

CREAM OF THE BLACK CONTINENT

HOW JOHN BULL GOVERNS FOUR MILLION AFRICAN NATIVES



A GROUP AT ENTEBBE, DRESSED IN BARK CLOTH, BOMBAY CALICO, AND AMERICAN COTTONS.



ONE OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

TAKE a seat with me on the mud veranda of the mud hotel at Entebbe and look out over Lake Victoria, while I tell you something of this Uganda protectorate which the British have recently added to their share of the white man's burden. You had best keep your hair on. There are heads and shoulders of the hut and roof overhead, and some may fall down upon us as we talk. I advise you, also, to tie your shoes tight, and by no means to rest your bare feet on the floor. It is true it is plastered with cow dung and that ought to keep out the ants and the fleas. The latter insects, however, have a way of crawling in under one's toenails and laying little sacks of eggs in the skin, which, if they hatch, may cause us the loss of our toes. I have had to wiggle them out of my feet since I came into Uganda, and now, Efirna, my native servant, does over my toes every morning.

Do you see that black hand moving across the path down there in front? It is made up of ants which will attack you if you come near it. They are the famous warrior ants, whose bite feels like red-hot iron. Their heads are like to be torn from their bodies before they will let go. They are far more dangerous than that baby lion, who is not with a clothed hand, his neck to a tree trunk, and is not old enough to know how strong he is. He was brought in last night by a traveler from Lake Tanganyika, who also owns the two gray parrots with red tails, who, perched in the tree above it, are alternately whistling and scolding.

On the Equator.

Before we begin our talk let us look around and try to realize where we are. This mud hotel is called the Equatorial. It is situated right on the equator, and by spreading out our legs, we could almost straddle the same. Nevertheless, we are about 4000 feet above the sea, and the cool breeze from Victoria Lake makes the air as delightful as Virginia in June. There are oranges and lemons growing out there in the garden, great beds of foxtail papyrus are waving to and fro on the shores, and we can see tall palms with their whispering leaves everywhere.

We are right on the edge of Victoria Nyanza, about as far inland as the western shores of Lake Erie are in New York. The lake is the largest of the African continent. That lake was not known to the world until about 40 years ago, and today a large part of the lands surrounding it are unexplored. The narrow gorges right through the lake, and it is only about 40 miles south of it that the German possessions begin. This part of Lake Victoria belongs to Great Britain, and all the vast territories extending from here to the Mediterranean, including Uganda, the Sudan and Egypt, is practically under the control of John Bull. He has every foot of land on each side of the Nile, which begins its course by flowing out of Lake Victoria at Ripon Falls, not far from here, and winds its way for 3000 miles before it empties into the Mediterranean Sea. As the Nile flows, the distance is farther than from Philadelphia to the Great Salt Lake; and the country contains some of the richest lands upon earth. Everyone knows of the wealth of Egypt, which has never been so rich as since the British took hold. The Sudan has vast territories equally fertile; and Uganda, away down here at the Nile's source, among the highest of the African mountains, is in some respects richer than all.

The Uganda Protectorate.

Indeed, the English officials tell me that Uganda is the cream of the African continent. I have now been traveling some weeks through it, and I believe they are right. There is no other place where so many valuable crops can be grown. In some of the provinces the natives raise grain with practically no cultivation, in others, coffee grows wild, and everywhere there are bananas and other tropical fruits. In another letter I shall equally tell you of the rubber, which is already being raised here and there; and shall treat of the stock-raising prospects which promise to make Uganda the great market basket of England.

The land is one of great forests, as well as of rich plains covered with grass. It is a land of rubber, and it has vast resources in those which may be used for the making of paper, rope and cloth. I have already spoken of the bark blankets which are used by a million or more of the natives as dresses; but I have said nothing of the rapids, other which is brought here to Entebbe for shipment to England, where it brings as high as \$10 a ton. This country can raise hemp as good as that produced in the Philippines, and China grass and steel are said to thrive equally well.

The Uganda protectorate is rich in minerals. Hematite ore is found almost everywhere, copper has been discovered in the central province and gold is said to exist in some places. There are also deposits of white china clay of great



MY HOTEL AT ENTEBBE

Uganda as the Sun Sets It.

But suppose we take a look at Uganda as the sun sets it. The country lies on the roof of the African continent. Where it borders Lake Victoria it is about as high up in the air as the highest of the Alleghenies, and the crater of Mount Elgon which rises in the central province a little north of that lake kisses the sky 100 feet higher than the top of Pike's Peak. Away off to the east are Mounts Killimanjaro and Kenya, and at the west are the mighty highlands of Ruwenzori, which vie with those of Killimanjaro itself. The country is almost surrounded by water. On the south is Lake Rudolf, on the west are Albert Edward and Albert Nyanza joined by the Semliki, and further down is the Nile. On the east is Lake Rudolf, an enormous body of water, and throughout the whole country are beautiful little lakes, ponds, rivers and creeks.

The general nature of the country is rolling. It has many hills and hollows and undulating plains, with swamps in the valleys. The hills are covered with grass and they roll over one another as far as the eye can see. The swamps are often spotted with woods, and one is never out of sight of the papyrus, the tall tassel-like grass of which the Egyptians made paper.

As to the extent of the protectorate, it contains altogether more land than New England added to New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Virginia. It has a bigger population than New England and bigger than that of any state of our Union, with the exception of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio or Illinois. The people all told number between 1,000,000 and 2,000,000, and of these considerably over 1,000,000 are Christians. These are the semi-civilized Baganda, in whose country I now am.

Five Great Provinces.

The British have divided up this territory into five provinces. Originally they made six, but within the last year or so they have taken one of the lands lying east of the lake and given them to British East Africa. That province contains the naked Kavirondo, of whom I have already written. It is traversed by the Uganda railway, which terminates on the lake at Fort Florence. The five provinces of Uganda consist of the kingdom of Buganda, the central province to the east of it, the western province lying between it and Lakes Albert Edward and Albert, and the Rudolf and Nile provinces at the north.

The central province, which is almost directly north of Victoria Nyanza, is fertile to an extreme. It borders on the Kavirondo country, and many of its people go naked. It is densely populated, and its people raise cattle, sheep and goats. They also do considerable farming. One of the most characteristic features of this province is Mount Elgon, which ranks as one of the high mountains of the continent. It is an enormous volcano, whose lower slopes are covered with forests and on whose top are frequent snowstorms, although it is almost on the equator.

Among the curious features of this mountain are its caves, which have been inhabited by the natives for ages. They

use them as homes, and as stables for their cattle, sheep and goats. The cattle caves are never cleaned, and the manure of ages beds their floors. They swarm with fleas and the stench is terrible. Roads are now being cut through the central province by the native chiefs, and one would have no difficulty in journeying through it.

Western Uganda.

The poorest part of the Uganda protectorate is in the north. The country fades out into the desert not far from Lake Rudolf, and the Nile province partakes somewhat of the nature of the Sudan. As to the western province, that is high and healthy. It is a broken tableland, a great part of it a mile above the sea, rising in some places to high mountains. The country is well watered, and a large part of it is covered with a tropical forest filled with monkeys. The people are well-developed black negroes who devote themselves largely to stock raising. They have cattle with horns so large that they seem to be leading the beasts. In this same region there are pygmies just like those which Stanley describes as living in the forests of the Congo.

These western natives are not so advanced as those of Uganda proper. Many of them go naked, and others are clad only in aprons of bark cloth tied by strings around their waists. These natives ornament their bodies with beads and feathers. I have seen some who have their breasts and stomachs out in such patterns that they somewhat resemble Persian shaghs. Many of them file their teeth and altogether they are low in the scale of African civilization.

The Capital of Uganda.

I wish we could send Uncle Sam to Entebbe and show him how John Bull handles these millions of savages. This country has more than half as many people as the Philippines, and some of them have for ages been noted for their warlike characters. John Bull takes care of them all with a few score of officials and about 2500 soldiers. His soldiers are almost all native blacks and most of them have been recruited from the country itself. There are a few East Indian skins, but the army is mainly made up of Ugandans. The king's African Rifles, who are commanded by British generals, colonels and captains. This force consists of 1500 blacks, and, in addition, there are 1000 native constabulary. It seems a small army to control 4,000,000 people.

Nevertheless, the country is kept in perfect order, and law courts are being established in all the provinces. There is a supreme court to which appeals may be made. The people pay their taxes. In some of the provinces they are establishing schools, and altogether they are far better off than they have ever been before.

This town of Entebbe is the capital of Uganda. It has the greater part of

the white population, which consists all told of just 400 souls, embracing 22 women. The men are chiefly British officials. They are well educated young fellows, fond of sport and devoted to tennis and golf, which they play almost every day. The women are, as a rule, fine-looking English girls, the wives and daughters of these officials. They dress as well as our girls at home, and if one could lift up this white colony and drop it down in any city of England or the United States the people would not be out of place.

And how do these people live?

Well, here at the capital they are better off than in many parts of the interior. They have houses of sun-dried brick, roofed with galvanized iron. Very few of the houses are of more than one story, but they have wide verandas and the rooms are spread out over the ground. Many of them are surrounded by beautiful gardens, filled with all sorts of tropical plants and trees. The houses are built far apart along wide roads of the red dirt of Uganda. Some of the roads are lined with flowering trees, the most common being the Cape Lily, which is now bearing a great mass of blue flowers. Indeed, there are so many flowers and plants that one seems to be going through a botanical garden as he walks along the streets.

The business part of the capital is given up to the East Indians. There are a half dozen or more galvanized iron stores filled with goods to sell to the natives. The brown-skinned merchants wear little yellow skull caps, calico pantaloons and long coats, buttoned high up in the neck. They have yellowish brown faces, dark eyes and curly black hair.

The government buildings are scattered here and there over the hills. They are usually roofed with galvanized iron. They have brick walls and wide porches. There are as a rule very few buildings thatched with straw. The police barracks form one of the exceptions. These lie on the western edge of Entebbe, and they consist of rude Nuba houses, with conical roofs.

A Central African Hotel.

The hotel here is about the only one in Central Africa. In most other places one has to have his own tents or to stop with the officials. I am usually able to get in with an official, and this was the case at Entebbe. The native constabulary is in the foundation of our hotel is an oddity. It is made of mud and grass. The main building is 100 feet high, about 50 feet square and it measures about 25 feet to the corner of the thatched roof. Its walls are only 12 feet high, but the roof does not begin for several feet above them, a space of a yard perhaps being left for air between the walls and the rafters. This main part of the hotel contains a dining-room, a parlor and a billiard-room, with kitchens off at the side.

The bedrooms are bungalow-like sheds made of mud and thatched with straw. They are some distance away from the hotel itself and run around the walls of the compound. Each bedroom opens out upon a little porch or ledge floored with mud and coated over with cow-dung well smoothed down. The bed-

rooms are floored the same way, but each has a rush mat made of papyrus reeds, from Lake Victoria running across it. The beds themselves consist of a rude framework of wood, to which are woven strips of antelope skins. Upon these rush matting is laid, and then a thin mattress of Uganda cotton. Every bed has its mosquito netting. This region is very malarious, and no one would think of sleeping here without such protection. As for the food of the hotel, it is fairly good for Central Africa, although it would be poor anywhere else. The chief trouble is the cooking, which is universally bad. As to variety, we had at our last dinner a soup, some fish, fried brains, beef, potatoes and green peas. Our desert began with a slice of papaya, a delicious melon-like fruit which grows on a tree here, and ended with coffee. The hotel

rate is \$2 a day, including rooms and board.

Ruled Through the Chiefs.

During my stay here I have had some talks with officials as to how they handle Uganda. They tell me that they rule as far as possible through the natives. Each petty locality has had its own system of government and its own laws as far as possible, and the machinery is adapted to these systems. In Uganda proper the work is done through the native council and the little king or the chief says, in courtly fashion, that the council of Lukiko consists of 30 chiefs, each of which has its own county or district with its own court. These courts are subdivided and given over to subordinate chiefs until there is perhaps a chief to each village of any size.

The women are fine looking-English girls

Officer Casey on the Standpatters

Some Homely and Witty Views of the Tariff by an Illinois Layman.

Chicago Evening Post.

IKKE, ma-so, when ye've mimo- rized 'th' whole 'il' that sportin' extery 'il' be asked 'e' a question or two," said Mrs. Casey.

"Questions 'il' what?" asked Officer Casey. "Iv doctrine or be-ridge?"

"Iv nayther," replied his wife, "but iv somethin' ye may chane't 't know iv, an' that's polities. I'm ather havin' 't read a paper on 'Race Pridiole in Pollytics' before 'th' married ladies' sodality come Choooodah, an' I'm gulin' 't make a pint out iv this new Irish party 'il' 'th' East, 'th' stand-pat 'in'."

"Th' new Irish-'th' stand-pat-Mrs. Casey, do ye be meanin' 't ill me ye think 'th' stand-patters ar-re Irish? An' ye 'th' wife iv a ma-an as officer that's voted 'th' Dimmycratic ticket fr'm 'th' time he was eighteen? 'I'd rather ye'd 'ad me a mugwump 'th' 'il' hear ye accusin' a progressive an' enlightened 'peopl' iv bein' stand-patters."

"Th' stand-patters, Mrs. Casey, ar-re not a party, they ar-re a shate iv ir-risted mental development. They ar-re not human beings, but 'th' talkin' masheens iv 'th' infant industries--infant industries that possess a forty-eight waist measure."

"Th' stand-pat min ar-re opposed 't anny charge. If ye asked a man iv thim 't change a five he'd be insulted. They never change, not even their minds. Some iv 'th' more lib'ral, when at a safe distance fr'm 'th' Dimmy-cratic, 'il' admit that 'th' systems seem 't change, but that's as far as they'll go. Th' tariff, they say, never changes."

"What's 'th' tariff? 'Th' a theory an' a practice. In theory it keeps up 'th' wur-rikinnin' iv weery. In practice it keeps up 'th' expenses. Th' tariff is a wall, 'th' weepin' wall iv 'th' Dimmy-cratic, 'il' also 'th' Raypublie'n fence--'il' stolen goods an' 'th' bar-bur-wire variety."

"Th' tariff keeps out 'th' cheap goods iv other countries, an' spares 'th' fr-uists 'th' pate an' mortification iv sellin' 'annithin' fr'm a spool iv cotton 't a thr-rashin' masheen at less 'n 'th' four hundred per cent profit. Th' tariff is 'th' Kinnin' iv our prosperity an' 'th' gr-ground flure iv our big fortunes. There's many otherwise sensible min who believe in high tariff. They say 'th' better fr 'th' wage-earner--'il' admit that 'th' wage-earner, they say, 't draw two q'ty an' spind two forty-eight 'th' 't draw two twenty-five an' spind two twenty-three fr 'th' necessities iv life. Th' stand-patters say this teaches 'th' poor 'th' responsibility iv money."

"Anyways, 'th' stand-patters say 'th' tariff must not be changed, fr the coun-

try's best interest."

The chiefs receive money from the British government and in return they collect the taxes and turn them into the treasury. The taxes are assessed at so much to each hut, the amount being usually about \$1 a year. This seems low, but when it is remembered that it entitles about a month of good hard work to make a dollar out here in Uganda it will be seen that it is pretty high after all. I have met many of the Baganda chiefs during my stay. They are very intelligent. Not a few are able to read, having learned to do so in the mission schools. One has written a book, and all are more than ordinarily bright. Not a few of them are now keeping their court proceedings in typewriting, the native language having been adapted to the Roman letters so that the ordinary machine can be used.

Entebbe, Africa.

Don't Fold Your Arms.

Family Doctor.

By folding your arms you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself and down drops the chest, the lungs are compressed and the blood is not properly oxygenated. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could find out our own shape we would be ashamed of our shape. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Instead of folding your arms across the chest you will develop a flat chest and a rounded back.

Here are four other hints which should be made habitable. Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Breathe the abdomen in and out a hundred times each day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day.

Chivalry at 6 Years.

Toronto Saturday Night.

A true specimen of manly chivalry--the very pattern of a small knight who holds the rights of his lady before sacred--was encountered the other day in a Boston kindergarten. The teacher discovered that a very small boy, 6 years old, was chewing gum, and she made him disgorge it.

"I can't," he said.

"Why, yes, you can, and you must." "No, I can't," he persisted, and kept the gum in his mouth.

"Now, why can't you give me that gum, Johnny?" the teacher asked.

"'Cause," said Johnny shortly, "it belongs to a little girl in Sumerville."

Classic Involvement to a Modern Delfy.

William Wallace Whitlock in the New York Herald.

Great Euter of the Heavens Below--the Stars Where we of common clay may not descend, Or, if, like Orpheus, hearing death's And bid farewell to light and smiling life, Impelled by something stronger than the dread Of grim annihilation--or led on, By blind love, to follow in the wake Of honored ones who have gone on, And face whose pendant fate we tremble to know.

Or maybe guided by the sapient hand Of some wise Virgil who before us sought Marcellus in these realms, and therefore Where Cerebus, with sleeping fangs, lies hid, Where blows the blighting wind that bears The forms Of Paris and his nonrepentant love, Where Charon waits upon his ghostly crew, And 'he who enters here leaves hope behind,

To these we make our plea, great Janitor, For Janus gaily opened, at all the gates, The first and mightiest, sole survivor, too, Of that once potent band--oh, hear our prayer.

"For the Lord's sake send the steam up!"