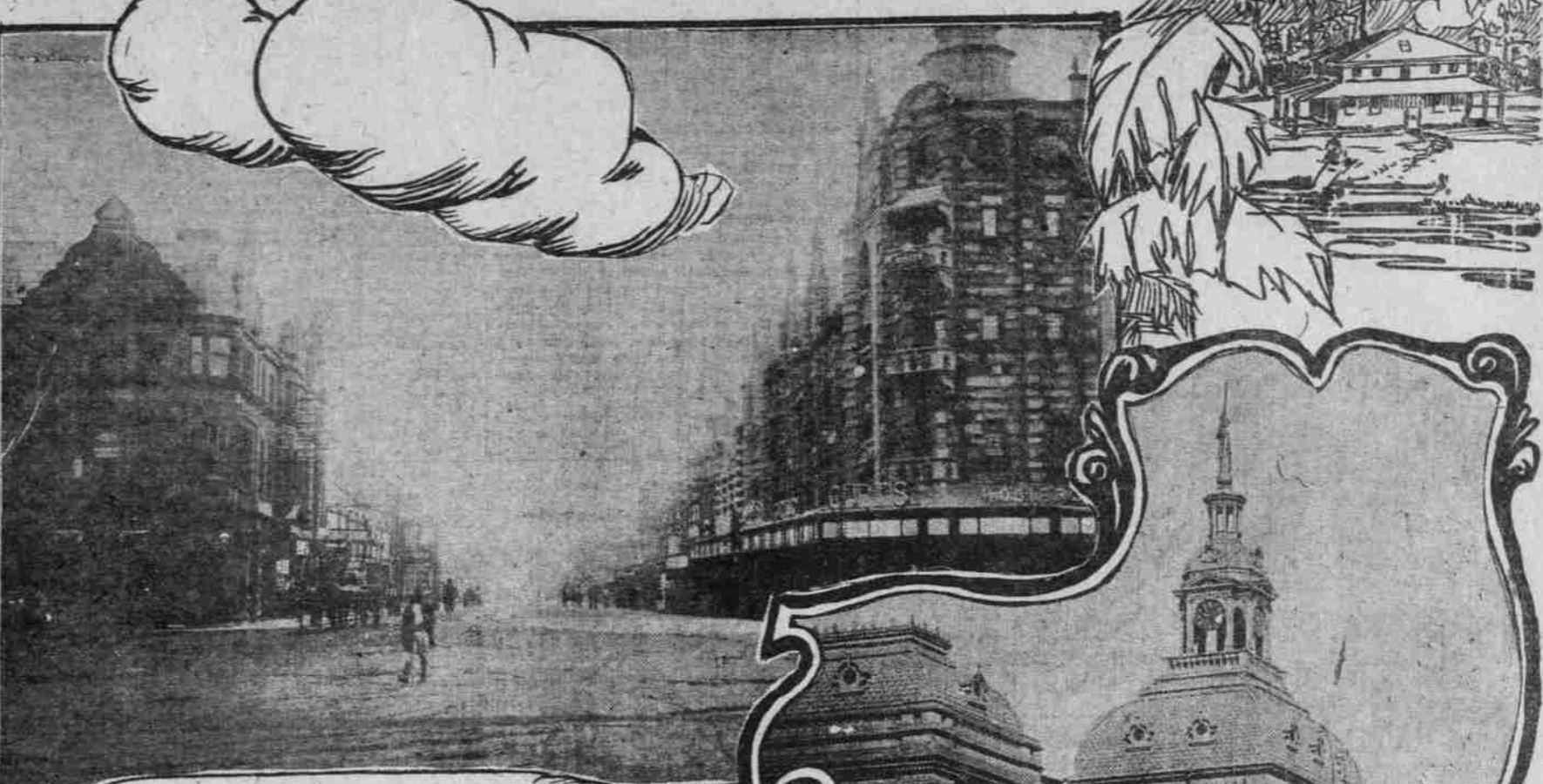




PAUL KRUGER'S LAND IN 1908

QUEER FEATURES OF FARMING IN THE TRANSVAAL AS CARRIED ON BY THE BOERS



CHURCH ST. PRETORIA.

GEN. BOTHA, PRIME MINISTER OF THE TRANSVAAL



PAUL KRUGER'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

PARLIAMENT HOUSE, PRETORIA, WHERE THE TRANSVAAL PARLIAMENT MEETS

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
THIS letter is to be about the Transvaal. The state has been big in the eyes of the world for the past half dozen years. It seems small and poor when one travels over it. I entered it from Cape Colony at Ploersien Straits above Kimberley, and came thence by rail through Johannesburg on my way here. The distance is a little farther than from New York to Washington, and it is about an equal distance from Pretoria to the east, where the Portuguese territories begin. I am just about 300 miles or so south of the boundaries of Rhodesia.

These figures give you some idea of the area of the country. The Transvaal is about twice as big as Illinois or Iowa. It is high, dry and comparatively barren, and some of it seems almost a desert. On my way here I rode for miles without seeing a house, and all along the way from Kimberley to Johannesburg there are no towns of large size. The whole country has a white population less than that of the city of Minneapolis, and, including the blacks, who number three times the whites, it has not as many people as Philadelphia.

The biggest town in the Transvaal is Johannesburg. It has 130,000, and of these less than 30,000 are white. Pretoria has 25,000 and only 12,000 whites. Both towns claim mines; but these are the official figures and they include everyone, negroes, English and Boers.

Millions in Mines.
The greatest importance of the country is in its mines. It leads the world as to gold, and it has fair to do so as to diamonds. I have already written of the Premier mine, which produced the Cullinan diamond, the biggest ever discovered. It has within its boundaries more than 200,000,000 worth of precious stones in the past four years. There are other diamond mines nearby, and there are also copper and coal. As to the gold mines of the Rand, which lie within a few miles of Pretoria, their product is greater than that of any other region. They have added more than 200,000,000 gold dollars to the world's supply in the last twenty odd years and they are now yielding more than \$120,000,000 a year. Of this I will write more when I visit Johannesburg.

Farming in South Africa.
The chief importance of the Transvaal, outside its mines, is as a stock-raising country. The land is high and beautiful and the climate is fitted for white men. The most of the colonies are 500 or more feet above the sea. It is a vast table land, composed of great rolling plains, crossed here and there by low ranges of mountains. A great part of the country is covered with scrubby brush, but most of it is semi-barren and so scantily watered that the grass burns up in the summer. The seasons here are just the opposite of ours. The Transvaal is hot from October to March. The winters are cold, dry and bracing. The summers are hot, with some rainfall to temper the heat.

Johannesburg lying before me. Chickens are bringing 25 cents a pound, butter 60 cents a pound, and eggs are selling from 75 cents to \$1.25 a dozen. Milk is worth 15 cents a quart, and tobacco, unmanufactured, 12 cents per pound.

Some South African Ports.
These prices are largely due to poor labor, lack of transport and insect pests. One of the chief pests is the locust, which sweeps over the country in swarms of great magnitude. I have ridden through miles of such swarms on the cars. At times the locusts are so thick that they almost hide the sun. The air is filled with flying beetles, and the ground is covered with these crawling insects, and you can notice them in front, floating from the engine. The locusts come there and they are so many that the wheels of the cars going over them crush them upon the rails, and the rails thereby become greased, and the wheels roll around without catching.

At some of the stations I have stepped out of the train and scooped up a handful of locusts. They look just like our grasshoppers and are probably the same sort of insects as those which almost ruined Kansas and Nebraska some years ago. When the locusts come they eat almost every green thing. The grass disappears and the sheep and cattle perish for want of food. At present the different governments are paying a certain price for locust destruction. The farmers receive 50 cents per bag of 500 pounds, and in Natal locust eggs are bringing 12 cents a pound. The eggs are laid in cocoons, and it is estimated that it takes 40,000 eggs to make one pound. They will last for years without hatching, so that, although the locusts are killed, a new crop may come forth again and again from the dormant eggs.

The African natives are all fond of locusts. They eat them, and I am told that the Boer farmers frequently use dried locusts for chicken feed, paying as high as \$2 per bag for them. Another trouble that the farmers have in many regions is the drought, and there are also cattle fevers and other diseases.

Agriculture Since the War.
Since the Boer war new interest has sprung up in agriculture, and the government is now doing all it can to open up the country and to improve the condition of the farmers. It has already established experimental farms in several places, and it is trying to better the livestock. Many new plants are being introduced, the tobacco industry has been encouraged, and experiments are being made on cotton. A South African Agricultural College is now proposed, and General Botha is said to favor it. He says "that agriculture and mining are the two brothers of the Transvaal and that they must work together, hand in hand, for the benefit of the country."

worth about 25 each, pigs from \$10 to \$25, and Merino sheep from \$5 to \$8. Almost any kind of a good horse will sell for \$100, and a mule for the same. Native cows bring from \$50 to \$70, and those imported from the Cape of Good Hope sell for \$100 and upward.

No Place for Poor Men.
Notwithstanding these figures I do not advise Americans to come here expecting to make money in farming. This is hardly a poor man's country. The native labor on the farms is made up of Kaffirs, who receive from \$10 to \$15 a month, including board and lodging. White men cannot do the black man's work without losing caste, and the farmers would rather not have white men do such work. The line between the white and black is carefully drawn and the white fears that his race will lose caste if he employs his own people to do the rough labor.

Even the government, anxious as it is to have settlers, does not advise men without capital to come to South Africa. In a little book of information for the benefit of emigrants I see it stated that it is necessary for an experienced farmer to have from \$20,000 to \$30,000 if he wishes to start into stock raising in the Transvaal. The price of land varies according to the soil, water and nearness to market. Farms on the high veldt, with a certain amount of land irrigated, can be purchased from \$150 to \$200 per acre. In the lower country, known as the bush veldt, the prices are considerably lower. Nearer the towns the land is high, and where there is plenty of water, the prices are much above those I have mentioned. The government advises that a farm should not be less than 2000 acres in size for stock raising and not less than 2000 where the country is poor. It desires small cultivators who will do mixed farming and truck farming. Such men should have from \$1500 to \$2000 each, and they should be prepared to work with their own hands.

The Capital of the Transvaal.
I am writing this in Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal and the seat of government of this new English state. It was, you know, the headquarters of the Boer government, the home of Kruger and the pivot of anti-England during the great war in South Africa.

In going over the country now one sees no signs of the recent struggle except some dismantled forts and an occasional monument put up to the soldiers. The square stone blockhouses which were erected to guard the railroad between here and Johannesburg are still in evidence. But that is all.

A Dutch Town.
Notwithstanding this, the Pretoria of today is a Boer town. Its people are more Dutch than English. There are Dutch signs over the stores, and the bookshops have many Dutch books. One

hears the people talking in Dutch as he goes along the streets, and the farmers in the country about are almost altogether Boers. It is the Dutchmen who still own most of the lands, and their long teams of oxen may be seen going through the city or standing in the market places just as they did when Paul Kruger ruled. Pretoria was laid out by the Boers and built by them. It is a little over 50 years old, and it is named after President

Pretorius, who founded it. It lies in a valley formed by a small tributary of the Crocodile River, and it has grass-grown hills on every side. The streets cross one another at right angles. They are wide and well paved, and in many places shaded with willows, which were set out as fence posts and grew into trees. Most of the houses are of Dutch architecture. Nearly every little home has a garden about it, and the whole town is full of

flowers and fruit. Of late years the business section of the city has grown, and is now comparably favorably with any town of its size in the United States. It has good stores, a street car line, electric lights, a public park and a zoological garden. It has a museum, a library of 25,000 volumes, social clubs, cricket and football grounds and a theater and an opera house. It has a half dozen churches, and among them the Dopper Church, where President Kruger sometimes preached.

In the Footsteps of Kruger.
Indeed, everything about the city still bears Kruger's marks. The house in which he lived is here, and his bones lie under a plain monument out in the cemetery. I went down the other afternoon and looked at the home of the ex-Boer President. It is a plain one-story building, situated on the principal street, with a garden about it. It is not much better than that of many a clerk in the United States. Kruger was supposed to be rich, and statements have been made concerning the millions which he sent to Holland during the Boer war. These stories are denied at Pretoria, and the truth seems to be that the Boer President came out of the war comparatively poor as far as money was concerned. His wealth was mainly in farms, which he had divided among his relatives before the war began. While the struggle was raging he lent something like \$250,000 in cash to his government to keep the soldiers in the field, and this was paid

for in the money of that government, which had now failed. He also lent about \$70,000 additional, which, I believe, was in the hands of General Botha at the time the war closed. This was offered to the British, but they refused it, and the money still forms a part of the Kruger estate. It is said here that Kruger was not a money-lover or money-grubber, and that he cared more for his country than his fortune.

A Word about General Botha.
I understand that the same is true of General Louis Botha, the present ruler of the Transvaal. He is a Boer in the full sense of the word, but he believes in the building up of South Africa, and is doing his best to further the interests of the united races. General Botha was noted as a statesman before the war began. He entered politics early and was a member of the first Volksraad and a leader of the Progressives of the Boer Republic at that time. He left this position and went into the army as a private, and by sheer force made his way from rank to rank until he became commander-in-chief. One of his greatest battles was that of Colenso, where he fought General Buller and his 12,000 men with a Boer force of 2000 and defeated them. It was after that fight that Kruger made him commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, and it was largely due to him that the army held out as long as it did, making one of the bravest campaigns ever known in the annals of war. Pretoria, South Africa.

Treasures of Uncle Sam's Libraries

In the War Department Alone There Are Fifty-five Thousand Volumes.

IN THE State, War and Navy building are three of Washington's oldest and most complete libraries. They afford interest in a hundred and one different ways other than the mere fact that they contain books. They are the archives of the State, War and Navy Departments, says the Washington Star.

Best known of these is the library of the State Department, on the third floor, wherein the original draft and the original signed copy of the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution of the United States and the Articles of Confederation are kept. This library was founded by Thomas Jefferson in 1789 and consists of 45,000 volumes and 250 pamphlets, and now is a part of the division of rolls and library.

This division might well be called the correspondence established prior to the definitive treaty of peace of 1782 and the adoption of the Constitution of the United States, for until recently it was the custodian of the papers and journals of the Continental Congress, the papers of Washington, Jefferson, Madison and others which have been transferred by executive order to the library of Congress.

The original draft of the Declaration of Independence is on exhibition to visitors, but the original signed copy of that document and the Constitution and the Articles of Confederation are not. Corrections made by Franklin and Adams can be seen in the original draft, which is in Jefferson's handwriting. It is in perfect state of preservation, and rests in an open safe with an engraving of Jefferson and his plan of his tomb beside it.

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