PEOPLE, PLACES AND EVENTS IN REVIEW

COLONY OF MOZAMBIQUE

Strange Portuguese Possession in East Africa, Where Dark Skinned Tribesmen But Partially Civilized, Still Observe Many Weird Practices—The Relics of Barbarity.

By O. W. Barrett, in Geographic Magazine.

A COUNTRY as big as the Atlantic States from Florida to New York, with the capital near the southern boundary and half a dozen smaller towns scattered along the coast; more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, of which only about one per cent are whites; one of the oldest of all European possessions and one of the richest in agricultural possibilities, at least, but one of the least known countries in the world. Such is Mozambique.

Four or five good ports and as many bad ones; five towns and a small but up-to-date capital city, and a generous number of military posts and outposts, a few of which are in the real raw interior; millions of acres of the finest alluvial soil fairly aching to show the farmer what big crops may be grown; waterways like the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and plenty of smaller ones to allow cheap handling of products; no deserts, no salt sinks, no large swamps, no mountainous wastes, no impenetrable jungles; out of some 20 only one or two tribes that object seriously to paying taxes to the government, now that they realize that the tax collector is a vital organ of the white tribe, which objects to any one tribe exterminating another in the good old way; for, wicked as a bush policeman tries to be, he must needs fall far short of the unrestrained chief's "induna."

History Unwritten.

The early history of this strange section of East Africa should not be, even if it could be written. We know the old-time black was as bad as a barbarian can be, and the endless tale of persistent, widespread, and continuous butchery would not be good to read.

Yet the ethnologist may well listen to the half legend, half true stories of the clans, tribes, and races that have been lost forever. No pottery, no carvings, no ruins will remain after a few more years; only language traces (for the slayers sometimes spared a few of the comeliest maidens) and father-to-son oral history. To ride over the site of a native village which probably held a thousand huts less than 20 years ago, to note the bits of charcoal, pieces of clay bowls, bones, and the few ominous breaks in the heavy 10-foot stockage fence made of hardwood logs set upright close together, forcibly reminds one of the wretched people, tired of fighting, who sought to gain respite by erecting a barrier that no foe could burn or climb over, only to perish some hot, red day amid the frightful "ooogh-sh!" cries of the enemy as their dripping assegais were thrust through and through the dying and dead.

The Zulus have had for centuries a superstitious fear of salt water, and so, when Chaka, Dingaan, and their brother fiends had devastated practically all the country between Zululand and Inhambane, wiping out kraals and even whole tribes by scores, they came to a long chain of lakes (the lower Inharrime) parallel with the coast, and there they stopped, thus saving one tribe of true, pure-blood Kafirs who had fled over onto the dunes and low, bushy hills between the "rosary" of barckish lagoons and the Indian ocean. This tribe the M'chopis, is the purest if not the only unmixed Kafir tribe now in existence.

At Quesico we had the good fortune to witness a batuque, or ball, lasting nearly three days, at which about 3000 fine specimens, mostly adults, were present. To describe the weird minor music of the marimbas, or huge xylophones, the blood-freezing death chants, the thrilling war songs, the "expression" dances of both women and men, and rites and divination ceremonies which the witch doctors were induced to show us would require much space. Many of these things could not have been seen by strange white men except that the commandante, Lieutenant Alves, the authority on all M'chopis (Mtyopi) matters had the full confidence of the chiefs; and, besides, there were other more material inducements in the shape of feasts and presents.

At Inharrime, near Inhambane, we saw another grand batuque, with 3500 Landims, M'chopis and Bitongas. Here 200 native "pianos" kept up an incessant din for 36 hours. The "tunes" varied with the tribes. The Portuguese national air was executed pretty well by several of the bands, who had picked it up from obscure sources.

Each key of a marimba has suspended loosely beneath it a hollow gourd as a resonator. All but the smallest of these resonators have one or two apertures covered with the stretched membrane from a bat's wing. The membrane itself is protected by an artificial rim of wax, and this membrane continues to vibrate for several seconds after all sound from the key and resonator has disappeared. One particular orchestra had learned to play the Portuguese national air very creditably, but when attempting "God Save the Queen" it became evident that the memory of each player was decidedly inadequate to the feat. All the notes from whatever style of marimba are in the minor scale. This form of musical instrument appears to be used only by the M'chopi tribe and their immediate neighbors, who are only poor imitators. The drumstick carries a lump of native "landolthia."

The warriors in the dance, who may number 300 or more, constantly drop in their tracks and pretend to be smitten with death. The witch doctor then passes around, sprinkling them with medicine, whereupon all gradually resume their places and the dance continues. This dance is said to be as old as the tribe, which is probably the oldest Kafir tribe in East Africa. Their language is quite distinguished from that of any neighboring Kafir tribe, and many of their customs are also peculiar. About 25,000 individuals are now in existence. They have the best "shambas" and take the most interest in agriculture of any known native tribe in East Africa.

The young girls' dance of the M'chopi tribe requires several years' practice before the difficult poses and contortions can be successfully performed. The noise of their ankle rattles is supposed to assist in keeping time in the dance. This is probably a Zulu custom, and even today in civilized Durban the rickshaw boys frequently wear similar ornaments.

Tribes Do Not Mingle.

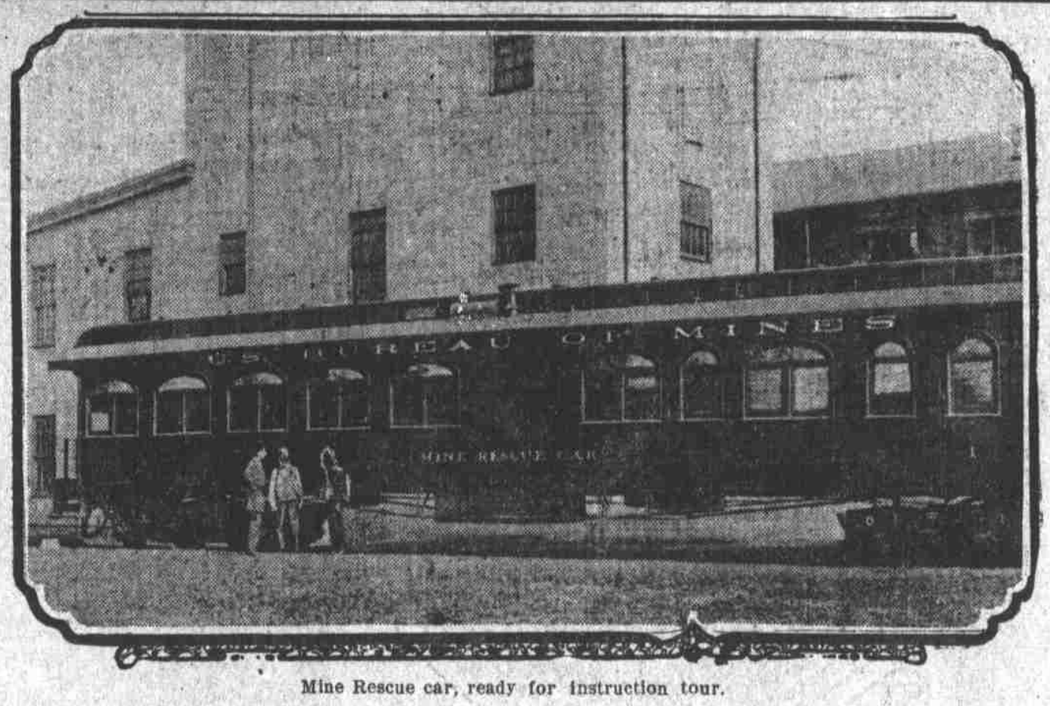
The tribes meet but do not mingle. Here we saw grave old M'kumbi, who has an income of $50,000 from the 10,000 huts of his tribe.

On the Zambesi, at the head of Chinde, I counted eight hippos at one time around the boat. Since the natives are not supposed to have guns of any sort, and since few devastating tourists pass that way, these uncouth monsters may endure a few longer years. There are usually to be seen one or two pairs in the Inkomati river, some three hours from Lourenco Marques, the capital. Many a foot across and a body as wide as a wagon—no wonder the poor native sits up nights beside his cornfield when he hears the ominous "woo-uff" of an old tramp bull in the neighborhood.

Near Mopea, three days up the Zambesi, we passed through two small native kraals in which the lions had eaten 18 people in three months previous. It is quite impossible to hunt these man eaters on account of the tall, rank grass (4 to 6 feet high), and, since they soon learn that two or three cuffs will make a big hole in the side of an ordinary hut, the poor native must roost high or die.

With diseases which practically preclude the breeding of all domestic animals but the pig, it is no wonder that the rich lands are so very little cultivated. But the steam plow has put in its appearance and as soon as permanent regulations for sale or rental of land are promulgated the country should be a happy harvesting ground for planters. With labor at $2 to $5 per month, good transportation, no more sickness than in any other country, perhaps, and good support from the government, the colonists will come and then Mozambique will gloriously come into her own.

WORK PLANNED BY BUREAU OF MINES



Mine Rescue car, ready for instruction tour.

By John E. Lathrop.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—Director Joseph A. Holmes, of the newly created bureau of mines, has thrown himself into the work of developing his enterprise with enthusiasm and follows that which has been his favorite subject for years—rescue of miners in mine disasters. Holmes was appointed director after one of the hardest fights over a federal appointment which has been witnessed in recent years in this city. He was opposed by Director Smith, of the geological survey, and by Secretary Ballinger of the interior department. It is claimed that Holmes had the united support of the mining interests the country over.

Four specially built cars, three for the west, are ready to go into the field to demonstrate the methods which Director Holmes evolved before he became head of the new bureau. The three cars for the west will go to Salt Lake, Billings and Rock Springs, Wyo.; experts will visit the mining regions and lecture on the subject, and Red Cross representatives will give demonstrations of first aid to the injured. The geological survey experts will train men in the use of the oxygen helmets which have been patented and given to the world free of royalties by the patentee.

Is there justification for this added expenditure of money from the federal treasury? This is the answer:

During 1909 there were 2412 miners killed in coal mines alone and 7979 injured, a total of 10,391. In coal and metal mines—gold, silver, lead, copper, zinc, etc.—during 1909 3000 were killed and 10,000 injured, a total of 13,000.

For every 1000 men employed from three to five men are killed each year in the mines of the United States.

In foreign countries from one to two are killed to each 1000 employed. In those European countries where the deaths are least for each 1000 men employed, rescue apparatus has been in use for some time; and it is with the hope of equaling in this country the low ratio of killed and injured attained in those foreign countries that Director Holmes is introducing the rescue apparatus here.

Public opinion certainly should compel recognition of this work. The men in charge of it have long since proved that they are imbued with highest thought for the good of their fellows. Many of them could earn five times the salary they receive from the government.

Oxygen Helmet Life Saver.

This oxygen helmet which is used is a simple contrivance, yet it accomplishes wonders. A mine explosion or fire occurs. Men are imprisoned like rats. Smoke, gases, fire damp and all the horrors which threaten the miner in the bowels of the earth are present to flick out the lives of the workers. One of them is caught in the end of a drift, away from his fellows and unable for several minutes to reach the elevator in the shaft. He fastens the oxygen helmet to his head, is supplied with life-sustaining fluid for time enough to crawl to safety and breathes easily and without injury to his lungs or heart.

The efficacy of these devices has been demonstrated times without number, and it is to teach the mine owners and laborers how to use it and what it will do that Director Holmes is sending forth these special cars. Let it be assumed that they will be the means of providing for the saving of 100 out of the 3000 men now annually killed in the United States. The economic value of a human life—an adult—is said to be $1800. The 100 saved men will represent—in cold dollar value, the least consideration in the case—$180,000. The expense of the cars will be only a fraction of that sum.

But larger than the dollars in importance is the lessening of the never-ending fear for the husband and father experienced by the wife and children in mining communities. It is the Nemesis that pursues these women, keeping them under strain from morning, when the men go to work, until night, when they return to their homes. Too, throughout the land, homes are desolate, and poverty pinches the survivors of those who have lost their lives.

The men in the bureau of mines hope that their first great enterprise—these rescue work instruction cars—will be received in the spirit in which they are sent forth—and that the masses of the people, the mine owners and the mine workers, will give them that attention which their merit deserves.

Perfect Agreement.

From Lippincott's.

The contributor wrote: "The inclosed are original and have never been published."

The editor answered: "I can quite believe it."

Norway has one pharmacy to every 16,000 inhabitants.

PERSIA AND ITS PEOPLE

Kingdom of Twenty-five Centuries That Is Thrice the Size of France and Inhabited by But Nine and a Half Millions of People, and Where Man Is Autocrat in His Home and Elsewhere.

By Ella C. Sykes, in Geographic Magazine.

PERSIA is one of the oldest empires in existence. It has been a kingdom for 25 centuries—ever since Cyrus the Great, about 550 B. C., conquered Media and united that country to his under the name of Persia. It has had many glorious episodes in its long history; has produced the great teacher Zoroaster; such world-famed poets as Fridawsi, Omar Khayyam, Saadi, and Hafiz, and such great soldiers and rulers as Darius I, Shapur I, and Shah Abbas.

Again and again the empire has been a prey to anarchy; again and again conquering hosts have swept through the country, Alexander the Great having many a successor, the most destructive conqueror being Chinghiz Khan with his hordes of savage Mongols—a leader who boasted that he had slain thirteen millions of his fellow-creatures!

At the present day, though shorn of its former dimensions, Persia is more than three times the size of France, yet it has only nine and a half millions of inhabitants—15 to a square mile. As the population of the whole country is not equal to that of London, New York, and Paris combined, none will be astonished to learn that it is possible to travel for days at a time without coming across a village or even a human being.

The center of the country is a great plateau, rising from 2000 to 6000 feet, and crossed by frequent chains of mountains, while a lofty mountain barrier bounds it on the north and south.

The climate on this plateau is a fine one—dry and bracing, cold in winter and often intensely hot in summer. When living in the southeast, the writer's home was at a height of 5600 feet, and in order to escape the summer heat she camped at an altitude of 11,000 feet among the running streams and bush herbage at the foot of a snow-capped range. The Lut or desert, once an inland sea, occupies the center of Persia, cutting off the north from the south and the east from the west, and thus rendering communication difficult. In fact, it helps to make transport so costly that the different districts and principal towns are practically isolated, and cannot depend upon other parts of the country, even in such a case as that of famine.

There are great differences of climate in the kingdom, the low-lying, feverish district round the Caspian, with its dense forests and 50 inches of rainfall, being in complete contrast to the arid uplands, where as a rule not a tree or a blade of grass is to be seen save on the irrigated ground around a village.

Again, on the shores of the Persian gulf, the moist heat during summer is well-nigh intolerable to Europeans, and the groves of date palms that constitute the wealth as well as the staple food of the inhabitants are only possible where there is irrigation, so rainless is this torrid region.

Inadequate Transportation.

In the whole Persian Empire there are only six miles of railway, and of roads only four, their total length amounting to under 800 miles. There is only one navigable river, the Karun, that flows into the head of the Persian gulf, and on this sea the so-called ports are merely open roadsteads, at which cargo cannot be landed in stormy weather.

The merchandise of Persia is practically carried on the backs of camels, mules and donkeys, a slow and expensive mode of transport, and the traveler usually rides through the country following the tracks made by the passage of caravans during the centuries.

It will be understood from what has gone before that hotels must be bad, if not non-existent, and indeed the ordinary caravanserai, swarming with vermine, with only openings in its walls in place of doors and windows, with no furniture of any description, and hardly any food, would appall any one unaccustomed to eastern travel.

The Persian is of Aryan stock, and has the same words as ourselves for father, mother, brother, and daughter (pidar, madar, bradar, and dukhtar), and the construction of his language is like that of English.

He is a handsome, well-built man, with regular features and fine black eyes, his complexion being no darker than that of an Italian. In manner he is most courteous; he is quick, alert, fond of conversation and discussion, and has been rightly called the Frenchman of the east.

Persia has been a Mohammedan country from the time of its conquest by the Arabs, in 641; but some thousands of Zoroastrians, the old fire-worshipers, still remain in the land, and have been much persecuted.

Household Autocrat.

In order to understand Persian domestic life at the present day, we must carry ourselves back to patriarchal times. The Persian is lord and master of his house much as was Abraham or Jacob. He has enormous power over the persons of his wives, children and dependants, all of whom he can treat much as he pleases.

When a woman is handed over to her husband with her dowry, he regards her far more as a chattel than as a wife. She may never show her face to any man save her husband and near relatives, and, owing to the extreme seclusion in which she lives, it is most difficult for her to get justice should she be ill-treated. There are certain laws for her benefit in such cases as that of divorce, but these are only enforced when a man divorces his wife.

If the case be reversed and the woman carries her slipper to the judge and demands separation from her husband, the latter is not obliged to refund the dowry that he received with her.

Brutal husbands who wish to be rid of their wives and yet retain their dowry, sometimes ill-use them in order to force them to sue for a divorce themselves.

If a man is angered with his wife and says three times, "I divorce you!" he has legally severed himself from her, and, should he desire to have her back again, she will be obliged to marry and then be divorced by another man.

Riding for Office.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

Running for office is sufficiently familiar, but riding for office is a novelty. It seems that Mr. Stimson first won Mr. Roosevelt's admiration by "coming across" in the literal and not the figurative political sense.

He rode through a swollen stream in Rock Creek Park, while Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Root, on the further bank, encouraged him, as Greatheart upheld the heart of Christian when he was swimming the torrent before he got to the Celestial City.

How often the lesser things, the unconsidered minutiae of life, lead to major consequences! That skillful equitation led to Stimson's appointment as prosecuting attorney.

It all started in the saddle, with bit and spur. Truly, one's fate, as Macbeth remarked, may be hid in an auger hole.

The little things may tell tremendously for or against a man. Thomas Jefferson was not less able as a politician because he was an admirably skillful rider. The fact that a man has been a good baseball player makes him more rather than less available as a gubernatorial candidate in Pennsylvania.

LOEB—WHOSE POLICY IS HONESTY

Collector of Customs at Port of New York Who Remains Placid While About His Head Rage Storms of Protest Created by Persons of Wealth and Influence Whom He Compels to Pay Up.

William Loeb Jr.

By John E. Lathrop.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—William Loeb Jr. has been worth just $12,000,000 a year financially to the United States as collector at the port of New York; his salary is $12,000. Morally, he has been worth more—he has established a regime which will remain after he resigns his office to another, for that smuggling will be unpopular hereafter is given as the opinion of those who should know most about it.

Mr. Loeb came over to Washington the other day. He was told that The Journal correspondent, while in New York state during the fall, had found much sentiment for his nomination for governor. He said:

"I was asked by many to make the campaign. But my work just now is in the New York custom house. There must be no question remaining that henceforth all who pass through that customs house, and all goods as well, shall pay to the government whatever the law calls for. Had I accepted a nomination for governor or any other office, it would have been said that I had made the customs house work a mere stepping stone for political advancement.

New Order Prevailing.

"The principle involved in the customs house situation is that it must be pounded into the minds of everyone that political influence, financial standing or social prestige will not excuse them from obeying the plain letter of the law. I believe that the work is well along towards accomplishment. It is beginning to be realized that that conception of the law must be regarded as ruling the administration of the federal customs. Big or little, rich or poor, influential or obscure. All persons who come under the authority of the customs house must obey the law. And it is my duty to remain where I am as long as there is left a vestige of doubt that that is to be an unvarying rule."

Loeb has done this good work for $12,000 a year in the past, with the fee system in vogue, collectors of the New York port got as much as $250,000 a year. The present collector smiles contentedly when he talks of those former enormous incomes of collectors.

"I can live comfortably on $12,000," he says. "It's enough for any man's needs."

At $12,000 a year, the government makes, in additional collections due to Loeb's new system of enforced honesty, $1000 for every dollar paid him as salary.

Loeb's System.

The following story of how he stirred things in New York was written before he came over to Washington.

Loeb went from Washington to Gotham to begin his service as collector. He looked the offices over, browsed around among the files and records, and said to some of his subordinates, casually:

"Let's start something."

"It hasn't been the custom to start anything here," the answer came. "Collectors of this port just permit matters to remain in statu quo."

"Well," Loeb replied, "many things are imported through this custom house into the United States; let's import a new custom or two."

Turning over the office records musingly, he added:

"Here is a small matter of a couple of million dollars of duties on sugars which the sugar trust owes Uncle Sam. This same Samuel just now is bothered with a treasury deficit. He needs the money. Let's get it."

"How can you get it?" the dazed subordinates asked.

"Get the daily papers to print something about it," Loeb said, with a modicum of guile in his manner.

"The New York dailies! They won't touch such a story with a ten foot pole."

"Wouldn't they?" Loeb answered, in disgust at the amateurish attitude of his underlings. "Let's see."

The next morning every blessed New York sheet carried blazoned across the front page a few hints that Loeb, the new collector, might do certain things to the sugar trust folks.

The Sugar Trust Pays.

About noon, Untermeyer, I think it was, attorney for the sugar trust, entered Loeb's office, carrying a large, fat checkbook.

"How much?" he asked of Loeb.

The former Roosevelt secretary figured briefly on a pad of scratch paper.

"Oh," he replied, carelessly, "say, a couple of millions or so."

And Untermeyer wrote a check with a willingness that surprised everyone about the customs offices, excepting the placid Loeb; he seemed not in the least surprised; in fact, appeared to have expected that call and the writing of that check. It reduced the deficit somewhat and did other things.

The employes of the big New York custom house saw an obvious thing—that a new deal was on; that big and little people entering this country via that customs house must fess up and pay. Rich folks who had been treated with especial consideration by former administrations began to pay the legal duty on whatever they brought from Europe; they simply obeyed the law, and howl as they might, Loeb and his boys manifested a peculiar disposition not to amend laws the congress had enacted, but to regard their jobs as merely to do what the congress had commanded.

Powerful persons visited Washington, saw those high in authority; said Loeb was unreasonable, and all that; and they were just about to win out and put the quietus upon Loeb.

That individual rode over to Washington! sauntered up to certain important offices; and went back to New York with his job so tightly cinched that not all of the bucking kickers could shake it off. Nowadays, Loeb's young men are enforcing the law; and none here expects to witness the removal of that placid person from his berth as collector.

Gorgeous and Costly Revival of Old Time Ballet Marks Inauguration of "Visual Opera" in America

—Copyright, Dover St. Studio, London.

At the left Mlle. Anna Pavlowa and M. Mikail Mordkin are shown in a Hungarian folk dance. In the center Mlle. Pavlowa as "Coppelia." At the right Pavlowa and Mordkin in the Russian national dance. All are characteristic glimpses of the new "Ocular Opera."

EVERY one who takes an interest in things operatic and theatrical is watching with keen curiosity the revival of the old time ballet in America along the new lines that have won such favor in Russia.

Anna Pavlowa and Mikail Mordkin, the two greatest artists ever created through the intricate and complex machinery which the czar's government has supported for nearly a century to develop this branch of art, come to the United States with a blare of trumpets to introduce what Europeans have acclaimed as "ocular opera." The Metropolitan Opera company, New York, which brought these two dancers to this country for a month last spring, and a group of wealthy art enthusiasts have spared no money to make this "visual opera" a fixed institution in America.

A supporting organization of some 70 musicians and choreographic artists were provided, and for six weeks held forth at New York's temple of art and fashion.

The larger cities of the United States, Canada and Mexico are now being invaded to show this new form of public divertissement. Portland is on the itinerary for November 18 and 19. For the tour special trains have been provided, which approximate a moving Russian village. A Russian library is carried, which may be converted into a chapel, and there is a Greek priest in the entourge to minister to the spiritual wants of the wanderers.

Tremendous programs, involving massive scenic productions, have been arranged, and this rival of the ballet on a costly and elaborate scale is being made along seemingly profligate lines.

Operas, dramas epitomized to make possible complete presentations in the scope of 30 minutes are interpreted through dancing and pantomime without the aid of a spoken line or vocal music, although of course a big orchestra is employed.

Principal of these ballets is the "Arabian Nights," which is said to be the climax of all terpsichorean efforts. In addition to these stupendous endeavors, lighter and more dainty features enter into the programme, for instance groups of Russian and Hungarian folk dances, Saint-Saens' "The Swan," Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, Glazounow's Bacchanale, Bielchinan's Adagio, "The Fire Bird," Mazurkas, Polonaises, etc.