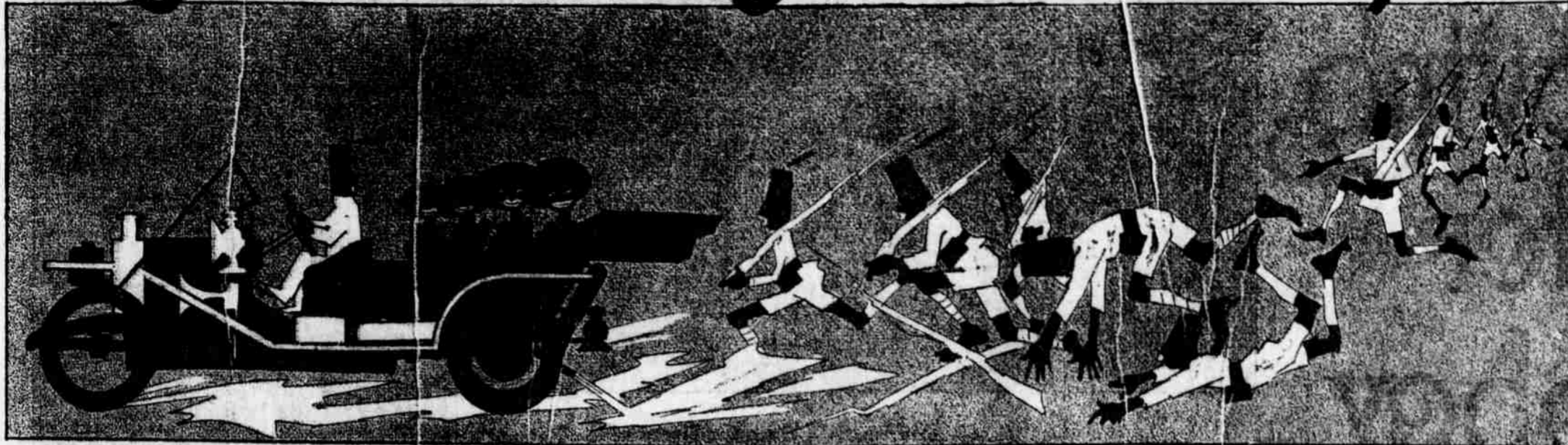


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High cost of living Worries of the Gay Sultan of Zanzibar.



"The Sultan's bodyguard had to accompany him always and his mile-a-minute auto nearly had half of the army worn out."

NO mere figure of speech is the High Cost of Living. For years it has been tightening its grasp throughout the country. From the Battery to the Bronx in Manhattan is it known; from the tip of Telegraph Hill to the Ferry it is felt in 'Frisco; around and about from Whitechapel to the Strand in London it has settled like a pall of discouragement.

But this is not all. Indeed is the High Cost of Living real, for it has spread across continents and overseas until to-day it has clutched distant Zanzibar!

Zanzibar, that tiny country so remote in our minds that we must have recourse to the atlas to place it properly; Zanzibar, the ancient and the quaint, the primitive and the grotesque, is as truly oppressed by this modern juggernaut of Boosted Prices as any country of the demi-tasse, demi-monde and demi-john, called civilized.

And so to-day His Glorious and Effulgent Majesty, All ben Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar, sits gloomily alone in the Paris cafes and sips his absinthe, while his commissioner is stirring about through Europe, selling the jewels and costumes and other precious possessions of the unhappy Sultan, that he may secure the wherewithal to combat for a while longer this terrible High Cost of Living!

His Glorious and Effulgent Majesty, the Sultan of Zanzibar, is twenty-eight years old, of true African type, dark chocolate colored, and every inch a royal ruler. He possesses four legal wives and a harem adorned by 200 concubines. Notwithstanding this, he is a most unhappy man for his royal household is expensive and his four wives

hair into Eiffel towers with cute little human bones for hair-pins, and try as he might, the Sultan couldn't make 'em appear quite like the lively ladies he met in London and Paris. And so he journeyed back to Paris and remained a year. Home again for a brief visit and back to Paris again.

All this peevd his wife. That is, his chief wife, who was a princess of the blood royal, and she made such a fuss over it that the young Sultan divorced her. In Zanzibar this consists of taking the wife before a witness and telling her to "go away."

But His Glorious and Effulgent Majesty overlooked one thing. His chief wife was of even more royal blood than he. She was directly descended from a line of rulers that may have dated back to the celebrated Rameses family.

At an early age, her going meant the upsetting of his country. Right here England stepped in. A high official was



There Are Two of the Sultan's Wives in Their Traditional Costume and "Modesty Blinkers" BEFORE the High Cost of Living Was Introduced.

wonderful automobile, a great, long, low-hung, vermilion-painted car that covered a mile in less than a minute, looked like a streak of red lightning as it passed along Zanzibar boulevards and smelled like a tan-yard for hippopotami hides.

For years the members of the royal household, including the 200 varieties of feminine beauty, had known no other spirituous beverage than the simple "Bologua" of their fathers and forefathers, for ages back. Bologua was distilled from some sort of native nut, tasted something like a kerosene lightbulb and promptly put one into a state of coma.

No more Bologua for his Glorious and Effulgent Majesty and his four wives and 200 second wives. It was too commonplace, so he imported champagne.

It made a hit from the start. "See," cried the ladies, "it bubbles like unto the holy spring of Naphthalene, it hath a taste like unto wild honey and sweetened times and it refreshes us all chatter like the apes of the forest, forgetting our worries."

"More!" they cried. Champagne costs about \$8 the bottle, the sort the Sultan bought, and by the time it was transported to the East coast of Africa it stood him nearer \$8 a bottle.

Now the Sultan had seen the gorgeous Royal Life Guards in England, and so he put all his own bodyguard into a similar sort of scarlet and gold uniform at great expense.

Then he started out in the wonderful automobile he had imported from Paris. Etiquette requires that the bodyguard shall follow the Sultan wherever he goes. The bodyguard started walking majestically by the car. The Sultan put on a little more speed and the soldiers began to sprint. Half a dozen dusky wives enjoyed the spectacle. Faster and faster went the Sultan, until the poor fellows were worn out in the road.

Little wonder his Glorious and Effulgent Majesty, All ben Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar, owner of a two-by-four kingdom and a 200-by-four harem and household, with each one of these 204 women running up bills that amounted to nearly as much as his miserly \$50,000 allowance was—and in great financial distress.

Of all his orders, his most cherished was the Glorious Star of Zanzibar. To possess that was once a great honor. The decoration itself cost about \$25. He began selling them to the wealthy native

merchants. First he got as high as \$1,000 each. When they would pay no more he dropped the price until it got so almost every one was wearing the decoration of the order of the Glorious Star of Zanzibar and then he couldn't give them away. They were as common as washboards in an East Side tenement block.

His Glorious and Effulgent Highness pleaded with England to double his allowance, and he was shocked when he learned that England was thinking seriously of cutting it down. He must have more money.

And how could he get more money? His Glorious and Effulgent Highness was educated at Harrow and Oxford, it has been remarked. That education was not to be wasted. He hit upon a plan to make some money.

As the sole ruler of Zanzibar—in name, with England practically governing—he held counsel with himself.

Alone in his throne room—slaves are not counted as any one there—the Sultan said to himself:

"Most glorious ruler of the great and powerful Zanzibar, I have come to inform you that the people—your people—demand that you be given another decoration."

Then the Sultan would bow low and reply to himself:

"And if it pleaseth my beloved people to so honor me, gladly will I accept, solely to bring them joy. What shall the decoration be?"

In response to this the Sultan would tell himself:

"The people suggest that you be forthwith invested with the decoration of the Order of the Setting Sun!"



"And so he first brought over some modistes' dummies to educate them."

Distressing Plight of a Ruler Who Introduced Autos, Champagne and Paris Fashions to His 204 Dusky Wives, and Now Has to Hold an Auction Sale of His Decorations to Keep 'Em Quiet



The Sultan of Zanzibar.



And This Is One of the Sultanas in New Paris Gown and Jewels AFTER



"The head, high hereditary cook of Zanzibar and the French chef didn't get along well together."

and 200 second wives have, alas, formed the joy-riding, Paris gown and champagne habits.

Consider, for a moment, the expense of properly, or improperly, dressing one woman in French gowns, depending upon the individual viewpoint. Consider also the cost of such a woman who demands champagne morning, noon and night, and whose chief delight is joy-riding in a mile-a-minute automobile.

Multiply this by 204—and try to pay for it all on a paltry income of \$50,000 a year, and you will know something of the sorrows and tribulations and problems of His Glorious and Effulgent Majesty, All ben Hamoud, Sultan of Zanzibar.

In these days, when \$50,000 a year scarcely pays for little Fido's gold bottles and his tooth-brushes, it is small wonder poor All is in sore financial distress, and it all came about through education.

The Sultan of Zanzibar was educated at Harrow, Oxford and the cafes of Paris. Later Germany sought to win his favor and gain the protectorate over Zanzibar.

The English would not allow it. They entertained him right royally. They stayed at the Ritz and had carte blanche at the expense of the British crown, he traveled through France, which consisted for the most part of remaining right in the heart and heat of Paris, and then he went back to Zanzibar, where England allows him \$50,000 a year for the lease of a strip of about ten miles along the coast in British East Africa, including Mombassa.

But, somehow after years in England, meeting celebrities, and being entertained by royalty, attending gay week-end parties and journeying leisurely through the bright spots in Paris—somehow, after all of this, poor old Zanzibar did not seem attractive.

The native women still put three pound gew-gaws in their ears, to toast their foreheads and did the

sent to the Sultan.

"You must take back your wife, we cannot have other powers getting control here, which they surely will under these circumstances," said the English official.

"It is impossible, sir," replied his Glorious and Effulgent Majesty, yawning. "By our laws, a man's wife must marry some other man before her first husband can take her back."

You cannot feaze an Englishman any more than you can make him see a joke. This particular official strobed his tawny mustache a moment, and exclaimed "By Jove, Your Highness, marry her to another man, then have her divorce him, or have him divorce her the minute after, then marry her over again in yourself! Great? Eh, what?"

"Ah, but you do not quite understand our wonderful laws," said the Sultan, "you see, when a woman does this and her first husband takes her back, he naturally has to kill her second husband or else so one will believe she has really remarried her first husband."

"My word, no, His Majesty, King George wouldn't stand for that, you know, old top—or your Majesty. He's a good sport and all that sort of silly thing, but he is not strong on murder." But the clever Englishman fixed it up. A man was made to marry the princess, who promptly divorced him, the Sultan then married the princess again and the second husband was spirited away and pensioned, while a mock execution was performed and everybody was happy—except perhaps the Sultan and his new-old wife.

About this time the Sultan began to introduce European ideas into the royal court in Zanzibar. He had taken a favorite into his harem, a Maori girl of great beauty, from an African standpoint. The 200 second wives had nothing to say, but his four legal wives were angry at the favoritism, especially the princess, so the Sultan, to appease them, brought on from Paris a