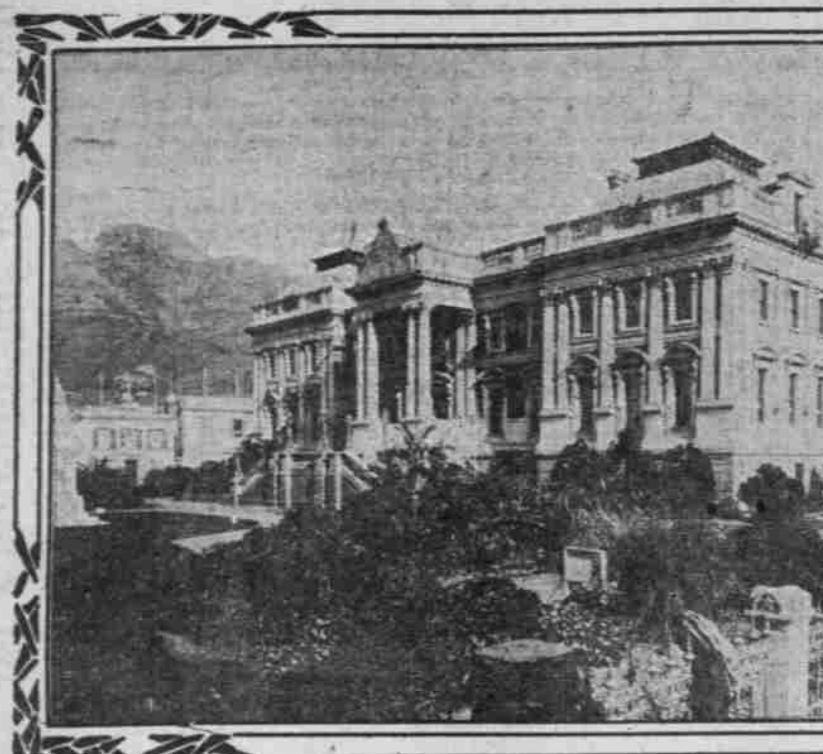


CAPE TOWN, Capital of South Africa

THOUGH THE LARGEST CITY IT HAS NOTHING IN COMMON WITH THE SAVAGE BLACK CONTINENT



THE PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS ARE THE FINEST BUILDINGS IN AFRICA



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE BAY CAPE COLONY

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER. CAPE TOWN! How shall I describe it? It is the biggest city of South Africa, and it has nothing in common with this savage black continent. Its buildings and its people are all Europeans. The town is as bright as a button and as clean as a pin. It lies right on the Atlantic, washing its feet in Table Bay. Behind and above it rise the two mighty rocky formations known as Table Mountain and the Lion's Head. They are bedded in green and they shut out the bare desert lands which fade away into the great Karoo, farther north.

Table Mountain. Table Mountain is rightly so called. It is a mighty block of rock which rises almost straight up behind the town to a height more than six times that of the Washington monument, cutting the sky line with a jagged horizontal front two miles in length. If you could take one of the highest of our Allegheny Mountains, slice off its top so that it looks like a table and plant it down behind Boston you might have about the effect that Table Mountain has at the city of the Cape. The mountain sides would need to be cut out so as to be almost precipitous, and its top should be as regular as though the gods of nature had smoothed it off with a knife. Standing in Boston, there would be times when the whole great Table rock would be clear and clean-cut. At other times it would be hanging clouds would rest upon it and fall down over the sides like a tablecloth.

Table Mountain is 2500 feet high. One side of it is such that it can be climbed in three hours, and in that space of time you can reach one of the finest views in the world. The mighty Southern ocean stretches before you at the front and at the right and the left. You can almost follow with your eye the course of Bartholomew Diaz when he discovered the Cape of Good Hope. That was six years before Columbus started out to find the new world, and the ocean below us was then so rough that he named that point the Cape of Storms. It was along the same track that Vasco da Gama went on around the continent to India a few years later, skirting Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of the African continent, which lies down there a little off to the left.

Cape Town is just under you, so close that you can toss a rock into its streets, and beyond it is Table Bay, the great port of entry for the whole of South Africa. Diaz and Da Gama had ships of less than 100 tons, the mighty steamers which are floating down there at the wharf each run high into the thousands of tons and more than 2000 of them leave and call every year. Ships with a tonnage aggregating more than 15,000,000 went in and out of that port within the last 12 months, and this has become one of the great water gates of the world.

The harbor looks small from the top of the mountain, but it has more than two miles of quays, which can accommodate vessels drawing 30 feet. It is sheltered by a break-water 2000 feet long, and its larger division, Victoria basin, covers 35 acres. Looking along the quays you can see the electric cranes, and back of them the warehouses, which can store 70,000 tons of cargo at one time, and at the reservoirs, which hold mountains of coal.

Among the ships are boats from East and West Africa, from London and Hamburg, and great liners on their way to Australia and India. There are the mail steamers of the Union Castle Company, which carry not only passengers, and express, but the vast treasures which are always flowing out of the diamond and gold mines of the great vault. Now turn your eyes from the harbor to the great hill which lies across the ravine from where we are standing. That is the Lion's Head, which forms another part of the background of the horsehoe valley surrounding the bay. That peak is almost as high as Table Mountain and the electric car which you can see whizzing along at its feet, looking pygmy-like in the distance, will give you one of the finest street views of the world. You can take it in the heart of Cape Town and wind your way around the bay back through the valley between Table Mountain and Lion's Head to the city with beautiful views in sight all the way.

right angles. Its old Boer buildings are gradually disappearing and it has now shops and streets which would do credit to the largest cities of the United States. It has a postoffice structure which surpasses in size that of any American city of twice its population, and its Parliament Houses are perhaps the finest buildings in Africa. They were erected some years ago at a cost of more than \$1,000,000. They are of the renaissance style, with porticos upheld by Corinthian columns and are surrounded by beautiful gardens, in which a marble statue of Queen Victoria stands at the front. Each of the houses has a floor space as large as that of the House of Commons in England, and the building contains a throne room, showing the allegiance of the country to the King. The Parliament which meets here is that of the Cape Colony and it governs this vast territory, comprising the best of the lands south of the Transvaal, including Kimberley and its diamonds and also the chief sheep and cat-tling, fruit-raising and ostrich-farming parts of this continent.

Business in South Africa. Cape Town is largely the business capital of South Africa. It has the headquarters of all the big banks and the chief exporting and importing firms. Alderley street, the principal business street, is lined with big business blocks, and there is a wholesale section which has many fine buildings. During my stay here I have had talks with many of the leading financiers as to the financial conditions of this part of the world. Business is still bad and it has been so since the Boer war. The continued England's pure-strings were opened and money flowed like water. Business was boomed to correspond with the new conditions. Many buildings were erected in all the cities, and especially in Cape Town, Durban and Johannesburg. New ships were brought into the carrying trade, and the money boom was succeeded by a money drought, and the creditors began to ask for the payment of their bills. This caused failures in all departments of trade, the tide of immigration turned the other way and thousands were thrown out of work. At the same time stores and houses became vacant, the prices of property began to drop, and the competition for tenants brought down the rent.

This situation has almost steadily continued since the war and the country is now getting down to a hardpan basis. Here all its condition is bad.

South Africa's Big Banks. Banking here is not the same as in the United States. With us every little town has its individual bank, and there are hundreds of small institutions operating with capitals as high as \$50,000 and up. Here all the money is handled by a half dozen great banks, with branches reaching to all parts of South Africa. These big banks report to each other, and although competitors, work largely in harmony. If a man's credit is bad it soon becomes generally known, and if one bank drops him he has little hope from the others. As to the extent of the banking, I have before me some reports of the big institutions. The Standard Bank of South Africa is now doing a business of something like \$150,000,000 per annum on a capital of less than \$5,000,000. It

has about \$100,000,000 worth of deposits and its profits are \$600,000 and upward per year. During a great part of its existence it has paid as much as 15 per cent, and it is now paying 16, notwithstanding the hard times. Another big institution is the Bank of Africa, which has a capital of \$5,000,000. This bank has deposits of \$30,000,000 and its assets and liabilities are about \$50,000,000. It has been paying 12 per cent until recently, when the dividends were cut to 10 per cent, with a prospect of going down still lower. The Natal Bank, which does business chiefly in Natal and the Transvaal, has a capital of only \$2,500,000, but its deposits amount to something like \$15,000,000 or \$20,000,000, and it pays about 12 per cent. The National Bank of South Africa, with a capital of over \$3,000,000, has deposits of \$20,000,000 and pays 8 per cent, while the African Banking Corporation has running accounts of from \$30,000,000 to \$25,000,000 on a capital of \$2,000,000, and pays 6 per cent dividends. Nearly all of these banks have had a considerable reduction of deposits during the past two years, and their stocks have fallen in value.

A Country Inflated. When it is remembered that South Africa is largely a desert and that it has, all told, only about 1,000,000 white people, the wonder is that it can support such banks at all. It seems to me that the business of all kinds is much overdone. The steamship lines are too many, the railroads too expensive and the cities too big for the populations. This is especially so considering that the products of these 1,000,000 whites are almost altogether owned in Europe, and the profits of their labor are spent there. The diamonds and gold mines are owned abroad. They are worked by cheap native and Chinese labor, and the country lacks the means of prosperity of the great production of the United States. Indeed, the Boers claim that South Africa would be far better off if it had less gold and diamonds and went more into agriculture. They think that a higher wage rate would benefit its industries, causing more of the money to be spent at home.

Cape Colony. In many respects Cape Colony is better off than the Transvaal, the Orange Free State and other provinces of South Africa. It is given up to farming and stock raising and is a land of mixed industries. The colony is one of the largest of the British possessions of this part of the continent. It is 600 miles long and 300 miles wide, being more than four times the size of either New York or Pennsylvania. It is twice as large as Texas and nearly as large as Ireland, and including Bechuanaland, which was annexed some years ago, it is bigger than Texas or any country in Europe, with the exception of Russia.

Cape Colony is the oldest part of South Africa and is by far the best settled. It has almost as many white people as Boston, and its colored population numbers almost as many as there are souls in Chicago. There are many good-sized towns. This place, with its suburbs, has 200,000. Kimberley has about 55,000, and Port Elizabeth 35,000 or more. Woodstock has 20,000; Grahamstown, 14,000; and East London, 20,000. There are towns of from 2000 to 10,000 scattered here and there over the country, and there are many thriving farming communities.

The Farms of the Cape. In coming here from the Transvaal I rode for a day through the Orange River Colony and from there across Cape Colony to the Cape of Good Hope. The land here has a climate in which a white man can work. The Orange River Colony is about as big as the State of New York and its population of whites is not half as large as that of Buffalo. The territory is mostly a grassy plain, fading out here and there into desert. Considerable stock is grazed near the railway. I saw droves of cattle, a few sheep and now and then a herd of Angora goats. Most of the territory has been practically inaccessible until within the past ten years.

As to Cape Colony, its northern portion is of much the same nature. The land drops in mighty steps known as the Karoo. The upper Karoo at the north ranges in altitude from 2000 to 6000 feet. It is almost a desert and droths are frequent. Below this is what is known as the Great Karoo, consisting of rolling plains rising gradually to a height of about 4000 feet. This country is covered with a sort of sheep bush, upon which the cattle, goats and sheep feed. It is dry and healthy and is fitted for stock raising. Still further south about the Cape and west of here back of the ocean is a large area devoted not only to stock, but to grain and fruit raising. Back of the Cape of Good Hope are large vineyards, which produce something like 10,000,000 gallons of wine and 1,500,000 gallons of brandy every year. They raise peaches, apricots, apples and pears and ship fruit in cold storage to London and the United States.

A great part of Cape Colony is well grassed and there is considerable stock farming. The average ranch contains about 2000 acres and upward, land of that kind selling for \$3 or \$5 per acre. The grass is thin and it is estimated that every head of cattle will need from 10 to 20 acres and every sheep one or two acres. In the Karoo even more land will be required. At present the colony has about 12,000,000 sheep, 1,000,000 goats, 2,000,000 cattle and 500,000 horses and mules. The farmers tell me that there is some money in horse-raising, as the country does not raise enough, and its mohair brings the highest prices. I am told that there are 2,000,000 Angora goats in the colony, and that good ones are selling for upward of \$5 apiece. As to the sheep, they remind me of

those of Australia. They are Merinos, which were brought here centuries ago from Spain and which formed the start of the Australian stock. There is also a common Cape sheep which thrives well. The farms are largely in the Karoo. The sheep are usually kept in large flocks, single farmers having as many as 10,000 each.

Washing Up. Washington Star. "Have you ever played poker with your son-in-law?" "Only once," answered Mr. Curox. "It wasn't very satisfactory." "Did he win?" "No, he lost. But it merely resulted in my having to write him a check so that he could indorse it over to me."

The Goblin. Willie got so frightened that he was stiff and stark in the middle of the night. When it was still and dark. He thought he saw a koblin. "I standing, white and tall. Over in the closet— Up against the wall. Tea, there it stood a-leaning. As though it meant to stay Till the night should weary did not go and give place to day. And Willie, crouched 'neath covers. Let out his voice and cried. A-calling to his mother. Who came to his bedside. "What is it, son?" asked mamma. Seeing Willie all a-cricht; And then she got the matches. And quietly made a light. Ah, the closet door was open. And there against the wall Was one of Willie's nightgowns. A-hanging—that was all.

Report of a Railroad Wreck. Two local trains on the Buggville division of the R. & S. railroad met in a head-on collision at 10:14 yesterday forenoon. Just outside the city limits. Nobody was killed or even hurt, therefore there were no shrieks of the wounded and dying. Both trains were empty, and the engineers and firemen of the two trains all jumped, alighting safely in weeds growing alongside the track. No ambulances were needed. The trains, while they were completely smashed, did not catch fire and thus add to the horror of the situation, for there was no horror of any kind in the situation. A wrecking train cleared away the debris inside an hour or so, and traffic was resumed as usual.

Report of a Tidal Wave. A tidal wave swept the entire Atlantic coast from Portland to Key West yesterday afternoon. It was not the largest tidal wave ever known on this coast by any manner of

News Without the Trimmings

Daily Happenings as They Will Be Chronicled When the Professor's Dream is Realized.

A UNIVERSITY professor recently delivered a lecture on "Non-Exaggerative Journalism." He predicted the arrival, sooner or later, of an age of absolute journalistic veracity, when news would be presented "wholly without decorative effects."

Hereto are appended a few items of the kind that will appear (maybe) when the age of absolute journalistic veracity swings along:

Report of a Suicide Case. The body of a young woman was removed from the river at the foot of 30th street by the harbor police yesterday afternoon.

Pinned to her dress was a note stating that she purposed committing suicide, signed Edith G. Wannaguit. The young woman was about 26 years of age. She was not at all beautiful. She was, in fact, noticeably plain of feature.

Her fingers were not covered with magnificent diamonds. She wore no rings at all. Her clothing was of the most inexpensive material.

There is no mystery whatever connected with the case, nor have the police authorities the slightest idea that she was the victim of foul play.

It is deemed positive from her appearance that she did not belong to some distinguished family of this community. The young woman simply had become tired of living and she jumped into the river—that is all. The case is wholly lacking in any element or feature of a sensational character. The names of the deceased family appear in the city directory, but no inquiries were made of any members of the family, the case not being deemed of sufficient importance.

Report of an Ocean Wreck. Seven sailors of the brigantine Seattle, Halifax to St. Kitts, Cuttable captain, which was wrecked 675 miles south-east of the Azores on September 4, were brought into this port yesterday on the steamer Turbinsky, the Turbinsky having picked the castaways up three days out on her run from Lisbon to this port.

The rescued sailors were not gaunt and emaciated. In fact, they were fat, sleek and chipper.

They suffered no hardships after sheering off from their doomed ship. They left the Seattle in the longboat, which they had simply provisioned and watered for a month's cruise.

means. There have been plenty of bigger tidal waves on the Atlantic coast within the memory of tens of thousands of men now living.

It is said that some damage was done by the tidal wave, but the figures are not here given for the reason that it is believed that the figures are grossly exaggerated.

Report of a Debut. Miss Minnie Gittabundie, youngest daughter of Mr. Didd Gittabundie, the manufacturer of aeroplane sundries, had her coming-out party at her father's home last evening.

A considerable party of young people was present, but did not include the representatives of "the ultra-fashionable younger set for the reason that the Gittabundies do not belong to that set.

The young woman simply had become tired of living and she jumped into the river—that is all. The case is wholly lacking in any element or feature of a sensational character. The names of the deceased family appear in the city directory, but no inquiries were made of any members of the family, the case not being deemed of sufficient importance.

Report of a Horsewhipping. Mrs. L. U. Skinskin, the wife of the furrier, yesterday disgraced herself and humiliated her family and everybody connected with her by horsewhipping a young clerk employed in her husband's store.

She rounded the young man up in a doorway on Main street and drawing a rawhide from the folds of her cloak laid it upon her victim's countenance with the greatest brutality.

When the woman was arrested and taken to No. 1 station she claimed that the young man had attempted to flirt with her.

This is not believed by anybody who is acquainted with the young man. He is known to hundreds of persons in this city as a thoroughly decent and self-respecting young fellow, the sole support of his widowed mother and three young sisters.

He doesn't belong to the goody goody class, but he is too square a man to be guilty of any such foolishness as that imputed to him by the woman who took it upon herself to horsewhip him.

He is even believed in thoroughly by Mr. Skinskin, the woman's husband, and he will remain in Mr. Skinskin's employ, with the guarantee that he shall not again be bothered by Mrs. Skinskin.

It is understood that Mrs. Skinskin is to be immediately examined by a commission in lunacy. We do not print her portrait in the paper for the reason that it is not deemed probable that any of our readers would care to see a portrait of her.

Mrs. Sadie Wernheart began an engagement at the Standard Theater last evening, her opening play being "Frou Frou."

This is not Mrs. Wernheart's final tour of the United States. She expects to come over here and get the money every few years for a long period yet to come. She told our representative so yesterday afternoon, and she ought to know.