

IS THE PRICE TOO GREAT? ASKS GERMANY.

The Costly South African War that Divides the Empire's Statesmen.



Chief Maharero, who leads the Hereros

IS THE vengeance of a black Hottentot chief—vengeance for the loss of his daughter—to cause the wresting from Germany of her Southwest African colony, one and one-sixth times as large as the Fatherland?

For sixteen years, with intermissions of tranquillity, the determined revolt of Hottentots and Hereros against white man's rule has continued. Defeated in one place, the natives attack their foes in another.

Very often the Germans have been defeated, with heavy losses. Marching columns have been waylaid and nearly annihilated, farms have been raided and only bloodstains and ash heaps left to mark the sites of pioneer homes.

To date, the war has cost Germany \$150,000,000 in money and the lives of over 2000 soldiers. "Is it worth the cost?" opponents of the colonization policy are asking at home.

When, recently, a renewed demand for money was made by the government, a majority of the Reichstag revolted. Enraged by this, and determined to prosecute the conflict to successful issue, as much for the prestige of German arms as for anything else, Emperor William dissolved the Reichstag, so that a new election might be held and his policy upheld.

"THE vengeance of Witboi!"
It is a common remark heard in Germany—especially among officials acquainted with the details of the revolt—when, every now and then, news of a fresh German disaster in battle or massacre of settlers comes from far-away Southwest Africa.
Spoken in anger by some, in sympathy by others, but the oath of Witboi lives, and seems daily to grow more powerful. It is a fearful lesson in the reckless heroism of a savage chief, he has set out to redeem a real or imaginary wrong.
The theatre of this most relentless of African wars is a wide piece of coast land embracing about 222,450 square miles south of Portuguese West Africa, west of the Transvaal and north of Cape Colony. Waldfish Bay is the troubled shore, often so heated with revolt that the blation is needed.
The country became Germany's in 1884. Colonization was a crime in Europe then. Other countries were seizing territory here and there, "to find an outlet for trade and their increasing population" being the usual excuse.
Germany didn't bother much about what the natives

Members of the German Camel Cavalry Corps

might think of it, but she did take the precaution of having an understanding with Great Britain. Then she declared that portion of Africa to be "under her protection," and followed this up by subsidizing the head men of the tribes—the usual colonization programme.
In numbers, the natives, it would seem, are able to take care of themselves. Some years ago the population was estimated at 230,000 natives, against 6000 whites, exclusive of the various garrisons of soldiers, usually kept at about 12,000 troops.
There are three distinct divisions, each occupied by its particular tribe—Hereroland, Hottentotland and Damaraland. Each tribe has its own customs and language; but all are to some degree bound by common fealty to their fatherland.
Every one knows about the unrelenting, warlike proclivities of the Hottentots when aroused. Just as bellicose are the Hereros. Both tribes dress in skins and live chiefly on animal food.
The chief difference is that the Hottentots live in villages, while the Hereros lead a nomadic existence, driving their herds of cattle and fat-tailed sheep from plain to valley, from valley to plain.
When Germany established her protectorate, she signed treaties with the chiefs—granted continuation of tribal rule, guaranteed to the tribes their land possessions, and assured them that no fresh taxes would be levied without consent of all parties to the treaty.
So long as old Chief Witboi thought that the Germans had fulfilled their agreements, he aided them loyally; and, as none was more powerful than he, his friendship was valuable.
But some six years after the occupation that Witboi pronounced the oath of vengeance which has borne such sanguinary fruit since then.
He had a daughter, and, despite her black skin, was considered so beautiful by some of the white soldiers that they continually haunted her father's home. Her heart, however, was won—so the story goes—by one of the young braves of her own race.
One day she disappeared. Whatever her reason for so believing, old Witboi was convinced that the Germans had borne her away. He never heard from her again.
Then was Germany to know the price of a black prince with outraged heart. Like in those border days

in Scotland, when messengers bearing firebrands rode roughshod over the country with a call to arms, so the cry was spread in this African country.
Witboi in person led the first outbreak. The Germans had tried to enforce game regulations in his territory, and this he accepted as a good cause for starting hostilities immediately.
He was terribly worsted, however, in an engagement in the mountains near Windhoek, with the loss of 600 men. Still, he had plenty of troops, and the Germans were glad enough to arrange a truce with him.
The chief concession made to Witboi was that some officers who were unpopular with him should be recalled to Germany. He was also permitted to keep his tribal sovereignty and was granted a salary of \$100 a year.
For a time things went along peacefully. But if the Germans thought they had pacified the old chief, they were to be disillusioned. He was nursing his vengeance for a more favorable time.
It came, seemingly, when dissatisfaction arose over a hut tax, coupled with more ugly stories of the way German officials treated the natives.

SAID TO HAVE TORTURED NATIVES
One of the charges made was that natives were tortured because they would not confess to thefts; and in one instance it was said that a man was bound to a post in the hot glare of the sun and left until he was dead.
All the time that Witboi and his countrymen were waiting the Germans had no idea that they were transporting guns and ammunition across the border—German restrictions prevented them from owning firearms—and hiding them in the mountains. These people can keep secrets well.
Thousands of them were actually living in white settlements, apparently at peace with the Germans, while they were preparing in secret to kill them.
When the word was given, scores of Germans were cut down without warning in various parts of the country.
From time to time news of a massacre was sent to Germany, and more troops were dispatched to Southwest Africa. Although in the early part of the trouble there



A German Outpost on the African Plains

is little doubt that the Germans underestimated the seriousness of the position, everything possible was done at Berlin to end it.
Money flowed in streams to the seat of conflict, until the taxpayers at home began to ask, "What are we to profit by this colonization scheme, since our taxes are increased and our soldiers killed to maintain it?"
And the imperialist advocates answered, "Wait; success will come after awhile."
So the troops were between the fires of bloodthirsty fanatics in Africa and disgusted taxpayers in Germany. The climax of the bloody drama came in 1903, when the Hottentots rose in a revolt which required the entire military resources of the colony to combat. Practically every soldier was sent to the southern part of the country to quell the Hottentot revolt, leaving the northern part unprotected.
What of it? The Hereros had been perfectly resigned for a long while. They loved the Germans, it was thought. But in believing this the Germans reckoned without old Chief Witboi. His secret emissaries had done their work well. Back of that seeming resignation of the Hereros was the growing coal of hatred kept alive by remembrance of the fate of the old chief's daughter.
Like an avalanche the Hereros swept down on the farms and villages that had been left at their mercy. Within a fortnight they tore up parts of the railroad tracks and destroyed the bridges for sixty miles between Okahandja and Karibib, invaded the irrigated valleys on or near the railroads, killed about 300 German peasants, ransacked the buildings to the ground and destroyed everything they could not carry off.
No, not everything. One household article they would not touch—a looking glass. This thing which reflected their countenances was surely an evil spirit. Weeks ensued before the troops could get back; it was months before the 1000 recruits from Germany arrived. By this time the Hereros had had enough of open killing; they quietly fell back to the mountains with exclamations in their native language which meant, "Let them follow if they care to; we'll kill them off at our leisure."
The situation was terrible to Germany. Some time previously two shiploads of young women had been sent out to become the wives of German farmers who

had gone on before to settle the country. They expected protection and better living conditions than they had experienced at home.
Now a third of the farmers, with their wives and children, had been killed, their homes burned, their herds driven off or butchered; many of the people were beggars. Germany sent on provisions, but a small portion in comparison with the losses.
In 1904 the property loss due to spoilage amounted to \$34,145,270. Old Witboi was fulfilling his oath full well.
Such hatred as the natives used in their fighting! Nothing but deep-rooted desire for vengeance could account for it. Fines and again did they hold up the white flag of truce while they approached German fortifications only to empty their guns, at short range into the faces of the soldiers when they draw near.
They even learned the German language well enough to shout in the darkness, "We are Germans; don't shoot," as they stole up to massacre the little force awaiting them.
And once the natives showed vividly that even in their savagery they were above such crimes as they charged their enemies with at the breaking out of hostilities. It so happened that twenty German women were captured. They were fed well, were protected from the elements and were returned to the garrison with this message:
"We send back your women. They will tell you that no harm has befallen them. Send them back to your country at once. If you do not, this courtesy will not be repeated."
The women went to Germany on the next steamer. Never was an infant molested, and few women have been killed in all the trouble, and their deaths were contrary to native custom.
Three times in one month, in 1903, were the Germans defeated by the Hottentots. In two of those instances Chief Witboi himself led the native soldiers.
In September, 1905, Witboi and his band annihilated a German convoy consisting of about 400 men, captured 125 wagons and many rifles; and at the same time Maharero, another leader, broke an armistice with the Germans and looted many villages.

AFRICAN FIGHTER NOT A SAVAGE
This is the same Maharero of whom Colonel Deimling, former commander-in-chief in Southwest Africa, said recently in the Reichstag:
"He is not, as many suppose, a savage with rings in his nose and ears. He is a clear-headed and intelligent man as I have met, wears French riding clothes, and speaks Dutch from having lived in Cape Colony. He owns a large farm, and is in a manner generous, for he gave a German whose farm he plundered \$150 with which to return home in the first cabin."
In May, 1906, General von Trotha, commander of the forces in Southwest Africa, put a price on the head of Witboi and other chiefs, following the usual proclamation that every male Herero was to be shot. This was taken in Germany as an admission by the general that his campaign had been a failure. Prince Rupprecht, however, intervened and ordered the repeal of the general's proclamation.
Although Witboi was killed while leading an attack on a German provision train on October 23, 1905, his oath was not forgotten. His son has proved as determined a fighter as he, and, with the aid of the intrepid Maharero, is keeping revolution rife in all parts of the country.
When, last month, a bill for \$7,250,000 supplementary credits to carry on the Southwest African war this year was presented in the German Parliament, it was rejected by a vote of 178 to 126. Thereupon Emperor Wilhelm, who regards the continuation of this war to victory as inevitable if German honor is to be preserved, dissolved the Reichstag.
Thus has the little war begun in such a simple manner sixteen years ago divided the statesmen and people of the German empire; caused a gap between the Kaiser and his Parliament; caused the population to be lined up on opposing sides.
Supporters of the Kaiser's policy ask, "Shall the German people be smaller than other peoples? Shall we be Southern Africa and England in their colonial wars?" Their opponents ask, "Is it worth the price?"
Anyway, the fact seems apparent that the German people never willingly will give up the millions of marks that would be necessary to subjugate their savage foes.

GAMBLING BY WOMEN--IS THE HABIT TOO STRONG?

"WE HAVE as much legal authority to return criminal indictments against society women who play bridge whist for money as we have to indict brokers for keeping bucket shops," Prosecutor Mahan, of Cleveland, Ohio, was quoted as remarking some time ago. "Bucketing and bridge are both gambling institutions."
A few days before a Georgia Judge had instructed a Grand Jury to indict devotees of "society gambling."
Gambling among women in official, diplomatic and social circles in Washington has been investigated against frequently by clergyman and others; but it is said that card playing for money still flourishes there, as in other cities.
At least one woman card sharp has been discovered playing her trade on big Atlantic liners. Upon a recent trip the passengers of a popular steamer were publicly warned against her.



Why Not Rad Bridge Parties Suggests an Ohio Prosecutor



Her Handsome Gowns due to Skill at Cards



Mme de Montepan Risked \$200,000 on a Single Card

"HAVE you ever been requested to follow the example of the Georgia Judge and take action against women who play cards for money?" the Prosecutor of Cleveland was asked.
"No," was the response; "polite gambling is winked at by society here, because you could never tell where such an investigation would end. I have positive knowledge of ministers who play poker with their friends with a 10-cent limit."
Many stories of high playing at bridge, poker and other games have been heard during the Washington seasons of late years.
Last year's Lenten season brought out quite a crop. While the more pronounced forms of social diversion—the fashionable dinners, dances and receptions—were dropped, a great many card clubs were formed.
One popular matron, whose gowns were the admiration of Washington society, but whose means were generally regarded as somewhat limited, was said to have been able to keep up appearances chiefly through her skill and luck at cards.
It reports are trustworthy, the stakes often played for are considerably beyond the reach of women of moderate means. It is said that checks in three figures are not infrequently demanded in settlement of accounts of the card table.
Most of the women in official society prefer bridge, but old-fashioned poker is frequently resorted to by those who like quicker action and more excitement.
However widespread card playing for money may be among fair seekers after excitement today, no such famous plunges as history tells of now and then have been recorded during recent years.
There was Mme. de Montepan. For instance, who, while King Louis XIV of France looked on, one night, risked \$200,000 on a single card. The King grumbled when no one could be found to cover the bet.
But it is recorded, luck sometimes went against Madame. On another night she lost almost \$1,000,000 playing local.
History tells of many famous women gamblers. Madame de Sevigne furnished the greater number, although not a few have been of English birth and training.
The same Madame de Montepan was a daring

plunger, and won vast sums at basnet, her favorite game. The King was delighted, both with her nerve and success, and was not averse to borrowing part of her winnings.
She also lost heavily, and as the years went by her play became more and more furious, until, in 1682, Louis absorbed the game.
Mme. du Barry and Mme. de Pompadour were also famous for their gambling proclivities. The former seems only to have engaged in play as a pastime; but Mme. de Pompadour played to win money. She was successful, as a rule, and won great sums. Nor was she at all particular whom she won; in a single night, it is recorded, she relieved the King's pocket of 25,000 louis d'or.
During the time of Queen Marie Antoinette (also became the popular game, and play was often for high stakes. In fact, many a nobleman lost his entire estates in a single night.
An inveterate gambler herself, the Queen liked to be surrounded by gamblers. After a time most of the noblemen of the court refused to play with her, and she admitted to her table the common gamblers of the city.

At times these were caught cheating, and one was arrested for picking the pockets of a member of the company. So much scandal arose that the game was prohibited, but was afterward resumed more or less openly.
Play for high stakes became common in England during the reign of Charles II. Perhaps the most inveterate woman gambler of English history was Nell Gwynne, the actress.
In fact, gambling became a craze among the women. The Duchess of Cleveland, won \$25,000 from Nell Gwynne, and in one year the dashing actress lost more than \$20,000, which Charles II paid.
The Duchess of Mazarin, who was a niece of the Cardinal, and who died in absolute want, is said to have squandered \$2,000,000 at the card table.
Fifty years ago was born, in Texas, Lonna Paguita, destined to become the queen of American gamblers. When she was 12 years old, Qualeto, then the most notorious card sharp of the Southwest, taught her every trick known to the gambling profession.
In a few years she became so proficient that the

most skillful players, while they laughed at her youthful face and figure, found that they were no match for her. Even her teacher acknowledged that she had become his superior.
Lonna Paguita grew into a beautiful woman, with raven hair, luminous eyes, a voice as sweet and silvery as a bell, but with nerves as steady as steel and a heart as cold as an iceberg.
Before she was 30 years old she was the acknowledged leader of one of the worst gangs the Southwest has ever produced.
Her death was as tragic as her life was adventurous. After a series of lawless acts by the gang she led, she was captured.
Seemingly only highly amused by her arrest, she proposed that a game of cards be played to determine whether she should be freed or should fill herself. These terms being accepted, the most skillful card sharp of the section was pitted against her.
The woman lost. Almost before the gang of men about her had time to realize the termination of the game, the woman drew a revolver from her belt and stabbed herself to the heart.

The French Athletic Girl

"WHY is it," asks a worried American observer, "that French athletic girls never seem untidy? Her hair is rarely ruffled, her costume is always correct, her cheeks are not often overflushed and she is dainty and attractive in appearance at all times."
"Well," responds a bear masculine, "she knows how to dress and how to maintain the attractiveness of her dress."
This is going counter to a prevalent idea that the French girl doesn't know how to dress for outdoor sports. They do not dress as English or American girls do for tennis, golf and other outdoor athletic exercises, but the consensus of opinion is that they dress very well and suitably.
A few years ago it was a rare thing to see a well-brought-up French girl joining in outdoor games, but now it is quite the fashion. And the innate knowledge of dress, which is part and parcel of the Parisienne, enables her to dress her daughters in the most suitable style on all occasions.
Take the tennis costume, for example. The dress of the English or the American girl is "rather mannish," at least, very "workmanlike," according to an expert who has made a study of the subject.
To a considerable extent, the same authority continues, the athletic dress of the French girl is "work-woman-like," but not at all "mannish."
Her costume, it is said, is exceedingly neat at all points; her white stockings, her feet, her neck, her belt never slips out of place. Her hair is never gets ruffled, nor does her face become unduly red.
"I confess," said the same observer, "that I have never been able to discover why it is that a French woman—or girl—never looks untidy, but it is true, absolutely true, so far as the Parisiennes are concerned."
"In Paris the winds are sleepless; night and day, winter or summer, they are at their task. I have literally 'standing on end' and my hat tightly grasped by both hands, and I have met Parisiennes—in the same street, subject to the same winds—without a hair out of place and very often without a veil."
It is a mystery of mysteries, but every observant woman who knows anything of Paris will endorse my words.
The same agreeable goddess who spreads her wings over the Parisienne on windy days looks after her daughters and younger sisters when they are engaged in outdoor sports. To the end they remain cool and neat.