PART II.
TWELVE PAGES.

New-York Tribune.

SUNDAY,
MARCH 30, 1902.

THEY MET CECIL RHODES.

HE GAVE THOUSANDS OF ACRES AS SITE FOR AN AMERICAN MISSION IN SOUTH AFRICA—EATING ANTELOPE STEAK IN HIS TENT.

The way in which Cecil Rhodes came to make certain American interests thoroughly at home in Rhodesia is an interesting story. It was the result of an accidental meeting and seven days' companionship with two Americans, Dr. W. L. Thompson and the Rev. Mr. Wilcox, on board a steamer. Dr. Thompson, in course of a recent visit to this city, gave the following account of the matter.

"When I went to Africa it was as a member of the East Central African Mission. Soon after my arrival at Durban, Natal, several conferences were held between members of the Zulu Mission and the East Central African Mission, and it was decided that the latter should be removed from Inhambane to a more favorable site, and Mr. Wilcox and myself were directed to visit Gazaland and prospect.

"When we set sail for Beira, the port of the region we were to visit, we found Cecil Rhodes on board our steamer; also two of Gungunyana's indunas returning from England, where they had been sent by that chief to take a message to Queen Victoria. Mr. Wilcox and I were starting on this journey to the interior without guns, mine not having arrived from America and his having been left at Inhambane, where the steamer did not stop to pick it up, as we had hoped. When Mr. Rhodes learned of our plight he presented us each with a Martini-Henri rifle—most valuable gifts, as any one familiar with life in bush and jungle can well understand.

"Hearing of our quest, he gave us in writing the promise of three thousand acres of land, which has since been increased to twenty-four thousand, as a site for our mission."

Dr. Thompson showed a map of Gazaland, on which, near Gungunyana's old kraal, a bold cross-mark in pencil appeared.

"Mr. Rhodes made that mark," he continued. "He had called his interpreter, who had been to England with Gungunyana's indunas and who knew the region we were going to visit, to tell us what he could about it. While the interpreter was giving some unhelpful information Mr. Rhodes bent over the map, which I had brought out, and, making this cross, said: 'That's the place for your mission.' The remark was made in an offhand way peculiar to him, and we did not take him seriously; but after we had spent many weary weeks prospecting, walking hundreds of miles through the country and going by boat and man back and pony back whenever we could, we located our mission—only to discover that we might have saved ourselves our footsore journeyings, for we had chosen the very spot which the Premier of Cape Colony had marked on this map! Then we realized how well he knew his Africa. Another courtesy he showed us was to instruct the interpreter to bespeak Gungunyana's favor for us, which was no inconsiderable service, as we were going into that chief's country.

"Mr. Rhodes, wearing an old slouch hat, lounged about on deck, smoking, taking a drink when he liked, cracking a joke, and airing his political opinions. He said: 'It is a pity England and America are separate. They should be united by alliance at least. Then they could dictate terms to the rest of the world. There would be no wars,' he drawled with a spice of humor, 'if England and America could have everything the way they want it.'

"A more pressing matter of interest to us in Africa at that time than the American-Anglo alliance was shaving. Mr. Rhodes announced that he had reached the desperate resolution to let his beard grow as the shortest way out of trouble—he said he always shaved himself; that it took him just five minutes every morning. 'I am a very indolent man,' he confided quickly, lest we should give him too much credit. Then he went on enlarging upon how lazy he was. 'I don't make speeches,' said he, 'because it's too much exertion.'

"We landed at Beira on September 27, 1891, and after some delay, owing to our difficulty in getting a boat, Mr. Wilcox and I started up the Pungwe. Mr. Rhodes, for whom everything was ready and waiting at Beira, had gone ahead. After four days we caught up with the end of his train of followers, and camped with some of his carriers. What a night we had of it! A regular jungle night, with wild beasts howling around so that we couldn't sleep. In the morning we found that one of our horses had run away, and as we had heard the roaring of lions near us we had little doubt as to the poor animal's fate. Next night we camped with the Rhodes party, and on his cordial invitation took supper with the Premier in his tent. He was still complaining about how lazy he was, and grumbling over the troubles of travelling in a country without railroads. He said: 'The next time I start on a journey in this country I am going to send an advance party ahead of me and have houses built, so that when I come along I'll have a good place to sleep in. I'd like to have walls so thick that I couldn't hear the beasts howl. So you heard lions, too, did you?' If he asked us once he asked us a dozen times that same question, 'So you heard the lions roaring?'

"He had shot a zebra and Mr. Wilcox an antelope. 'Aimed at the head,' he said with chagrin, 'and hit the shoulder.' He showed good humored envy at Mr. Wilcox's luck, and enjoyed antelope steak with us next morning, when he was a guest of honor in our tent. Antelope is delicious venison, while zebra is uneatable except among the natives, who like it. It is regarded as a good thing when travelling to bag a little game now and then. It puts more life into the carriers and they work better.

"What none of us liked about Mr. Rhodes were his persistent efforts to get canteen throughout Rhodesia—even through the country of Kama, the Bechuana chief, whose brave struggles to prevent this and his victory over Mr. Rhodes, accomplished by sending a protest to England, are well known.

"Mr. Rhodes riding around in his shirt sleeves, belt, hat and trousers, after the fashion of a cowboy, is a sight Rhodesians will miss should anything happen to him; he has many enemies, but a great many people love him. It is in his cowboy garb that he usually appears in the colonial papers. In a cartoon which I remember seeing some years ago, the 'Colossus of Africa,' in his customary veldt costume, sat outside of a hut, smoking a cigar, while Mr. Gladstone, all dressed up, was making a call and saying, 'We will have the money of Africa, you can have the land.'

"'He can eat biltong,' they say of Mr. Rhodes, in Africa, when describing his rough and ready way, his thorough adaptation to the country. That means a good deal, for biltong is by no means dainty diet. The attitude of the natives toward him has looked as if they stood in wholesome fear of him, held him in superstitious awe, or reposed great confidence in him. During the famous Zulu uprising he rode all about unarmed, except for his little knobkerrie; and once galloped right into their midst in the fastnesses of the Matapo Hills, where they were congregated in a country considered very dangerous for whites, and told them that the formal surrender which they were being called upon to make was the only thing for them to do.

"When, in his absence, his country house, Groetschnur, full of treasures he had spent years in collecting, was burned, somebody went to Mr. Rhodes to break the news gently, and, after circumlocution, said:

"'I have some bad news for you.'

"'What is it?'

"'Groetschnur and all your valuable collection of curious have been destroyed by fire.'

"'Oh,' said Mr. Rhodes, 'is that all? I thought you were going to tell me that Dr. Jameson is worse.' Jameson was in prison and sick, the result of troubles Rhodes brought on him.

"Mr. Rhodes is very hospitable. But for a number of years he has not kept open house to the extent that he did once. People who had no claim whatever upon him took advantage of the privilege of going and staying as long as they pleased until he made some restrictions. He has no wife, and his sister, also unmarried, entertains royally in her brother's absence. When he is at home he prefers her not to fill the house up with women visitors. His generosity has been as proverbial as his hospitality. He had, during the rinderpeste scourge, a way of making checks out for farmers who had lost their cattle by this terrible plague, telling them to replace their beasts. When they came to him in trouble, that was his way of answering them."

Dr. Thompson said he reflected the common faith of Rhodesia (Matabeleland, Mashonaland and Gazaland) in believing that Mr. Rhodes would get his road through to Cairo if he lived long enough, and if he did not finish it somebody else would. "The difficulties of travel are all that stand in the way of Africa's development," said Dr. Thompson, who in his ten years' residence in the Dark Continent has had a liberal experience of the hardships of journeying through veldt and jungle. "The few large rivers," he explained, "are broken with falls; navigation is far from easy, and is often dangerous; so that these streams do not furnish convenient highways in the interior. When Mr. Rhodes's railroad from Cape to Cairo is built, and branch lines connect with the coast, Africa will make up rapidly her lost centuries of progress.

"On one of our treks my wife and I were two weeks traversing one hundred and fifty miles, and we thought that extraordinary speed. It was through a district where even natives were rarely seen, and we slept at night with lions roaring and hyenas howling around us. It took thirty-six oxen to draw our wagon up the hills, the wagon carrying a load of half a ton. A span, eighteen oxen, is the usual team, but at the hills we doubled it. We walked up the hills; we would not have been allowed to ride, because it was too dangerous. The amount of howling required to get these oxen to the top of a hill is something not to be forgotten. Four drivers cracking their whips and yelling at the tops of their voices can make a noise beside which an Indian warwhoop is a tame affair."

The prospecting tour which Dr. Thompson and Mr. Wilcox made after leaving Mr. Rhodes when the antelope breakfast was finished comprised over five hundred miles of tramping, occupying some forty-three days. Since the establishment of the mission Dr. Thompson (he is a physician) in paying professional calls, often had to walk fifteen to forty miles a day along steep mountain paths, where grass ten feet high meets overhead, sometimes dripping wet. Besides the natives, many white settlers who have located in that region, require his services. The Boer trekkers, who came in 1884 brought donkeys, pigs and cows along, and their coming seemed to have begun, for the time being at least, a season of milk and honey. The pioneers were having a hard struggle then subduing mother earth, clearing ground and building houses with only untrained Zulu help. Now, they have taught carpentering and many other industries to the blacks. The first brick house in Gazaland, a one room affair, was erected on this mission site by Mr. Wilder, an American.

Of this principality that Cecil Rhodes gave to the American Board, which now holds the lands, Dennis Boyle, an English explorer, said: "Its beauty is difficult to describe, and the eminent fitness for agriculture of hundreds of miles around the old kraal can hardly be overestimated." It is some five thousand feet above sea level, a well wooded, well watered plateau, known geographically as Mount Selinda, and it is not far from Melsetter. In spite of its great elevation the place is malarial. Dr. Thompson's visit here was chiefly to recuperate from the ravages of African fever. He sailed three months ago, and is probably at work again by this time among the Zulus who live as his tenants, neighbors and students on the land given to the American Board by Cecil Rhodes.

SHE REMEMBERED HIS PREFERENCE.

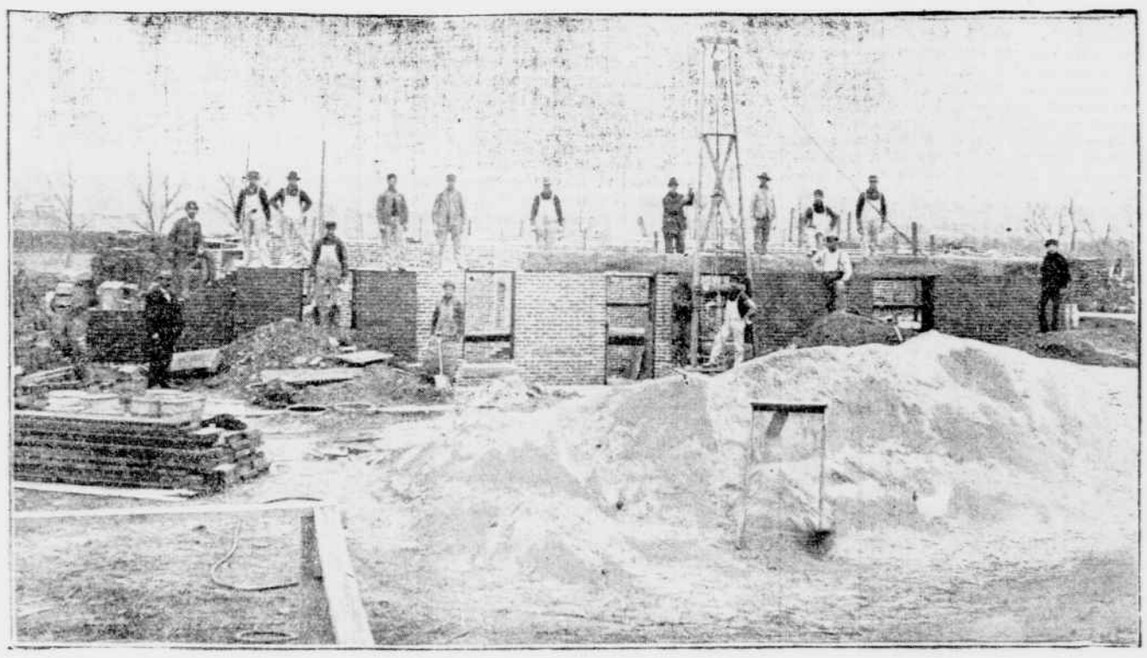
Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, was in Washington a few days ago calling upon his old friends in Congress whom he knew when he represented his State in the House.

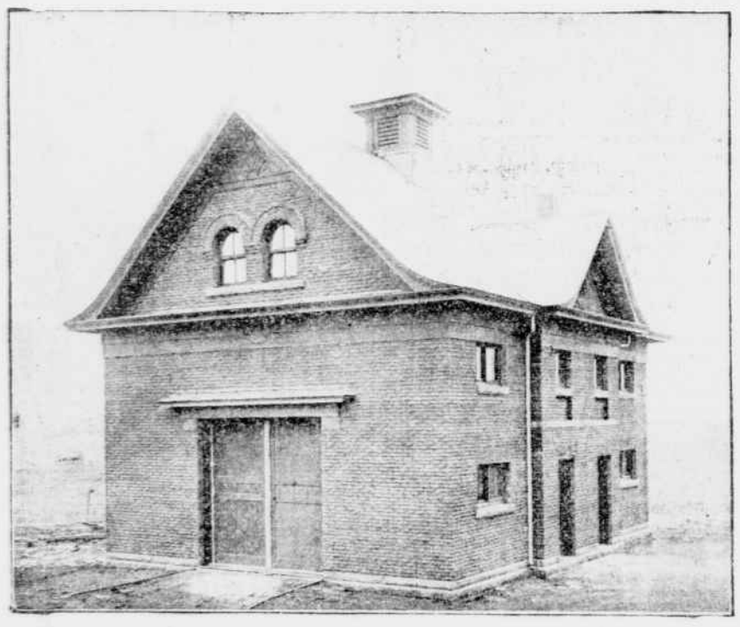
"McCreary was a fine campaigner," said a Kentuckian to a "Washington Star" reporter. "When he went the rounds of his district he kissed all the babies, praised the cooking of the housewives, judged the cattle of the farmers and adapted himself to all circumstances. One night he drove up to the house of a farmer to stop all night, but arrived after the supper hour. The good woman of the house insisted on getting him a supper, but he resisted, and said he would take anything cold that she had.

"She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits, and would warm the coffee.

"'Never mind warming the coffee, madam,' said McCreary, 'I prefer it cold.' Next morning at breakfast the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying, 'Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast.'"

FOUNDATION OF W. J. BRYAN'S NEW $20,000 HOUSE.
At Fairview, near Lincoln, Neb.
(Photograph by Clements.)





W. J. BRYAN'S BARN AT FAIRVIEW, NEB., IN WHICH HE IS NOW LIVING TILL HIS NEW HOME IS COMPLETED.
(Photograph by Clements.)

BRYAN AND HIS BARN.

WHERE FORMER PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATE IS LIVING WHILE HOUSE IS BUILDING.

William Jennings Bryan is living in a barn, on his country place, Fairview, three miles from Lincoln, Neb. It is time for Populists to howl with delight the man they would have put into the White House at Washington has come down to their level. But don't tell them that within a stone's throw of this temporary dwelling place the foundation of a $20,000 house is in place and walls of expensive brick are rising rapidly. The Populists will not be so happy when they hear this.

The barn in which the ex-Presidential candidate is living is also of brick, two and one-half stories high. There is no hardship about living in it, and, of course, it sounds well. In fact, the barn is more elaborate than the house in which Mr. Bryan lived when he was first nominated for the Presidency. The building of this country place is satisfactory evidence that running for high office is profitable, even though the runner is left a great way behind. It does very well for one who sends out weekly predictions that the country is going to ruin. Undoubtedly Mr. Bryan does not propose to go with the country.

CIRCUS MEN IN CAMP.

THE SHOW, COMING TO TOWN, STOPPED IN A JERSEY CITY SUBURB.

Good Friday of the Lenten period which dies today will long be remembered by the children of Jersey City. Not for the reason that it was a great religious day for certain denominations, but because the circus, which is coming to New-York this week, halted on the outskirts of the city. It came by train from Columbus, Ohio—this monster combined show, which bears the names of both Forepaugh and Sells, names which are synonymous with three or more rings, menageries, hippodromes and other circus features. It stopped in Jersey City to rest animals and men before descending on the ferries and making the actual triumphant entry into the city.

Jersey City children must have smelled the circus. Its coming was not announced by glaring billboards or the flaring trumpets of a parade. It sneaked in over the Pennsylvania road in the darkness and took possession of a vacant lot in Marion, a suburb. Yet at 6 a. m. there were hundreds of children on the ground, and they arrived in swarms and droves in the rest of the day. Even meals had no power to draw them away, and the circus men could not drive them off.

The cages were covered with canvas and the animals carefully screened from view. At first the horde of youngsters was content to gaze at the red paint and tinsel which showed about the edges of the cage wagons. For a time the marvellous masterpieces in the way of animal pictures on the wagon sides caused small eyes to stare in wonder and little mouths to gape. Then curiosity instilled them with courage. They advanced on the cages and lifted up the canvas that they might peek in at the "rare wild beasts of every species." Lions roared at the disturbance of their domestic privacy, and half a dozen youngsters trembled with fear. Then they tried it again. In five minutes "making the lion roar" was the popular game.

Huge grizzly bears, with long, dangerous looking claws, growled angry protests when the peeking operation was tried on them. Then the beasts struck savagely at little hands which were poked between the bars. The lion roaring game was forgotten for the more exciting one of "making the bears swat," which meant seeing how near one could come to getting a finger crushed by a huge paw without getting hurt.

That no one was injured was due to the vigilance of the circus hands, but their task was an almost impossible one.

"I've spanked five hundred 'kids' this morning," said one of the animal men as he returned, puffing, from his efforts to drive off a score of small boys, who were trying to settle a bet as to how many spots a spotted leopard wore. "It don't do no good. They've counted the stripes on the zebras, pulled feathers out of the ostrich's tail and mimicked the wolves until the beasts are clean crazy. If we stayed here a week they would demoralize the whole show."

So much for the children, who formed the most irrepressible if not the most prominent feature of the temporary circus camp. The men of the circus, not the daring aerial artists or the man who loops the loop on a bicycle, or the "beautiful, brave, bareback riding beauties," but those who pitch the tents, feed the wild beasts, manage the horses and generally keep the circus moving—these men are interesting.

Three hundred of them sat down at breakfast Friday morning in a big tent, making a picture that was better than a circus. Their hunger was superlative, as though they had been undergoing a Lenten fast.

"We's ain't had a square for t'ree days," apologized one man as he brought out his plate for a third helping of potatoes and bacon. "This eatin' 'pick up' fashion on a circus train is worse 'an not eatin' at all."

The meal was cooked in the open on typical circus stoves, wide strips of sheet iron propped up over wood fires. Sliced bacon, a side at a time, was sprinkled over the not surface of one stove, to be scraped off into a pan a few moments later, sizzling and crisp. On another great cans filled with black stuff, called coffee, because the liquid tastes something like coffee, were boiling. Well baked potatoes came from still another stove. Colored waiters rushed back and forth with tin plates, and cups which were filled at the stoves.

At the long tables, covered with red cloths, the men ate so hard that there was no time for conversation. Some of them took the trouble to wash before eating, but most did not, for there is no circus rule on that question. Their manners were no manners at all. If a man tried sword swallowing tricks with his knife his neighbor did not turn up his nose. One man ate with his fingers without attracting attention except from the visitors. One rule of table etiquette they did not break. None of them drank coffee out of saucers. There were no saucers!

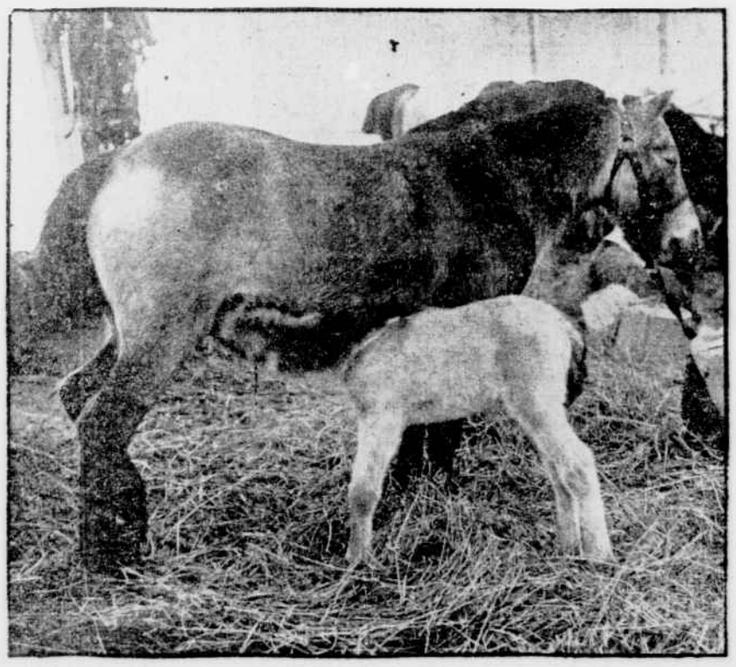
At the entrance to the eating tent was the circus postoffice—a blue board with strips of tape tacked upon it. A number of letters were stuck there waiting for their owners. Many of them bore the postmark of "Sellsville," a suburb of Columbus, where the circus spends the winter and the showmen have their homes. For the seven months which the show is on the road many of the men are most faithful about sending "blue papers," as they call money orders, to their families. They make from $20 to $30 a month, so the "blue papers" are of small denominations. Nevertheless the employment of family men who have work throughout the year makes the circus hand of to-day a much different sort of man from those who used to start fights with the "town gang" whenever there was the slightest opportunity.

While the city was asleep last night the circus moved into Madison Square Garden, and was settled in its home for the next three weeks. The wild animals in their dens were housed in the basement. In the arena all sorts of performers' trappings and circus paraphernalia were placed in position.

The street parade of the shows will take place to-morrow night, leaving the Garden at 8 o'clock, and moving through Twenty-sixth-st., Fifth-ave., Fifty-seventh-st., Eighth-ave., Hudson-st., Canal-st., Broadway, Tenth-st. to Second-ave., Twentieth-st., First-ave. to Fifty-ninth-st., to Lexington-ave., to Twenty-seventh-st.

Included among the features of the shows this year are Diavolo, who loops the loop on a bicycle; the Aurora Zouaves; the Ten Peerless Potters, who give what is called "the greatest aerial act on earth"; Minting, who has appeared during the last ten years all over Europe; the quartet of cake-walking horses, and Dailie Julian, the woman somersault rider.

SCENES AROUND THE CAMP OF THE FOREPAUGH & SELLS CIRCUS NEAR JERSEY CITY.
Showing the outdoor kitchen for the employes, the tented dining room, and a colt, only two days old, taking his dinner.



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A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

WHY THE MOUNTAIN MEN AND WOMEN SIT APART IN CHURCH.

A man was talking to his fellow travellers in a Pullman smoker, relates "The Kansas City Star."

"On one occasion," he said, "I was down in the mountains of Tennessee, where everything is primitive, and on Sunday I attended a Baptist church. Much to my surprise and interest, the women were seated on one side of the house and the men on the other. I had never seen anything of the kind before, and after services were over I spoke to one of the members about it, as he was a pillar of the church and a man I knew quite well.

"'We have always done it that way,' he said in explanation.

"'So's to worship God accordin' to our own consciences, as the constitution pervides,' he replied, in a matter of course tone.

"'But sitting on opposite sides of the church doesn't make any difference with your conscience, does it?' I kept on.

"'Don't it?' he said, with emphatic confidence in the knowledge that it did. 'Well, it makes all the difference in the world. Do you mean to say that a man kin set over there alongside uv his wife, where she kin nudge him in the short ribs with her elbow every time the preacher says anything she thinks fits his case? I say, kin a man do that and worship God accordin' to his conscience? Not much he can't, I reckon, nowhere, an' perticular not in this neck uv woods.'

"The explanation and the argument carried conviction beyond all controversy, and I had no more to say."

THE SENATORS EVADED A DUEL.

The recent altercation on the floor of the United States Senate between Senators Tillman and McLaurin, of South Carolina, has revived an old story of a difficulty between "Ben" Wade, of Ohio, and "Bob" Toombs, of Georgia, which grew out of Preston Brooks's assault upon Charles Sumner.

Everybody thought it would terminate in a duel, says "The Washington Star." Toombs had attempted to defend and justify the conduct of Brooks. Wade became more than angry—savage—and retorted in a manner neither complimentary to the South in general nor to Toombs in particular. In fact, he insulted the latter, and did it in a most offensive way.

When Wade was approached on the subject with a view to ascertaining whether he recognized the code it was discovered that he would fight, that his choice would be rifles, and more, that with this weapon he was a dead shot.

This information prevented the sending of a hostile message. For a few days afterward the two Senators exchanged no word or look of recognition, and Toombs seemed sullen and uneasy; but finally leaning toward Wade, whose seat was near, he said:

"I don't know that there is any use for us to make d—— fools of ourselves any longer."

"Nor I," Wade retorted, looking him squarely in the eye, "but some folks can't help it."

THE PRESIDENT'S STEINS.

The clubs in Washington are having much amusement over an incident of Prince Henry's recent visit which appears to have escaped the notice of the "Argus eyed reporters." As the story goes, says "Harper's Weekly," President Roosevelt wished to do the nation's guest in private a compliment which the formalities of his public entertainment put out of the question—to wit, to prove to him that the people's drink of the Fatherland had won as sure a foothold in the New World as it has long enjoyed in the Old. To this end the President ordered from a leading German restaurant a supply of Wurzburger Hofbrau for an informal supper which was to be served at the White House. As the table equipment of our republican palace does not include the covered steins necessary to give this beer its proper relish, the same restaurateur was directed to furnish several of the finest specimens from his own stock. When the Prince was brought to the table he found the beer already in place, each stein being filled to the brim and ready for action. It was a most pleasant surprise, which he attested by proposing a merry round of healths. As he drained his stein his eye was caught by something at the bottom of it, and the smile on his face relaxed. He cast a glance of quizzical alarm, first toward the President and then toward the door, as if he more than half expected a raid from the constabulary. His companions, consumed with curiosity, tipped their steins and peered in, too. In rich blue capital letters, burnt into the clay, this inscription stared up at them from the depths: "Stolen from Blank's Deutsche Wirthschaft, 30,643 Pennsylvania-ave."

MR. EVARTS'S PROLIFIC PEN.

While Dr. Seward Webb was travelling in the Far West his friends in Vermont had him in mind for the nomination for Governor. It was while he was courting his wife (a daughter of William H. Vanderbilt) that Dr. Webb began his annual visits to the Green Mountain State. To be near her he paid a call upon the late William M. Evarts, says "The Philadelphia Press," who owned a fine farm in Vermont.

Mr. Webb arrived at the ex-Senator's house about noon on a very hot day. Luncheon was just served in the dining room, the table placed almost underneath a large old fashioned fireplace. Among other things on the board was a cold ham, stuck all over with spices, which Mr. Evarts proceeded to carve.

"Doctor," he asked, "did you ever hear of the —— Magazine?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dr. Webb, "I believe it is something new they have just started over in Brooklyn."

"Well, doctor," continued Mr. Evarts, "that magazine has written me to send them something choice from my pen. I guess I'll send them a slice of this ham."