong down the smokeroom staircase, which he did not perceive this time, and bumped his head so severely that he had to be carried to his cabin, where he remained from slight concussion.

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