

# CAREER OF RHODES.

## DIAMOND KING, STATESMAN AND MILLIONAIRE.

He is the Most Picturesque Figure After Oom Paul in the Transvaal War—His Meteoric Career in South Africa.

The most picturesque figure next to Oom Paul in the Anglo-Transvaal war is Cecil Rhodes, diamond king and politician. He is the mightiest millionaire of the age. Others may have more money, but Rhodes possesses the power and ability to shape the destiny of South Africa. The son of a minister sent to South Africa to improve his health, he has added within a few years an empire to England's territory and has become the modern colossus of Rhodes.

The surprising growth of British South Africa is due largely to the efforts of this one man, the organizer and manager of the Imperial British South African Company. The career of Rhodes has been meteoric. Probably no Englishman since Sir Francis Drake sailed round the globe with the gold of Spain has brought more glory to his country with less expense to his



CECIL RHODES.

Government than he. He has taken the milk from the African coconut.

He was born on July 5, 1853, and his father was Rev. Francis William Rhodes, vicar of Stortford, a town about twenty-five miles from London. His elder brother, Herbert, had a plantation in the south of Natal, and in 1869 Cecil, whose lungs were too weak for the English climate, was sent to live with him.

It is impossible for those who know him now to think of him as a consumptive sent abroad to die. He is six feet one inch tall and heavy and muscular in proportion. His appetite is a marvel. Chief Lobengula called him "the man who eats a whole country for his dinner."

### His Early Ambition.

The story is told that, on arriving at Natal, the boy of 16 laid his hand upon a large map of Africa, exclaiming: "All that my hand covers will one day be mine!"

A merchant who heard him said: "That is your dream, is it?" "That is my dream," replied the young man.

"Well, I'll give you ten years to wake up," was the reply of the merchant.

Two years after this the history of South Africa changed. Diamonds were discovered on the present site of Kimberley and Rhodes, with his brother, hastened to the place where the future empire builder laid the foundation of his fortune. In 1880 all the diamond mines were consolidated under the name of the De Beers Consolidated Mines (Limited), capitalized at \$10,750,000, with Cecil Rhodes president. Meantime Rhodes' brother had died, turning over to the former his interests at Kimberley and Cecil himself had found time to return to England and graduate from Oxford.

While busy with his mines Cecil Rhodes did not neglect politics. Early in the '80s he was elected to the Cape House of Assembly from Barkley. After receiving a charter in October, 1880, he started back to Africa to open the new lands.

There was still the unexplored region of the Matabele left. The King of the Zulus was Lobengula, who pursued the usual Zulu policy of exterminating all weaker people with whom they came in contact and appropriating their cattle and wives, but they had a wholesome fear of the whites.

Far to the north of the land of the Matabeles was Mashonaland, a nation conquered by the Zulus, and the King of the Zulus gave to Rhodes permission to dig for gold in the land of Mashonaland. Railroads were built and with them came the telegraph and mail.

### The Matabele War.

Mashonaland boomed for two years, and then it was discovered that its wealth was overestimated greatly.

It looked like failure for the South African Company. Something must be done. The gold miners were clamoring for a chance to locate claims in Matabeleland. Then was started the Matabele war, the barbarities of which exceeded previous campaigns, because the company was bent on destroying the Matabele nation to seize their rich country. The Matabeles gave the excuse by sending warriors to punish cattle thieves. The company's "border

police" replied, and the war was on. Volunteers were called for, and to every man who enlisted were promised 6,000 acres of land and twenty claims in the new El Dorado, when it should be won. The Matabeles were attacked on three sides, their capital, Buluwayo, was taken, and great was the slaughter. Opinions differ as to the justice of the Matabele war, but it put the South African Company on its feet again, which was its purpose. On April 25, 1893, Matabeleland was thrown open to the world.

The new land was called Rhodesia. Rhodes was made premier of the colony and in 1895 was appointed Queen Victoria's privy councillor, a purely honorary position.

His great ambition was partly realized. He added almost an empire to Great Britain's possessions.

The present war in South Africa is in line with Rhodes' policy—the formation of a British empire in South Africa that shall embrace the Transvaal republic and the Orange Free State.

Rhodes, with all his millions, lives humbly. He has a home, Groot Schuur, at Cape Town which is presided over by his sister, who is as great a hater of men as Rhodes is of women. But he is happier when living on the plains in a tent with only an attendant to look after his personal wants.

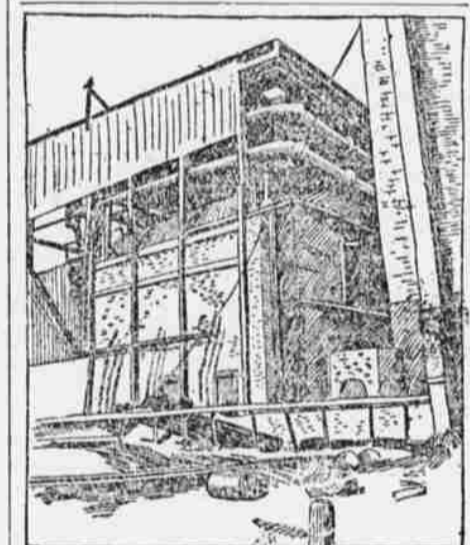
### MAKE FINE WAX FROM OIL.

Residual Oil from Illuminants Makes Article Superior to Honeycomb.

The busy little bee was long ago cheated out of his monopoly in the honey-making business by artificial honey manufacturers. Now he is left to improve the shining hour as best he may, for his corner on wax is rapidly slipping away from him. Paraffin, a product of crude petroleum, is taking the place of beeswax in commerce very largely, and half the "wax" candles of to-day are of pure paraffin and never saw the inside of a beehive.

Whiting, Ind., just over the southern line of Chicago, is the place where this wonderful wax is made. Cleveland, Ohio, has a paraffin works, but it is only a small affair compared to the Whiting plant. The paraffin works are quite distinct and apart from the oil refinery—which is near the lake front—and is quite a large plant in itself. The oil treated here is the "residual oil," or oil from which all illuminating and fuel oils have been distilled in the oil refinery, and which would be deemed practically worthless by an outsider.

As it is pumped from the oil refinery into its first receptacle, the "tar stills"—huge piles of iron and brick with innumerable pipes—it has the appearance of liquid tar or New Orleans molasses or anything else that is dark, sluggish and looks as unlike the beau-



TAR STILLS—THE REDUCER.

tiful candles as possible. The company has the money to pay for the services of expert chemists and by their skill, combined with continual work, this rosy, dark stream becomes a thing of beauty.

A parallel could easily be drawn between the paraffin works and a beehive, only instead of one building there were many, each under its own manager and each doing its part in converting this worthless looking refuse into wax.

Nothing is wanted. As this "residual oil" is pumped from building to building in its course of purification it in turn leaves a refuse from which axle grease and all kinds of lubricating oils are made. Here they make wool oils, rope and twine oils—some of a pale yellow, others red—and carbons for electric light. The carbons are made from the last stubborn dregs from which every drop of oil has been pressed. The extreme refuse is used as fuel and is called coke. It gives out great heat and is used for heating "stills" and sometimes the homes of the employees. A more interesting process cannot be conceived than that by which wax is made from petroleum. The machinery used is massive and complicated and the manager of each department is an expert in his particular line.—Chicago Chronicle.

### Bull Fights in Paris.

Paris is to have its bull fights to add to the excitement of its populace. The arena, however, will not be within the city walls, but at Enghien, which is some twelve minutes' journey by train.

In families where they don't put up any fruit, one of the children is sent around the corner for canned peaches whenever company unexpectedly comes.

# SHOPPING IN JAPAN.

## ODD CUSTOMS IN THE MIKADO'S EMPIRE.

A Store Is a Veritable Maze—You Must Ask for the Goods You Wish to Inspect—It Costs More to Buy in Large Quantities.

Japanese are very fond of strolling through their bazaars. You enter at one door and leave by another. Goods for sale are displayed on each side of aisles that wind through the length of the shop. Passing up and down these aisles they lead you to the second, and often third, story of the building, then back again through different aisles, causing you to travel the length of the establishment many times. Finally you see the doorway a few feet distant, but even then you must travel this maze several times its length to escape.

Usually shopping is very restful in Japan. You sit around on the floor, and in some shops they bring you cups of tea to sip and a "hibachi" from which to light your pipe.

Time is of no consequence to the Orientals, nor are they eager to sell. Their ideas of trade are very peculiar. You are compelled to ask them whether you can see articles after their stating that they have them in the store. Ten pieces of an article sometimes cost twelve times the cost of one. They will not sell 100 at a less rate, but insist on your paying extra because of the large quantity desired. They frankly tell you their price to Japanese customers and then that foreigners have to pay about 50 to 100 per cent. more and laugh.

In the largest dry goods store in Tokio fifty clerks are seen kneeling upon the floor of the large building, but no merchandise is visible. It is kept in fire-proof (?) structures in the rear and carried to and fro for customers' inspection by numerous boys. It is very interesting to watch proceedings in such a store.

Nearly all Japanese stores are conducted in the same manner, though some shops have on display samples of articles sold. If a foreign lady is shopping a crowd of Japanese usually blockades the store, anxious to see the strange sight. Preparatory to the new treaties going into effect the government issued an order for the natives to abandon this obstructive habit.

The Japanese are great imitators. Almost every staple article has its imitation here and its label counterfeited. A Philadelphia shoe-blacking has half a dozen imitations. One maker inserts his name, leaving North Front street, Philadelphia, remaining, and the label unchanged, except "superior quality" is "superior quality." Another inserts his name and Japanese town, but leaves "133 and 146 North Front street," and so on.

The Japanese make heroic efforts at English. While butchering it horribly they do remarkably well, considering everything. On the few English signs of leading firms on Tokio's chief street are seen: "Druggist," for druggist; "foreign goods," "canned goods, wholesale and detail," "The shop of the articles of the finery," "The carriage and all of harness" and "A harness maker," "manufaktealry," "apothekaly," etc.—Tokio correspondence of the Baltimore Sun.

### SHE KEPT AN ARMY WAITING.

A Chicago Girl Did This to Take a Photograph.

She was only a slip of a girl from Chicago, but with the aid of her camera she kept an army waiting while she took the picture of its commanding officer. It was the occasion of the greatest review since the civil war. The incident occurred Aug. 9, 1898, while 55,000 volunteers awaited along the base of Snodgrass hill in Chickamauga National Park the signal to march.

Back of the great flag, the emblem of a united nation, planted on the side of the hill where the reviewing stand was located, there was a commotion. A colored driver of an old carry-all was endeavoring to force his way to a point where his passengers, a handsome couple of elderly people and a pretty young girl, might have a more favorable opportunity of viewing the marching thousands. The coveted position had hardly been secured when General Breckenridge, the commanding officer, and staff swept up from across the field, where they had been "riding the lines," inspecting the troops.

The trumpeter was about to sound the signal for the advance when the young girl in the carry-all leaped to the ground and ran across the field to where General Breckenridge sat on his handsome bay. She stopped when about twenty feet from the general and pointed her camera at him. An aid laughingly directed his superior's attention to the girl by the remark: "You are about to have your picture taken, general."

General Breckenridge turned and saw his fair admirer. His hand was raised and the trumpeter withheld the signal for the advance. The general rode forward a few paces and faced the girl, who now appeared confused and about to withdraw, the attention she had attracted disconcerted her. She was a brave little creature, however, and, summing up her courage, she wait-

ed for the general to halt. Her camera ceased swaying and was aimed full at the handsome Kentuckian. A click was heard by those nearest the scene and a sweet "Thank you" followed from the young girl.

"I hope it will be a good picture," was the kindly response of the general as he raised his hat and returned to his position.

The sharp notes of the "Forward!" pealed from the trumpet and the van of the troops began to move. The young girl returned to her seat in the carry-all, blushing but triumphant.

### Bismarck's Enormous Appetite.

Among other amusing reminiscences of the late Prince Bismarck appearing in John Booth's "Memoirs of the Iron Chancellor" is one relating to the latter's gargantuan capacity for eating and drinking. He told the author that the largest number of oysters he ever ate was 175. He first ordered twenty-five, then, as they were very good, fifty more; and, consuming these, determined to eat nothing else, and ordered another 100, to the great amusement of those present. Bismarck was then 26, and had just returned from England. His views on smoking are of interest, though most people will be surprised to learn that in late years his powers of cigar smoking failed him.



Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world, covering thirty-two thousand square miles; the Caspian sea, not generally called a lake, covers 169,381 square miles.

In tropical countries, quite a number of plants are luminous. The meadow lily, which grows in abundance in the marshes of Africa, is one of the most perfect types of vegetable phosphorescents. In Brazil a kind of grass, which the inhabitants call khus-khus-shines, gives forth a bright light, before which horses and other grazing animals stop in surprise and fear.

A life buoy, provided with automatic torches which are ignited by the contact of calcium phosphide with water, was invented a few years ago by Rear Admiral Hiebhorn, and is now in use on all of our naval vessels, as well as on many foreign ships. It is called the Franklin life buoy. On a stormy night in 1897 one of these buoys saved two sailors of the Maine, but one of the rescued men perished a year later at the explosion in Havana harbor.

Many persons believe that birds, returning to their summer quarters, are the same that were at the same spots the year previous; but exact proof is rare. John B. Crowson of Germantown, Pa., saw a robin struggle to get free from some string in which it got entangled, resulting in a broken leg. It was lame accordingly. The lame bird returned year after year to the same spot. How they can retire hundreds of miles, and yet return to the same spot, is truly wonderful.

The Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital in New York possesses a novel surgical instrument intended to extract particles of iron and steel from the eye. It consists of a powerful electromagnet mounted on a stand running on casters. When an operation is to be performed one end of the magnet is cautiously brought near the patient's eye. If a piece of steel or iron is embedded in the eyeball, the patient experiences a sharp pain as the metallic silver forces its way through the tissues and flies to the magnet. The injury to the eye is said to be less than that caused by using a knife.

When we read of the men who inhabited the caves of Europe at a time when mammoths dwelt on that continent we seem to have gone back to a period so immeasurably remote that we can hardly picture in the mind's eye the appearance which the representatives of our race then presented. Yet, according to Prof. E. R. Tylor, the natives of Tasmania "remained within the present century representatives of the immensely ancient Paleolithic period." Recent studies of the relics of the Tasmanians, who became extinct when brought into touch with modern civilized man, show that the workmanship of their rude implements was below that exhibited by the "Drift and Cave men" of Paleolithic times.

### American Bridges Abroad.

The American bridge is flinging its majestic spans and arches across the rivers of many lands—Egypt, Siberia, Japan, China, Peru, and others—and a group of twenty-six skilled American builders has departed for Rangoon, British India, where an American company has one of its constructions in progress.

### German Pig Iron.

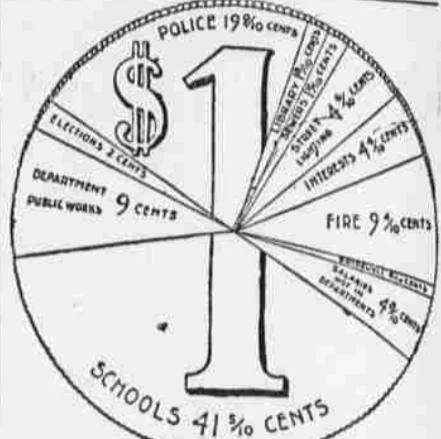
German production of pig iron in the first half of the current year was 4,000,000 tons, against 3,600,000 in the same time in 1898.

### American Cows.

American farmers own cows to the value of \$369,239,993, a sum equal to more than one half of the capital of all the national banks in the United States.

# CHICAGO TAXPAYERS' MONEY.

Chicago taxpayers contribute every year, in one way or another, over \$16,000,000 for the support of their city government and the school system. The figure below gives the taxpayer, at a glance, an opportunity to learn how each dollar he contributes to the public use is divided among the various uses



to which the money raised by taxation is put. It shows the proportion given the schools, that to the police, what the fire department gets, and so on. As it has been found impossible to show the amount spent for salaries in each department the entire proportion given to each department, including what it pays for salaries, has been thrown together and then a separate statement made for the salaries not included in any of the department figures.—Chicago Tribune.

### Lightning Work on Trousers.

"Pantaloons-making has been reduced to a great science in the big factories both here and in the North," said a clothing dealer to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. "I refer, of course, to the cheap garments that in this section are sold almost entirely to the negroes. A pair of 'pants' of that grade contains twelve pieces, the outlines of which are represented by slits in the top of a heavy table. Twenty-four sections of cloth are laid on the table, and a revolving knife like a buzz-saw travels through the slits. As it does so it cuts the fabric into the exact patterns. The whole thing is done with incredible swiftness, and the pile of cloth is scarcely deposited when it is fully cut. The pieces are then sent on an electric carrier to the sewing machines, which are also run by a motor. Each operative has only one thing to do. The first one will put in the leg seams, the second sew up the body, the third will put on the waistband, and a fourth will attach the straps. The buttonholes are worked by machinery, and as a rule the buttons themselves are of the automatic staple variety and are secured by a single motion of a sort of punch.

"It is very interesting to watch the garment passing from hand to hand, and it reaches the inspector all complete with a celerity that nearly takes one's breath away. It is then ironed by being passed between a series of gas-heated rollers and is ready to be ticketed and placed in stock. Under the present system the outputs of some of the large factories have been quadrupled during the last five years."

### Churchill in Philadelphia.

When Lord Randolph Churchill was last in America he visited Philadelphia; and, while collecting statistics relating to the State prisons of Pennsylvania, he was referred to the head of the Prisons Board, Mr. Cadwallader Biddle. Before calling, Lord Randolph fell into the hands of wags of the Union League Club.

"You've got the name wrong," said one of these merry jesters; "it's not Cadwallader Biddle, but Biddalader Adde."

"Don't mind what he says, Lord Randolph," exclaimed another; "the real name is Wadbillader Caddle."

A third member took the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer aside and imparted to him in confidence that he was being gulled.

"The actual name," confided his false friend, "is Didbollader Widdle."

And when Lord Randolph drove to the Prisons Board that afternoon he was so much upset that he stammered: "Will you take this card in to Mr. Bid—cad—wid—wad—did—dollarader, what's his name? I mean the chief, but I forget his extraordinary nomenclatural combination."

### Getting Acquainted.

A Ravenswood man tells this story about a friend of his whose business takes him away from home frequently.

For the last month or so he has had a respite, and his neighbors have noticed the unusual length of his visit at his own house. One of them asked him recently if he had got pretty well acquainted with the members of his family.

"I think I am making an impression," he responded. "My little girl went to her mother the other day and said: 'That man who comes here sometimes spanked me to-day.'"—Chicago News.

### Suicide of Children.

Among the curiosities of Prussia statistics is the fact that in a decade 413 school children, under 15 years of age, committed suicide.

A good cure for malaria is the great need of the hour.