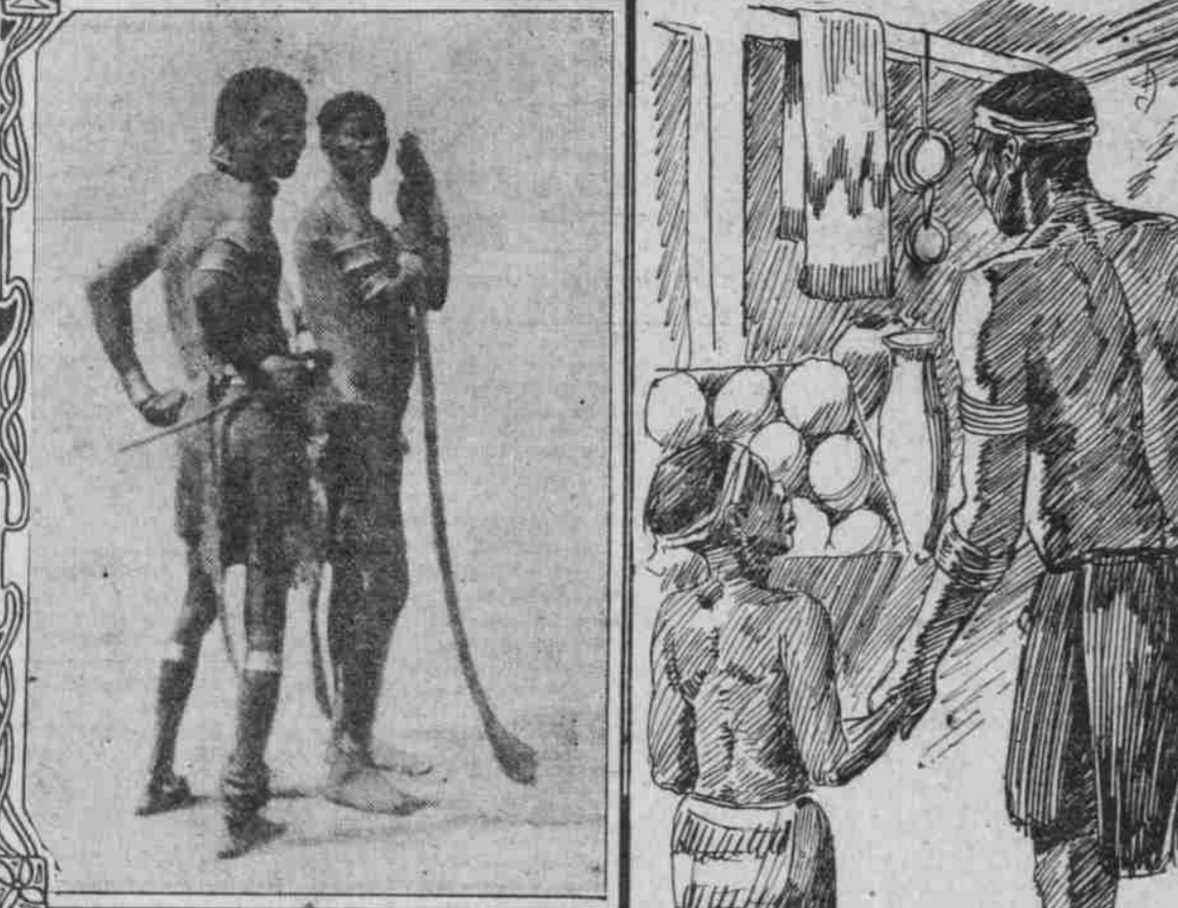


WHERE MEN WORK FOR A NICKEL A DAY

Newest England Which John Bull is Developing in Central Africa



GOVERNMENT TREASURY AT NAIROBI



WAKIIKUYU A STRIP OF COTTON CLOTH SUFFICES FOR THE CLOTHING OF MAN OR WOMAN



BUSINESS STREET IN NAIROBI, THE CAPITAL OF BRITISH EAST AFRICA

MASAI GIRLS, NATIVE OF THE NEWEST ENGLAND

I HAVE just had a long talk with Mr. Frederick J. Jackson, the acting Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this big territory which John Bull owns in the heart of East Africa. Mr. Jackson came out here to hunt big game about 25 years ago, and he has been on the ground from that time to this. He has long been employed by the British government in the administration of Uganda and of the protectorate of East Africa, and he is now Lieutenant-Governor and in the absence of Colonel Sadler, the acting Governor of the country.

The Newest England.

Before I go farther, let me give you some idea of this wonderful territory which the British are opening up in the heart of the black continent. It is the newest England, a land which has only had a life of about 12 years as a colonial possession, and which, six years ago, was as inaccessible as most parts of the desert of Abyssinia and Somalia. The Uganda Railway crosses it from one side to the other, wagon roads have been cut through the various provinces, and a new empire, which is to be largely inhabited by white men, seems to be at its beginning.

high plateau that they are as yet attempting to live.

The Governor Talks.

But let me continue my description in the words of the man who governs the country. My conversation took place in a long blue iron-roofed building known as the commissioner's office, situated on the hill above Nairobi. I had asked as to British East Africa's future. Mr. Jackson replied:

"It is all problematical. We have an enormous territory and millions of people. We have not yet prospected the territory, nor have we done long enough with the natives to know what we can do with the people. We have really no idea as yet as to just what our resources are, and as to the labor we can secure to exploit them."

"How many inhabitants have you?"

"We do not know. We can get some idea from the taxes, for most of the provinces have to pay so much per hut. In other places the natives have been hardy and in some provinces have been estimated at from two to four millions, but I believe it is nearer to five millions, and possibly more."

The Native Tribes.

"Give me some idea of the character of these natives, your excellency," said I.

"They are of many tribes, each having its own character and customs. Among them are the Masai, a pastoral people who deal altogether with cattle. The Masai are noted for their warlike propensities, and in the past their children were trained up to be warriors. Then there are the Wakiikuyu, who have agricultural tendencies. They have small farms and are industrious. They live all about here, and you will go through their country on your way to Lake Victoria. In addition there are the Nandi and many other natives who are both farmers and stockraisers."

Altogether these people are in a low state of civilization. Indeed, it is almost impossible to conceive of anything on the scale of the world's progress they are. They have practically no wants. A strip of cotton cloth suffices for the clothing of a man and he can earn enough for his food in a very short time. Before we can do much with these people we must make them have wants and give them the desire for accumulation. We must begin right at the bottom, and it will be a long time before we can turn them into consumers of foreign goods or into a valuable laboring class. Indeed, our natives are much worse in these respects than those of Uganda. There the people cover their bodies with clothes of one kind or another. They are intelligent and many of them will work to get money."

East Africa for White Men.

"How about your white settlers? Will this country ever be inhabited by Caucasians?"

"That, again, is difficult to say," replied the conservative Governor. "We have a few European settlers already, but whether we can make this colony a second South Africa remains to be seen. I have lived here for over 20 years, and I am not sure as to how far any white man can do hard manual labor in this latitude. It is true we are more than a mile above the sea, but nevertheless we are on the equator, and the equator is not fitted for the white man. The only Europeans who will succeed here will be those who bring some money with them, and who will use the native labor in their work. I don't think any settler should come to East Africa without he has as much as \$2000, reckoning the amount of your precious metals so deep down in the land, stock it, build his house, and then have something to go on. He should not start out with a very small tract. Much of the grazing lands are now being divided up into tracts of 3000 acres, and we are selling tracts of 1000 acres at 60 cents per acre. If a man were to take the first thousand and pay for it, the other 4000 are held for

him subject to certain improvements and developments upon the first thousand. After these are completed he may buy the remaining tract at the price per acre of the first thousand acres."

Big Landowners.

"I understand much of your land is being taken up in large holdings."

"That is so to a certain extent," replied Mr. Jackson, "but we are now discouraging such allotments, and would rather have the land apportioned in tracts of from 500 acres to about 8000 acres each. If the land is for grazing the larger area is desirable. If it is for grain farming or dairying, it is better that it should be small. As to our large landholders, the British East Africa Company owns about 500 square miles. Lord Delaware has about 100,000 acres and Lord Hindlip a little less. There are a number of settlers who have 20,000 acres or more."

Insects by Millions.

"How about your ranching possibilities? I understand that your stockowners expect to find a great meat industry here which will crowd our Chicago packers out of the markets of England."

"I do not think there is room for alarm about that matter as yet," replied the official. "This country is just in the making, and we know practically nothing about it. We realize that we have some of the richest grasses of the world—grasses which have supported vast herds of game, and upon which cattle, sheep, goats and hogs will thrive. But we do not know whether we can conquer the diseases and insect pests which attack all the animals we have so far imported. We seem to have every disease that cows, horses or sheep are subject to in other parts of the world, and I venture we have some peculiarly our own. We have ticks by the millions and flies by the myriads. So far our experiments with cattle are turning out well, and we know that we can produce excellent beef and good butter. We hope to find our first market for our meats and dairy products in South Africa, and later on to ship such things to Europe. The creating of an industry of that kind, however, is one of gradual development. We shall have to arrange as to transportation, and that means cold-storage cars and cold-storage ships. We have not gone far enough as yet to be able to predict what we can do."

Fiber Plants and Minerals.

"What other possibilities have you?"

"I think we may eventually be able to raise coffee, and we are already exploiting certain fibers which grow well between here and the coast. The plant which produces the *Sansivera* fiber is indigenous to this country, and it is being exploited by Americans who are working not far from the station of Voi, about 100 miles inland from the Indian Ocean. I have no doubt we can raise sisal hemp, and know that we can grow ramie without cultivation.

"As to minerals, a great deal of prospecting has already been done, but the results have not been satisfactory. We know that we have gold, silver and copper, but the deposits so far discovered have not been valuable enough to pay for their mining. This whole country is volcanic. We lie here in a basin surrounded by volcanoes. We have Mount Kenya on the north, Kilimanjaro on the south and Mount Elgon away off to the northwest. The eruptions of these mountains have been comparatively recent, and some believe that they have buried the precious metals so deep down in the earth that we shall never get at them."

A Land of Forests.

"How about your timber?"

"We have fine forests, containing both hard and soft woods, and among them a great deal of cedar such as is used for making cigar boxes and lead pencils. The most of such wood, however, is inland

and at a long distance from streams upon which it could be floated down to the sea. At present, our timber resources are practically inaccessible by railroad. This is especially the case with the forests of the Kenya province, which contain very fine woods."

\$50,000 for Hunting Licenses.

"How about your game? Is this country to continue to be the chief game preserve of the world?"

"That question I am not able to answer. We charge, you know, for the right to shoot, and we took in about \$10,000 for such licenses last year. That is about \$50,000 of your money, but the game is so numerous that the animals killed have made no visible diminution in the supply.

"I doubt whether there is a place on earth where there are so many kinds of game as in British East Africa," the commissioner continued. "We have not only some of the finest game, but some of the most interesting. We have herds of antelope, gnu and other wild animals. We have so many zebras that they have become a serious trouble to the farmers and stockmen. They move about in herds of hundreds and sometimes of thousands. They are easily frightened, and if they become panic-stricken, they will stampede and crack off the posts. At present we have great game preserves where no shooting can be done. This is the case along the railroad, and the animals seem to know it and that one of their chief grazing grounds."

How about lions?

"We have plenty of them," was the reply. "but the hunters look upon the shooting as the best of sport, and many of the savage beasts are killed every year. The same is true of the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, which are found in many parts of East Africa."

A Land of Coffee.

Speaking of the possibilities of British East Africa, it may be one of the coffee lands of the future. Several plantations have been set out not far from here, and they are doing well. There is one coffee estate within five miles of Nairobi, which belongs to the Catholic Mission of the Holy Ghost. I rode out on horseback yesterday over the prairie to have a look at it. The way to the estate is through fenced fields, which are spotted here and there with the galvanized iron roofs of English settlers. As I rode on I saw many humped cattle grazing in the pastures. The grass is everywhere tall and thick, and the red soil, although not much cultivated as yet, seems rich. Arriving at the plantation, I was met by Father Tom Burke and walked with him through his coffee plantation. It covers altogether something like 15 acres, and has now more than 5000 trees in full bearing. The yield is good, and the plantation is now supplying not only the town of Nairobi with all the coffee it needs, but it is shipping several tons every year to Europe. Father Burke told me that the coffee trees begin to bear at a year and a half, and that they are in full bearing within about four years. The ripening season is long and berries have to be picked many times. I saw blossoms and green and ripe berries on the same tree. In one place the natives were picking, at another they were hoeing the plants, and in a third place they were putting the berries in a pulper turned by hand. The trees seem healthy. Father Burke says that the young plants grow easily, and that where the birds carry the berries away and drop the seeds the plants will sprout up of themselves. There is a coffee plantation nearby of 30,000 trees, and I am told that there is a fair prospect of a considerable coffee industry springing up.

Where Men Work for Nickel a Day.

While on this plantation I saw many half-naked negroes at work in the fields. They were Wakiikuyu, and were really fine-looking fellows. They were clearing new ground, chopping

down the weeds with mattocks and digging up the soil and turning it over. The sweat stood in beads upon their brows and bare backs and it also ran down their bare legs. I asked the father as to their wages and was told that they each received four rupees a month. A rupee is 35 cents, and this means just about 20 cents a week, or less than 5 cents for a day of 10 hours. I suggested to the reverend father that the pay was small, but he said that the

How to Break Strangle Hold of Land Speculators

Caustic Comment on Existing Evils, by the Secretary of the Oregon Tax Reform Association.

IN A RECENT issue of The Oregonian appears a communication addressed to the Oregon Tax Reform Association, by E. E. Nickerson, which is amusing reading to that wicked aggregation of conspirators against the peace and prosperity of the timber trust, whose welfare most of the people in Oregon are not particularly interested in advancing and over whose troubles, in case of the proposed amendment becoming the organic law of Oregon, this association is not losing any sleep. The receiver of stolen goods will undoubtedly be compelled to return the stolen property, and sections it has added to swindle Uncle Sam out of with subornation of perjury, and other crimes to which it has been accessory before and after the fact.

It is true the Oregon Tax Reform Association proposed openly and above board, but without any "reading between the lines" whatever, to exempt all manufacturing plants from taxation. The entire assessed value of all the manufacturing plants in Oregon does not equal what some ordinary towns in Rhode Island or Pennsylvania can exhibit. "What such cities as Baltimore, Md.; Birmingham, Ala., and scores of others have found to be to their interest to do is certainly the interest of Oregon to do—exempt manufacturing plants from taxation. Wherever it has been tried it has directly and indirectly brought more taxable property into the state than it has exempted. Population makes land values. Population makes markets. Manufacturing establishments bring population. Oregon should be (and whenever its people go about it in the right way will be) a manufacturing state. It has the natural opportunities, climate, water power, harbors and hundreds of miles of navigable rivers that cannot be monopolized by transportation companies without the active consent of the people. The present amount of capital in Oregon devoted to manufacturing enterprises is small and will remain relatively so as long as its tax laws are hostile to that form of investment.

Owing to monopoly prices for staves, spars and long hauls to consumers, the manufacturer in Oregon is not obtaining the return on his capital that he can obtain elsewhere. If we want fewer windows in houses we can reduce them rapidly by taxing them specially, as in New Zealand. For that reason, believing that the people of Oregon were progressive and shrewd enough to realize that the exemption of manufacturing plants would add to the taxable property of the state enormous values, this association incorporated the part Brother Nickerson objects to so strenuously. He is out of date in such sections of the civilized world as Manitoba, New Zealand, New South Wales, and several of the largest and most prosperous cities devoted to manufacturing in these United States. We hope he will soon be in Oregon.

Yes, yes, if this abominable nightmare of increasing the taxes about 20 per cent on land values goes into effect it will no doubt cause large quantities of land—timber, stone, mineral, agricultural, city and tide lands—to go on the market. It will induce more subdividing of the large tracts now open to capital and labor at all the traffic will bear. And the traffic will not then bear so much. Does the gentleman from the syrian shades of

Veronia imagine that those farmers from the Middle West, who he says are being induced to settle on some of those subdivided tracts, will hold back because the houses, fences, livestock and machinery on their farms will pay no tax? How is it then that from these very subdivisions in Manitoba a country far inferior to this in natural and climatic advantages is giving the farmers a square deal and not taxing him for every stroke of work he does.

We cannot take time to teach Mr. Nickerson's definition of economic terms. The producers of Oregon, however, now support the different forms of public service which we call government, and they also support the land speculator. The latter does nothing for Oregon when simply a speculator. The producer gets nothing and gives all. From the application of labor and capital to land comes all wealth, including that of the speculator. When taxes are placed directly on the product of labor and capital it hampers production and exchange, tending in proportion to the burden to strangle production. But when taxes are placed on land values it cannot restrict the production of land. Land is not produced. It was here first. It must remain. To tax its values releases it from the grasp of the idle speculator and permits labor and capital to get on with their work to get off the fence and either work or let some one else work. If the spot of earth he gets out of the way from is useless to man at present and no one will toll upon it, then it is equally worthless now, and it might as well be in the public domain first as last. What does the speculator want with the land? The quickest way to cause the Southern Pacific to get out of its land monopoly business and confine its energies to the transportation business, is to demonstrate by increasing the taxes on the idle lands that it cannot expect to make as much by holding them idle as by permitting producers to settle on them at nominal figures. The vast increase in traffic is the return it would get for the lands. Any attempt to get Congress or the Supreme Court to release them to a herd of smaller speculators (for the benefit of the timber trust ultimately), will take another generation or two.

Manufacturers will pay better wages when they find that their men are going to build homes and farm lands of their own on free or low-priced tracts. It is a mistake to suppose that all producers in the cities work for corporations, or that they only want a shanty and a lot of fire do.

Brother Nickerson is a half Single Taxer

natives could not earn more than that sum, and that even at those wages it was difficult to keep them at work.

I hear this same statement made everywhere. The English people here think that the native Africans are well enough paid at the rate of a half-cent per hour or 4 rupees per month. If you protest they will say that that sum is sufficient to supply all the wants of the black man and ask why he should be paid more. Think of it, ye American

colliers who belong to our labor unions. Think of 5 cents a day for carrying bricks or stone, for chopping up ground under the eyes of a taskmaster, or for trotting along through the grass, hour after hour, with a load of 60 pounds on your head! Think of it, and you may get an idea of how the English white man here in carrying the black man's burden! Indeed, as the Japanese say, it is to laugh!

Nairobi, East Africa.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Some lawsuits of the highest importance have hinged upon the right placing of a comma," said Judge F. C. Downing, of St. Louis.

"When I first started to practice law a Missouri editor came to me in a pack of trouble to defend him against a threatened libel suit growing out of a faulty punctuation. He had not meant to give some innocent young women the slightest offense when he wrote a story about two young men who went with their girls to attend a lecture and after they left, the girls got drunk." Putting that miserable little comma out of its right place did the work, as it made the girls the ones who became inebriated instead of their escorts. I managed by proper diplomacy and the publication of a neat apology to stave off the damage suits, and afterward my editorial friend became an expert on punctuation."

Hereditary Politics.

New York Sun

George Franklin Needham Oldershaw, a keen-eyed youth, without a law. Had reached the age of twenty-one. And was, in truth, his father's son. He started for the polls to vote. And, as his breast he bravely smote, He told his boss companion that the ballot had been left in his hands. They asked him why. He answered, "Oh, Pa voted so!"

Petrochlo Fritz Oldershaw, A man who stood for church and law— A George's father and a man all knew To be an honest soul and true. Proclaimed that every man should vote: It was the duty each should note. The polls had never found him late; He always cast his ballot straight— A Democratic one, you know. "Pa voted so!"

Neheladzezar Oldershaw, Without a tooth in church and law, Still got around at eighty-three. To vote "for what had ought to be." He too, had Democratic views. And over them would oft enthuse. No wonder that he seemed to feel So strongly politics' appeal. For not so many years ago "Pa voted so!"

It seems that politics ofttimes Hang in the blood and sort of times The past and present into one— Descends from father unto son. I know we lean to left or right. As did the parent plant; we fight Close in the corner, where we're caught. The same old fight our fathers fought. And though we argue and debate Of platforms and of party state, Some of us vote because, you know, "Pa voted so!"