

# THE ZULU ERROR Who Was Tamed in Prison



As Dinizulu Looked When Sent to Prison

## The African Chieftain Who Lost His Aggressiveness With His Excess Flesh and is Going to Be Good

A ZULU chief is again abroad in South Africa. This sounds ominous; but South Africa is not taking it very seriously. When one says "Zulu chief," you promptly think of a huge, athletic warrior with rings in his nose and fire in his eye, a buffalo shield on his arm and a bundle of assegais under it.

But this chief is only poor, old Dinizulu, the fat and ungainly chieftain who lived in squalid comfort with his cottage organ and twenty-seven wives until the English implicated him in the Zulu uprising of two years ago.

He has been several years in a nice, clean jail, where he has lost so much weight that his figure is really quite trim and neat, and now he is to turn agriculturist in the Transvaal and be a good, respectable citizen—that is, as respectable as a man can be with twenty-seven wives.

And that is news of big importance; for the great and dreadful Dinizulu being peacefully at large marks the end of rampant Zululism.

The idea of a Zulu chief living placidly in jail, to his utter satisfaction, and then going to farming, proves how degenerate honest, upright savagery has become. It marks the passing of the warrior peoples of the dark continent.

There is one thing that the Zulu's worst enemy will say of him without reservation: he is the most forgiving man in the world. In the old days, before 1879—when the assegais were as thick as reeds in the Natal country, and the Britisher who was looking for trouble had merely to step out in the open and announce his desire to have it come down upon him in black horses—it was freely granted that a Zulu warrior was the "seraphicest" and at the same time the friendliest individual bearing the human form.

So it may be safely inferred that, if there was ever any trouble in the rotund system of Dinizulu, there is not the slightest malice remaining there, though he had been fed on prison food for several years and deprived of twenty-four of his wives during that period. For the Zulus are like the old Irish of the more primitive sort, who would fight you for politics, religion, a shilling or any excuse they could trump up, and then embrace you for the very scientific drubbing you had given them.

A war, about the Zulu as he really is cannot come unless in connection with an account of the career of Dini, the latter being, for most part, obscure, at any rate.

They were originally a small tribe of warlike people, noted for their superb physical development and high intelligence. That was in the early years of the nineteenth century. Then there arose a certain Zulu Napoleon named Tshaka, who opened a series of conquests and was thoroughly successful, so that he was shortly lord of all the lands and the black tribes from the Zambesi to Cape Colony.

Each province are elected and serve as long as they satisfy their subjects. This vast territory of Tshaka's was ruled by a succession of single chiefs until the violent outbreak of 1879. The fighting ability of the assegais was simply demonstrated in their encounters with the British forces sent against them at that time.

Fighting skulking, low-caste Hindus was one thing; warring on mad dardiths in the Zambesi was quite another; but the battles with the acute, well-trained savage nobles of South Africa was a genuine



English expressed curiosity, so he stepped into an open place and waved his arms.

Instantly a vast territory of grass-grown plain was black with armed savages who had apparently risen from the ground. Everywhere the eye could reach there were platoons of them.

"Thirty thousand," said the chief, significantly.

With more arm motions he gave a second order. They opened, spread and gathered about a space of four or five acres, and in an instant the grass was in flames over the whole surface. A third order was given, and the entire body of naked warriors leaped into the burning grass and with their hard feet tramped out the conflagration as quickly as it had arisen.

His visit at an end, the chief departed, still smiling; and the British officers looked at each other in consternation.

### EFFECT OF ENGLISH DIPLOMACY

As every one knows, the Zulus were finally subjugated, and with their subjugation came the division into thirteen subtribes, with as many chiefs to rule them.

A clever bit of diplomacy this was on the part of the English. They knew that, if they attempted to rule Zululand, rebellions and riots would be unending, and that they could be subdued only by a great expenditure of money and men. So they divided the house against itself and left the tribes to ruin each other; and that they did most effectually.

It is only thirty-one years since the chief who controlled 30,000 free-eaters smiled upon the English in his athletic majesty, and now he has Dinizulu—farical substitute for the clean-muscled, clear-headed warrior chieftain he used to be.

He was thought to have instigated the Zulu risings of 1897-98, and was arrested in the spring of 1908 at his frightfully dirty kraal at Usutu and taken to Petermaritzburg for trial. At that time he was found

living in filthy majesty in a series of hut palaces, surrounded by his twenty-seven dusky squaws and bearing upon his person a huge accumulation of flesh not suited to either war or closely calculated conspiracy.

In his parlor was a dilapidated American organ; in his study—a talking machine of primeval manufacture, and in a third apartment, which was termed the guest-room, the only bed in the community. The latter ornament was not in a state of cleanliness to satisfy a very particular guest, either.

At his trial he was sentenced to four years' imprisonment, and was grateful that he had not been tried by martial law. Had he appeared before the military, it is doubtful if he would have had the opportunity of improving his figure as he has. In fact, it was only through the efforts of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that he was spared this ordeal.

At the expiration of two years he has been pardoned on promise of good behavior, has been given a splendid South African farm and an allowance of £2500 a year. This does not seem like a huge income for a king, or a great help to a man who has twenty-seven wives to keep in Zulu finery, not to mention eleven little Zulus Dini has brought into the world.

Having shed so much flesh, it would be supposed that Dinizulu, in the sparseness of his honors, might now be willing to shed a few wives, but Zulu law, though unwritten, is more complete and binding on this score than any the whites can boast in Europe or America. While a man may have helpmates without number, the tenth marriage or the fifth marriage is just as sacred, holy and binding as union number one. So what can a poor king do?

It is said, moreover, that the ladies of the king's harem are not content with the few feathers and beads their grandmothers wore, but must have clothes as well, real European ladies' clothes—skirts, gats and all the rest of it. What a frightful time the fallen monarch will have doling out the dollars to his family! If prison fare brought him down to the pro-

portions of a normal man, what will he and his tribe look like after they have buffeted the high cost of living for a few years with the twenty-five hundred a year the government allows him?

If he has nothing else, he does have his personal beauty, and for that he must thank the English. Huge, ungainly and shortwinded, he was a poor specimen of a warlike chief; and now he is trim and square, his delicate hands and feet, which seemed so incongruous with his body, are in normal proportion to his present mold. His face has attained, too, more dignity of expression, and with his whiskers he looks not unlike a Bedouin sheik.

### THE END OF HONEST SAVAGERY

However, if one has any love of the barbarian and the virtues of primitive peoples, he cannot fail to see the pathetic side to this whole Dinizulu affair. There is nothing so wistfully ridiculous as a good savage in the garb of civilization. Our own American Indians are a sad example of the true savage in his humiliation. Several years ago in this country, when the St. Louis exposition had been closed and most of the foreign delegates had returned to their own homes, there was one Filipino savage from an out-of-the-way quarter whose beautiful physique attracted universal admiration. He was retained by the men who had charge of the Philippine exhibit, because he had expressed a desire to see the president of the United States and to greet him as a chief of one of his dependent tribes. So they brought him east—as far as Harrisburg—in his semi-nudity, dressed only in the few sashes and weapons he was accustomed to wear in his native jungles.

Suddenly the impropriety of his appearance dawned upon some one in the party and a complete suit of ill-fitting clothes—including shirt, collar and shoes—was purchased, and the warrior was fitted into them. A more benighted and pathetic spectacle never entered the White House. His spirit was gone; his splendid body was mangled by the cut of his clothes, and there was no more mark of the chieftain on his person than was apparent in the bearing of the humblest dusky waiter of the cultured capital.

True, Dinizulu has already adopted the European garb, but Dini as a farmer at Nylstroom is a long step from Dini the lord of naked savages at Usutu. Moreover, he is simply the symbol of a general tendency. The fact that he has promised to settle down and be good, that he is to persuade his people to become good citizens of the great southern colony, is a certain omen of the fall of savage nobility in the savage continent. It is almost the last stand of picturesque barbarism on the globe. It is not even a "stand" now, for barbarism in the person of Dini has already capitulated.

## The Invader the Doctor of Nations

INVADERS are generally regarded as devouring monsters by the people invaded; but, strangely enough, it seems that the man who has the energy and courage to invade a country is also a man with a nobility for improvement. It is almost impossible to note an instance where an invader has not brought with him some benevolent or educational notions or some revivifying element which stands the land in good stead for generations thereafter.

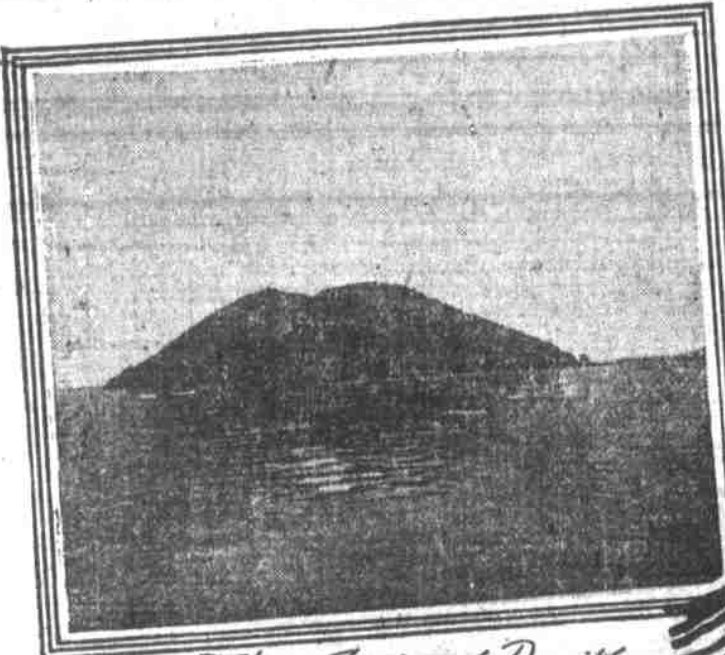
William the Conqueror was as cordially hated by the Saxons, Danes and Britons of old England as any interloper who ever lived; and yet England is indebted to him for a whole host of improvements which advanced her in a generation as centuries of natural development could not have done. There was the great census preserved in the Domesday Book, in which every cow, dog and wheat stalk, almost, was numbered and the same and respective wealth of every man, from the nobility to the serf, accurately set down. Fair taxation and a properly administered executive and judicial system were made possible by this giant work, and historians in all generations have had cause to praise old William in rapturous tones for his enterprise.

The early invasions of the Saracens in southern Europe were regarded as a pestilence and a scourge, yet all of our science, all the wisdom of the east and the first reviving interest in the Greek classics and philosophic writings were introduced by the dusky conquerors. They knew astronomy; they were past masters in the art of metal work and in the making of fine steel. Textiles were their hobby and graceful architecture the best beloved expression of their instinct for beauty.

The uncouth barbaric tribes that swept over southern Europe in the early Christian centuries were not equipped with culture. They are generally regarded as destroyers and iconoclasts who broke in upon the culture of an advanced people and set it back five centuries. The truth of the matter is, the people they found living among the glories of Rome and Byzantium were like the beasts that dwell in the fallen palaces of the east. They were a people without vitality, without the manly virtues, lacking the strength and clarity of mind and purpose that had inspired the founders of their civilization. The invaders brought the very element that a most needed to redeem the cities of the south from a rapid and hideous degeneration—the freshness and strength of a people untrammelled by luxury and licentiousness.

It would seem that these movements of men are timed by the fates; not as scourges and waves of destruction, but as tonics and antidotes for the old age of sluggish nations.

## An Island of Exiled Dogs



The Canines' Devil's Island



As a Constantinople Dog Did Sentry Duty for His Yellows

THE isle of Oxias, wooded but rocky, long stranger to all life save for some infrequent tired bird and the dying molluscs washed up on its shores, has suddenly been transformed into the scene of a great tragedy.

The Turkish government has made it the empire's canine Devil's island for all, or very nearly all, the pariah dogs that for so many ages infested the streets of Constantinople.

They brave the cruelly torrid sun and the now innumerable biting insects to come down to the

stony shore line, where they stand by the thousands, belly deep in the forbidding sea, to gaze longingly, miserably toward the horizon, beyond which lies the city whence they have been doomed to lifelong exile.

It is as though in these big, strong pariah dogs of Constantinople, now outcasts in most unhappy truth, all the love of man's companionship, instilled since the taming of the first wolf, has been aroused by their exile. Their own kind can give to

none of the banished brutes the substitute for the sight and hearing of man.

Their anguish of loneliness goes on night and day, unrelieved except when some visitors from the mainland—many impelled by a sympathy responsive to such wretchedness—disembark from little sailing boats. Then, in an ecstasy of joy, the dogs rush upon them, the wild delight at seeing human beings striking a deeper sadness than could the spectacle of their wretchedness wholly unrelieved.

After that Constantinople's dogs flourished and grew great in number. With the advent of power of the young Turkish party and the coincident onrush of modern, progressive ideas of cleanliness and hygiene in Constantinople, the pariah dogs were doomed anew to some form of re-

moval, if not of extermination. Americans would have simply gone through the town with shotguns or, if especially pitiful, would have rushed them all to the pound for asphyxiation. Not so the sympathetic Turk.

The isle of Oxias was first selected, with no special provision for the maintenance of the exiles. But public opinion was instantly protestant, and the pressure was so strong that when the animals were deported the Turkish parliament itself, by a formal vote, had to assume the responsibility for feeding and watering them.

Their material needs are, therefore, looked after, albeit some reports, from Christian visitors, aver that the amount of food they get is altogether insufficient. But even with an ample supply the unhappy creatures suffer the pangs of homesickness, which would be intensified if they could know that some few of their original number have been spared their fate.

When the general capture was made many families in the capital came forward to defend the helpless animals. Wherever they gave assurance to the authorities that they could, and would, maintain a dog and keep him within bounds, some lucky beast was selected from the local batch of prisoners and permitted to remain.