SPECIAL FEATURES

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Walked Through Dark Continent From Cape to Cairo

EARNEST SEVIER COX, a Young Tennesseean, Arrives in Washington After Extraordinary Experiences in Africa—Studies Effects on the White Race of Contact With Black People—Pedestrian Feats Accomplished by the Race Sociologist—His Travels in South America, Australasia, East Indies, Japan and Hawaii—Adventures With Wild Animals in Africa.

EARNEST SEVIER COX.
Race sociologist, ethnologist and transcontinental pedestrian.

ON foot through Africa from the Cape to Cairo, with no white companion—no one save the negro bearers who carried his camp equipage—this is the record "hike" of Earnest Sevier Cox, young Tennesseean, now in Washington to put the results of his wanderings and investigations into book form so that the world may know the effects on the white race of contact with the black people.

A "race sociologist," Mr. Cox calls himself, modestly adding that the title is one of his own coining and that it better expresses the idea he wishes to convey than any other he has yet thought of. "King of the wanderlusters" might more expressively describe those of his achievements that may be expected to appeal most strongly to the average reader.

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Not only has he walked, unaccompanied by any other white person, almost the length of the dark continent from south to north, but he has also performed a pedestrian feat of greater magnitude than even that stupendous hike—he has crossed, afoot and by canoe, the continent of South America, from the west coast to the mouth of the Amazon river, climbing the Andes, striking the headwaters of the great river at one of its multitude of sources deep in the South American forests, and this venture, too, unaccompanied by any person of his own race and in the company of none but native bearers.

And, greatest of all, he has made these travels afoot and other wanderings along coast lines for thousands of miles, to the antipodean continent of Australasia, the islands of the East Indies, Japan, Hawaii—girdling the globe and covering a distance far greater than would have been required in simply circumnavigating the world—wholly at his own expense, without aid from any person, organization or institution, and all in the interest of science and with the hope of writing something that will be of incalculable value to humanity, white and black.

Earnest Sevier Cox is not a man of wealth. Born in the mountain regions of eastern Tennessee, he worked his way through school, through Vanderbilt University, and then through the University of Chicago, earning every dollar that it took to pay tuition fees, board and lodging, and all the expenses attached to obtaining a university training. On his travels he worked his way, doing labors such as few white men have undertaken and survived, and devoting the money he received to the furthering of his definitely fixed objective—a careful first-hand study of the two races, white and black, and the influence of the last upon the first.

It was while studying at the University of Chicago that the opportunity offered for the journey that finally resulted in the Cape-to-Cairo tramp, from the southern tip to the northern extremity of Africa. Mr. Cox, disappointed in the expectation of receiving financial aid for the journey, used his own funds in getting to Cape Town, taking a third-class passage, little, if any, better than steerage, and arriving at his destination with less than $100 in his pocket.

Funds were necessary if the remainder of the journey was to be made. So Mr. Cox went to the Kimberley diamond mines, where, under an American mine superintendent, he worked as boss of a gang of black diamond diggers for a year. From Kimberley he went to the Rand gold mines, where he again bossed a crew of negro miners. Here he worked for fourteen months, without missing a day, often far underground, handling drills, superintending actual mining work in an environment such as few white men can work in and survive, and coming out in such physical condition as to enable doctors who examined him before he started on his long trip afoot to pronounce him perfect.

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Wages of mine bosses in the diamond mines and the gold fields are high, and Mr. Cox, as may be imagined, had no habits such as would lead him to waste his earnings or impair his health. With the money earned and saved in this hardest of all physical toil he financed the hike through the heart of Africa.

But one white man before him had ever attempted the trip alone. That man is dead. He was an adventurer pure and simple. Science had no charms for him; he went into the wild places solely to be the first white man there, and for the adventure that might be found. He was George Grey, English, brother of Earl Grey, the man whose word sent England's forces on land and sea into the European cataclysm.

George Grey died as such men almost always do. Ordinary adventure had palled on him; he no longer got a thrill from shooting lions with heavy rifles; he hunted the man-eaters with a 6-millimeter rifle, about a .25-caliber bullet. One day George Grey faced a charging lion with his little weapon, scarcely larger than the .22-caliber rifles the boys use to shoot sparrows. His aim wasn't good; the tiny bullet, though sped by a heavy charge of smokeless powder, didn't reach the vital spot at which it was aimed. The negro gunbearers fled. The lion, wounded, sprang on Grey, and one more English sportsman was gone, a victim to his own daring and his own craving for thrills. Mr. Cox heard the story from one of the negroes who had been with Grey's party.

In his tramp through the heart of the region where man-eating lions abound, Mr. Cox and his bearers were many times threatened with attack. Once at Ujiji, at a time when, suffering with malarial fever, he traveled at night to avoid the heat of the sun, he and his party had such an experience. Arousing his bearers shortly after midnight, by wielding a long stick inside the hut in which the black boys slept, regardless of whom it might hit, he directed the packing of the baggage boxes and started the bearers off.

Just then a lion roared in the bush near by. Another answered from the opposite direction, and others roared in the jungle all around. The bearers, terrified, refused to proceed, but Mr. Cox, by threats, compelled them to move, and the night's journey, by the feeble light of a waning moon, was begun between prowling man-eaters only kept off by the size of the party.

This was near a village named Mporokoso. At the village the English resident commissioner told of the experience of his predecessor at the post, Johnson by name. Johnson was a Scotch Highlander, of gigantic proportions and herculean strength. Hunting one day, his party was attacked by three lions and the gunbearers threw down the guns and climbed trees. One of the black boys, not quick enough, was seized by a lion. Johnson, with one shot, killed the beast. Another lion attacked a gunbearer lying on the ground. Johnson killed it likewise.

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But the third, a lioness, sprang on the white man before he could reload, seizing his left arm in her teeth. Johnson exerted his great strength, kicked the animal off and then tried to climb a tree. But the lioness returned to the attack, sprang upward and pulled him back to the ground. Again he kicked the huge cat off; again he tried to climb to safety and again the lioness dragged him down. Then Johnson thrust his wounded left arm into the mouth of the lioness and seized her tongue, holding on grimly while the animal chewed his arm and clawed at his body.

All the while he was working his rifle around so that with his right hand he could work the lever and throw a cartridge into the chamber. Succeeding, he held the rifle with his right hand and sent a bullet through the heart of the lioness. He was carried six days' journey to Fort Abercorn for medical treatment, but a slight scratch under his knee, unnoticed by the doctor, became infected and Johnson died of blood poisoning. The fight with the lions occurred in northern Rhodesia, near Lake Tanganyika.

Mr. Cox was the man who, in 1913, reported to the American consul at Cairo the killing of John Rogers, an American from Detroit, by black troopers commanded by an English officer. Rogers was an elephant poacher, who had been warned repeatedly to cease killing elephants, but who failed to heed the warnings. Overtaken in English territory, Rogers crossed the boundary into the Belgian Kongo, traveling seven days' journey before making camp. Overtaken by black police boys of the English officer's command, he refused to submit to arrest, knowing that if he permitted himself to be taken by the blacks he could no longer remain in Africa, because of the loss of prestige such a thing would occasion.

So one of the negroes shot him through the stomach. Mr. Cox's report to the American consul at Cairo was the first information as to Rogers' fate, and the circumstances were such as to make it impossible to demand reparation, in spite of the fact that the shooting was by British police boys, invading Belgian possessions in Africa.

For more than 400 miles Mr. Cox traveled while in the grip of malarial fever. Such a feat, to the average person, seems incredible. The fever, however, is intermittent and does not waste the sufferer's strength rapidly. First-class physical condition to begin with, the character of the fever and the fact that during this time most of his traveling was done at night, enabled Mr. Cox to cover the 400 miles.

Part of this journey was through the belt infested by the dreaded tsetse, the fly that causes the African sleeping sickness and from the bite of which there is no recovery. Leagues and leagues of the country in this infested zone, Mr. Cox said, was deserted by all domestic animals. No natives could or would live there, and it was only by the use of threats and promises of extraordinary rewards that his own bearers were induced to traverse the tsetse belt.

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At Ujiji, the place where Stanley found Livingstone, lion-infested territory was crossed. At Livingstone, near Stanley Falls, he visited the church built by English residents after conditions imposed by church authorities in England had been rejected. This church is near the spot where the noted explorer died.

During his journey Mr. Cox was given ample opportunity to make comparisons of the English, German and Belgian colonial policies. The Germans, he declares, control their possessions better than do the administrators of any other European nations. Absolute, unswerving justice, he asserted, is the keynote of German administration in African possessions of the kaiser.

"Justice for whites and blacks alike," he said, "is the undeviating policy in German East Africa and elsewhere in Germany's African possessions. The blacks know this from experience. If a man, white or black, owes a negro money, that man must pay. If a white man has wronged a negro, he must pay the penalty, the same as if the wronged man were white. Justice, no more or less, is the rule from which there is no escape if the offender remains in German territory. The blacks have learned this and the result is that they are absolutely loyal to their German superiors.

"In German East Africa," he continued, "I saw the finest body of colonial troops I have ever seen anywhere. Every negro in the forces of the colony is a giant; I have never seen bigger men. All are uniformed, equipped and well armed. They wear boots with half-inch soles. Their rifles are of the German army model and their equipment is complete to the last button. This is the force that since the outbreak of the war in Europe has held German East Africa for the kaiser, in spite of the efforts of British forces to take the country."

Striking the sources of the Nile in equatorial Africa, Mr. Cox followed the historic stream down to its mouth and to Cairo. From there he traveled by steamer down the east coast of Africa, stopping at every important port. A map of his trip down the coast is a continuation of loops, with a stopping point for every city, town or important village on the coast line along the Indian ocean.

From Cape Town, to which he returned, Mr. Cox went to Australasia, where for a time he lectured, though he is not a professional lecturer, describing before Y. M. C. A. and other audiences his 2,000-mile journey afoot through Africa. At Sydney he saw the arrival of the three warships constituting the Australian navy on their arrival from England.

"Immense crowds of Australians," he said, "gathered to see the Australian fleet enter Sydney harbor. But the crowds that assembled to see the American fleet of sixteen ships of war on its visit to Sydney lined the shore for thirty miles."

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From Australasia Mr. Cox proceeded to the East Indies, visiting the Dutch possessions, and later to the Philippines, where he made a stay of some months, again becoming a platform lecturer to obtain funds with which to continue his journey. The story of his travels appeared in the Manila papers, the Cablenews-American of March 8, 1914, devoting a full page to the story of his travels and their object. From Manila Mr. Cox went to Japan, and from there to Honolulu, on his way back to the states.

Returning to San Francisco just at the time fighting was going on at Vera Cruz, Mr. Cox, who was a volunteer in the Spanish-American war, returned to his home in Tennessee, expecting to be called on again to volunteer. When the call failed to come he started again on his wanderings. Thirty-fold enhancement of the value of properties he owned in Tennessee enabled him to journey to the West Indies, where he resumed his observations and investigatory work. From there he traveled to Central America, continuing his search for further data on the effects upon whites—Latin Americans this time—of continued contact with the black race.

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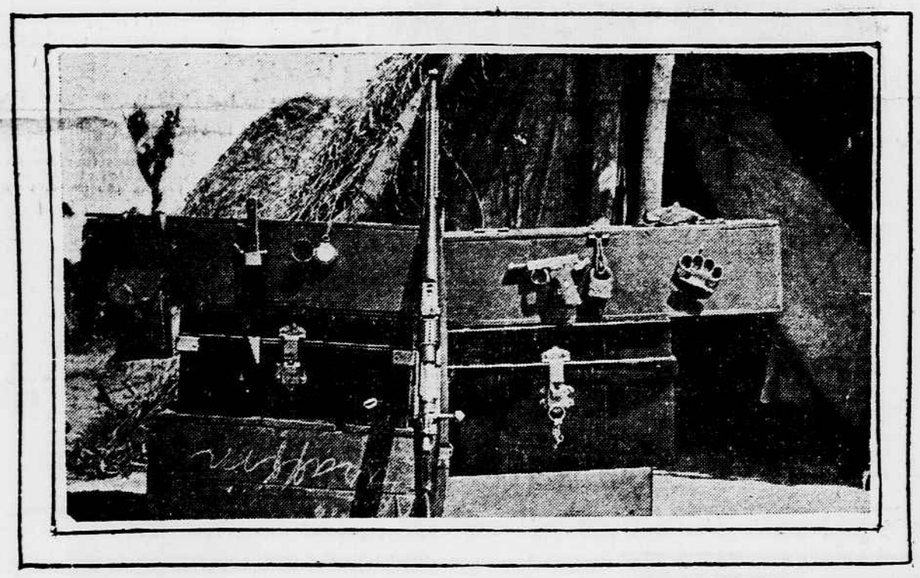
Down the west coast of South America his journey led to Peru. Thence across the Andes at Cerro de Pasco and down the eastern slopes of the giant mountains he struck a tributary of the Amazon. Proceeding down the tributary he reached the main stream at Iquitos. The remainder of the journey was by canoe down the great river. His narrowest escape from death was when his canoe capsized in a rapids on the Amazon. All of his belongings were lost, including his camera and hundreds of films, his guns, ammunition, food and clothing, as well as his money. For three days he was without food and without means of obtaining it, until he reached a human habitation.

From Brazil his travels led him to Venezuela, to Curacao, to Colombia, to Costa Rica, back to Colon and Cuba, and thence to the United States. His trip down the west coast of South America and across the continent from Peru to the mouth of the Amazon covered 3,500 miles.

He has come to Washington to avail himself of the stores of information—historical, sociological, ethnological, anthropological—in the Library of Congress, and to complete here the work of putting into concrete form the results of his world travels, research and investigation. He expects the work to occupy the greater part of three years.

When it is completed Mr. Cox expects it to be the first authoritative discussion of the world-wide color problem, its first discussion from the standpoint of the race sociologist, the man who investigates racial causes and effects, who studies the influence of one race upon another, who delves into history to learn what the past has had to show of racial influences, and who adds to this the results of personal, first hand studies, drawing from the whole such deductions as are not to be escaped.

GROUP OF NEGRO BOYS VISITING MR. COX'S CAMP IN UPPER RHODESIA.



CAMP OUTFIT AND ARMAMENT CARRIED BY MR. COX ON HIS LONG JOURNEY.

MR. COX READY TO START ON HIS JOURNEY ON FOOT ACROSS AFRICA.

Found It Hard.

MRS. OLIVER HARRIMAN enlivened with an appropriate anecdote, at the Colony Club in New York, an argument on domestic economy.

"I hope," she said, "that there are few men like Smith."

"Smith got married and the evening of his first pay day he gave his bride $14 of his $15 salary and kept only a dollar for himself.

"But the second pay day, Smith gave his wife one dollar and kept fourteen for himself.

"'Why, John,' she said, passionately, 'how on earth do you think I can manage for a whole week on a paltry dollar?'

"'Darned if I know,' he answered, in calm tones, 'I had a rotten time myself last week. It's your turn now.'"

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Including such styles as "GYPSY" Button Boots—Military Laced and Button Boots, with gaiter tops of black or colored cloth—High or Low Heel Street or Dress Boots, in many desirable shapes.

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Patent and Dull Calfskin Street Pumps—some with black or colored cloth toppings—styles that will be good when spring opens or for present use, with the popular white overgaiters.

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Gun Metal Calf Bluchers and Button,
Patent Colt Bluchers and Button,
Tan Calf Bluchers and Button.

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