

Calabria's Latest Quake and American End to the Ruin of Ferruzzano

ROME, Nov. 3.—There is a tradition among the natives of Calabria that if a volcano should burst forth from Aspromonte, at the extreme end of the mountain range which forms the peninsula, the earthquakes which are the scourge of the east and west coasts of the province, would cease forever, as it would relieve the throes of the earth, Seismologists on the other hand regard the mountain range which forms the backbone of Calabria simply as a line of demarcation which enables them to ascertain on which side the epicenter of a particular earthquake occurs.

Thus they have reached the following conclusions—that while earthquakes with an epicenter in the Tyrrhene sea and therefore affecting the west coast are com-

mon to Cape Spartivento and further inland as far as Aspromonte. But the earthquakes were felt with great intensity even outside this zone and further damage in property was done.

Ferruzzano, the village that suffered most, was built like an eagle's nest, high up on masses of sandstone about ten kilometers from the sea coast. Like most Calabrian villages, it was utterly irregular, with streets like staircases and houses perched on the edge of perpendicular rocks.

It was unprovided with either a telegraph or a postoffice and was inhabited mainly by poor peasants and small farmers. A mule track connected it with Brancalona, a larger village, called a town, on the coast.

Unlike the neighboring villages, Ferruzzano was considered a prosperous place.



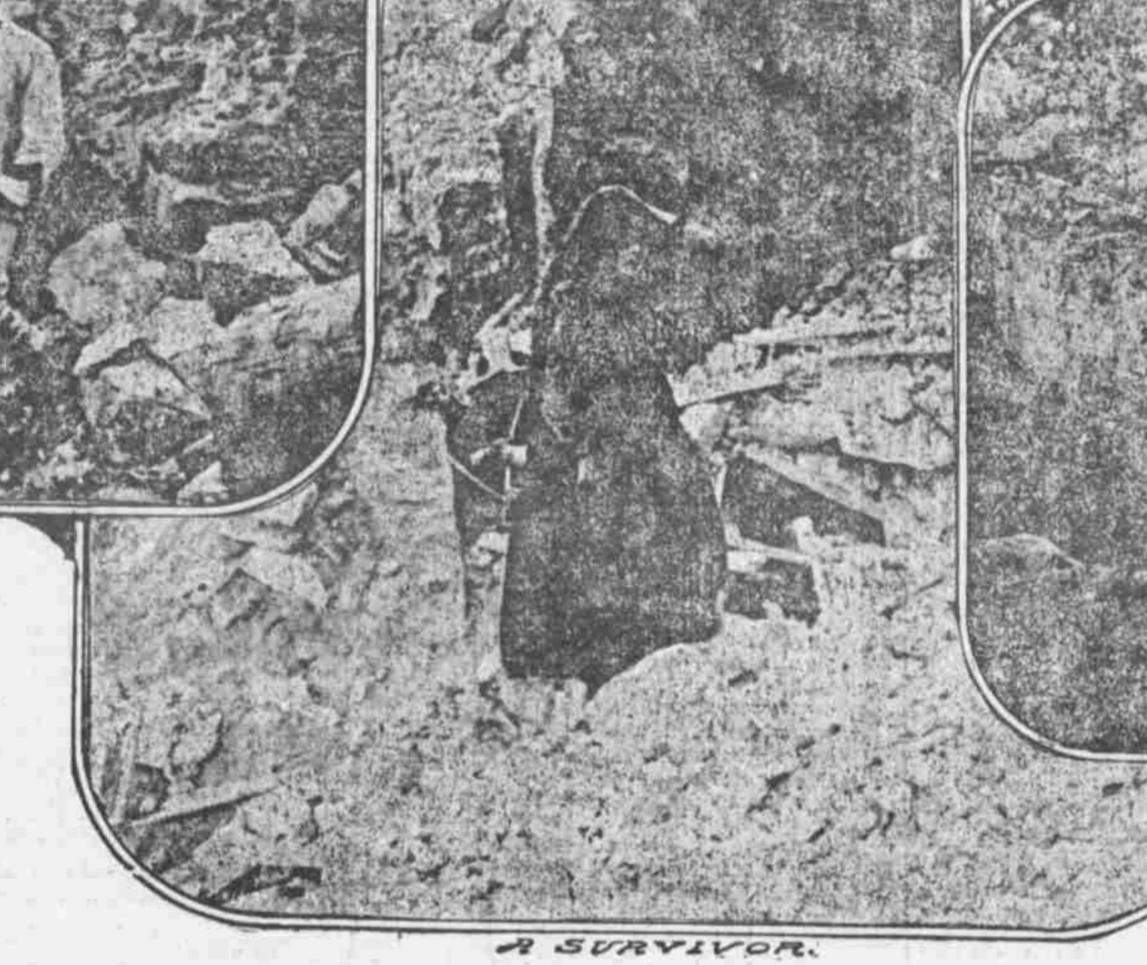
ARMY RELIEF CORPS.



SURVIVORS WHO CLING TO THEIR RUINED HOUSES.



SOLDIERS CLIMBING DOWN TO SEARCH FOR PERSONS BURIED ALIVE.



A SURVIVOR.



AN ENCAMPMENT OF SURVIVORS.

paratively frequent, as for instance those of the years 1783, 1891 and 1895, earthquakes on the east coast, that is having their epicenter in the Indian sea, like that of September 23 last, are very rare. Apart from the many theories more or less savored of conjecture put forth to explain the frequency of earthquakes in Calabria, the most plausible explanation based on experience and fact is that such earthquakes are due to the close proximity of the active volcanoes, Aetna, Stromboli and Vesuvius, and naturally the west coast, being nearer, is affected more than the east.

Thus the natives of Calabria invoke a volcano to save them from "il Paesano" (their fellow countryman), as they call the earthquakes, almost in the same way as uncivilized and savage people invoke death to save them from passing ailments. But to compare the natives of Calabria with uncivilized and savage people is by no means incongruous.

Calabria is the most neglected, just as it is the most unfortunate, region of Italy. The inhabitants are practically in the same condition today as they were over a hundred years ago.

owing to the fact that many of its inhabitants were "Americani," or Americans, that is, returned emigrants who after toil abroad—whether in America or not makes no difference as to the name Americani, since an emigrant is understood always to have had put by some money and returned to share it with their families in their native village. They owned the houses in which they lived prominently with cattle, pigs, and chickens, and the bits of land they cultivated for a living.

When their savings amounted to a large sum they generally invested them in jewels for their wives and daughters or kept them in cash hidden under a stone. A great portion of the male able-bodied population was still abroad, making their fortune in America and their wives and children were left behind waiting for their return.

Such was the village of Ferruzzano and its people, a primitive, isolated, peaceful

hamlet, with its church, its enriched peasants, and its poor villagers looking toward America for the return of the emigrant with his pile of money. Its origin prob-

ably dates back to the time of the Saracen invasion, and hence it was situated for security high up in the hills, with Aspromonte in the background and overlooking

the blue Ionian sea. The situation of Ferruzzano, perched on perpendicular cliffs, was so perilous that, it is said, mothers before leaving the vil-

lage for their daily work in the fields used to tie their children with a rope to some tree lest they fall down into the valley below.

The inhabitants of Ferruzzano rose early and went to bed with the sun. When the earthquake came and leveled every building to the ground the inhabitants were all asleep.

The first shock was slight and very short. The second shock followed after a very

short interval. It lasted eight seconds, and completely devastated the village.

Entire houses collapsed, others tumbled down the steep sides of the village, walls were ripped open and the occupants surprised in their sleep were crushed to death under fallen furniture and crumbled masonry. Meanwhile the rain was coming down in torrents.

From underneath the ruined houses came the groans of the dying and the shrieks and cries of the many persons buried alive. No rescue work of any kind was organized nor any help attempted, the people simply fled terrorized and frenzied with panic.

Then day came, a dreary, dull, sorrowful day, with the rain still falling and bringing no hope and help with it. An old woman, yesterday the mother of a large family, today a widow and childless, her tears dried up, impervious to the rain, may perhaps be seen wandering among the ruins searching for all she lost. A child, the only survivor of an entire family, cries out the name of her father, the only living person left in the world for her, but now absent in America.

Otherwise the village was empty. Near a pile of ruins the cry of a baby was heard. Two days afterward the same cry, but much fainter, was still heard, and the baby was found safe under the arched body of her dead mother, who even while surprised by quick death thought how to save her offspring.

A refugee from Ferruzzano had found his way to Brancalona, where he arrived at 3 a. m. There the inhabitants, who too had fled and suffered from the earthquake, were in the streets, all having forsaken their homes. Brancalona is the disaster of his native village.

A magistrate, accompanied by a couple of custom house guards, two carabinieri and a few young men, immediately started for the rescue and salvage work.

Later in the day a detachment of infantry consisting of seventy men and an officer started for Ferruzzano, which they reached at 10 o'clock the next morning. The roads leading to the unfortunate village were almost impassable, and the salvage party had to climb up one at a time and drag one by one over the ear-bank of the rocks that had tumbled down and obstructed the way.

For two long days Ferruzzano was without any help. In fact, the real proportions of the disaster were ignored, so much so that while a member of the government, the finance minister, Signor Lacava, who had gone to Calabria to inaugurate a couple of villages destroyed in the earthquake of 1865 and rebuilt, not by the government, but by private subscriptions raised in Milan and Turin, calmly went on with the inauguration amid speeches about the future prosperity of Calabria, the premier, here in Rome, was busily engaged requesting newspaper telegrams wherein the number of dead at Ferruzzano was stated as being a hundred.

Ten days have passed since the earthquake and yet the number of dead has not been correctly ascertained. Squads of soldiers are engaged in the rescue work. They are pulling down houses, recovering money, jewelry and valuables from underneath the ruins, attending to the injured and burying the dead. There is the only real work that is being done in Calabria, calmly and well and silently above all.

Silence is the exception in Italy, especially when a calamity visits a region and loss of life, damage and poverty results. The government and the civil authorities, instead of keeping silent, are loud in their promises of help, financial and otherwise, and in their assurance that the destroyed villages will be rebuilt. The soldiers, on the contrary, are silent, and they are the only ones who work.

The inhabitants of Calabria, ignorant, superstitious, savage and illiterate, know how to discriminate between the work of the government and that of the army. They booed the minister, who hastened his departure from Calabria, while they are continually cheering and sobbing who are engaged in burying their dead and recovering their savings and furniture from under their crumbled houses.

Capital of Soudan and Its Remarkable Growth

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
Khartoum.—(Special Correspondent to The Bee).—A real estate boom in the heart of Africa! Farm lands rising sky high! Town lots selling at fabulous prices!

New streets reaching out into the desert! Residences and business blocks going up, and the people crazy at the increase in values!

That is what we have here at Khartoum. I have already told you of the prosperity of the Nile valley, of the mushroom growth of Alexandria and Cairo and how farm lands in the delta are selling from \$60 to \$100 per acre. Similar boom conditions prevail in upper Egypt and farm lands are rising all along the great river. Assiut, Luxor, Assouan and the towns and villages of lower Nubia are thriving, and away up here, as far from the mouth of the Nile by its windings as the Rocky mountains are distant from the mouth of the Hudson, I find the same things going on. Lands on the island of Tuti in the Blue Nile opposite Khartoum are priced out of sight, and real estate speculators are trying to buy all they can in the Gezireh, that rich territory between the Blue and the White Nile which here come together. In Khartoum itself building lots are selling at the government auctions for two hundred times what their owners asked for them seven years ago; and in Halfaya, the suburb which lies at the end of the railroad on the opposite side of the river, the farms have been divided into lots and are being sold for manufacturing purposes. Farm lands near the river which not long ago were to be had for \$9 an acre are now worth from \$150 to \$300 per acre and some even more.

when the mahdi began his wars against the Khedive and the Christians, it contained a population of more than 12,000,000. It would probably support ten times that number, although it has only about 2,000,000 today. This country is all tributary to Khartoum. The best parts of it are reached by the upper Nile system, and the other regions will be tapped by railroads, some of which are already planned and soon to be built.

Story of Khartoum.

I called upon the governor of Khartoum this afternoon and asked him to tell me the story of the city. Said he:

"The buildings which you see here are all new, but the town is older than some of the mushroom cities of the United States. It was born here in 1821, being founded by Mohammed Ali in 1821. It grew with remarkable rapidity, and along about ten years later it was made the seat of the government of the Sudan and became an important commercial center. It was such just before the insurrection of the mahdi occurred, and it was here that Gordon ruled and here that he was killed. He was butchered on the steps of a building on the site of the present governor's palace. After that the mahdi declared that Khartoum should be wiped out. He destroyed all the houses and made the inhabitants come to

his new capital, Omdurman, which he had laid out on the other side of the White Nile about five miles to the southward. When the people left they tore off the roofs and pulled out the doors of their houses and carried them along to use in their new houses at Omdurman.

After that, for years, and until Kitchener came, Khartoum was nothing but a brick pile and a dust heap. Omdurman had swallowed up not only its whole population, but that of a great part of the Sudan. The khalfa forced the tribes to come there to live, in order that he might have their men ready for his army in times of war, and the result was that Omdurman had more than a half million inhabitants, while Khartoum had nothing.

Like Washington.

"Then we had the war with the khalfa, and we finally conquered him," the governor continued. "We reduced the greater part of Omdurman to ruins, and then began planning the building of a great city. The idea at first was to force the people to move from Omdurman to Khartoum, but it was finally decided that it would be far better to have a native city there, and to make this place the government and foreign center, with a manufacturing and

commercial town at Halfaya on the northern bank of the Blue Nile.

"The Khartoum of today was laid out after somewhat the same plan as your capital at Washington; at least, the reasons that determined the plans were the same. Washington city was planned at about the time of the French revolution, and the architect was L'Enfant, a French engineer. He planned the city so that it could be easily defended in case of a rebellion and at the same time be beautiful. For that reason the streets were made to cut one another at right angles with avenues running diagonally through them, forming squares and circles, where one cannon could command many streets. Lord Kitchener had the same idea as to Khartoum. He directed his architects to make the streets wide, with several large squares, and to have the whole so arranged that gatling guns placed at the chief crossings could command the whole city. The result was the Khartoum as you now see it.

"The town is laid out in three great sections, and all building plans must first be submitted to the government architects before permits of construction can be issued. The section along the Nile is devoted to the government buildings and the residences of the officials and to others

who can afford good houses. Back of that are a few animals grazing on the scanty grass, and more to the south is a third section of houses for natives. The city is so planned that it can grow along these lines and we believe that it will some day be one of the largest and most beautiful of the cities of interior Africa."

An Oasis City.

I have now been in Khartoum over a week and find it most interesting. The city is a great oasis in the midst of the desert, away off here in the heart of Africa. In coming to it I crossed the sands and rocks of Nubia, and it was not until I was within a few miles of Halfaya, which lies opposite here on the other bank of the Nile, that I saw signs of vegetation. The train then entered a region of thorn bushes ten or fifteen feet high; beyond which patches of grass bleached by the sun were to be seen, and closer evidences of cultivation. The Arabs were digging out the thorn bushes on the edge of the desert and stacking them up in piles for fuel. There were a few animals grazing on the scanty grass, and the country made me think of the Big Bow Bend of Washington state, which is now being turned into farms. There is desert all about Khartoum, and everywhere back from the Nile the lands are nothing but rock and sand.

Out of these bleak and arid surroundings this city of green All along the river, for a distance of more than three miles, runs a wide avenue shaded by trees and backed by buildings and private houses in beautiful gardens. This avenue is a succession of parks from one end of it to the other. It begins with the botanical and zoological gardens, where all the trees of the tropics and subtropics luxuriantly grow, and where one may see the soap tree, the monkey-bread tree and other curious examples of the Sudanese flora. There are several lions and tigers in the garden, and there is also a mighty giraffe which stands in the midst of the trees. This is directly on the river, and the afternoon as he was taking a bite out of a branch at the height of a two-story house.

Next to the zoological garden is the Grand hotel, a long bungalow-shaped structure and beyond are the two-story homes of many officials, all beautifully shaded by date palms. The first public building on this avenue is the post and telegraph office. Beyond it are the offices of the war department, with public gardens behind them, and further still is the great white palace in which the governor general of the Sudan lives and has his magnificent botanical gardens, with a beautiful garden behind it. Further along the avenue is the Sudan club and the hospital, and away at the south the large buildings of the Gordon Memorial college, with the British barracks at the end of the street. This avenue runs right along the Blue Nile, with beautiful views in sight all the way. On the edge of the river are numerous sakiyehs, or huge water wheels, moved around by bullocks with humps on their backs. They raise the water from the river into the ditches and canals, which carry it over the city and make vegetation possible. The sakiyehs start at about 6 o'clock every morning. Their wheels are never greased and as they move they screech and groan and sigh. There is one in front of the

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Chicago of the Sudan.

Khartoum is bound to be the Chicago of the Sudan. It lies here at the junction of two of the greatest rivers of North Africa, giving it navigable highways to Abyssinia and to the rich lands along the watershed of the Congo. It has railroads connecting it with the Mediterranean, and with the exception of one stretch of less than 60 miles, where the cataracts lie, it has the main stream of the Nile to give it cheap freight rates to Europe. Within the past year or so it has opened a railroad to Suakin, on the red sea, and in time it will be one of the great stations on the main route by steamer and rail from Cairo to the cape.

Khartoum is the capital of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. I wonder if you know what that means? If you do you are wiser than most men not on the ground. This country is a world in itself and it is, to a large extent, unexplored. It is of vast size. It begins at the upper end of Egypt and reaches to Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo, or farther than from New York to the Mississippi. It is more than 1,000 miles wide, and it covers altogether twice as much territory as France and Germany combined. It is more than one-fourth as large as the United States with Alaska and the Philippines added thereto, and it has some lands which are richer than almost any part of our country. The province of the Gezireh, to which I have referred, could be irrigated and form a country more fertile and bigger than Egypt, and there are regions of good rainfall in the south which are susceptible of cultivation. The Sudan has vast forests and rich deposits of iron and other minerals. It has extensive grazing lands and at the time

Compared to former earthquakes the last one, consisting of two violent shocks of a few seconds' duration, felt at about 9:20 p. m., has not wrought considerable damage, nor has the number of victims been very great. Still, when one considers that Calabria had hardly recovered from the disastrous effects of the earthquake of 1865, that most of the houses destroyed at that time had not yet been rebuilt, that a great proportion of the inhabitants were still living in badly constructed wooden huts, that trade and agriculture had been sadly neglected and that consequently destitution and misery had increased, the new calamity has perhaps been more keenly felt than the others that preceded it.

The damage in life and property, according to official statistics, which are to be considered either trustworthy or correct, is as follows: The total number of persons killed has been calculated at 200, over 100 of whom perished at Ferruzzano, a village of 2,000 inhabitants, that has been completely destroyed and where over fifty persons were injured, and practically the whole population is homeless. Exclusive of Ferruzzano sixty-eight houses collapsed as a result of the earthquake, 345 were so damaged that they will have to be pulled down, 1,283 have been rendered uninhabitable and had to be vacated pending repairs and 2,417 persons are homeless.

Naturally all this damage has been limited to the inner zone of the earthquake; that is, on the east coast of Calabria from



THESE WOMEN CARRY STONES AT 1 CENT AN HOUR.



TAKING A BITE OUT OF A BRANCH AT THE HEIGHT OF A TWO-STORY HOUSE.