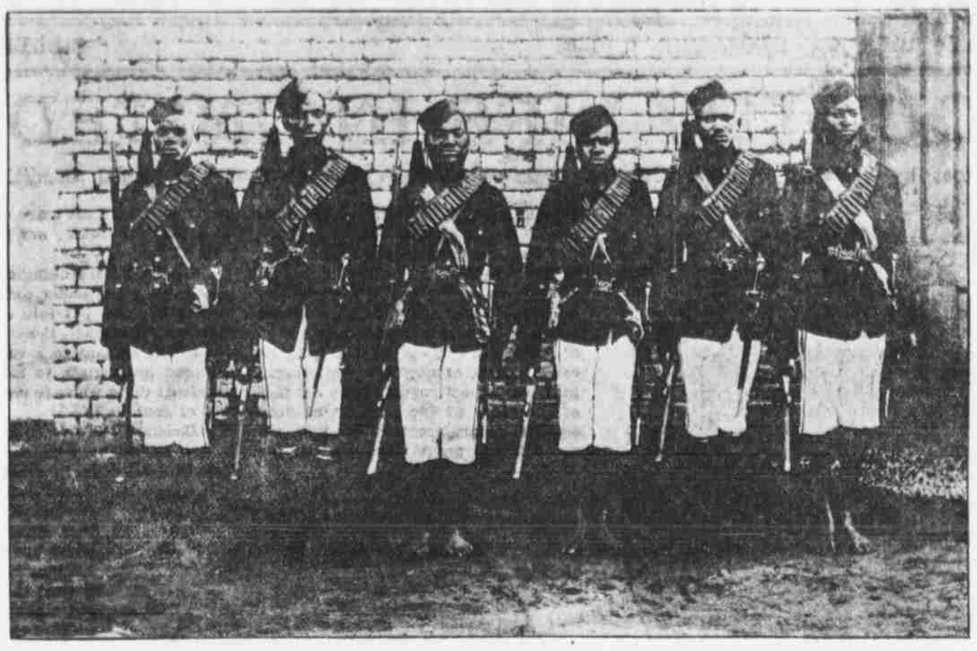
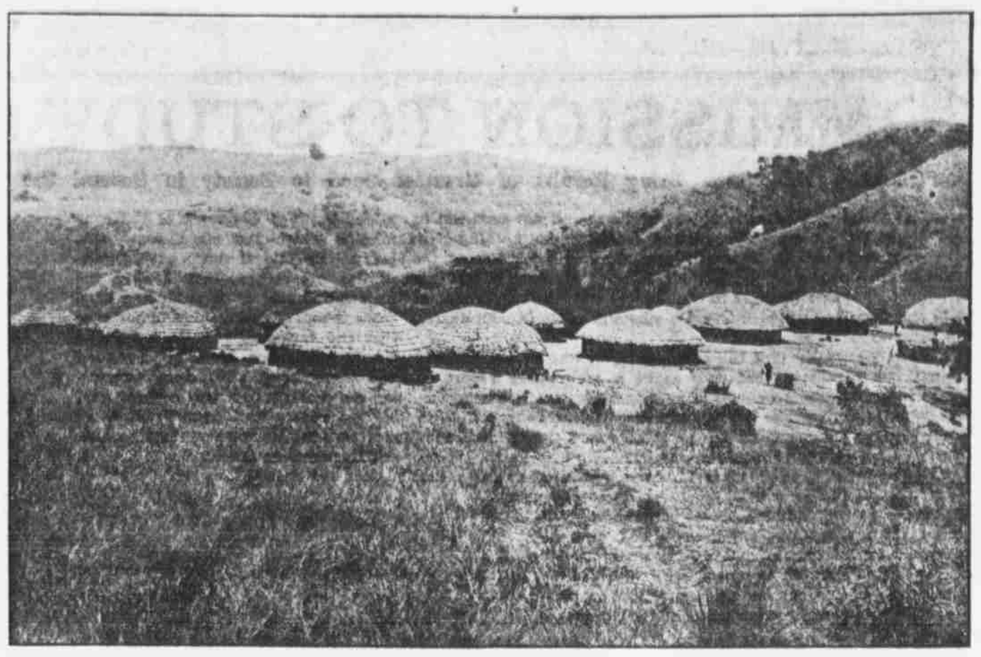
Negro Question is Causing Agitation Among South American Whites



NATIVE KAFIR POLICEMEN.



A KAFIR KRAAL.

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CAPETOWN.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The white people here are becoming excited over the negro question. During the last six months I have visited every colony south of the Zambesi, and the better class of Europeans everywhere have fears of a race war in the future. In the United States we have one negro to every nine or ten whites. Here the proportion is almost reversed. There are more than five black men to every white man, and the black men are beginning to appreciate their possibilities. Within the last year or so they have been stirred up by some missionaries of their own race, who are said to come from the United States. The sect is known as the Ethiopian Episcopalians and they are at work in Natal, Cape Colony and the Transvaal. Their pastors preach the equality of the races and urge them to stand up for their rights.

I have seen negroes in all the cities of South Africa. They wear European clothes and the crowds one sees about the stations are as fully clad as are the negroes of our small southern towns. In many localities they are beginning to resent their treatment by the whites. In Johannesburg, for instance, they object to the laws which keep them off the sidewalks and allow them to go only in the middle of the road when walking along the streets. They do not like the Jim Crow trailers to the electric cars, and they are asking for more schools.

Educating the Kafir.

So far the most of the education of the Kafir has been by the missionaries. There are now something like 5,000,000 of him south of the Zambesi, and his school children are numbered by the tens of thousands. In Cape Colony there are no government schools for the natives. Their education is carried on by the mission schools, which are aided somewhat by government grants and are under government inspection. The natives have to pay fees, which cover a large part of the cost, and in some districts they have given money for the building of school houses. The government grants are about one-third as much per pupil for the natives as for the whites, and the education given them is but little more than the three R's. It is the same in Natal, and also in Basutoland and Rhodesia. There are now about 80,000 pupils in Cape Colony, 8,000 in Natal and 10,000 in Basutoland.

The Kafirs of the cities are fast coming to the realization that schooling pays, and they are now anxious that their children should learn. A Johannesburg merchant told me of a Kafir tenant of his who was educating his 16-year-old daughter. He was asked why he did so and replied that he had noticed that the white man was of little value without an education, and, if so, why not the black man? He said that he did not know that his girl would teach school, but that he was bound she should learn.

At present the negro here has no opportunity to get a college education. He is not allowed to go into the universities of South Africa and as a rule the people would rather keep him uneducated. They look upon the natives as their God-created hewers of wood and drawers of water and they want them to continue so. They would rather that they should not own real estate nor go into business. The mechanics and foremen, among the whites, would rather not have the blacks learn trades, and they desire to keep the labor of the two races distinct.

Lovedale Co-Educational Scheme.

As to the co-education of the races there is only one place in South Africa where that is carried on to any extent. This is at Lovedale, about 650 miles northeast of Cape Town. There is a missionary training institution of the United Free Church of Scotland at that place, and in it the whites and blacks are educated together. It is a sort of boarding school with something like 800 pupils; and it might be called an academy, although it has all the branches, from the kindergarten to the normal training school. This school is doing much in making teachers and native preachers. Many of the teachers of the mission schools throughout South Africa have been educated there and it has done much in bringing its European pupils to an understanding of the native character. The institution consists of a large central building, a score of dormitories, many workshops and a hospital. Connected with it is a farm on which the boys work and all sorts of manual training are taught. The morning hours are devoted to study and recitations and a part of each afternoon to work upon the farm and in the gardens and shops. The school has its military drills and physical training. It has a brass band and the white and black boys play cricket together. Every Friday evening there is a literary society and there are occasional lectures, papers and debates.

The girls have their own industrial work and learn dressmaking, cooking and laundering during their stay. It is not difficult for a Lovedale graduate to get a job. Many of the former students are now interpreters, some are clerks in the government offices, while others are employed in the stores.

Three Cents vs. One Dollar Per Day.

In Kimberley and Johannesburg, the great centers of the gold and diamond industries, natives are now paid about $1 per day. This is considered enormous wages for this part of the world. Only a generation ago natives were paid 3 cents for ten or eleven hours' work. Then an axe would buy an ox and a string of glass beads pay a negro for carrying a load of seventy pounds 100 miles through the wilds. These are the wages that still prevail in parts of Uganda, British East Africa and German East Africa, and the white men there will tell you that it is wrong to pay more.

I remember a talk which I had with a government official of British Central Africa. We were talking about the native labor and I asked whether it was possible to get any work out of the blacks of Nyassaland. He replied:

"Yes, we get some work from them, but both the government and private individuals are spoiling the labor market. The African is a great big child, with the muscle of a man. He ought to be treated as a child and be punished when he is bad. It used to be so that the officials had this power. If a native did not obey he was brought up for punishment. He was then laid down on the ground and given ten lashes or so with a hippopotamus whip. This hurt him somewhat, but he took it as a matter of course and did better thereafter. Now the laws are such that we can only imprison him for small offenses, and we have to try him before we can give him corporal punishment.

"As to labor," this man continued, "the negro works all right if you do not raise his wages. When we first entered British Central Africa he was satisfied with a shilling. Then we gave him 3 shillings, and now private parties have come in and are building a railroad; they want steady labor and are offering 6 shillings."

"Six shillings? A dollar and a half a day?" asked I.

"No, 6 shillings a month. It is too much, and the worst of it is that the native will expect that wages right along, and he cannot see why he should not have it. It is a great mistake."

Taxing the Natives.

"A dollar and a half a month is a cents a day," said I. "That does not seem much to me. And even out of those wages I suppose the natives have to pay taxes."

"Yes, we collect 6 shillings a year from the well to do and those who have the cash; and we make all others give us a month's work on the roads or he must bring a certificate from his employer showing that he has done work to the amount of 3 shillings, whein his taxes are remitted."

"In other words, every black man must give one months of every year to the government," said I.

"Yes, it amounts to about that," was the reply.

In South Africa the natives are charged a hut tax, and they also have to pay dog taxes and wife taxes. Every time a man is married he pays 10 shillings to the government of which a portion goes back to his chief. In Cape Colony he pays a license fee of from 62 cents to $1.25 on every dog over three months old, and the dog tax of Natal is about the same. In one year the natives of Natal paid $11,000 in marriage fees, and I am told that a black man has to pay $25 to the government there when he gets a divorce.

The hut taxes of Cape Colony are about 10 shillings per year per family. Fourteen shillings is the amount of that tax in Natal and 10 that of Rhodesia. They recently raised the tax in Basutoland to $5, and in Natal a higher rate is paid upon all houses of European construction.

These taxes may seem low to Americans, but they are large in comparison with the wages of the people, and so large that they lead to the crowding of the natives, several families or unmarried adults often living in one hut.

Among the Kaffir Workmen.

So far only a small proportion of the South African negroes has been greatly influenced by the whites. There are altogether between 5,000,000 and 6,000,000 aborigines below the Congo Free State, and I venture that those employed in the mines, on the farms and in the cities will not number, all told, more than 300,000. There are something like 100,000 in the gold mines. Kimberley had 20,000 before our panic caused the De Beers company to cut down its labor force, and there are something like 10,000 employed in the great diamond mine at Cullinan. In all these places the natives are kept in compounds or walled inclosures, and as far as those connected with the diamond mines are concerned they are not allowed to go outside during the terms of their contracts. They must buy their food at the company shops, and, although the rates there are low, the companies probably make a profit. Not long ago at a meeting of the De Beers company one of the officials stated what had become of the profits made from the company pounds that year, saying that $55,000 had gone to the sanatorium, $10,000 to the library, $15,000 to the town hall, $10,000 to the school of mines and $10,000 to the Kimberley schools. None of this money helped the natives from whom it was taken.

As far as I can see, the natives are fairly well treated by their employers. The several governments try to protect them, and each has its native labor inspectors, who go through the mines, above and below ground, and report as to the treatment of the negroes. Nevertheless the white mine overseer is omnipotent and he can abuse the native if he will. I asked the American foreman of the underground workings of a mine in which 4,000 negroes were employed whether he could punish his men if they did not do as he wished. He replied:

"There is no trouble about that. If you want to mash the face of a negro down here all you have to do is to see that you get him alone in one part of the workings. You can treat him as you will and if he makes any complaint you can say he assaulted you. The word of the black man is never taken here as against that of the white man, and so we can run things about as we please."

Kafir Lands.

The Kahrs own land all over South Africa. In many places the land still belongs to the chiefs, subject to the rights of their tribesmen, and the chief has no right to sell or trade it away. In southern Rhodesia the native commissioners assign the land for huts and grazing, giving each kraal so much. When Cecil Rhodes died he ordered that the natives on his farms be undisturbed, and large blocks of government lands have been set aside for agriculture in different parts of Rhodesia. In Natal something like 8,000 acres were tranferred to a trust more than fifty years ago, and this trust was to give all the rents and profits from it to one tribe.

A few years later another native trust was given two million acres, and this is still administered for the Kafirs of Natal. Within the last few years the native lands have been fenced off from those of the Europeans, and the boundaries between the tribes defined. In that colony about one-half of the negroes live in kraals, on private lands, paying from $5 to $25 per hut to the owners of their farms, which consist of from 1,500 to 5,000 acres each. One of these farms will have a group of natives upon it, and the group will be governerd by its hereditary chief or headman. Every kraal will cultivate from five to ten acres of land, and the remainder is used for grazing in common.

I had a good chance to see something of the wilder Kafirs during my stay in Matableland and Bechuanaland, and I also met strange tribes who are allied to them in northwestern Rhodesia. Nearly all the natives live in what are known as kraals. These are little mud villiages, surrounded by mud walls or fences of brush.

Among the Zulus these kraals are circular in shape, with the cattle pen in the center, and the huts running around it. In Matebeland they are somewhat irregular, and in other regions they are built like a horseshoe with a cattle kraal near the opening. The cattle are herded during the daytime and are always kept in the kraals at night.

The kraal usually contains all the houses of the village. There are of different shapes in different localities. In Matabeland they consist of a framework of twigs woven together and plastered with mud, and in Zuzuland they are thatched down to the ground. In many parts of Rhodesia the houses are made of a framework of sticks, smeared with the clay from the white ant hills. This is a natural cement, and is used for all sorts of buildings. In that country the negroes have granaries of mud, and they also make pigeon houses of it and put them on high poles to protect the birds from the wild animals and dogs. The ordinary granary is the size of a hogshead or larger. It has a hole in one side, which is stopped up with clay after the grain is put in. In Zuzuland the grain is kept in huge baskets inside the huts.

In a kraal like this one man owns several houses, corresponding to his number of wives. In the principal hut he will live with the "great wife," and on the right of that will be the hut for the spouse known as "the wife of the right hand," while on the left will be that devoted to the "wife of the ancestors," whose children are supposed to carry the honors of the family. If there are other wives their huts are built farther over. Each wife is supposed to own her hut and the husband divides his time with all.

In the same way each wife has her own garden or field, which she cultivates, and for which she alone is responsible. The women do all the planting, hoeing and reaping, and the more wives a man has to work for him the richer he is.

As far as the stock is concerned, this is usually cared for by the men. Milking time is at 11 o'clock in the morning, and then the men, stark naked, do the milking. They take the milk in water-tight baskets to their huts and pour it into skin bags, where it is allowed to stay until it ferments. The Kaffirs never drink fresh milk, but they eat this koumis or fermented milk with their boiled grain or mush. They always have their big meal at noon, when the men eat first, and the women and children take what is left.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

WIVES OF A CHIEF.

Nebraska's Oldest Married Couple

MR. AND MRS. JONES.

MARRIED seventy-five years, and still hale and hearty, is the record of Mr. and Mrs. Jones of Richardson county, father and mother of Cass Jones, a member-elect of the Nebraska legislature. This remarkable pair were married in Ohio in 1833, and moved to Illinois in 1834. Four years later they went to Iowa, and in 1856 Nebraska claimed them. But the restless spirit would not be satisfied, and in 1861 they moved to Texas, settling near Dallas, but the breaking out of the war sent them back to Kansas in 1862, and the next year they went to Oregon. In 1865 they came back to Nebraska, settling near Omaha. In 1867 they removed to Richardson county, settling north of Rulo, where they have made their home ever since. The diamond wedding of this fine old couple was made the occasion of a considerable celebration, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones were warmly congratulated by a host of friends. Mr. Jones is 97 and Mrs. Jones is 99 years of age.

Followers of Vedanta

(Continued from Page One.)

the eldest men are held up in military fashion, and the Swami himself is thin and perpendicular as a straight line.

Perhaps five minutes pass, perhaps ten. There is no way of determining time. Thoroughly rested and refreshed you see the Swami rise at last and without notes or previous preparation deliver an address.

When the Swamis—the word signifies spiritual teacher—first came to America to establish their school of philosophy they were informed that in order to conform to the Occidental rather than the Oriental views it would be wise for them to emphasize less the benefits of seclusion, resignation and repose than the more active qualities which lead to right working, right doing and the right development of the creative instincts. The Swami in his address follows this lead, and while never losing sight of the fundamental truths of the Vedantic creed manages to fit it to the aggressive minds and personalities of his hearers in the new world.

If you have expected to hear new truths or startling messages delivered you will be disappointed. There is no novelty offered, no sensation. Steadfastness of mind is urged, without which nothing worth while can be accomplished, and in details the danger of scattered attention and lack of concentration is emphasized. Fearlessness he also preaches. The address is about half an hour long and is listened to with rapt attention. At its close the Swami sinks deftly into the big chair, draws the apricot colored cashmere robe about him and again, with interlaced fingers on his lap and closed eyelids, invites to meditation, while the incense burns softly on and the candles flame brightly. This meditative interval, like the others, lasts an indefinite time.

Rising again, the Swami opens a big book of maroon-covered leather, extracts a scarlet ribbon, the marker, which he places on a teakwood tabouret at the side of the platform, and reads in the same recitative tone he has employed for the opening prayer certain extracts from the sacred book of the east, the Bhagavad-Gita, a portion of which always forms part of the Sunday morning services.

Then, all rising, the Swami pronounces the usual blessing, which ends the hour.

May He who is Ahura Mazda of the Zoroastrians, Jehovah of the Jews, Father in Heaven of the Christians, Allah of the Mohammedans, Budda of the Buddhists, Krishna, Divine Mother and Brahman of the Hindoos, grant peace and blessings unto all the followers of the universal religion of Vedanta. Peace! Peace! Peace!

The worshipers break up into twos and threes, or stand singly while the swami goes from one to another, holding the sacred book of the east against his breast and touching hands gently, with a fixed smile on his thin lips. In the front row of seats a young woman has been overwhelmed with grief during the service. Excusing himself from the others the swami takes her to a corner and talks gently to her, the smile still lingering on his lips and the book clasped close.

One of the officers volunteers the information that while the Vedantic region does not embrace the confessional the swamis are called upon frequently in their capacity of ascetics, celibates and masters to administer advice, sympathy and instruction on the complicated results of human actions.

"It would surprise you," she says, "to know how many people, strangers to the Vedanta religion, come here every week to seek consolation and help. Many of them admit that they have tried everything, that they have wandered from sect to sect, from church to church, that every new religion is eagerly sought and each in turn has proved inefficacious.

"The strength of the Vedanta is that it does not prescribe to all one special path by which to reach the ultimate goal of every religion. On the contrary, it recognizes the varying tendencies of different minds and guides each along the way best suited to it."

The swami, who has finished his lesson of consolation, joins in the conversation. He explains the meaning of the Yoga classes, which are the source of much curiosity to the uninitiated.

"The method of classifying human tendencies into four grand divisions so that the teaching in each may be helpful to all is called in Sanskrit 'Yoga,'" he says. "For instance, there is the Karma Yoga.

"This is what we teach at first to the western minds. It is for the active man, for those who like to work, for the busy, everyday working man or woman. It teaches the secret of work and how to accomplish a maximum of labor with a minimum loss of energy.

"The largest part of the mental energy of the majority of people in this country is needless waste by the constant rush of their daily lives, which is merely the result of a lack of self-control. The secret revealed by Karma Yoga teaches how to avoid this waste and also the nervous disorders which are the outcome.

"Then came Bhakti Yoga. I find not only your women, but also the men, the business and professional men, much in need of this teaching. It is for those of an emotional nature. It is the path of devotion and love. It teaches how to fulfil the purpose of life both here and hereafter.

"The third is Raja Yoga, the path of concentration and meditation. This field covers the whole psychic plane and describes the processes by which the psychic powers are developed, such as thought reading, clairvoyance, clairaudience, the evolving of finer perceptions, the going out of the body, the curing of disease through mental power. Everything taught in such kindred treatments as mental healing, Christian Science, the Emmanuel movement, have been taught as one element of a great whole for generation after generation by the believers and followers of the Vedanta.

"All the psychic powers which were displayed by Jesus of Nazareth and which are used today by the so-called new sects have been an open book for years to the Yogis or wise men of India. Christian Science, the new Emmanuel, can give us nothing new. But we do not overemphasize peculiar cult; we do not believe in the constant obsession of the mind by the thought of disease, even though the healing of the disease is the ultimate reason for that obsession.

"It is in Raja Yoga that the wonderful system of breathing is taught, whose effects are not unknown to the mental healers of the west, but it does not cease to warn its students that the attainment of any of these powers is not a sign of spirituality.

"Jnana Yoga is the fourth method. It is the path of right knowledge and discrimination. It is for those who are of a philosophic nature. It explains the fundamental principles of spiritualism; tells us how the soul exists after death and under what conditions, describes how the earth-bound are reincarnated, taking human form again and again. It expounded the law of correspondences ages before Swedenborg was born."

The only other resident swami at the Vedanta society at present besides Swami Paramanada is Swami Abhedananda, who delivers a special course of lectures during the winter and holds the Yoga classes for members only.

Swami Abhedananda was sent here to carry on the work that was left in a flourishing conditions by the visits of Vivekenanada and Saradanda—the termination of the names "ananda" meaning bliss. It was due to his efforts that the Vedanta society in New York has become so prosperous an institution. He has been assisted from time to time by other brother monks sent from Calcutta, who have established in their wanderings a large temple in San Francisco and homes in Pittsburg, Cleveland and Los Angeles. Two years ago Swami Abhedananda sailed for India and returned with Swami Paramananda, who has shared the work of the society ever since. Their stay here is indefinite. The latter goes on to say:

"I am asked if the Swamis are missionaries oftentimes. No indeed, it would be very foolish for us to come here to tell you what you need, but we are here to show the truth of our own faith and its identity with the fundamental truths of all other religions, for Vedanta, which means 'end of wisdom,' embraces the ultimate conclusions of the greatest philosophers of all countries and the ideals of every special religion of the world."

"And you do consider the Vedanta," is asked, "the superior of all the new creeds, that of Christian Science, the Emmanuel movement, mental healing?"

The Swami smiles his inscrutable smile and waves his long, slim fingers toward the bookcases lined with oriental philosophies.

"The answer to that question is to be found there." Then he quietly glides from the room, his exit being watched by the eyes of the members, who follow the last apricot fold until it disappears around the curve of the staircase.

Then the members pass in turn into the meditation room, where a few moments of serenity are enjoyed before they seek the stir and bustle of the outer world.

Quaint Features of Life

A Soldier's Will.

CHARLES A. MURRAY, a civil war veteran of Vineland, N. J., died last month. His will has been admitted to probate by Surrogate Thompson. Murray lived amid the arid wastes of prohibition Vineland, over which Dr. Joseph A. Conwell formerly presided as mayor. In his will is this paragraph:

"I give and bequeath to my pious Presbyterian friend, mayor, doctor, druggist, preacher and all-around saint, Joseph Conwell, the sum of $5 to buy two gallons of fair to middling whisky for the use and delectation of himself and brethren. It may be a revelation to some of them, and possibly give them the rudiments of a liberal education."

Murray was popular with his comrades of the war, and he made them this bequest:

"I give, bequeath and devise to Lyon post No. 10, Department of New Jersey, Grand Army of the Republic, the sum of $25 to buy some fun—even if they have to jump the aquarium to get it. Their time is getting short, so they had better get a move on."

He left $25 to the children of a nephew with which to buy candy, but this bequest was later revoked by codicil. Another bequest was:

"To all my other friends and relatives I leave my blessing and assurance that I will do all I can for them up there as soon as I find where I am at."

Buries His Leg in Advance.

Anxious that in case he should die his body should be buried all together and not in separate places, Thomas Nolan, 31 years old, of 212 East Ninety-fifth street, New York City, whose left foot and leg up to the knee were amputated in Bellevue a few days ago, sent an undertaker to the Bellevue morgue to get the amputated leg, and had him bury it in a burial plot already secured by Nolan in Holy Cross cemetery, Flathush.

The regular red tape had to be gone through the same as though a body were being taken from the morgue for burial. Dr. Johnson had to sign a death certificate for the amputated part of Nolan before the undertaker was permitted to take it away. It was placed in a small white coffin and buried in the cemetery.

Indiana Man Leads the Way.

While the light holds out to burn, all the old sinners may return. A stricken butcher of Warsaw, Ind., has confessed and wishes to make restitution, which shows that even the Indiana sinners are not beyond hope.

The dispatches recite that Frank Sperra, a former resident of Akron, Ind., has inserted in the newspapers there this announcement:

"I want to make restitution and beg pardon of the people through the newspapers. When I was in the butcher business in Akron I mixed tallow with lard and sold it to my customers. I ask all of these people to forgive me of the offense, and if there are any who are not satisfied with just forgiving me, if they will send me a statement of the amount that they think they were wronged, honestly between God and man, I will make all wrongs right."

Mary Jo's Sign.

Small Mary Josephine Dittrick saw for the first time last week a piece of white crape on the front doorbell of a house, and, asking her mother what it was, was told: "That's a sign for the dead." Mrs. Dittrick was away from her home for a while next day. Returning, she saw on her own doorbell a cluster of crape.

"My baby! What have you done?" cried Mrs. Dittrick.

"I put out a sign for the dead," said the innocent one. "I thought if I put out a sign somebody that's dead would see it and come to see us."

With flowers from a parlor vace, a strip of linen, and a string, "Mary Jo" had fashioned her "sign."

Squirrels Fight for Nuts.

"This is going to be a long and very cold winter," prophesied Abram Pennyman, a Bound Brook (N. J.) farmer. The squirrels know it, and they are laying in an extra store of chestnuts.

"About twenty squirrels attacked my farm hand when he was up a tree picking chestnuts and bit him so badly he needed a doctor. Squirrels attacked a neighbor's boy. He killed two with a club, but the others only went for him more savagely.

"Squirrels never attack any one unless the nut crop is small like this one, and there's a hard winter ahead."

Every Loser is Philosophic.

"Well, I guess it's back to the workshop for me."

Martin Halloran of Kansas City, a stationary engineer who was robbed of $3,800 by footpads near Fourteenth street and Grand avenue, was philosophical about his loss.

"I made that money by mighty hard work," he said. "It was the savings of many years of economy and industry. But I am not broke. I guess I have enough money to keep me from starving to death until I can find a job. But it's pretty hard to walk the streets hunting for work at my time of life."

Fateful Foreboding.

Fortune Teller—You are a married man. Your troubles always come in pairs. Beware of a large blonde, handsomely-dressed woman. Your wife is small and dark and the large blonde woman is going to create disaster and dissension in your family.

Man Patron (with a sigh)—Yes, I know. That's the big French doll the twins are going to quarrel about when they get it at Christmas because I couldn't get 'em one apiece.—Baltimore American.