

ANIMATION IN BARK CLOTH

ALL ABOUT THE BAGANDA WHO RAISE THEIR CLOTHES IN THEIR GARDENS



WOMAN IN BARK CLOTH.
"I TOOK A SNAPSHOT OF A SHAVED-HEAD WOMAN WITH A UGANDA HOE IN HER HAND."

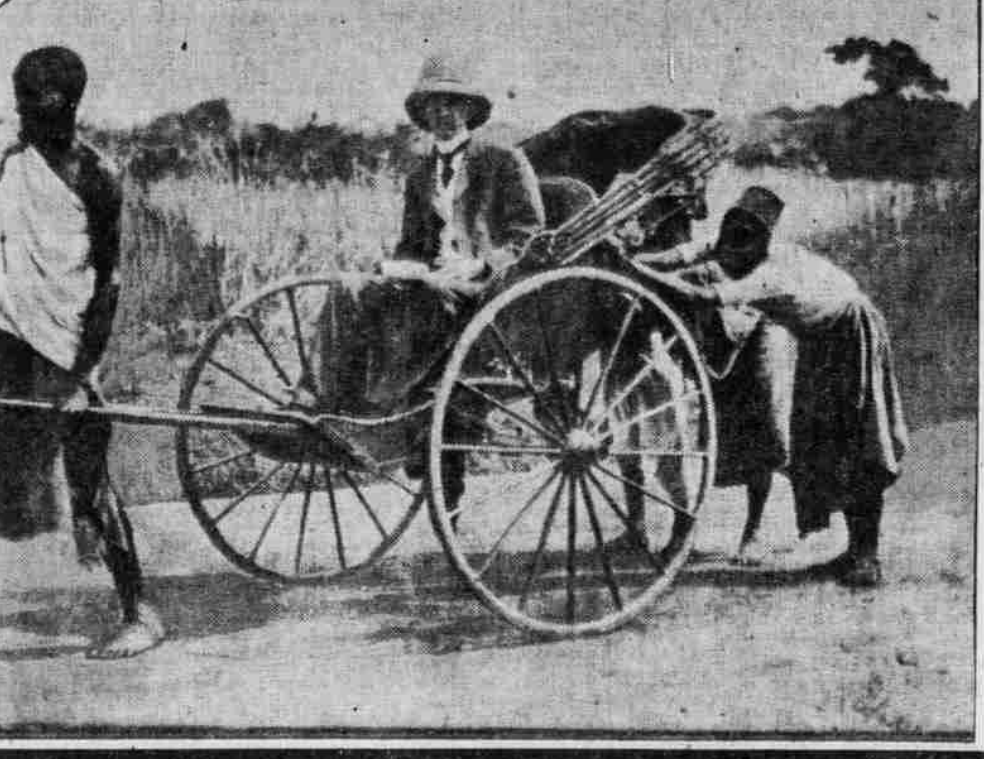
BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
WAY off here in the heart of the black continent, within a few hundred miles of the headwaters of the Congo, and right at the source of the Nile, is a nation of semi-civilized Africans who are clad all in bark. I have just left the Kavironda, on the other side of Victoria Nyanza. They go stark naked, and are not ashamed. These people are fully clad and they consider all exposure of the person indecent. A married woman who would go about wearing only the girdle of beads and the shawl fiber hat which constitutes full dress about Port Florence would be arrested in Kampala, and the Uganda man who would strut around, with only a little apron of skin tied to his waist at the back, would be drummed out of the country.

The Baganda, as these people are called, are a nation of prudes. This is so especially as far as the men are concerned. Every one of them, when not working, is clothed in long, flowing garments from his head to his feet, and in the time of the last king the man who showed a bit of bare leg in his majesty's presence was instantly punished. I have told you how the old blind musician of the present king lost his throne, and a princess to see him in swimming. This was at the command of old King Muteesa, and that notwithstanding he kept a large corps of nude girls about his palace to act as his valets. Now, days the Uganda women are almost as much clad as the men, and it is only when out working in the field that they may occasionally be seen bare to the waist.

A Nation in Bark.
There are about 1,000,000 negroes in Georgia, and that is just the number of these semi-civilized Baganda. If you could collect all our Georgia colored population together and dress them in bark, having an occasional one clad in sheets of white cotton, you would have something like the nation here at the source of the Nile. The people are Bantu negroes. They are if anything better looking than our colored people and are far more intelligent than the negroes about the Gulf of Guinea, from where the greater portion of our slaves came. Their bark clothing is made in the shape of great sheets of the size of a bed quilt, and it is strapped about the body, extending in the case of the men from the neck to the feet and with the women from under the arms well down to the ankles. The Baganda man begins dressing by winding a strip of bark cloth about his hips and passing it between his legs and fastening it at the waist. After this he puts on his large sheet, which he fastens around his shoulders and often ties at the waist. It is only when at hard labor that any other part of his body is bare. When working his lower legs often show. The women do not seem to regard the exposure of their persons above the waist as indecent, although they are usually clad from armpits to ankles. I am told that many of them take off their clothes when dining inside the house, in order to keep from soiling them. The women I see are on the whole pretty well clad.

Adam and Eve in Uganda.
When Adam and Eve had their little trouble over the apple, and from it, as a consequence, clad themselves in fig leaves, they set an example for these people of Uganda. The Baganda, however, use the bark of the fig tree and not the leaf. This bark clothing is all made of the inside skin of a species of fig tree, which they grow in their gardens. I have just returned from a long trip through the country and have had an opportunity to see how the bark is grown and how it is prepared for clothing.

The ordinary Uganda family lives in a thatched hut surrounded by banana plantations, and these clothing trees are planted in among the bananas. They are to be seen everywhere along the roads. They grow to a height of from 20 to 30 feet, and their branches begin at about eight or ten feet from the ground. The



MR. CARPENTER IN HIS JINRIKISHA

bark is cut in such a way that it comes off in sheets. If it is properly stripped from the tree another coat will grow, so that the same tree will produce a new crop of cloth every year. In cutting the bark great care is taken to leave a thin film on the trunk, and as soon as the outer bark is removed the trunk is wrapped in green banana leaves, and these are tied tightly about it with banana fiber. I saw the natives doing such work in many of the gardens on my way across Uganda.

A Suit of Clothes for Four Cents.
Speaking of this dress of the Baganda, I have said they were all fully clad. This is so of both men and women and of even small boys. The only exceptions are girls, up to the ages of eight or nine years. They go absolutely naked, save that each has a ring of woven fiber or of twisted banana stems as big around as my thumb. This they wear about the waist. During our trip yesterday, my son Jack met a girl so clad and bargained with her for her outfit. The little one sold her whole suit of clothes for four cents, stepping out of her waist ring and standing there naked while she handed it to him and took the money. A moment later she scampered off into a banana patch and made a new ring of banana fibers to take its place. I am told that the little ones consider themselves undressed when they have not this ring about their waists; and that if they have left it off they will run for it and put it on before they come to meet strangers.

They Shave Their Heads.
This little girl had her head shaved close to the skin. This is so with both women and men among the Baganda. Nearly every one has a scalp like polished ebony, although a few allow the hair to grow. The Baganda do not wear jewelry and the women do not pierce their ears nor disfigure themselves with scars and various other mutilations, as is common among most African tribes. Those who wear hair, do not load it with grease; and, as a rule, the people are noted for their cleanliness and fondness for bathing.

Since the country has been opened to Europeans many of the richer natives have begun to wear cotton, and strange to say, they prefer American goods to any other. These goods here go by the



ROAD HOUSE, INTERIOR, UGANDA

and it has thousands of miles of native roads, each ten feet or more in width. This is different from the other countries of Africa.

Since the British took possession of the country they have improved these native roads. They are building others, and one can now go in a jinrikisha, pulled by natives, from here to Lake Abo a distance of about 200 miles. I understand that there is even a road to Gondokoro, which lies in the Sudan on the other side of Uganda. That place is the terminus of steam navigation on the Nile, so that I could go by jinrikisha from here to that point and thence by steamboat and rail to the Mediterranean.

Where Women Work the Roads.
All the roads of the country are kept up by the natives under the direction of their chiefs, although back of the chiefs are the British officials, who work through them. Every person in the country, male and female, is subject to one month's work during the year as a road tax. We think it a heavy burden if we have to pay for one day's work on the roads, but here every one is supposed to work a whole month. Each chief is responsible for

the roads of his territory; and he calls upon every household for the requisite amount of labor. The household as a rule sees that the most of the work is done by the women. This I found to be the case all the way from Entebbe to Kampala. Everywhere there were girls down on their knees pulling out weeds or bending over and smoothing the roadbed with short-handled native hoes. In one or two places men were at work, but as a rule the rough labor was done by bare-shouldered, bare-armed and bare-footed females clad in bark clothing. Now and then I stopped on the way to watch them, and once took a snapshot of a shaven headed maiden with a native hoe in her hand.

American Jinrikishas.
It is an odd experience to travel through the African wilds in a jinrikisha, but that is what I did on my way here from Entebbe. This vehicle was originally the invention of an American missionary who lived in Japan. It took so well there that a great part of the travel of that country is now done by it, and it has since spread from Japan throughout the far East. We have it in Manila and it is also common in India. Some were imported into South Africa, having been made and an enterprising American firm has taken to manufacturing them for export. Those used here are of American make. They look somewhat like rickshaws, having seats wide enough for one or two people. I took four for my trip. Two of these were for myself and son and the other two for our baggage and photographic instruments. We paid \$2 for each jinrikisha, and this included four lusty natives who pushed and pulled us along. One man pulled in the shafts and the three others pushed from behind. The men were as black as jet. They were bare-

headed, bare-shouldered and bare-footed and were clad in gowns of bark cloth or cotton. They went on the trot even while climbing the hills, and they sang all the way.

Each jinrikisha party formed a quartet, of which the man in the shaft was the leader. The songs seemed to contain a thousand verses of one line each. This was yelled out by the leader, and, at the end, the three men behind would grant out one or two words sounding much like the croaking of a bullfrog. It was "Karung! Karung!" The singing did well enough at the start, but after ten miles it began to wear upon us, and we wished they were dumb.

Difference Between Criminals and Offenders

Satirical Essay on the Activities of the Police and the Haphazard Results of Law in General.

BY J. L. JONES.
THE FATE of all who aspire to litigation is a sad one. I have fallen under the condemnation of the critics. I am informed that I made a wild statement, quite incompatible with absolute truth, when I said that the police hardly ever arrested a criminal. It is not a fact that the police are often kept so busy gathering in criminals as to have no time to arrest them. I was much edified by this criticism, not having the faintest idea that I had so innocently and effectually made myself ridiculous. I had not the remotest idea of classifying under the head of criminals the daily catch of drunks and hobos collected by the police. But there is a much difference between a real, healthy criminal and a mere miserable offender, such as worthy church members every Sunday confess themselves to be, as there is between a live lion and a yellow dog.

It is no trouble to arrest a drunken man. He has not sense enough to disappear. If he resists it is easy to club him into insensibility, and it will naturally be supposed that he was found in that state. If he dies, so much the better. He will probably be unidentified. No questions will be asked, and no one will care.

Decent people never get disorderly on the streets. They get drunk privately and peacefully. Their friends take care of them. The police don't meddle. It is none of their business.

It is no trouble to arrest hobos, either. The hobo does not try to escape the policeman. He wants to find a place to sleep. There is a natural attraction between the two, as there is between a spider and a fly. The hobo has to find lodging. He is usually hungry and always thirsty. If he approached a policeman directly and requested to be conducted to his lodgings, the officer would have no authority to act. He must commit some offense in order to be recognized. He must do something to attract unfavorable attention.

Now the hobo has the inestimable advantage of being always an offender. His mere presence at any time or place is an offense and a nuisance that call for speedy abatement. If he stands still or moves slowly he is obstructing the thoroughfare. If he moves quickly he invites pursuit. This is a very suspicious act. He is doubtless endeavoring to make his escape. If he does nothing at all he is doubly delinquent. This is prima facie evidence that he is an unprofitable servant. If he hunts for a job he is trespassing on private premises, spying out something to steal. If he does not hunt, he is trespassing, anyhow, and his trespasses are not forgiven in any case.

Knowing all these things, the experienced hobo picks out an unoffending policeman and proceeds to get in his way. He can stagger or swagger or stand still with a hamper on his back. Or he can put his thumb in his nose.

The policeman is quick to recognize in any of these acts or attitudes an offense against the majesty of the law. He begins hostilities by roughly reprimanding the offender. The offender "gasses back" or makes a show of resistance. Then the cop can legally club him and run him in.

This ceremony has to be gone through with as a regular order of

business, like the initiative and referendum or like a would-be speaker addressing a chair, in order to make the arrest legal. Otherwise it would be a farce. It is only a farce anyhow.

When the offender appears before the court he pleads not guilty, tells a tale of woe and begs off. If the court turns him loose, his labor is lost and he has to get run in again the next day, with an aggravated offense.

When I said the police hardly ever arrested a criminal, I meant a real bad man, a burglar, highwayman or murderer, having some notion of his own self, in the shafts and the three others pushed from behind. The men were as black as jet. They were bare-

yer of becoming a corporation attorney.

Thus, it comes about by a perfectly natural process, unavoidable, and for which no one is to blame, that the small thieves find their protectors and patrons among the detectives, just as the grand thieves, the plutocrats, conduct their operations under the patronage of their attorneys in Congress and in the legislature.

This is the work of Hermes, the deity, that presides over the destinies of thieves. He is a beneficent and powerful being, who takes care of his own and provides for the safety of his most humble as well as his most exalted followers.

It would be impossible to carry on thieving at all as a profession or business either on a large or small scale without the license and protection of the law. In fact, that is what the law is for. Hermes, the great god of thieves, His other name is Mercury, which comes from the same root as merchant and commerce. All law is commercial because it has to do with exchange of goods or evils. And the exchanges may be just or unjust, fraudulent or fair.

St. Paul uttered a very profound truth once, which he probably did not understand himself, when he said that sin comes by the law. If there was not any law there would not be any sin.

This is a rather mysterious and puzzling matter. Neither the politicians nor the preachers can explain it. I have not time now to do it now, but I purpose later on in the ten commandment series to explain how the law creates the crime it is supposed to prevent, how the doctrine originates the diseases that to them are a perennial source of revenue, and how the preachers raise the devil they so dearly love to fight.

And when the explanation comes it will be authoritative because I have it from Hermes himself, Hermes Trismegistos (thrice the greatest), I am a pupil of Hermes, a hermit, a hermitist, a merchant and a thief. Therefore, I am qualified to be a detective.

Detective is one who uncovers secrets and explains mysteries. If the police could put their hands on millions of stolen treasures they dare not recover. I could give them information they dare not act on. Indeed, my evidence would not be received at all. It would be thrown out of court. I have told more, already than many of my readers can stand. It is astonishingly easy to satisfy the hunger of some folks for truth.

By the way, when the police can't catch the criminals, and the detectives stand in with them, and the law protects them, whoever would not be a criminal must necessarily be a very virtuous person, or else a long-suffering taxpayer.

I would like to use the word fool instead of taxpayer, but taxpayer means about the same thing, and fool is one of those words of many meanings. Like criminal, and it is not safe to use it without writing a book of explanations and apologies.

Corvallis, Or.

The Umpire.

With padded breast and nerve that's stealed.
He stalks upon the trembling globe,
The puny rears before him raw!
With thunderous roar he cries, "Play ball!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.