

With the Boy King of Uganda in His Royal Palace at Kampala

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KAMPALA, Uganda.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have just returned from an audience with his royal highness, Daudi Chaiu, the boy king of Uganda. He is the ruler, under the English protectorate, of more than 2,000,000 people, and the owner of a country twice as large as either Ohio, Virginia or Kentucky. His subjects are the most intelligent of the native races of central Africa. They have a civilization of their own. They wear clothes of their own manufacture, made largely of bark, and they consider any exposure of their persons indecent. They do not mutilate their bodies by slashing them and searing them into warts and scars, like their near neighbors. They do not wear plugs in their ears nor rings in their noses, and do not file their teeth or knock out their front teeth. They have their own books, and own. They have their own books, and many of the native chiefs keep records of their court and official proceedings in type-writing, having secretaries who use machines for that purpose. They are rapidly advancing in civilization and are to a large extent Christians.

Descendant of Kings.
 This boy king has a blue blood as any monarch who sits on a European throne. The Kaganda are an old nation, and they have had kings for generations. Their first king is said to have sprung from a monster python, whose outline is carved on one of the great rocky hills of this country. He was a great warrior, and he killed thousands of his subjects who were able to rule. The king that we know best was Mutesa, who was reigning when the explorer Speke came into Uganda and was still on the throne during the expedition of Henry M. Stanley. Mutesa was converted to Christianity by Stanley. He was this boy's grandfather. His father was the notorious King Mwansa, one of the bloodiest and wickedest tyrants on earth.

Quaint Features of Life

Honest, but Slow.
 WILLIAM WELLING, stamp clerk at the Indianapolis postoffice, has found an honest man—and that without the use of a lantern or even a match. His information of the existence of this particular honest man came through a letter from a small town in Iowa. The letter tells the story as follows: "When you and I were boys I promised you 5 cents for hunting some walnuts for me, and I did not get it at that time, and I became ashamed, and never paid it."
 "It must be about fifty-five years ago, as near as I can guess. The compound interest on 5 for fifty-five years is \$68.45. The compound interest on 5 cents would be one-twentieth of that, which would be \$3.42. You, if I have made no mistake in computing the interest. There is a table in Ray's arithmetic giving the compound interest on 1 from one year to twenty-five years. I worked by it. If not correct, please correct, and I will forward the amount due you. I will send this to Indianapolis with a return on it, as I do not know your address. You were in the postoffice the last I knew of you. Please answer immediately." The following is a postscript: "P. S.—I compounded the interest at 8 per cent."

Guards Hubby with a Gun.
 To protect her relatives from separating her from her husband, who is thirty years her junior, Mrs. Samuel A. Mallory of Meriden, Conn., a bride of 70, has attached herself to her farm house at East Lyme, with a loaded revolver on the approach to drive back constables who are seeking to serve papers in a suit for the annulment of her marriage. So far none of them has tempted fate by crossing the line and Mrs. Mallory is in possession of her husband.

Phonograph Gives Evidence.
 A resident of Portland, Me., told of a case that was tried recently before one of the civil courts of his city and in which a phonograph played the principal part. "It was a little matter of a debt that brought the parties before the judge," he said, "and the man sued stoutly denied ever having borrowed a cent. It was alleged by the plaintiff that the transaction took place in his room, and that the defendant had given a verbal promise to pay inside a month."
 "After the defendant had sworn solemnly that the whole thing was a fabrication, the plaintiff's lawyer quickly produced the phonograph, which his client had in his room on the day the debt was claimed to have been contracted, and set it in motion."
 "Immediately the conversation in question was repeated, both the defendant's and plaintiff's voices being clearly recognizable. The defendant had to pay up."
 "It was in court at the time, and I never saw any man appear so devilishly embarrassed as the accused when he was compelled to admit that he had deliberately lied."

Looks Like the Record.
 For the twenty-seventh time Oscar L. Darling, a civil engineer and inventor of Amityville, L. I., has become a father. Twenty of his children are living. Two of his children are twice wedded. His first wife was Hannah Smith of Flushing, L. I., whom he wedded in 1864. She bore him fifteen children and died in 1884. Ten of these children are living.
 In 1888 Mr. Darling married Catherine P. Hamilton of Flushing, who has just given birth to her twelfth child by him. Two of her children have died. Mrs. Darling is about 40 years of age. The latest arrival is a boy and is said to be a "bouncer."
 Mr. Darling's best known invention is a compressed air tank system of water

Mwansa rebelled against the English, about eleven years ago, and was conquered by them. They deposed him and chose this boy, who was then a baby in arms, as king in his stead.
 Daudi Chaiu is now about 12 years of age, and in six or seven years more he will take the reins of government and assume the throne. In the meantime his kingdom and estates are being administered by a regency of three ministers, aided by the lukiko, or imperial council, consisting of about twenty of the native chiefs of Uganda. In addition to the revenue from his own farms the boy has an allowance of \$3,000 a year from the British government, and this will be increased to \$7,500 a year when he reaches the age of 18. In the meantime the three regents act for him at a salary of \$1,000 each.

Uganda's Native Capital.
 But first let me give you some idea of this town of Kampala, the native capital of Uganda. It is twenty-six miles from Entebbe, where the British government has its offices. Entebbe is the chief port on this side of Lake Victoria, and Kampala is reached by a wide road, over which one goes in jirikishas, or on horseback or on foot. I came here in a jirikisha, hauled by a half dozen Baganda clad in bark clothing.
 Kampala itself is one of the largest of the native African settlements. Its houses are scattered over six great hills, which rise out of low, swampy lands, each swamp being crossed by roads and bridges. The hills are divided up into little plantations, and each hill has its own class of people and its own speciality. The hill upon which the king dwells is known as Menzo; that where the chief stores are and where the British governor lives is Kampala proper and the other hills are devoted to missionaries, schools and private residences.
 All these hills are beautiful and Menzo is especially so. It is several hundred feet high and well rounded in shape. It is covered with banana groves, in which are the thatched houses of the chiefs and officials, and on the very top is the royal court house and a great bungalow which forms the king's palace. The hill is cut up by good roads, and I made my way up it in a jirikisha.
 On the Way to the King.
 My audience with his royal highness



THE ROYAL HIGHNESS, DAUDI CHAIU, AND MR. CARPENTER. KING'S OLDEST DRUMMER WHO LOST HIS EARS BECAUSE A PRINCESS SAW HIM IN SWIMMING.

was arranged through the British officials, to whom I brought letters of introduction, and I was accompanied there by native policemen in uniforms and by Mr. Pask-Smith, the assistant collector of revenues. My son, Jack, was in a jirikisha behind me. We crossed the swamps on a corduroy highway, our eight black human horses singing and grunting in chorus as they pushed and pulled us along up the hill. We went to the residence of the native prime minister, a thatched hut as big as the largest hayrick, and then drove on between the high fences of matting which surround the houses and estates of the native officials.

Great Bungalow Grove.
 We skirted this wall for some distance and then came to a great cane stand, at which two black servants were standing. They had apparently been notified of our approach, for they threw open the doors as we came up.
 Entering, we found ourselves in what seemed a vast banana grove. The tall plants were to be seen on all sides, their big broad blossoms standing out on the ends of the long bunches of green fruit, and their green, wide leaves waving in the breeze. We rode through this grove for awhile and then came out into the king's recreation grounds, a smooth, open grass plot of several acres. At the end of this I observed a pair of parallel bars upon which the boy king goes through his daily gymnastics. Here he plays football every afternoon with the sons of his chiefs. Mr. Pask-Smith says his royal highness is fond of the game and that he does not scruple to push and knock the other boys about as he roams around over the field.

King's Tutor.
 Before seeing his majesty we stopped at the house of his tutor, who was to introduce us. This man is English. He is a graduate of one of the famous schools of Great Britain, and was sent out here upon the advice of the British government to train the boy king. His name is J. C. R. Sturrock. He is a young man and has a considerable ability. He lives in an iron bungalow surrounded by a beautiful rose garden, within almost a stone's throw of the royal court house. We met him there and then went on together to the king's house. He tells me that his highness is a bright boy and that he is rapidly learning to read, write and cipher. He is being taught the history of Uganda, and something about Uganda laws. He is studying geography, and the native preachers are teaching him the Bible and the

foundation principles of the Christian religion.
 In the King's Bungalow.
 After passing the royal council house and the thatched huts of the king's retainers, we came to the king's bungalow, the band playing a welcome as we went in. The king's favorite drummer stood at one side and pounded on a great barrel-like drum which reached to his waist. He used only his hands, and made a great din, which was added to by that of a score of other musicians, who kept time with him on their various instruments.
 The tutor told us that his majesty would receive us on the porch, and that we should afterward go into the house proper. There was a chair on the porch, in front of which was a leopard's skin. While we waited the servants brought other chairs for ourselves, and placed them well away from this skin. They told us that the king would sit in the center, but that the leopard skin was royalty's footstool, and that no Uganda subject nor any one else than the kabaka could step on it.

Enter the King.
 As we waited the tutor went out, and a moment later came in with his little royal highness beside him. He brought him up to us, and as each of us was presented the king offered his hand in a timid way, muttering us at the same time to our chairs. He then gave directions that his favorite musician should come out and play for us. This man is a famous blind negro, who formed a part

of the court band during the times of Mutesa and Mwansa. He was gray-haired and old, and was bare almost to the waist. He sat down cross-legged on the ground outside the leopard skin and played beautifully upon a native guitar. During an interval in the audience I asked the king's tutor how the man became blind. He replied that it was owing to a caprice of King Mwansa. One day that king thought he played badly, and as a punishment he thereupon ordered that his eyes be put out. This was immediately done.
 But to return to the king. During the playing he sat in a chair by my side and as the music went on I had a good chance to study him. He is a slender, delicately formed boy of 10 or 12 years of age. He looks like a mulatto, but his features are almost caucasian. His skin is light brown, his forehead high and his lips are thin. His head was covered with a high red turban, much like those used by the soldiers of Egypt. His body was clad in a long white gown, which was fastened tightly at the neck and fell to his feet. Over this he had on a gray sack coat and a vest, across the breast of which was a heavy gold chain.

Message to All American Boys.
 The little king has an intelligent look, but he is very modest and rather diffident. He speaks broken English, and he talked a little with me in reply to my questions. At the close of our audience he brought out his visitor's book and asked me to write my name in it. I did so, and at the same time handed his highness a sheet of paper and asked him if he would not send by me a line in his language to the boys of the United States. I told him that we had no kings in our country, but every boy there considered himself an American prince and as big as any king upon earth. I said that there were some millions of boys of his size in our country and that I knew they would be interested in learning about him, and especially so if he would send them a word of greeting.
 This seemed to tickle the king. He laughed and said he would gladly comply with my request. He then and there sat down and wrote out this message, of which I give a facsimile. It reads:
 "Nanyuseyo okulamuza abalenti bona abantu United States. Na."
 DAUDI CHAIU, Kabaka.

Translated, this is as follows:
 I am glad to salute all the boys who are in the United States. I am, DAUDI CHAIU, The King.
 Writing this letter put his royal highness in an excellent humor, and I asked him to step outside in the sun and have his photograph taken. He gladly complied, and Jack photographed the little king and myself, standing together.

Concert by the Royal Band.
 Shortly after this we again had hands and then said farewell. As we were leaving the king asked us if we would not like to listen to his royal band, and upon our saying yes he sent forth directions that the court musicians were to give us a concert on our way out.
 Leaving the palace, we then went to the drumhouse and other thatched huts which form the quarters of the musicians. The drumhouse looks like a great inverted basket. It is about forty feet in diameter and perhaps twenty feet high at the cone. It is made of thousands of reeds, so tied to one another that they go up to one center, forming a straw tent, with round ribs from bottom to top. The roof is made of split canes, each as fine as a darned needle. In this house a half dozen men sat on the

ground and played upon pipes. Another half dozen pounded on the great drums with their hands, and at the back others were dancing.
 After the concert inside was ended, I asked the musicians to bring their instruments into the open, that I might make a photograph. They did so, and at the same time the king's dancers came out and cavorted around, hopping higher and higher and swinging their legs this way and that to the pounding of the drum.
 The chief music for the dancing was made by the head drummer, an old negro, who was perfectly bald and whose ears had been cut off close, so that nothing but the holes could be seen. Remembering the remark of the tutor as to how the blind musician lost his eyes because King Mwansa did not like his playing, I asked how the head drummer came to lose his ears. The reply was that they were cut off by orders of this boy's grandfather, King Mutesa. It was a hot day and the drummer was taking a bath in the king's lake when one of the princesses saw him and reported that she had seen a naked man. Whether Mutesa was angry because the man bathed in his special pond, or whether he thought it disgraceful that the princess should see him in the water, I do not know. At any rate, he was angry, and he ordered his executors to cut off the man's ears as a punishment.

Such things are not common since the British took hold, and at present the young king, even if he wished, would not be permitted to kill or maim his subjects, without cause.
 I understand that the Kabaka, as the king is called, is fond of his hands. He always has a large retinue with him when he goes outside his palace grounds, and the drummers march in front, yelling and pounding, while the people come for miles to look at the sight. The drummers play very well. They use the hollow stinks of a resonant tree with skins over the ends. The drums are all shaped like barrels or kettles, and are of different heights and sizes. Each has its own note or pitch; and the musicians sound the different notes, using a number of drums, as our people do with the keys of a piano. Some of the king's drums are 150 years old. They are considered invaluable.

Only a Boy After All.
 I am told that this little king, notwithstanding the care with which he is watched and the respect with which his people regard him, is a good deal of a boy after all. He is fond of sports, and especially football. He is a good bicycle rider, and has a wheel which was made for him in England. One of his greatest joys is a little white pony, which he considers the finest animal in the country. When he goes out upon his rides, he wears a pair of leggings, and cuts a gay figure as he dashes over the roads and about the ant hills. His royal highness is seldom allowed to go far from home. He has been to Entebbe, and has seen the steamers which ply upon Lake Victoria.
 As it is now, Daudi Chaiu has but little to do with the government, and, as I have said, this will be the case until he is eighteen years of age. He will then take his place upon the throne as the real ruler of the Baganda, and in connection with his royal advisers will govern the country. He will, however, always be subject to the English officials, who are the real governors and who will rule the natives through him. This is the policy of the British as regards this colony. They are trying to control it through the natives; and although they will fix the taxes, it will be the king who will send out their edicts and he and his chiefs will make the collections. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Women Taking Up the Art of Wood Carving

NEW YORK, March 28.—To carve a sixteenth century chair, a mantelpiece in an intricate and beautiful Norse design, or a cabinet in Celtic style, or, as one New York woman, Miss Emily Slade, has done, to copy in her Vermont country home a staircase in the Chiny Museum in Paris is the aim of many a woman who has joined the ranks of those who have taken up the craft of wood carving. It can never become a fad, say its devotees, one reason being that women who have not a real love for it are wholly unwilling to expend the time and physical strength it takes to become moderately proficient.

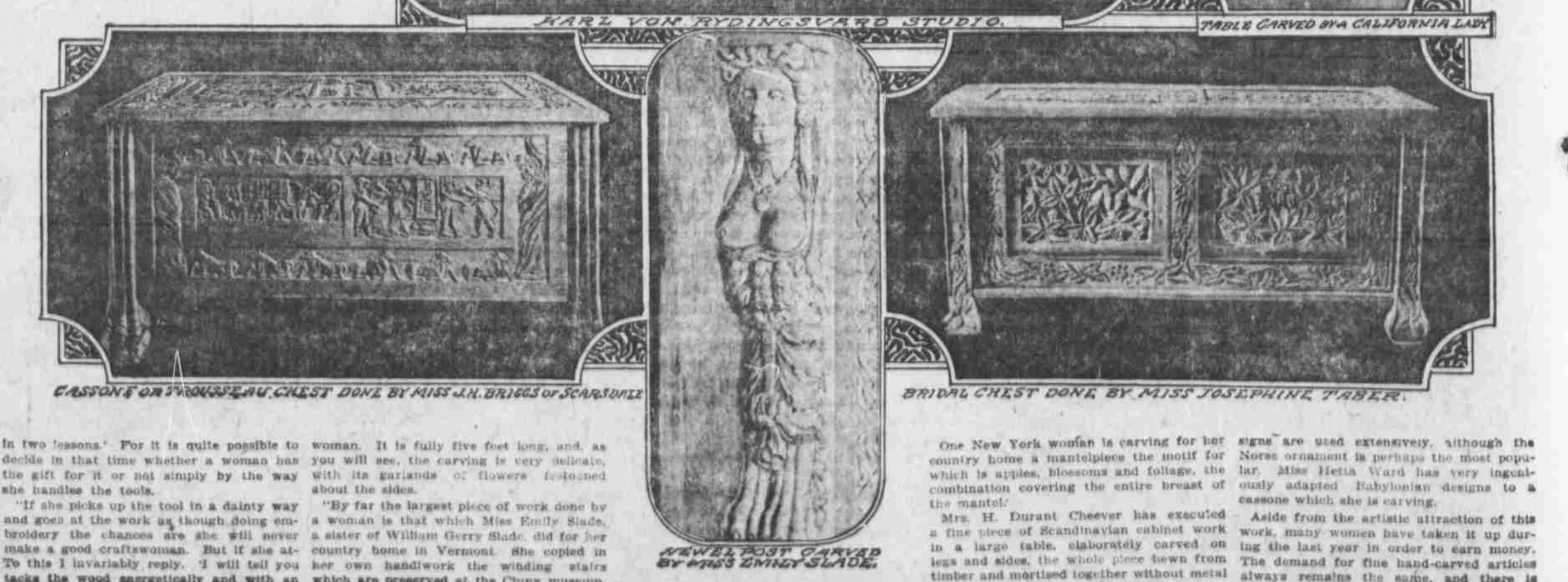
Trousseau chests are other favorite articles which women carve. English oak with its rich coloring and handsome grain is frequently used, though mahogany is perhaps the best liked. Curiously enough, pine, while generally supposed to be the easiest wood to work because it is soft, requires sharper tools and more skill for that very reason.
 Wood boxes for the country home are equally popular. Tables, chairs, cabinets and even wainscoting, and delicate wooden fringes and doors, are being executed by women who probably never before did anything more difficult with their hands than to wield the mangle and raquet.
 "Not every woman can be a success at wood carving," Prof. Karl von Rydingsvard asserts, "and for that reason am very glad, for if they could run into the work as they did into pyrography then the country would be flooded with a lot of inferior work that holds no particular value either artistically or practically."
 "Invariably the first thing a woman asks me is 'How long will it take me to learn'?"

innate sense of the proper position of the tool, then I have hopes of her.
 "Women who are working with me are by no means spending their time on insignificant trifles, but are putting their time into really substantial pieces of construction for their own homes, which not only satisfy a passing whim, but have enduring qualities."
 "Take this case or bridal chest, which is the work of Miss Josephine Taber, who is making it for a wedding present. It shows a virile masculine touch far from the dainty handling we associate with women's work in wood. Here is a quaint box or chest done in Gothic style by a

freaky thing, but they do want something uncommon but good of its kind.
 "In the smaller districts they don't mind if their next door neighbors have something precisely like what they themselves have. So we must have all sorts of models to suit all temperaments."
 It is toward the models of ancient Norway and Sweden that Mr. von Rydingsvard leans. His own work reveals in exoticic sea monsters, Viking ships and Norse warriors, for the artist is from Christianity and true to the land of his birth his taste follows the traditions of his country.
 Roman, Byzantine and Renaissance de-

Chever is introducing the design represented in a piece of old Gobelin tapestry belonging to her mother.
 Mrs. H. Briggs of Scarsdale is doing a case or a trousseau box. These are in great favor among women, being not only beautiful, but also convenient receptacles for things of value. Mrs. Briggs' case is in Icelandic design, which is closely related to the Celtic, the motif being interesting forms of serpents, animals and Viking ships. Being done in low relief, the effect depends largely upon the lines rather than the modeling.
 Roman, Byzantine and Renaissance de-

signs are used extensively, although the Norse ornament is perhaps the most popular. Miss Hetta Ward has very ingeniously adapted Babylonian designs to a case which she is carving.
 Aside from the artistic attraction of this work, many women have taken it up during the last year in order to earn money. The demand for fine hand-carved articles always remains the same, and there is never any difficulty in disposing of them,



CLASSONE OR TROUSSEAU CHEST DONE BY MISS J. BRIGGS OF SCARSDALE

BRIDAL CHEST DONE BY MISS JOSEPHINE TABER

TABLES CARVED BY CALIFORNIA LADY

TABLES CARVED BY CALIFORNIA LADY

TABLES CARVED BY CALIFORNIA LADY