

RAISING COTTON IN UGANDA

SPROUTED FROM AMERICAN SEED, IT IS GROWING AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE



A COTTON FIELD IN UGANDA. THE PLANTS WERE HIGHER THAN MY HEAD

I SAW SCORES OF NATIVES BRINGING IN BALS ON THEIR HEADS

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
A NATION of four million blacks who are beginning to plant American cotton.

A territory which has some of the best cotton soil known to the world and which is as big as Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, South Carolina and Georgia combined.

A country protected by Great Britain whose people have millions to back it and who make and sell more cotton than any other nation outside our own.

These are some of the conditions which point toward Uganda as the African cotton land of the future. The cloud is now no bigger than the hand of a man; but it is growing and it may bring mighty storms into our financial sky.

Cotton in Uganda.

It is now only two years since the British began to experiment with cotton raising in this part of the world. The first seed was sent out by the British Cotton Growing Association, and it was distributed to the native chiefs throughout the country. That was in 1904, and there are now thousands of little plantations all over Uganda. In most places the fields are less than an acre in size; and in many they consist of only little patches of cotton with the bananae growing about the houses. Nevertheless, the cotton is everywhere, and everywhere it grows well. This is so with almost no cultivation. I have walked through fields where the plants were higher than my head and have pulled the lint from fat bolls surrounded by weeds.

Cotton on Lake Victoria.

The cotton movement is being engineered by the Uganda Company, Limited. This is an association of English capitalists who have been more or less interested in the Christian mission work going on in Uganda. They represent a great deal of money, and have active and up-to-date men in their employ out here. They have a British manager and assistants and are putting up a big ginning plant, with the best of modern ginning machinery. Twenty-four gins are already running, and these are operated by two steam engines, one of which is of a hundred-horse power.

The gins were made by Platt Brothers & Co., of England, and were installed by

Mr. J. Buckley, a representative of that company, who has been over our cotton states and claims to know all about American cotton. He tells me that the cotton here, grown from our seed, is superior to the same cotton grown in America, and that it is as good as any upland cotton that we produce. The present output of the gins is only about four tons per day, but this will be increased.

This company has also a hydraulic baling press, made by John Shaw & Sons of Manchester, and it proposes to install other machinery. At present it is difficult to land heavy freight here. Until the Uganda railway was completed everything was brought in by black porters. As all was carried upon the head, no piece weighing more than 50 or 70 pounds could be carried. The long journey of 300 miles up from the sea coast. In this hydraulic press there is one cylinder which weighs two and one-half tons, and it almost broke down the boat which it was carried across Lake Victoria. The nearest landing place on that lake is several miles from Kampala, and the cylinder was dragged inland by a traction engine.

This same company has recently purchased a location under Ripon Falls, at the head of Napoleon Gulf, where the Nile flows out of Lake Victoria. The falls are such that they will furnish a big electric power, and it is the intention to build ginning mills and cotton factories inland by a traction engine.

A Modern Cotton Gin in Africa.

While I was in Omdurman, in the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, which lies on the Nile 150 miles or so north of here, I saw half-naked negro women sitting flat on the ground taking the seeds out of the cotton with little sticks run by hand. The gins were like clothes wringers. The lint passed through rolls not bigger around than a broomstick, and the work went on the cotton with little sticks run by hand. Eli Whitney invented his gin. The ginning establishment here has as up-to-date machinery as any in our Southern states. It is a building of sun-dried brick covering perhaps one-eighth of an acre. It is of two stories, and the gins are on the second floor, so arranged that the cotton falls into a hopper and the lint dropped down below.

Right near the ginning rooms are the warehouses. These are now five in number. They are 35 feet long and 30 feet wide, and have on hand about 30,000 pounds of seed cotton ready for ginning. All this has come in within the past few months, and the cotton now arriving by the hundreds of bags every day.

All Brought in on the Head.

While at the factory I saw scores of natives carrying along with great bags of cotton on their heads, and wherever I go I pass men bringing in cotton. The stuff is still in the seed. It is put up in bananae bark and bound over and over with banana fibers so that it cannot fall out during the carrying. Each bale weighs about 70 pounds, and this is a good load for a native. The men who bring it in are usually dressed in bark cloth, but some

of them wear American, or American cotton sheeting, which is popular here in Uganda.

When the cotton arrives at the warehouses it is weighed, and the man is paid in rupees, or in strings of ivory shells, about 2 cents a pound. This amount of 2 cents constitutes his reward for planting and harvesting the crop, in addition to bringing it for miles on his head to the factory. I am told the pay is considered small even among the natives, who work for wages as low as a dollar a month, and that there will have to be a raise in the price, or but little more will be planted. It is also whispered that the chiefs are getting a rake-off from the Uganda Company, Limited, and that for this reason they are enforcing the natives to sow cotton. So far the people have but little idea of intensive cultivation of any kind, and the cotton grown is the result of nature rather than work.

Just outside these warehouses I took a snapshot at a score or so of natives who had just sold their cotton. Each had a lot of ivory shells, and they were chatting and planning what they would buy with their money at the Hindoo stores of Kampala. I am told that as soon as the price is fixed the number of natives planting cotton will rapidly grow. The amount sold last year was five or six times that of the year before, and 12 times that of the year before that. There is in 1904. All the cotton so far grown is from American seed, the wild cotton having a coarse fiber with many large seeds in each boll. Egyptian cotton is now being tried, but so far it has not proved to be as suitable to this climate and soil as the American upland. The Government itself is aiding in the movement by distributing seeds. It has also put in hand gins in different parts of the country and baling presses for public use.

While at this factory I went through the mud houses which have been erected for the natives, and especially for the Hindoo clerks connected with the business. They are rude one-story affairs and do not compare in comfort with the homes of our people of the South.

Just outside the ginning establishment a score of natives were making bricks. The clay looked to me as though it came from the hills of the white ants. It lay in a pile on the ground and men and women, dressed in bark cloth, squatted about it pounding the clods into dust with their hands. The men who bring it in are usually dressed in bark cloth, but some

and water together making the mud out of which the bricks are molded. The men were naked almost to the waist, and they tramped up and down in the mud to knead it for the bricks.

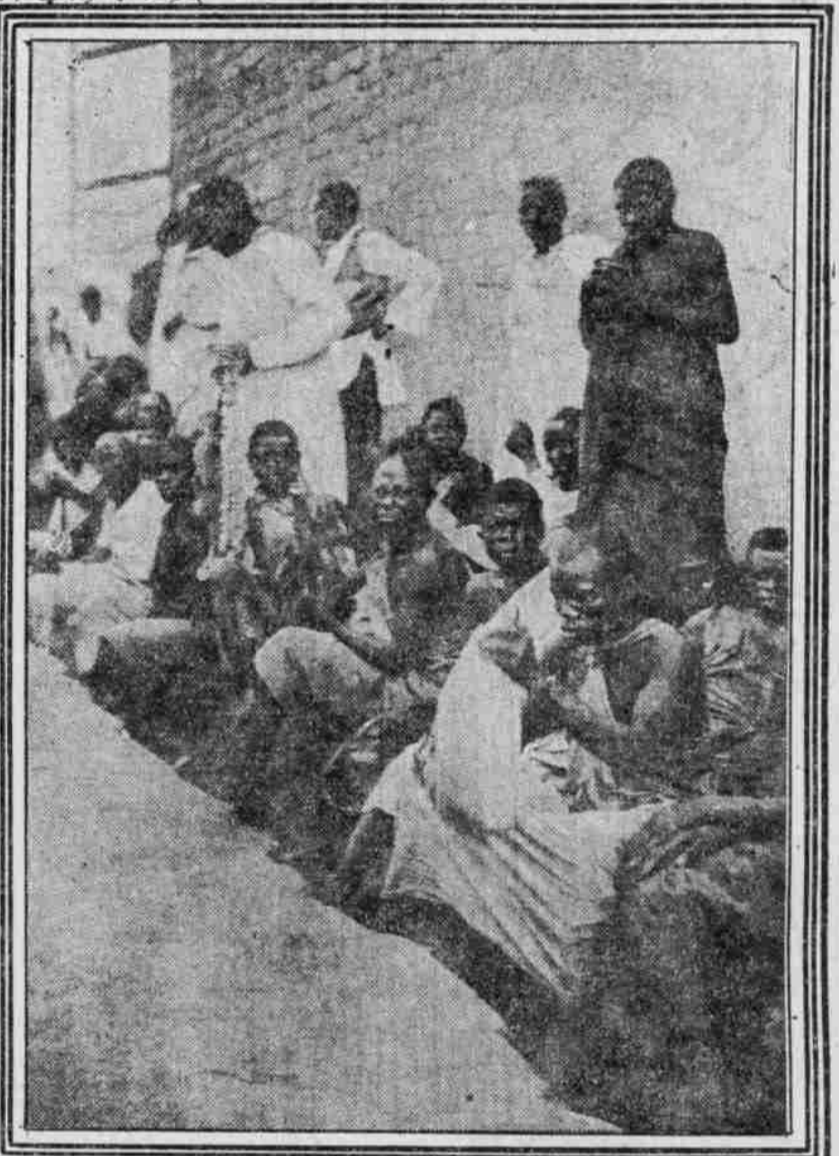
Africa as a Cotton Continent.

The experiments going on as to cotton here are representative of others now being tried in the various parts of Africa. I have already written of the cotton possibilities of the Sudan. They are enormous, and the cotton now being raised about Khartoum is equal in quality to the best of that produced on the delta of the Nile. In British East Africa the authorities are attempting to raise cotton, and several successful plantations have been set out in South Africa. I understand that the Germans are doing considerable in the same line, not only between here and Lake Tanganyika, but also along that coast in the vicinity of Zanzibar, and that they are already producing in the neighborhood of a thousand bales of lint per year. They have raised as much as 500 bales in a year on their little plantations in Togoland, on the Gulf of Guinea, and they have sown cotton in the Kamerun and in Southwest Africa.

The Italians are attempting the same in Eritrea, the little strip of territory which they own along the Red Sea. So far their success has been small. As to the French, they have done practically nothing in cotton in Africa as yet. The Belgians are making experiments throughout the Congo Valley, where they have plantations managed by Americans from Texas. They are using American seed, and the cotton grown is of excellent quality. The British have an organization known as the British Cotton-Growing Association, which is backing many of the experiments in the English colonies. That organization has a capital of \$1,000,000, and its plantations here and there are now producing something like a half million dollars' worth of cotton a year. Some of the best work is being done in West Africa, and especially in Nigeria. There are also ginning establishments at Lagos, which take care of the cotton grown near the coast. I understand that there are 20,000 acres there in a fairly good state of cultivation.

Plants Which Produce Silk.

It seems like a fairy story when I say that there are plants out here in Africa which produce fibers which may possibly be made into silk as fine as any spun by the silkworm. I am told that this is the case. My informant is Mr. R. T. Paske Smith, the assistant collector at Kampala,



OUR COTTON-GROWING COMPETITORS. THESE NATIVES HAVE JUST SOLD THEIR COTTON AND ARE CHATTING OUTSIDE THE FACTORY

who was formerly stationed away off in the interior of Uganda. His map that he found there a plant which he thinks might be used for silk manufacture. Said he: "I saw many of these plants growing wild. They reach a height of five or six feet, and bear a fruit shaped like the cotton boll, but much larger. I should say that the average fruit is as big around as a man's fist. These bolls have a silky fiber three or four inches long. It looks somewhat like cotton, but it is far more soft, fleecy and glossy. The fiber is wrapped around the seeds. During my stay there I gathered a lot of the wild seeds and picked off the lint. I then sowed them in about half an acre of well-prepared ground. They grew rapidly without further cultivation, and when they matured I collected a little bag of the silk lint in the seed and sent it on to the authorities at Entebbe. Shortly after that I took sick with a fever and it was some months before I recovered. I

then tried to find what became of my silk fiber, but the authorities at Entebbe could not inform me. I spoke of the plant to Archdeacon Walker, the head of the English Church Mission Society of Uganda. He said he knew well and agreed with me that it might be valuable. I cleaned some of the fiber and stuffed a sofa pillow. It was as soft as down.

More About Bark Cloth.

And this leads me to write again about the wonderful bark cloth which is produced by almost every native family and which until recently formed about the only clothing worn by the million-odd people of the kingdom of Uganda. It is used in other countries as well and the natives

of German East Africa raise much of it. There are several varieties of trees here which produce it, the favorite being a fig tree which grows to a height of from 30 to 50 feet, and from which bark strips can be taken which average six inches wide and ten feet in length. The fibers of this bark are interwoven like cloth. It is wonderfully strong and when pounded and treated by the natives is almost as soft as velvet. It is sewn into white sheets, a similar shipment being made at the same time to London. The bark would make a very fine paper if it were ground, but whether it can be used as a weaving material for cloth remains to be seen. At present the only demand for it is among the natives.

The Forests of Uganda.

I have just had a talk with Dr. Christy, an Englishman, who has a large concession of woodland running along the Nile just below where that great river flows out of Lake Victoria. The tract embraces about 150 square miles, and it is so situated that the timber could be thrown into the river and floated down to Kisumu, where it is not for certain falls of the Nile between Nimul and Gondokora. As it is, the chief market will probably be British East Africa and the other countries reached by way of the Uganda Railway. Said Dr. Christy: "Our forests are magnificent. We have mahogany trees 100 feet high, and some of them four and five feet in diameter. They are perfectly straight, running up to a great distance without a branch. We have a species of wood that resembles oak, and we have much hard wood, some of which will almost resist the blows of an ax. We expect to do a great deal with that wood, because it resists the attacks of the white ants, and we can therefore sell it for railroad ties. We have now orders for 200,000 ties, and we have three different varieties of antproof wood from which we can supply them."

Rubber in Uganda.

"How about your rubber possibilities, Dr. Christy?" I asked. "We have rubber vines and rubber trees, and some of the latter are 100 feet high, with a large girth. They run from that size down to sprouts. We have about 2,000,000 rubber trees in our concession. They range in diameter from three inches to three or four feet. The most of them are ready for tapping, and we shall therefore sell it for our concession first. We shall work carefully, delaying the timber export until we have our rubber industry thoroughly established, as we fear that the cutting down of the other trees may break the rubber trees. "Our plan now is to cut out the underbrush and map the forest, so that each part of it may be easily cared for. We already have 600 men at work, and shall have double that number within a few weeks. We expect to build villages on the concession, and to train our own workmen. We have already brought expert rubber tappers from Ceylon to show the natives how to tap the rubber trees without injuring them, if they are properly handled they will continue to yield rubber year after year for their full life of about 40 years. A tree is ready for tapping at about five years of age, so that we expect to get an income for 35 years out of each young tree. In a short time our property will be a great rubber farm yielding a crop every year." Cumpola, Uganda.

Relic From Bleak Summit of Mt. St. Helens

Record Book Now in Portland Contains Names and Personal Observations of Mountaineers for Many Years.

THE old, wrecked and moldy record book of the mountaineers who have made the ascent of Mount St. Helens has been brought down from the peak, where it has been for 30 years, and has been filed in the archives of the Alpine Club of Portland. From the first entry until the end there have been written 220 names. While the addresses are for the most part from Oregon and Washington, there are many from all parts of the world.

The first entry was made by Daniel W. Bass, Seattle, who with O. C. Yocum, Thomas A. Marquam, N. W. Gorman, E. D. Devert, B. C. Towne and W. G. Steel, made the ascent on July 14, 1859, and left the record book on the flyleaf of which were written directions to all climbers to subscribe their names and experiences therein. The book was enclosed in a copper casket and firmly anchored by Mr. Bass to a hole drilled in the rock. It is strange to note that O. C. Yocum registers from East Portland. Was it only so few years ago that the eastern side of the Willamette was commonly known as East Portland?

Nine days later came Judge McBride, who tells posterity over his signature that George Merrill was with him, and also C. Fred Caple. Mr. Merrill records his age as 31 and wants to know if there be an older who has ever ascended the mountain. Judge McBride notes that Mount Rainier was in sight, and some later comes from Tacoma asking why he didn't use the correct name.

The entries are not in order as to dates, and the next jumps to July 31, 1861. Oh, ladies, the blunders of youth. Here are set down that all the world may see that Miss Lucy A. Williams was 16 years old and Miss George McBride Giltner was 17 years of age away back in that prehistoric day in "ninety-one. They were the very youngest of their sex who had up to that time made the ascent.

No less a hand than that of Edmund C. Giltner, now secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, made the record, and he modestly gives his own age as 24. He states that there was a calm on the mountain top—no wind stirring. It is plain that he was not then connected with the party. Over the party were Charles E. Runyon and Loring K. Adams. Mr. Giltner writes: "I took a picture with my new Kodak."

They seem to have had a mania for writing their ages, did the women who made the ascent of St. Helens. On August 2, 1881, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Embody were upon the mountain. Mr. Embody writes: "I will have to cut this short, as Mrs. Embody's feet are almost frozen, but she says she'll stay there until I get her age in, which is 23, and not a day or an hour more." It's been quite a little while since August of 1891—more than a few snows have fallen on Helen's peak. Just one day before the visit of the Embodys, D. C. Greenwall, of Vancouver, raised the Stars and Stripes and properly recorded the event.

The record again jumps as one turns the pages to August 9, 1894, when there is written: "I, Rev. W. A. M. Brock, of San Francisco, supposed to be the first clergyman on this mountain, being a minister of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some irreverent was with nothing of the fear of the Lord in his heart, went underneath. 'Yes, and I saw him catch fish on a Sunday.' The thoughtful reader wonders if this be true or if it be but an unvarnished slander of a worthy man.

In August, 1896, George S. Allen, C. M. Allen, Wirt Durgan and Charles McCafferty declared and wrote it for all to see that "St. Helens is a h— of a fine mountain." They had with them a dog, and since it is a dozen years ago, it is to be supposed that that adventurous canine is "one with history." George M. McBride of Oregon City has left the record of a honest man. He tells of having found a

friend in those days, do not they thus write themselves? The "Q. Z." party made the highest point in 1892. It is written that they arrived there only by the mercy of God, or as Mr. McBride might have phrased it, "our guide." Mountaineers will wonder if this were not one of Indian Louie's old days.

In 1894 Frank C. Perry wrote, "I was here before, 20 years and 14 days ago, in 1872. Since then this grand old mountain has changed wonderfully in shape and size. Mr. McBride made the mountain, and not change. In 20 years and 14 days men change much.

One bright day in August, 1894, Miss Bertha Kelley, on 10 years ago, as recorded as being the very youngest girl to make the ascent, thus wresting the laurel from Miss Williams. On this date Mr. Merrill was again on the peak at the ripe age of 68. We will not be ready to climb St. Helens when we have numbered off so many years.

A. D. Lee searched carefully through the records in August, 1892, and found that three of his friends, J. Gerow, Dan Gerow and P. Weil, who had told him weary, E. C. Giltner was there on the same date again with his little Kodak, and exactly three years later to a day, made the ascent again with his camera. Mr. Lee, Mr. Caple and Mrs. Yocum have fallen by the wayside. In this entry neither his age nor the ages of any with him have been recorded.

W. H. Imis, who in 1894 was the editor of the Kalama Bulletin, leaves an entry for all posterity to read. He writes: "I am the only man with a cork leg that ever ascended this mountain." It is more than likely that this record will stand for many a long day. A contingent of our German fellow-citizens visited the peak in August, '88. O. B. Aagaard was one of the party and there celebrated his twenty-fourth birthday. Many are the yesterday since then and the birthdays are not few. O. Ebbbeck was Mr. Aagaard's close

ing ages to read and ponder over. "George Burnside Story, W. Carl Hazeltine, Thomas A. Burnside and Otis F. Akin." He who wrote the record modestly placed himself last. They got wet—not rain or fog, but from "moisture in the atmosphere." A dog was with them—"Antler" was his name, or was it "need an elevator?" They left mementos in the copper box among them some hair from the dog.

Louis B. Akin poetically phrases his entry under date of August, in 1892. "The Indian wears his moccasins. The white man wears his gaiter; I have no shoes left on my feet. Lulu M. Otnell Carlson, on the line just underneath, and dated September, 1896, writes: "I'm very tired, and I don't care who knows it." It's barely possible that her reference was to the verse, C. C. Shafford climbed the mountain in July of 1898. Messrs. Frazier, McAllister and Ansley were of the party. Mr. Frazier makes plain his opinion that Mount Helens is a pretty nice thing to stare in Portland, and he looks but that he has had all he wants of it in personal contact, while F. L. Barber, on the same page, thanks the blessed faces that "Jim," his bulldog, has stood the trip well.

Now comes the record of the mountain having defeated the attempt of Miss Aurora Eland to scale its heights in September, 1906. Mrs. George Beck, Miss Ella Hobart, Mrs. Gailther and Miss Florence Cloud were more successful. We have no way of knowing what became of Miss Eland, though it is safe to presume that she is not out there on the cold mountain yet.

Now comes the last entry of all, Claud B. Farley and C. F. Clark wrote: "We realize the greatness of God as we stand here and look over the great mountains. We have no way of knowing give thanks unto him that hath given us strength to reach this place." The years have gone and it is to be hoped that Mr. Clark and Mr. Farley can still give thanks to the places that they now are.

There are now in this country 84 societies of the National City Evangelical Union, and annual expenditures being upward of \$250,000.

An Unappreciated Beast

THE increase in the number of mules in use on farms and in cities throughout the Eastern and Middle States is more noticeable every year. This useful creature has been employed as a draught animal in the South and West ever since the settlement of that territory, and the only wonder is that it has taken so long to demonstrate its utility to other sections. A mule is a valuable asset on a farm or a gentleman's country place. In place of the odd work-horse, kept for the cart, the hay-rake, the plow, the mowing machine or the lawn-mower, the mule is strongly recommended by many persons.

The points of difference between the mule and the horse in conformation are mainly larger, thicker head, longer ears and smaller hoofs, larger girth, shorter legs and longer body in the mule. The relative disposition of the bones and their angles are the same as in the horse. The mule is tougher and harder than the horse, is less subject to disease or to inflammation from slight injuries, and usually yields more readily to treatment. It has been noticed that the mule is nearly exempt from some of the common diseases of the horse, especially from colds and the many complications arising therefrom. Every indication that the mule has equal intelligence with that of the horse has often been demonstrated. Every one who has ever attended a circus performance has been interested and amused at the antics of the trick mules. Not only are they possessed of intelligence, but their evident enjoyment, as shown by their eyes, the motion of their ears and the sportive whisking of their tails, prove conclusively that they enter into the spirit of the occasion, and it requires no great stretch of imagination to conclude that their sleek, round bodies shake with laughter. It has long been the custom to trim

The Spell of the Yukon.

ROBERT W. SERVICE
There's a cry from out the loneliness—oh, honey, honey!
Do you hear it, do you hear it, you're a halving of me so
You're a sobbing in your sleep, dear, and your lashes, how they glister
Do you hear the Little Voices all a-begging me to go?
All a-begging me to leave you, day and night they're pleading prayer,
On the peak and from the plain,
Night and day they never leave me—do you know, do you know?
"He was ours before you got him, and we want him once again."
Yes, they're wanting me, they're haunting me, the awful little places,
They're wanting, longing, but I hear them, as if each had a soul;
They're calling from the wilderness, the vast and sullen solitudes that send me the Pole.
They miss my little campfires, ever brightly, heavily gleaming
In the womb of desolation, where was never man before,
As comrades I sought them, lion-hearted, loving, dreaming,
And they hailed me as a comrade, and they loved me evermore.
And now they're all a-crying, and it's no halting of me so
The spell of them is on me and I'm helpless as a child;
My heart's aching, aching, but I hear them, sleeping, waking,
It's the Lure of the Little Voices, it's the mandate of the Wild.