

His Black "Subjects" Who Have Set the Flame of Revolt Burning from End to End of the Great Colony

GERMAN Southwest Africa is squeezed in between British South Africa on the south and Portuguese West Africa on the north.

It is a jumble of immense mountains and rocks.

The colony is half again as large as Germany itself.

There are 3,000 white men in it, a little more than 2,000 of whom are Germans.

German Southwest Africa was Germany's first colony, and a great how d'ye do was raised over it.

It is one of Bismarck's legacies to the Empire. He obtained it twenty years ago, to the mingled amazement and indignation of Great Britain,

which, at that time, held the simple belief that it owned what was left of the continent.

The Germans didn't quite know what to do with a colony then, and there were political ructions, in which there were Colonial and anti-Colonial parties.

With true Teutonic soundness and patience, the supporters of the Colonial policy settled down to educate the country—not as here, by an educational campaign of five weeks just before an election, but by one that was to outlast most of those who started it, as they knew it would.

The consequence is to-day that, if all Germany is by no means pleased with the Colonial policy, her people know more about colonies than do the people of most other countries; for books on travel are extremely popular in the Empire, and a German author can afford to spend five or six years over the work of producing a volume.

The majority of these books is good, for the author invariably occupies a leading position in German letters.

It is Wild Africa.

But there is one place about which Germany does not know much—nor does the rest of the world. It is German Southwest Africa.

That is because the territory is "German" only in name; in reality, the biggest part of it is wild Africa, with tribes numbering 100,000 and more each, that haven't "come in" yet, and show no intention of "coming in."

In this vast primeval land, bigger than the South Atlantic division of the United States from Delaware to Florida, the Kaiser has set a few little fortresses, quite imposing in themselves, but only tiny specks in the space.

From the hamlet Keetmanskopp, that is the capital of the southern portion, to the fortified settlement of Warmbad (Nisibeth Bath in English maps), where the Bondelswarts killed Lieutenant Jobst and his subaltern, Snay, it is a journey of more than 100 miles—four days' ride for the fast riders of even that country, where a horseback journey of fifty miles a day is considered an ordinary thing.

From Warmbad to the British border at Schuit Drift, there were two days over a land of boulders and sands, and then the Orange River.

The revolt of the Bondelswarts was an unpleasant revelation of native character, for the German authorities mistrusted all the tribes in that land except these.

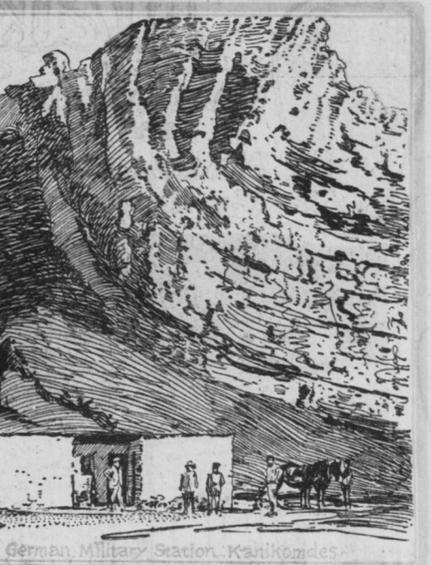
The Bondelswarts were only half wild. On Sundays the head men, or Captains, as they choose to designate



Chief of the Hereros



Lieut. Walter Jobst killed at Warmbad



German Military Station, Karibondo

themselves, went respectfully to church, garbed substantially in black coats and felt hats. They have immense herds, and many of the rich Bondelswarts lived in good houses in Warmbad itself.

Count Stillfried, the former District Chief of Warmbad, always insisted that they were acting a part; but the general impression among their German masters was that, since the Germans licked Captain Hendrik of the allied tribe, the Witboois, in 1894, the Bondelswarts had become absolutely loyal.

The Savage Ovambos. Nobody was surprised when the Ovambos of the north killed Paasch.

The Ovambos never acknowledged the sovereignty of Germany or anybody else. Some years ago they drove the missionaries out of their country. They are a fighting race, and extremely powerful, numbering at least 100,000, and perhaps twice as much. Statistics about them are few; the most striking known fact is the most unpleasant one—that every other warrior is armed with a Martini and abundant

ammunition and can shoot sinfully well. The death of Paasch was one of those humble human tragedies that, in their sum, make the history of colonization all over the world, from the United States to Australia.

Paasch was a German peasant of the better class. He emigrated from his fatherland with his little children under the conditions laid down by the German Colonial Company for Southwest Africa—a sort of East India Company that has the concessions for the coast lands.

Through oversight or blunder, Paasch was allowed to take up a claim away beyond the limits of safety. And there he cleared the land and presently had a flourishing little farm in the great forest, where he dwelled in such solitude as no man except the true pioneer could support without going mad.

A simple peasant, however, he was and remained, with an overwhelming, blind sense of the tremendous authority and might of the German Empire.

Now, all at once, that tremendous German Empire began to stir and

move ponderously, all because of the forgotten human atom of a peasant lost in the Hinterland of an African possession.

"He is too far out for us to protect," reported a subaltern of the Imperial Schutz Truppe (guaranteed troop), that is supposed to patrol the 322,000 square miles of the unknown.

So, one day the hand of the Kaiser reached out in the form of a uniformed rider and touched Paasch on the shoulder. The order was that he must come in closer to the fortified places.

Paasch stared around him at the little farm wrested from the vast, savage by his hard hands; he could not comprehend the human motives under the official command; all that he could see was that "they"—the German company that owned the concessions, with the might of that overwhelming government behind it—wished to take his farm away from him.

A little time afterward, when Paasch came in, the riders of the Kaiser went to look for him. They found the farm, blooming amid the African jungle, with jungle growth beginning to invade it; they found the little house, peaceful and neat; they saw the well sweep, show-

ing signs of not having been disturbed for many weeks; there was no sign of life, human or animal.

The trained native soldiers hunted the spoor; the German subalterns put the results together with trained minds; there had been no violence; there had been no entrance of enemies. It was a mystery of the land, like the mystery of the sea of the inexplicably abandoned Marie Celeste.

Little by little it dawned on the subalterns and then on the men exiled in the forts along the frontier, and at last on the Imperial Germany, that the man, mistaking the intended kindness for a hard, emotionless act of a sequestering government, had fled from his own race to dive into the depths of Africa and begin life over again.

Long afterward the news came in that Paasch had been killed by the Ovambos, and that they had been seen with a captive white girl.

Their Great Strength. To punish the Ovambos would mean not a little fight, but a great war. To reach their fastnesses from any German port along the coast would be a little problem like marching from New York to Chicago, so far as length of route goes. And the character of the route presents all the fierce, immovable, savage enmity of African land that has made Africa the tomb of the bravest men in the world.

control the cattle trade in the north, despite all past efforts to wrest it from them.

Their revolt was particularly grave, because their first move was to destroy railroad bridges and stations, thus annihilating the only means of steam locomotion in the entire colony.

These two tribes face now—and are intelligent to realize it—the same issue that the American Indian faced when the white settlers began to cross the Mississippi.

Farther south, pretty well in the middle of German Southwest Africa, lives a remarkable people—a people of a unique type, for it consists of half-breeds—the Bastards.

They are like the half-breeds of America. They are the offspring of Boers and Cape Englishmen and Hottentot women—probably the only specimens of their kind, for nowhere else in Africa have the Boers permitted anything of this sort.

arbitrary power of the pure African tribes. They belong to the race of the Bantu negroes.

South of their domain and just at the north of the real "Schutz-gebiet," the territory that is supposed to be under the actual physical domination of Germany, lives another mighty nation of at least 100,000, the Hereros, also a Bantu race, who revolted almost simultaneously.

Their chiefs are immensely rich, and the Hereros practically control the cattle trade in the north, despite all past efforts to wrest it from them.

From those forts radiate the scouting and patrol lines, maintained at the time of the revolt by 717 men and 33 officers, to cover a territory in which 200,000 men could be swallowed up.

Warmbad, the strongest fort of them all, had a garrison of twenty men and one officer, Lieutenant Jobst, whom the Bondelswarts killed.

Fifty hundred miles away, in Windhoek, invested almost immediately by the savage Hereros, lay a company of cavalry with a field gun. Still 300 miles south of that, in Keetmanskopp, was another company, with a field battery. At Schuit Drift, the ford over the Orange River, two days' hard ride away, five men and a sergeant were on guard. Two men in Uhabis and two troops six hundred miles north, at the outskirts of the Ovambo country, completed the "Schutz Truppe" that maintained the sovereignty of the Kaiser over his Southwest Africa.

JULIUS MULLER.

HOW THE CAVE MAN GAVE OUR MANNERS TO US

"WHY is it," asked the elderly man with the contemplative air, "that we instinctively choose the tables and chairs next to a wall in a restaurant? Why are the tables in the center of the room always the last taken?"

"Don't know; never thought of it," responded his companion. "But I'll bet you have a theory to account for it."

The elderly man smiled knowingly, and continued:

"You will notice that the corner seats are always taken first. It's the same in street cars or railway coaches. Every man or woman instinctively takes a corner, and screws his or her back into it. Have you noticed, too, that when passing people along a fence or a wall, you always edge inward if you possibly can?"

"Why is it? Simply instinct—an instinct the origin of which dates back to prehistoric times, when men had not yet learned the use of metal weapons. It is the instinct we inherit from our cave-dwelling ancestors who had only clubs with which to defend themselves. Instinct is only an unconscious disposition to make use of previous experiences."

"When the prehistoric man wanted to eat his meat in peace, he huddled into some cranny in a cliff or against the side of a big rock. In that position he felt secure, for nothing could attack him from the rear, and he could observe everything that approached his way. It must have taken ages of experience to have bred that instinct so deeply within us, for even now, when cave bears and mastodons do not frequent our eating resorts, we prefer walls, and especially corners, every time."

"I suppose, too, that's why men naturally walk on the outward side of women along the sidewalks. In case a winged ichthyosaurus should swoop down on them, he could hang her over against the shop windows and stand off the beast."

"It is another rudimentary instinct which has survived the need for it. Man instinctively protected woman by having a cliff on one side of her and himself on the other, and to this day she expects it. Preferably he would shove her into a cave and guard

the entrance, as he now would push her into a doorway should an accident happen on the street.

"What other instincts of that kind have we still?"

"Many, but they are more recent. When men formed into communities they had to show trust in each other, so they gave each other their right hands in greeting, to show that they held no stones or thigh-bone clubs.

"Then they took to bowing to each other, which was meant to say, 'Here's my head to bang with a young mastodon's tusk, if you like, but I know you won't do it.'"

"Do you know why a man frowns when he's displeased? That's from the old instinct to bring his bushy eyebrows down over his eyes in order to protect them from his adversary's club, because being displeased in those times meant trying to massacre the cause of your displeasure. Naturally, if or he would hit back; hence, the instinctive lowering of the protecting brows."

"Why do people usually pass to the left of each other? Is that the survival of some old maneuver to get in first lick with the hind leg bone of a pachyderm?"

"No, that's more recent—not old enough to be an instinct. It is only an ancient custom which originated when men had knives. They agreed to pass each other with their right arms outward. If one desired to attack, the swing he would have to make in order to reach the other man with his right hand would allow the latter time to get on the defensive."

A similar custom is taking off your hat when you meet a friend or enter his house. That simply means you trust him so much that you are willing to take off your helmet and run the chances of his taking a clip at your bare head with his sword."

The Art of Burnt-Wood Workers. Burnt-wood workers are making beautiful things, and are certainly endeavoring to be original. Instead of simply making pipe and book racks, as they used to do, they are working along new lines.

A jardiniere made of wood resembles green pottery, and is handsomely decorated with Chinese dragons in a burnt-wood design.

A nut bowl, which is about the size of a tall cracker jar, is full of tiny perforations. An artistic burnt design of wild roses and their leaves is applied on this surface.

Ingersoll's Christian Act. Robert Ingersoll was once asked by an acquaintance to furnish transportation to the destitute mother of a soldier, who was dying in western Pennsylvania.

"It would be a Christian act, Mr. Ingersoll," said the petitioner.

"But I'm not credited with anything Christian," was the response.

A pass was sent, however, and so promptly, that before sunset the woman was on her way west.

The next morning's mail carried to Colonel Ingersoll an envelope enclosing these lines:

"The God who knows our deepest needs, Cares little how man counts his beads. For piety is not in creeds Or solemn faces; But rather lies in kindly deeds And Christian graces."

The name of the woman who asked the courtesies and she to whom it was extended were signed.

The Colonel red the paper twice, folded it, placed it in the envelope, closed his hand over it, then turned to a friend.

"Such an experience draws the sting from a thousand criticisms," he said simply.

Art in the Bouillon Cup. The newest idea for bouillon cups is to have them handleless. In that case the owner must possess a silver service, each cup of which has handles.

A set shown in the window of a large jeweler is of transparent china and decorated with violets inside and outside. Each eggshell cup, which resembles the sake bowl of the Japanese, fits into a sterling silver cup with two handles.

The Paradise of Flowers

Tahiti, the paradise of the South Seas, is inhabited by the gentlest race of savages in the world. They are passionately fond of flowers, which play a leading part in every act of their lives from birth to burial.

"To visit the home of a native planter," said an American traveler who has just returned from Tahiti, "is not to feel that you are accepting hospitality at the hands of a Tahitian, but that you are conforming upon him and his humble abode a greater honor than you confer upon any of his neighbors."

"If you will but condescend to visit his home, partake of the native cooked meal which is daintily spread upon mats and large leaves upon the ground, and surrounded with roses and other beautiful flowers, you place him under greater obligations to you than he can ever hope to repay."

"If you will kiss his wife upon leaving and pat his shaggy dog upon the head, he is yours to command as long as you remain in the islands. They have an artistic eye for the beautiful, and never think of sitting down to a meal, especially while entertaining a visitor, unless there are garlands of flowers for each head at table and javish floral decorations for the various dishes that may be served."

"It is a paradise of flowers, and the natives use them with no sparing hand."

Gold and Malachite for a Boa Chain. A novel fur boa chain is composed of links of dead gold set at intervals with cubes of malachite, the rich green tones of which contrast well with fur in all their varied shades of brown.

Advertisement for a \$1,000 Gold Puzzle. Text: "CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PUZZLE?"

Each one of the three lines of figures in the center of this advertisement spells the name of a great city in the United States. This is a brand new puzzle and can be solved with a little study and a few minutes of your spare time. There are twenty-five letters in this puzzle, and we have given you a list of the cities in which they are to be found. If you can spell out these three cities you may win a large sum of money. We will give you a list of the cities in which they are to be found. We will give you a list of the cities in which they are to be found.

Advertisement for a Gold Puzzle. Text: "THIS IS THE GREAT PUZZLE." Includes a grid of numbers: 14 5 23 25 15 19 11, 23 1 19 8 9 14 7 20 15 14, 3 8 9 3 1 7 15.

Advertisement for The Robinson Publishing Company. Text: "THE ROBINSON PUBLISHING COMPANY, 24 NORTH WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK CITY."

Advertisement for a Lady's Beautiful French Seal Fur Scarf. Text: "A LADY'S BEAUTIFUL FRENCH SEAL FUR SCARF FREE."

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