

WIVES AT THREE DOLLARS A PEECE UNLIMITED NUMBER OF UGANDA BRIDES FOR SALE AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE



HOW THE MEN CARRY THE CHILDREN IN UGANDA

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DO you want a cheap wife? You can get one here in Uganda for \$3 "per." The actual price is \$2.50, and there are thousands now on the market for just that much and no more. The rate has been fixed by the Lukiko, or the native royal council, which governs this country under the King, and the man who bids higher will be fined. At the same time the parents who demand more are liable to a fine equal to the price of their daughter. So you see every one has a fair show. I have met crowds of these three-dollar maidens since I came into Uganda, and I am told there are at least 100,000 now ready for marriage. According to the new laws, a girl should be at least 17 before she is wedded, and as there are 2,000,000 souls in Uganda, a fresh crop comes on every year.

How the Girl's Look.

But before I go further, let me tell you how these Uganda girls look. The country swarms with them, and I have taken snapshots of a dozen while walking over the hills. They represent girls of all ages from little tots of eight, as naked as the day they were born, save for a cord about the waist as big as my thumb, to full grown, well-developed maidens of 16, clad in bark garments of a brick-dust hue. All have beautiful forms. The average young woman is straighter than the Venus de Medici, and she carries herself like a queen. She is an African queen, however, and that allied to the best negro type. Take for instance one whom I sited up today. I never go traveling without a tape-line in my pocket, and I can give you her measurements. She was five feet one inch in height, 32 inches across the chest under the arms and 35 including the bark cloth which covered her bust. I did not take the line around her waist, but it was longer by far than that of our average woman of the same age, coming perhaps from the extraordinary amount of bananas upon which these people feed. This girl had a rich mahogany brown and her skin shone as if it were oiled. She was clad in bark cloth from arm pits to ankles and her garment consisted of a bark blanket, wrapped tightly about her body under the arms and tied by a cord at the waist. This cord was of bark, and the extra ends of the bark were tucked into it so that they fell over in front. The girl's neck and shoulders were as smooth as though cut out by a sculptor, and she had beautiful teeth and white as white as ivory. I cannot describe her hair, for her scalp was shaved close to the skin and she had evidently just used the barber. The shaving made her little brown ears especially prominent. Other maidens whom I have seen have hair decidedly woolly, and I found the country girls the same when grown out. Through my guide, Epifras, or Sasafraas, as I call him, I discovered her age. She is just 17, and I understand, is about to be married.

Love in Uganda.

The girl told us that her prospective husband was just 20. She stammered a little in talking of him, and was evidently proud of the fact of her approaching wedding. Sasafraas says it is really a love-match, and that such matches are common in Uganda. These people are the most civilized of this continent. They are polite and full of good nature. In many respects they remind me of the Japanese. Girls and boys go around hand-in-hand, and there seems to be considerable affection between the young man and young woman. It used to be that a man could have as many wives as he pleased. King Mutesa has his hundreds, and until lately every chief had his harem. After the country was converted to Christianity, slavery was practically abolished, and now the rule of one wife prevails, except among the Mohammedan believers, who are each allowed to have four. There is no exclusion of women in this part of Africa, and the boys and girls play together. If two fall in love, the girl takes the young man and introduces him to her aunt, and in due time he is presented to her father and mother. They examine him carefully, and if they like him, consent to the marriage. The price is then paid, and the man gets his girl. The marriages take place in church, and after that the two go to themselves. All marriages are registered, and if there is any dispute between the two this registration entitles them to have it settled by the courts. Divorces are not infrequent, and the common complaint of a woman is such affairs is that her husband's

love has cooled, or that he is making goo-goo eyes at some other woman. There is considerable complaint throughout the country at the fixed rate for wives. Parents say that it is not just that a man should pay as much for an ugly girl as for a beautiful one, and that the questions of age, intelligence and family ought to be worth considerable. The grooms say the same. This was different in the past, and even now I believe a chief pays more for his wife than a common man and that according to his rank. If he is of the lowest order, the sum is \$5, if of the second grade, about \$10, and of the highest of all he is expected to give a little over \$13 and a live cow.

The Poor Uganda Mother-in-Law.

Among the queer customs are those regarding mothers-in-law. The wife's mother seems to be even more unpopular here than at home, and she has no rights that her son-in-law is bound to respect. She cannot speak to her daughter's husband without her first speaks to her, and if she should meet him accidentally she must turn aside and cover her head. In case she has not enough clothes on at that time for the purpose, she may sit down by the side of the road and cover her eyes and face with her hands until he passes. The wife's mother dare not enter her daughter's house without a special invitation, and she is not supposed to stay long when she comes. If she wants to see her daughter she sneaks up to within 50 feet of the house and waits until the girl happens to come outside. The two then talk together, and if the mother-in-law wants to greet her son-in-law—still inside the hut—she may yell out, "How are you?" The man, if he is in a good humor, may respond with "All right, mammy, but it would be infra dig for him to look out.

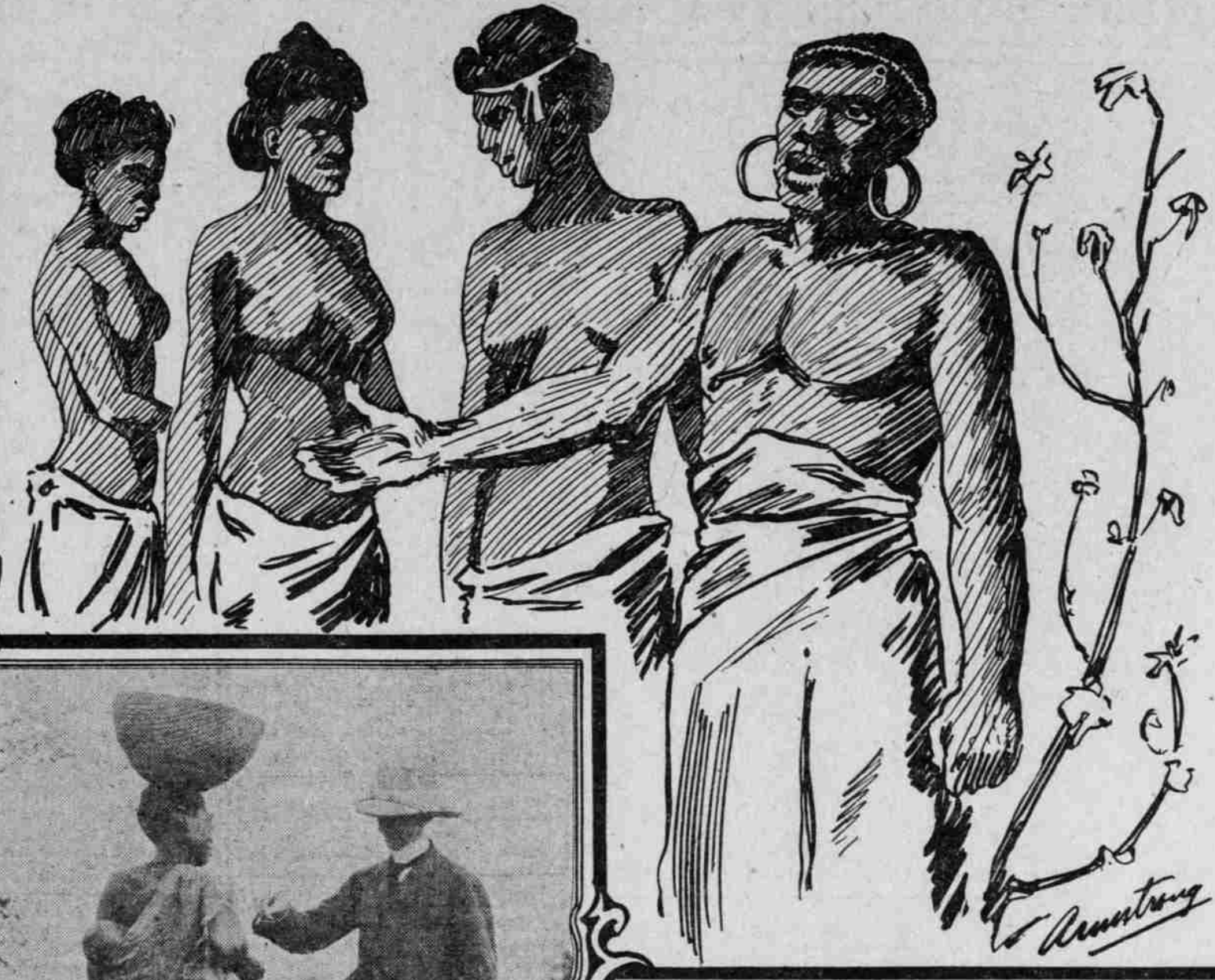
Widows.

Sasafraas tells me that many of the women I see here who have let their hair grow are widows, and that on this account they have hair. The average married woman shaves frequently, and the heads of the widows are usually as clean as a billiard ball. A widow to show her grief is not supposed to cut her hair until two months after the death of her husband, and if she is overwhelmed with despair she may let her hair grow for five or six months. I have already written of how the widows of Kings are supposed to spend the rest of their lives watching in the tombs of their husbands, and how scores of women are now doing that for some of the passed-away Kings of Uganda.

As to the children, I see little black babies everywhere, and there are numerous boys dressed in bark. The little girls almost naked. I am told, however, that this is a land of small children. The average man and his wife do not have as many children as among the rich of Europe and the United States. The woman who bears several children is the exception rather than the rule, and the families have none. Indeed, the birth of a second son is always an occasion for pride and rejoicing. The fact is announced with drums, and the drumming may be kept up for a month outside the hut. This is a sign that there is joy within and that the couple's friends should come in and drink some banana beer to the health of the new arrival. The mother who has a second son is entitled to a new dress for having brought in honor to the family. This dress is of terra cotta bark cloth, and its ordinary cost is about 32 cents. I like the looks of these babies. They are bright brown children, good-natured and full of smiles. The mothers fasten them to their bare backs inside their bark cloth gowns while working in the fields, and the little ones bob up and down as mamma wields the hoe. Sometimes they are tied inside goat skins and thus carried. The men often go along with their hands astride their hips, and I occasionally see one with a pickaniny riding on his shoulders. They seem fond of their children and proud of them.

Uganda Houses.

These Uganda people live happy. They are always laughing and smiling, and the men and women go along hand in hand. They have comfortable homes from an African standpoint. They live in villages scattered over the country, but each village covers a great territory and every hut has its garden about it, in which grow bananas, sweet potatoes and other vegetables. As a rule the banana trees shade the huts, and one often walks quite a distance through a banana plantation before he gets to the house. The houses are of different sizes. Some,



A THREE DOLLAR WIFE AND HER BABY

such as those of the chiefs, are of great extent and are most elaborately made. Out in the country they are more like huts, and they look much like little haystacks about 12 feet in diameter and 12 feet in height, except that each has a sort of brim which extends out and shades the door. The huts are made of reeds with thatched roofs, the latter being upheld by poles. Every hut has several rooms, which are divided by walls of matting and bark cloth. Even the poorest house has two apartments, one at the front and the other in the rear. In the rear apartment are bunks around the wall upon which the people sleep. Such huts have but little furniture; two or three stools, a half dozen earthenware bowls, and some wicker or grass basins constitute an outfit for beginning married life, and if in addition a woman can have a hoe or so and a scythe she is full ready to assume her part of the contract.

What They Eat.

As to food, the chief staple is the banana. There are many varieties of these in Uganda, and they are more important to that country than wheat and corn are to ours. The banana, which serves as the chief food, is much longer than any that comes into our markets. It is a sort of plantain. It is eaten green, the fruit being first peeled and then cooked with

a little water in an earthenware pot. As it steams away the flesh softens and soon becomes a solid mass of mush. When done it is taken out of the fire and served on some fresh banana leaves. These serve as a tablecloth. The family now gathers around and gets ready for the meal. Each first washes his hands and gives them a shake to get off the superfluous water. The father then takes a knife and divides the pile of banana pulp into as many divisions as there are members at the board, and the meantime a bowl of soup or fish gravy has been placed inside the ring. This is used in common. Each person takes up a handful of banana mush and kneads it into a ball just big enough for one bite. He then dips the ball into the soup, and with a wonderful sleight of hand conveys it to his mouth without dropping a bit of the grease. By the time the banana mush is all eaten the soup bowl is empty.

These people also have Indian corn, peas, beans and sweet potatoes. They raise chickens, sheep and goats, and occasionally have meat. They do not seem fond of eggs, and the women are not allowed to eat them after they are married. They are not permitted to eat chicken or mutton, such viands being reserved for the men of the family. They may, however, eat beef or veal.

A COUNTRY HUT IN UGANDA

The Baganda have fish from Lake Victoria and from their numerous streams. They eat locusts and are especially fond of white ants. The ants are caught by smoking their hills about nightfall and trapping them as they come out. They are eaten both raw and cooked. I see them for sale in the markets. One can buy a handful or so for 2 cents, and a great lot for a rupee. The ants are wrapped up in banana leaves when taken away.

These people are now making sugar from cane. They are growing tomatoes and 30 different kinds of peas and beans. They use many roots as food and also a green vegetable much like spinach. I

A New Market in Africa.

Since the British have taken possession of Uganda they have introduced many kinds of food which are becoming popular, and they are gradually creating a market here for European goods. Some of the natives are now using tea, and

Jams and biscuits are gradually coming into demand. This is, of course, among the wealthier people and especially among the chiefs, who buy these things to serve at their teas or dinner parties. Another article which is becoming common is the umbrella. Both umbrellas and most uses it, and I often see a crowd of a dozen or so well-to-do natives going along with umbrellas in their hands.

Within the past few years the missionaries have taught many of the Baganda to write and a demand for writing paper has been created. The people want cotton goods and as I have said before, they especially like our umbrellas and sheeting. Little stores are now springing up in the more thickly populated centers, and there are a score or so of such establishments here and at Entebbe.

A New Civilization.

Indeed, the British are gradually making a new nation of Baganda. Only a few years ago these people were warring with their neighbors and enslaving the tribes about. Mutesa had a large army and his predecessors had many wars. Justice was then practically unknown and human life was of no account. The people had no incentive to work. They lived upon the bananas which they grew in their gardens, they made their clothes from the bark of the fig tree and their houses came from the cane of the swamps nearby.

To a large extent such conditions prevail today, but the people want bigger houses and better houses. They are beginning to use kerosene and the huts of the chiefs are lighted by lamps. Some now have little patches of carpet and not a few are buying furniture. Our shoes and stockings are beginning to be worn, and the desire for all foreign things is becoming an incentive to work. So far this movement is slow, and the low wages, amounting to only 4 or 5 cents a day at the best, are not very stimulating. As time goes on this will change and there will some day be a good working population in this rich and fertile country.

Few Concessions Given.

So far it has been the government's policy to grant but few concessions for the exploitation of Uganda. The lands are held by the natives and also by the English government. Some of the chiefs own large tracts. The native Prime Minister, for instance, has about 100 square miles of land; he owns 1000 head of cattle and his income is over \$5000 a year.

WHY LANDLORDS BAR THE CHILDREN

Sound-Proof Walls and Floors to Resist Noisy Youngsters.

WHAT would this world be with-
out children? demanded a
homeseeker of a man he had
fixed upon as a landlord. The landlord
admitted that "it would be much."
"Think of the dreariness of it," pur-
sued the homeseeker. The landlord
thought.

"The little cherubs make heaven in a house," continued the homeseeker, warn-
ing to his subject. That wasn't exactly
what some tenants had told him, the
landlord recollected, but the difference
was only one of name. He implied as
much.

over my knee, and then I thought better
of it. His father was the one to wield
the slipper. If I had been his father!"
"And all that time the Joneses had ac-
cused the Smiths of throwing balls of
water over their glad rags, and the
Smiths had claimed that the Joneses or
the Blacks had been responsible, and
serving maids had been reduced to tears
and tantrums and neighbors to suspicious
enemies, all for the amusement of one
little cherub, scarcely out of his frocks!"

"Why don't landlords want children for
tenants?" repeated a house-owner after
me. "Young man, I am just going to see
a complaining tenant. You may come
with me."
He threw open the door of an apart-
ment-house with indignant emphasis and
pointed an accusing finger down the hall.
Baby carriages and go-carts were lined up
in the corridor. Some had pink and blue
umbrellas and some no umbrellas at all.
Dinkey, woolly and furry and lacy things
hung from them. They contained little
frilled pillows. Teddy bears, rag dolls and
an occasional bottle.

in its place, but it has no place in a de-
cent apartment-house."
"Why won't I take children in my
apartment-houses?" echoed an agent. "A
burnt child breeds the fire. I took ten-
ants with children—once. For one thing,
tenants don't like board of health signs
pasted in the entrance halls—posters pro-
claiming diphtheria or scarlet fever or
measles or some of the things children
are continually picking up on the fly.
They don't even try to make those pos-
ters artistic."
"Then, too, children have no apprecia-
tion of values. Their inquiring minds
move them to uncrew, pull down and
pry up everything in the way of fixtures,
ornaments, gas logs, tiles and parquetry
that their ingenious fingers can get at.
It never occurs to them that throwing
hard objects at chandeliers and windows
will cause anything to break, and they
have no superstition whatever about
smashing of wall mirrors. They don't
have to live down the seven years' hood-
oo."
"Along with the bump of destructiveness
they don't exist in them a well-devel-
oped passion for making a noise. Some
apartment houses are built with 'dead-
end' bricks in walls and under floors
to render them unresponsive to sound.
Builders had in mind pianos and family
jars, kitchen scraps and such things.
Nothing renders the racket of heavy
children impotent. Actually, to judge
from sounds proceeding from places
where they were romping you'd think the
children were ripping up the floors,
throwing around the furniture and swing-
ing from the chandeliers. How they do
it? Search me!"

"One old couple used to come shuffling
over to the next house, not taking time
to put on hat or wrap, to find out who or
how many had been killed, whether a
chimney had fallen down or a wall fallen
out, only to discover that it was only the
children going downstairs!"
"Of course, tenants who aren't dead and
haven't any children of their own com-
plain. A whole family precipitated them-
selves into the elevator to escape from
their apartment under the roof, declar-
ing that a tornado was ripping off the
iron sheeting and scattering around the
slates and chimneys. The janitor ven-
tured to the scene of the disturbance and

an effect of chiaro-oscuro hitherto lack-
ing. The janitor showed him that the
charcoal and pencil drawings applied to
marble stairs were far from decorative,
and that balustrades and hall furniture,
while they might serve to test the sharp-
ness of pocketknife blades, were never
the better for it. He recalled, with bit-
terness, missing a large irregular square
of costly brocade from a hanging and
discovering, after diligent search, that
little Alice had made of it an Afghan
for her dolly's carriage.

reported that all the children in the house
were on the roof with a dog teaching him
to jump as high as they themselves could.
"Childless tenants assert that if chil-
dren could be kept out of the halls and
their noise confined to their own do-
mains life might be endurable. Parents
say these cavillers are heartless. At all
events the liberty of the halls is seldom
denied to children. In a rainy day they
make a sort of endless chain on the stair-
case and scurry from floor to floor when
they hear pursuing hall attendants com-
ing to stop their noisy play. Sometimes
they make friends with the porter boys
and then the entrance hall is selected for
romps, with an occasional dash out into
the rain. It never appears to occur to
parents that children and telephone op-
erators are not all trained in manners
and morals as associates for growing
children, who invariably pick up every-
thing they hear."

When landlords endure children as
tenants janitors are prone to make par-
ents feel that their little ones are merely
endured, and it is with great reluctance
that they bring from basement regions
childish vehicles of various kinds which
must be stored there between the hours
of use. The most of these are made of
life that the apartment dwelling has
troubles all its own. "First comes the
"howling" off that favorite playground—
the electric elevator which, when the
strenuous child becomes an almost con-
tinual wrangle."

A few landlords, pitying little ones
driven out of the most first-class apart-
ment houses in Gotham, are constructing houses
especially for families with children.
Walls and floors are being so thoroughly
"dead-end" that it is promised the noisiest
children may play to their hearts' content
without fear of interruption from an irate
neighbor. Of course, this costs money.
Dreariness pater-familias will find that it
comes just as high as ever to house his
olive branches.

The ancient cliff dwellers best solved
the noise-in-fits problem. Their apart-
ments were hewn in solid rock. Children
can make a good deal of racket in a
rock-hewn chamber without an echo of
it piercing to the ears of the sleeping
infant of the flat above.—New York
Tribune.