

Queer Features of Travel on England's Trunk Line to Central Africa



MOMBASA STATION—BEGINNING OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY.

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NAIROBI, British East Africa.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Traveling by railway through the wilds of central Africa, steaming for hundreds of miles among acacias, giraffes, ostriches and giraffes! Rolling along through jungles which the rhinoceros haunts, and where the lion and leopard wait for their prey! These are some of my experiences during a trip I have just taken over the Uganda railway from Mombasa to Nairobi! Ten years ago it took a month to cover the distance between the two points, and the whole way was on foot. I made it in less than twenty-four hours and that in a comfortable car. The railroad fare was \$2, and I had fairly good meals on the way. The distance is over 300 miles and it is just about half the length of the railroad. Leaving here I shall continue my journey over it to Lake Victoria, and shall land on that lake not far from the source of the Nile.

Uganda Railway.
 This gives you some idea of the Uganda railway, which the British completed only about five years ago. The road begins at the Indian ocean and it climbs over some of the roughest parts of the African continent before it ends at Victoria, the greatest fresh water lake of the world. Leaving the seacoast the rise of the road is almost continuous until it reaches the high plains of British East Africa. Here at Nairobi I am more than a mile above the sea, and about fifteen miles farther on at the station of Kisumu, the road reaches an altitude 70 feet above that of Mount Washington. From there the climb is steady to a point a mile and a half above the sea, and then there is a great drop into a wide ditch-like valley 2,000 feet deep. Crossing this valley the road again rises until it is far higher than any mountain in the United States east of the Rockies. It attains an elevation of 8,300 feet and is just about as high as the highest of the Alleghenies. The road was built by the British government in less than five years and has cost altogether over \$25,000,000. It is a gauge of forty inches, rails which weigh fifty pounds to the yard and its tracks are well laid and well ballasted. Last year something like 40,000 tons of goods and 130,000 passengers were carried over it, and its earnings were about \$500,000 more than its operating expenses. It is not yet pay any interest on the capital invested, but it is of enormous value in the way of opening up, developing and protecting the country.

Twenty-Seven American Bridges.
 Among the most interesting features of the road are its American bridges. They cross all the great rivers between here and Lake Victoria and every steel bar and every bolt and rivet in them were made by American workmen in American factories and taken out here and put up under the superintendence of American workmen. The way it happened was owing to John Bull's desire to have the work done quickly and cheaply and the same time substantially. While he had been laying the tracks from here to the sea, our bridge companies had surprised the English by putting up the steel viaduct across the Athara river in the Egyptian Sudan within a much shorter time and far more cheaply than the best British builders could possibly do. Therefore, when the British government asked for bids for these Uganda bridges they sent the plans and specifications to the British and to some of our American firms as well. The best British bids provided that the shops should have two or three years to make the steel work, and longer still to erect it in Africa. The American bridge company offered to complete the whole job within seven months after the foundations were laid, and that at a charge of \$90 per ton, to be paid when all were in place and in working order. This price was about half that of the British estimates and the time was less than one-third that in which the eight bridges already constructed had been built, so the American company got the contract. It carried it out to the letter, and had the government done its part the work would have been completed in the time specified. Owing to delays of one kind or another it really consumed five months longer, but it was all done within the space of one year, which was just about half the time that the British contractors asked to get their goods ready for shipment.

How They Were Built.
 The British were surprised at how easily and quickly the Americans carried out their contract and how little they seemed to make of it. The civil engineer who was sent out to take charge of the construction was a little more than a boy. His name was A. B. Lueder, and he had graduated at Cornell university only a year or so before. In addition to him there was a Pennsylvania man named Jarrett who acted as superintendent of construction, and about twenty bridge builders and foremen from different parts of the United States. These men arrived at Mombasa in December, 1902, and they had completed their work before the following Christmas. They acted merely as superintendents and fancy workmen. All the rough labor was done by East Indians and native Africans, furnished by the British. When the road was started the government planned to use only Africans, but they found this impossible, and therefore imported 20,000 coolies from India. These men came on contracts of from two to five years, and their wages were from \$1

million pounds of steel. The steel was in more than one hundred thousand pieces and the heaviest piece weighed five tons. The average weight was about one hundred pounds per piece. The greatest care had to be taken to keep the parts together, and in their own places. Every piece was numbered and those of different bridges were painted in different colors. Most of the natives here look upon steel as so much jewelry, and it was impossible to keep them from filching some pieces for carobos and bracelets.

Where Lions Eat the Passengers.
 It was difficult to build this road on account of wild beasts. There are a hundred places along it where one might get off and start up a lion. Rhinoceroses have butted the freight cars along the track, and they infest much of the country through which it goes. I was shown a station yesterday where twenty-nine lions were carried off by two man-eating lions. The man-eaters came night after night, and took away one or two of the workmen from the construction camp. They were finally

killed by an English overseer, who sat up with his gun and watched for them. It was not far from this station of Nairobi that a man was taken out of a special car by a lion while it stopped overnight on the side track. The windows and doors of the car had been left open for air, and the three men who formed its only inmates had gone to sleep. Two were in the berths and the other, who had sat up to watch, was on the floor with his gun on his knees. As the night wore on he fell asleep, and woke to find himself under the belly of the lion. The beast had slipped in through the door. He seized the man in the lower berth, and jumped out of the window, carrying him with him. The other two men followed; but they failed to discover the beast that night. The bones of the man, picked clean, were found next day.

Through East Africa by Rail.
 But come with me and take a trip on that part of the Uganda railroad over which I have been traveling. We start at Mombasa, a little coral island in the Indian ocean. Our train carries us across a great

steel bridge to the mainland, and we climb through a jungle up to the plateau. We pass baobab trees, with trunks like hogheads, bursting out at the top into branches. They make one think of the frog who tried to blow himself to the size of a bull and exploded in the attempt. We go through coconut groves, by mango trees loaded with fruit, and through plantations of bananas, whose long green leaves quiver in the breeze made by the train as it passes. Now we see a gingerbread palm, and now strange flowers and plants, the names of which we do not know. As we rise we can see the straits which separate Mombasa from the mainland, and higher still the broad expanse of the Indian ocean comes into view.

For the first 100 miles the climb is almost steady, and we are about one-third of a mile above the sea when we reach the station at Voi. Here the country is more open; and far off in the distance one can see a patch of snow floating like a cloud. That patch is the mountain of Kilimanjaro, and its top is more than 19,000 feet above the sea. It is about the highest moun-

tain on the continent, and still is not much higher than Mount Kenya, that other giant of British East Africa which rises out of the plateau some distance north of Nairobi. After the jungle of the coast line, the country becomes comparatively open; and it soon begins to look like parts of America where the woods have been cut away and the brush allowed to grow up in the fields. Here the land is carpeted with grass about a foot or so high, and thousands of square miles of such grass are going to waste. I saw no stock to speak of, and at that place but little wild game. Without knowing anything about the tsetse fly and other cattle pests, I should say that the pastures just back of the coast might feed many thousand cattle and hogs. The soil seems rich. It is a fat clay, of the color of well burnt brick, which turns everything red. This dust filled our car, it coated our faces, and crept through our clothes. When we attempted to wash, the water soon became a bright vermilion. We were more wretched upon which we dried were brick-red. My pillow, after riding all night

through such dust, had changed from white to terra-cotta; and there was a Venetian red spot where my head had laid. Among the Antelopes and Zebras. It is a strange thing to go to sleep in the woods and to awake finding yourself traveling over a high, treeless country, with game by the thousand galloping along the car tracks. We awoke on the Kapiti plains, which are about a mile above the sea and 200 miles from Mombasa. These plains are of a black sandy loam and they are covered with a thick grass. They look much like Iowa, Kansas or Nebraska did when the railroads were first built through them and when the buffaloes galloped along with the cars. The same conditions prevail here, save that the game is of a half-dozen big kinds, and most of it is such as you can see only in our zoological gardens at home. According to law no shooting may be done for a mile on each side of the track, and the road has become a great game preserve two miles in width and about 60 miles long. The animals seem to know that they are safe when they are near the railroad and most of them are as quiet as our domestic beasts when in the fields. Let me give you some notes which I made with these wild animals on all sides of me. I copy these Kapiti plains are flat and I am riding through vast herds of antelopes and zebras. Some of them are within pistol shot of the cars. There are fifty-odd zebras feeding on the grass not 100 feet away. Their black and white stripes shine in the sunlight and they are round, plump and beautiful. They raise their heads as the train goes by and then continue their grazing. Further on we see antelopes, some as big as a 2-year-old calf, and others the size of a goat. The little ones have horns almost as long as their bodies. There is one variety which has a white patch on its rump. This antelope looks as though it had a baby's bib tied to its stubby tail or had been splashed with a whitewash brush. Many of the antelopes are yellow or fawn colored, and some of the smaller ones are beautifully striped.

Wild Gnu and Ostriches.
 Among the most curious animals to be seen are the gnus. As I write this there are some galloping along with the train. They are great beasts as big as a moose, with the horns of a cow and the mane and tail of a horse. They are sometimes called wilde-beests; they make very good hunting.

But, look, there are some ostriches. The flock contains a dozen or more birds, which stand like interrogation points away off there on the plain. They turn toward the cars as we approach and then spread their wings and skim away at great speed. Giraffes are frequently seen. They are more timid than the antelope, however, and are by no means so brave as the zebras. We see more and more wild animals as we go onward. The whole region is a zoological garden; and the beasts are so protected that they are fast increasing in number. All hunting here must be done by license, and, as I shall show later, it costs \$50 for the right to shoot a certain number of elephants and other big game. The only animals which one can kill without government permission are lions and leopards, and the danger is, that the lion or leopard, and not the man will do the killing.

Telegraph Wire as Jewelry.
 One of the great troubles that the British government had while building the Uganda railroad was to keep the natives from stealing the telegraph wires. The women use such wire as jewelry. They bind it around the legs from the ankle to the knee. They wrap it in great coils around their necks, and they make it into round discs, which they tie to the lobes of their ears. They steal all sorts of railroad bolts and nuts for personal ornamentation, and brass wire and pieces of bronze are so much in demand that they will pass current as money. At the way here I have seen natives loaded with wire of one kind or another. Some had little more than the wire on them, and the clothes of most were conspicuous by their absence. About the only cloth worn along the Uganda road is small pieces of cotton. Some of the men wear breech cloths and some of the women have short skirts. Further up the line I understand they wear nothing, and at the terminal stations both men and women go about as naked as when they were born.

Some Queer Jewelry.
 It is wonderful how these people mutilate themselves in order to be what they consider beautiful. The ears of many of the women are punched like stoves, in order that they may hold rings of various kinds. At Voi I saw a girl with corke, each about as big around as my little finger, put through holes in the rims of her ears. She had a great cork in each lobe, and three above that in each ear. There was a man beside her who had two long sticks in his ears, and farther up the road I saw one who had so stretched the lobe holes that a good sized tumbler could have been passed through them. Indeed, I have a photograph of a man carrying a jam pot in his ear. As I write I can see an ebony African with a brass collar around his neck and anklets on his legs. His only other garment is a strip of calico about the loins. With him is a man with a nose ring not unlike that we use to keep pigs from rooting; and further over is a giddy naked dandy who has three coils of galvanized telephone wire in each of his ears.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Quaint and Curious Incidents of Every Day Life

A Father at Eighty-Six.
OHIN H. THIRY of Long Island City, who is 86 years old, is the proud father of a robust baby girl, born December 28. Mrs. Thiry, who is 81 years old, is the second wife of the veteran school commissioner, having been married to him about ten years ago. Little Mary Emma, as the new baby is to be called, is the fifth child to be born to the couple, two of whom are dead. One of the baby's half-brothers, who is 84 years old, still lives at home with his father and often assists in amusing his little sisters, half a century younger than himself. Mr. Thiry, who for many years has been known in educational circles as the originator of the system of school savings banks, which have become popular in all parts of the world, has been a member of the local school boards in Queens county for a long term of years and is now secretary of local school board No. 4.

Strange Tale of Putnam County.
 Although having lived in Putnam county, Ohio, all their lives, and within a few miles of each other for many years, William and Arthur Quick, brothers, have just learned of the whereabouts of each other. The children were deserted by their parents at Union City, Ohio, in 1880. It is said, and were afterward sent to the children's home at Cincinnati. A sister also accompanied them. Later the boys were placed with families in the country. Desiring to know of his brother and sister, William Quick communicated with the children's home and found his brother living on a farm only a short distance from him in Putnam county. It was a happy reunion after twenty-seven years of separation. Efforts are now being made to locate the sister, who was placed with a family near Sidney, O.

The Last Are the Best.
 The stork visited the home of a journeyman carpenter in Vienna a few weeks ago for the sixteenth time, bringing to the

family the tenth boy. A fellow workman who was detained at home and could not bring his congratulations wrote to his friend: "Dear Pop: Once upon a time, when we thought that only the first born would bring the parents joy, a sixteenth would have been a misfortune. But now it is different. The English woman has discovered that genius comes with the later children. Tell your wife that Balzac was the third, George Eliot the fourth, Napoleon the eighth, Benjamin Franklin the seventeenth, and that Rembrandt, Rubens, Reynolds, Wagner, Schumann, Schubert and a whole lot of other great ones were the youngest or one of the youngest in large families. I know all this because when last week our twelfth came some one sent over the list. Our first boys are carpenters—the babies may be Napoleons or Wagners."

Was it a Plot?
 The introspective man said: "I heard a good story the other day. Wait a minute and I'll tell it to you." Then he sat and thought for almost ten minutes before he remarked, "No, it's no use. I can't think of it when I'm sober." Then he went on: "It's a queer thing, and I don't know if it ever happened to you. I heard that story that I thought I could tell you three or four weeks ago, one night when I was with some fellows and had all I could drink. "Some one told the story then and I remember that I thought it was great. So I determined that I would keep it in mind and tell it when I met you."

"But the fact is that, although I've tried to think of that story a dozen times since, I can't recollect a bit of it when I'm sober. I know what the story is well enough, because I know that I have told it three times since as soon as I've had a little drink. And it's a good story, too." "Come on, have a drink," said the other fellow. "Well, I will; but you'll say now that it was just a plot. 'Oh, all right, it'll help me remember the story.'"—New York Sun.

Surgery on a Rooster.
 A valuable rooster in Chicago has undergone a surgical operation to save its life that equals the most expert of the operations that have been performed on ostriches and other choice birds at the zoological gardens of the Bronx park in New York City. Dr. Henry L. Magill is the surgeon who preserved the life of the Chicago fowl, a rooster of the Rhode Island Red variety. After a thorough examination of the bird the proper operation was determined upon. It consisted of cutting into the fowl's vital, drawing from its craw a large piece of china plate, and, after administering antiseptics, sewing up the wound. The piece of china was almost an inch square. The rooster is now as lively and crows as defiantly as ever.

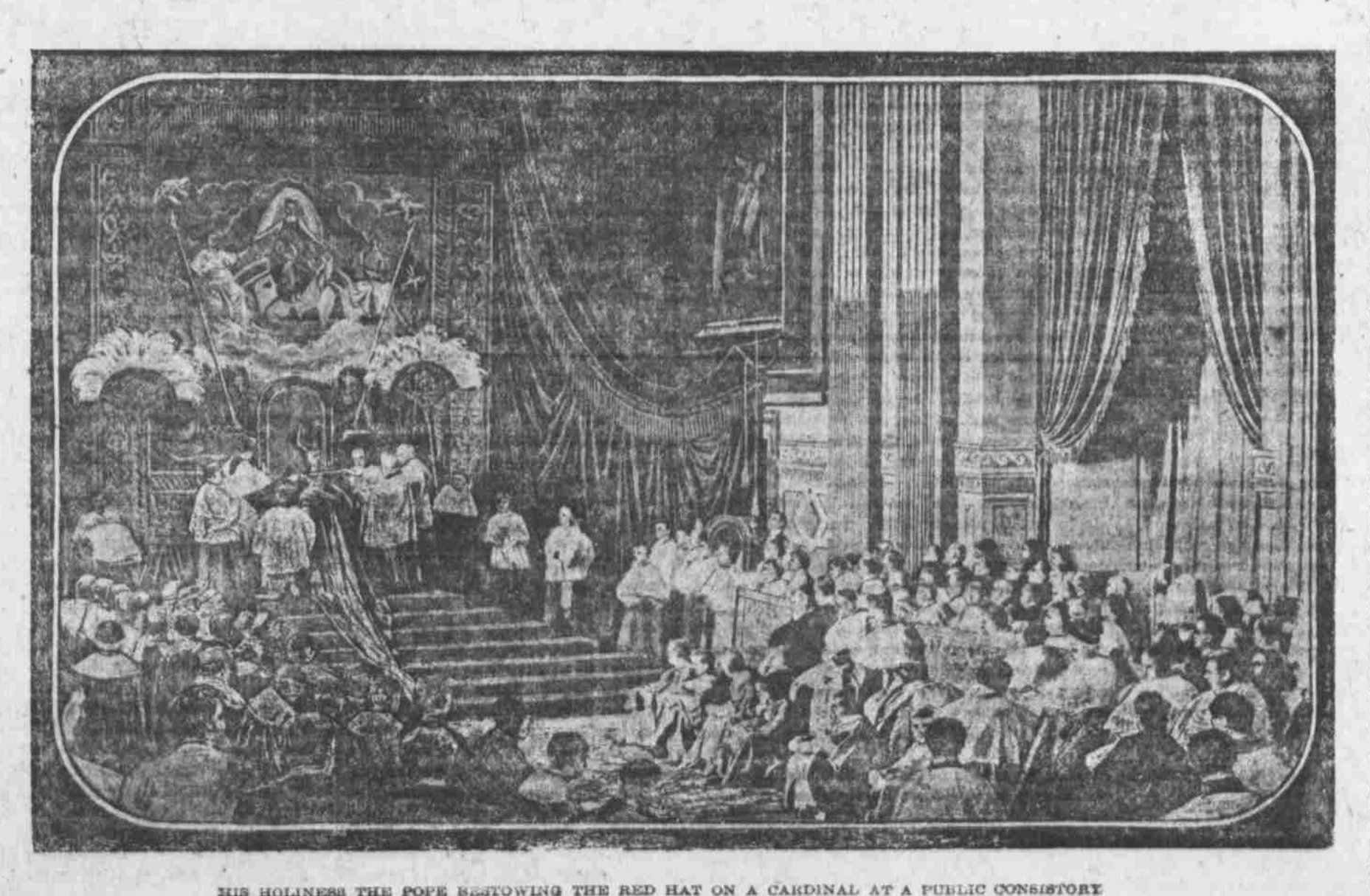
Hit Mashers and Parsons.
 Two Portland aldermen have given the Oregon city the benefit of two unique ordinances. One is called "the anti-mashing ordinance," by the terms of which it is unlawful for any man to accost any woman or girl on the street whom he does not and tell it when I met you. The other is even more unusual, providing that all scandal mongers shall be compelled to pay a license. Alderman Frank S. Bennett is the author of the latter law, which is intended to cleanse the atmosphere of Portland of scandalous gossip. The ordinance defines a scandal monger as any person who in the presence of any gathering shall publicly attack any public official or shall utter any false or scandalous words with intent to injure or defame any other person, or for the purpose of attracting notice or attention to himself. "Primarily," said Mr. Bennett, "this ordinance was formed to get even with certain sensational preachers who were saying things about the city officials. Some of their statements we proved to be lies, but some of the preachers would not give us the chance to tell our side. To stop the practice, two or three of us got our heads together, and framed up this ordinance."

Wrath Vented on Preacher.
 Enraged at the remark made by the Rev. Ernest Sweston of Newbury, Ind., in a sermon Sunday night, when he said that any woman who danced was of questionable character, young society men of Newburg attacked the minister with decayed eggs and with clubs. The attack occurred as the preacher was on his way to church at 7 o'clock Tuesday evening. The eggs struck him in such quantity that he was felled to the sidewalk, and while down he was kicked and beaten until he was bleeding from gashes on his face, head and arms. He regained his feet and ran three blocks to a store. His attackers pursued him to the store door, pelting him with eggs. Sweston later secured a bath and clean clothing. He preached a short and quiet sermon, making no reference to the attack on him or to dancing women. Sweston broke into notoriety a few weeks ago, when his wife accused him publicly of offering her \$200 if she would not fight his suit for divorce. Sweston is a Holiness preacher and his home is in St. Louis. His remark in his Newburg sermon was: "Any woman who steps on a dancing floor is an evil woman and not good enough for me."

Steal a Furnished House.
 Gary, Ind., made its strongest bid for fame since it was founded when the desk sergeant inscribed on the prison station blotter recently the following record: Stolen—One one-story frame house, com-

View of a Gorgeous Church Function in Rome

ROME, Jan. 2.—A public consistory is undoubtedly one of the most imposing and gorgeous functions of the Papal court and can be briefly described as follows: A special hall in the last consistory, the Hall of Beautifications, which is situated over the vestibule of St. Peter's, is decorated for the occasion. At one end rises the papal throne draped in purple velvet and with a valuable piece of tapestry hanging behind it. On each side of the throne are the benches for the cardinals, bishops, prelates and high functionaries of the Papal court, and around it the tribunes for the diplomatic corps, the Roman nobility, the Knights of Malta, the Sistine choir and the public. Each tribune is guarded by a Swiss guard in full uniform, while papal troops line the walls. The pope, surrounded by his court, enters the hall, carried aloft on the pontifical chair, and followed by all the cardinals, while the choir sings the motetto "Tu es Petrus." When the pope is enthroned he puts on the golden mitre and all the cardinals, one by one, go up to the throne and kiss his ring in sign of obedience. Meanwhile the newly elected cardinals are called in. They advance to the throne, make three genuflections, kiss first the pope's foot, then his hand and afterward exchange the accolade or embrace with the pontiff, who puts on their heads the beretta. Subsequently they exchange the accolade with all their colleagues. When this ceremony is over the new cardinals one by one go up to the throne, kneel down and the pope, repeating the usual formula, imposes on each the red hat. The ceremony ends with the apostolic blessing.



HIS HOLINESS THE POPE BESTOWING THE RED HAT ON A CARDINAL AT A PUBLIC CONSISTORY

Seattle's New Cathedral.
 St. James' cathedral, one of the finest Roman Catholic church-buildings in the country, has just been completed at Seattle. It cost \$500,000 and is presided over by Right Rev. Bishop O'Dea of the Seattle diocese.