

NEGROES WHO DRESS IN COWSKINS

ODD POPULATION OF MWANZA, A FUTURE GREAT TRADING CENTER ON LAKE VICTORIA



THE NATIVE MARKET AT MWANZA.

BASEKUMA WOMAN AND CHILD. BABIES ARE CARRIED ON THE BACKS, IN GOAT-SKIN SLINGS

THEY BECOME SHOVEL-TEETH IN OLD AGE

I HAVE left Bukoba and have come to the extreme southern end of Lake Victoria. The distance was 30 miles, and our little steamer was all day coasting the shores. We made our way along rocky coast, and far now in a harbor surrounded by great hills and boulders of granite.

The lower part of Lake Victoria is cut up by great bays. At my left is Speke gulf, which extends 60 miles inland, and at my right is Emin Pasha bay, which was discovered by Stanley and Emin after they thought they had outlined this part of the lake. Lying between these is the estuary upon which this town of Mwanza is situated. It is the place where John Hanning Speke first saw Lake Victoria and announced its existence to the world. The first man to clear around the lake was Henry M. Stanley, who navigated it in his boat rowed by natives.

The German Town of Mwanza.

Stand with me on the steamer Wilmfred and take a look at this town of Mwanza. It runs around a harbor, which is of the shape of a bow, and is well guarded by small rocky islands. The entrance is so narrow that we seem to be in a little lake shut off from the great Victoria Nyanza. A wooden pier has been built out into the harbor, and it is at this that our steamer is lying. At the beginning of the pier is the custom-house, a shed walled and roofed with galvanized iron, and back of it are the round white towers of the German port, in front of which tall black soldiers in kakhi march up and down.

At the right of the custom-house are the low bungalows, with white walls and red roofs, which form the hospital and offices of the civil governor, while at the left, high up on a hill, is the home of the military commandant, by far the best house in the place. Between that and the shore extends a forest of oil palms, and farther back, behind the fort, running for miles out into the country, is the native village of Mwanza, with its Hindoo stores and thatched huts. The village is cut up by the streets. There are many trees, and everything looks spick and span and new.

A Future Trading Center.

Before I take you on shore, let us look at the scenes about the wharf, and the loading and unloading of the steamer. This will give some idea of the trade of

the region, and also of what is going on away out here in the heart of East Africa. Only a few years ago this country was absolutely unknown. It was supposed to be an impenetrable wilderness; its people were in continual warfare, and the chief business was buying and selling slaves. Today we buy many of its products, and the richer of its natives are wearing our clothes.

See that great bale of goods which is being taken off now. That contains American, a kind of sheeting which brings more and sells better than any brought in from England, Germany or India, although they all compete with it. Those hides which are coming down to the ship on the heads of that gang of natives are destined to be made into boots and shoes in our American factories, and even now many of you have Lake Victoria cowskins under your feet. We formerly got our best goatskins from the Somali coast, and they were shipped from Aden, Arabia. Then one of the Uganda officials, who had been on duty in British Somaliland, decided that the goatskins from those mountains be sent to America, and an immense trade in that product has grown up north of the lake. It has extended down here to the south, and some of our finest skins now come from this region. This is so of cattle hides, as well as the skins of goats and sheep. All are exported in quantities.

The regions about the lower end of the lake are largely devoted to stock-raising. The natives have big herds of cattle, sheep and goats, and the chief now selling here for \$5 and \$8 apiece, and a sheepskin or a goatskin can be bought for a yard or so of American cloth. Back in the interior, where people wear cowskins and goatskins with the hair on as clothing, and even here in Mwanza both women and men are dressed in such skins.

Peanuts and Cotton.

This country is also a land of peanuts, Indian corn and cotton. There is some question about the cotton, but this ship will carry away 11,000 pounds of it. It is raised here and it is all raised within a few miles of Mwanza. The cotton is put up in 100-pound bales and was shipped from German steamers to each bale. I am told that the seasons are so uncertain, however, that there is little expectation of making the crop profitable. As to peanuts, 17,000 tons were shipped from German East Africa to Europe last year, and something like 6,000,000 pounds went

out from Mwanza. As to the hides, they go chiefly to the United States via Aden or Naples, so that there is but one trans-shipment after they leave the coast of the Indian Ocean.

New German Railroads.

I have spoken of Mwanza as a future trading center. It may be the Chicago of the German possessions. It is on a lake which is 10,000 miles bigger than Lake Michigan, and it has a country extending for hundreds of miles to the south, east and west of it. The goods which now come in here are over trade routes which go to Lake Tanganyika and the coast of the Indian Ocean at Dar es Salaam. The trade routes are merely paths through the woods, but they are annually trodden by the bare feet of thousands of porters, each of whom carries 60 pounds on his head. The distance from here to the Indian Ocean is not over 300 miles as the crow flies, but this human freight train takes 70 days to make the journey, and the rates are consequently high. The Germans are now proposing to build railroads between these two points. They have begun at Dar es Salaam and are laying a trunk line toward Tanganyika. The railroads will give Tabora a similar position to that which Chicago occupies now holds in regard to the West.

At present nearly all the freight from here is carried on British steamers across the lake to Port Florence and the coast at Mombasa. I understand that the Germans would like to put their own steamers on the lake, but they intend to keep the carrying trade as long as they possibly can. And so, if the Germans want steamers, they must bring the iron and other materials for them in their own boats. They must also bring the machinery or supplies necessary to build the boats. They intend to keep the carrying trade as long as they possibly can. And so, if the Germans want steamers, they must bring the iron and other materials for them in their own boats. They must also bring the machinery or supplies necessary to build the boats.

High Freight Rates.

How would you like to pay \$40 a ton for shipping grain or corn a distance of 200 miles? That is the rate a

young Englishman on board expects to pay to get some rice taken from Bukoba 200 miles inland. He wants the rice to feed a gang of porters who are to go with a commission which is now outlining the new boundary between Uganda and the Congo Free State. The rice is being taken on here, and it will be unloaded at Bukoba, from where the porters will carry it across country to the boundary commission. It is packed up in boxes of 60 pounds each, and a thousand men will be required to carry it. The amount needed is only 30 tons, but it will take these 1000 men a month to make the journey. Each porter will get 4 rupees, or \$1.33 for the work, so that the trans-shipment of that 30 tons of rice will cost \$1333 in wages alone, not including the freight rate on the steamer from here to Bukoba.

The Trade of Lake Victoria.

During my trip around the lake I am having a good opportunity to learn about trade matters. There are many millions of natives, who might be reached by this lake, and Uncle Sam should send out his drummers to show them the benefits of trade. I have already written of American sheeting. We are landing a dozen bales of it here. They are sent in through Arnold, Cheney & Co., of Zanzibar, who have their traders in the interior. This part of Africa selling goods and buying hides and ivory. They get the sheeting from New York, and it has to compete with goods made to imitate it in England and India, and sold at much lower prices. Of late some cheap American imitations are also coming in. The natives prefer the American goods, they will throw them aside in disgust. Indeed, back in the interior our cottons have become a standard of value, and they are used as money. Sheep for instance, is estimated as worth a yard and a half of American, a cow is worth nine yards and a bison young girl of 10 or 12 is valued at 12 yards or more. Contracts for carrying goods are paid for in so many shells and so much American cloth. The length in which the goods are being carried is now enough to bind about the body of a man or woman with the accompanying folds. Such a length constitutes a dress pattern. The merchants buy the stuff in pieces of 30 yards each. But let us go ashore and take a look



NATIVES WHO FILE THEIR TEETH.

at the markets. It is there we can see how these people do business at home. On the way we pass several German officials. They are natively dressed in white duck and each wears a white helmet. Every man who carries a hippopotamus skin whip in his hand, these whips are as thick as one's finger, and a few in cowhide and the average official use them to keep the natives in order, and the slightest out will draw blood.

The Native Markets.

Going on to the market, which lies just beyond the fort, we find ourselves in a court, on one side of which is a building covering a quarter of an acre. It is open at the sides, and its thatched roof is upheld by round white wooden pillars. Upon the floors are scores of black women and men, some dressed in cottons, others in bark cloth, and not a few in cowhide. They are sitting on the ground with their wares lying before them in almost infinitesimal piles. The poverty of the country is such that no one can spend more than a cent or so at a time, and the average purchase is in the fraction of a cent. Here, for instance, is a peanut peddler. She is a black girl with plugs in her ears. She is selling tobacco at one-half cent per twist. Each twist is the size of my little finger, and those packages of snuff wrapped up in leaves are the tobacco. Soap and round nuts are sold in much the same way, and so also are some kinds of imported goods. Here, for instance, is a

man selling needles and thread. No one here thinks of buying a whole paper of needles or a whole spool of thread at one time. The needles are divided up into blocks of two, three or five and stuck into green cane; while the thread is cut into short lengths and wrapped around bits of dried banana leaves and thus sold.

In one corner of the market are the butcher shops. All meat is quite cheap, but there is no cutting of the carcasses into steaks, chops and roasts as at home. Each butcher has the dead body and entrails of one animal lying before him. They are usually spread on the bloody skin of the animal which has been killed on the spot where it is sold. The butcher chops and saws off little chunks of meat, according to order, and he cuts up the entrails as his customers want them. The demand for the latter is as great as that for the meat itself.

Under a tree in the market court men and women are selling fish, fresh and dried. The latter are arranged in little piles of five, each the size of a sardine, and they bring about 1 cent a piece. One of the most popular places is the beer hall. This is in the large market house, and is crowded with customers. The barkeepers are women who sit flat on the floor beside great round stone jars that are apparently filled with soapsuds, but really with banana beer, which has a foam somewhat like live lager. The beer is ladled out into gourd, and the customers take it away sucking it through straws as they go. The liquor is strong, and we frequently

pass drunken men and women. The natives here are known as the Basukumans. They are tall and well formed, but their skins are black or very dark brown, and they have thick lips and flat noses. Their hair is woolly or kinky, and they have original ways of dressing it. Some of the women shave sections of the scalp, and a man will often have a place as big around as the bottom of a tin cup scraped off at the crown. Sometimes this bare spot is covered with scars, made by cutting and rasbing it to cure the headache. Others of the men are perfectly bald, made so by the razor. They grease their heads, and they shine like patent leather dress shoes.

The Basukumans.

The most of the Basukumans are of a strong negro type. They are tall and well formed, but their skins are black or very dark brown, and they have thick lips and flat noses. Their hair is woolly or kinky, and they have original ways of dressing it. Some of the women shave sections of the scalp, and a man will often have a place as big around as the bottom of a tin cup scraped off at the crown. Sometimes this bare spot is covered with scars, made by cutting and rasbing it to cure the headache. Others of the men are perfectly bald, made so by the razor. They grease their heads, and they shine like patent leather dress shoes.

Many of the women divide their hair into small braids, and evidently shave clean the parts between them. Others twist the ends of their curls and stand forth like little worms all over the head. They are like angworms, only black. Imagine a thick-lipped brunette Medusa who wears fish belt instead of snakes, and you have the typical Basukuma beauty. Some of the more girly of the belles tie shells and beads at the ends of these curls, so that they almost jingle as they run. I have looked in vain for eyelashes and eyebrows. The Basukumans pull them out with tweezers. The men also pull out their beards by the roots in the same way.

Natives Who File Their Teeth.

I find that many of the natives about Lake Victoria beautify themselves by filing their teeth. We have men from different parts of the lake now working at loading and unloading the steamer, and, at my request, the captain brought them up on deck and allowed me to examine a few of them. One of the men held his mouth open while I looked over his teeth. Some men had them filed sharp, so that they looked just like the teeth of a saw; others had certain teeth missing, and I was told that they had been knocked out, on the belief that their absence would bring good luck or ward off evil spirits. I was told that among the Kavirondo, who live on the northeast side of the lake, they believe that if a man retains all his lower teeth he will die in a year, and that if his wife does not put out the two middle front ones of the lower jaw he surely will die. For the same reason the woman makes scars in her forehead, and also gets the upper ones overgrown, so that her abdomen. The Masai knock out the two lower front teeth, and on the upper side of Uganda, along the Nile, there are tribes that have their teeth filed to lower incisors. This is the case with the Banyoro, who live west of Uganda. They extract the four lower front teeth. This allows the upper ones to grow long, so that they become shovel teeth in old age. Mwanza, Africa.

TRUE SCIENCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY

How Total Abolition of Labor May Be Brought About; Recreation Substituted for Hard Work.

BY J. L. JONES.
BEGINNING with a few axioms or self-evident truths, Euclid constructed a science of geometry and incidentally developed a system of logic that has never been successfully refuted. He started from a solid foundation, he proved his processes step by step as a mason builds a wall. He was surely a free and an accepted mason, for his work is almost, if not wholly, faultless.
A science of political economy could be constructed in a similar manner, but it never has been done. I am going to present three axioms, or self-evident truths as the basis of such a science, so that whoever wishes to build on these may go ahead and furnish his own lumber and labor.
First, labor is a curse and not a blessing. Or we might state it thus: Labor is a penalty and not a privilege. Second, the higher the wages or price of human labor, the better for society. And, third, to strengthen these and fasten them together we must borrow one of Euclid's axioms: the whole is greater than its part. By society I mean the social body, not any particular part of it.
From these axioms I think we can deduce a formula or theorem of political economy as nearly absolute as possible, which may be stated as follows: "The equation or equalization of prices and values and the elimination of loss through misdirection or parasitism, will restore the social equilibrium." It will probably be admitted that we never have any equilibrium now. Values and prices are always fluctuating, so that business is like gambling. And it must also be admitted that the elimination of loss and waste is the most important factor in economy.
I have no fear that anyone acquainted with processes of logic will attempt to deny any of the preliminary axioms or statements, for to deny these is equivalent to affirming their opposites, which are all absurdities, yet strange to say, much of the actual business of the world

is actuated or inspired by a denial of all of them.
According to the confused and erratic theories uppermost in the popular mind, earthquakes, fires, wars, droughts and other disasters are blessings, because, by destroying property they raise prices and create a demand for labor that otherwise must suffer for lack of employment.
The people are always urgently advised to save their money, to put the bank and not put it in circulation. Now would it not be better if the people who earn the money should put it in circulation themselves in buying pure food and comfortable clothing rather than to pay it over to a privileged class to spend in monkey functions?
But when I affirm that labor is a penalty or curse, and not a privilege, or blessing it becomes necessary to define accurately the meaning of the term labor. There is a difference between labor and activity, for occupation, the word labor implies pain, struggle or distress. There is no sense of ease, comfort, or freedom about it. There is no such thing as free labor, for there are no free slaves or white blackbirds. The terms are contradictory. All labor is compulsory. No one labors because he wants to do so, but because he must.
When a woman is in labor she is in pain. When a ship labors it is in distress. If the pulse or breathing is labored, that is a symptom of sickness. But when a person works at something he wants to do, something he takes a pride or interest in, like football, for instance, that is not labor. That is entertainment.
A farmer is not a laborer. He is engaged in agricultural pursuits. He is pursuing happiness, but if he met her on the street he would hesitate about addressing her. Happiness is a radiant goddess, a celestial being. The cloudless glory of her saffron eyes would take the breath away from him, and make the backs of his legs weak. He would

not pursue any further. He would dodge into a saloon and order some refreshment.
The editor does not labor. He is a literary man, possibly he is pursuing fame or some other shifty siren. Every one who is free to work for himself or not obliged to work at all, is pursuing a phantom that he will probably never catch up with, even in a flying machine. But the chase is exciting and the philosophers have schooled him or fooled him to believe that anticipation is better than realization, so he pegs along contentedly, ever pursuing and never catching up, living in hope, but not in reality.
But the laborer, the party of the inferior part, who works by the day for a few pearly cents an hour at some ungenial task, has no hope of fame or fortune or happiness. His whole existence is a misfortune. He is a murderer by trade. If he does not kill any of the policemen, merchants, he can only kill time, till time kills him, and then when he goes up to the pearly gates and raps for admission, well, I will tell what happened to one who dreamed he went up there.
The colored porter ushered him into the presence of St. Peter in a state of mortification and confusion, overwhelmed with a sense of his unworthiness to enter such a place at all.
But St. Peter reassured him at once by exclaiming in a hearty and sonorous voice: "Well, my man, what can we do for you this morning?"
"I—I—just came up—to—to—see about a job. There was not anything for me down there any longer. Fact is—
"Well, we will take your name and address," interrupted St. Peter.
"Bill Jones is my name."
The recording angel, Peter's private secretary dipped his pen in the ink bottle, but before putting down the name he inquired in a suave and silky tone: "And what is your profession, Mr. Jones?"
"I—I—I never made any professions. I am a laborer—I belong to a labor union—I have my card with me."
"Well, never mind, Mr. Jones," said

the bookkeeper. "I am very sorry, but we could not possibly use you."
Then jumping up on the counter and crossing his legs he said: "Sit down Mr. Jones in that chair and I'll just tell you how it is."
"You tell you, Mr. Jones, you ought to go down below where the big crowd is. There is a Prince down there—Eaton or Sagan or something like that. He has several names, anyhow, as all Princes have. You will hear about him. He has vast estates down there and he is a great philanthropist. He runs a free employment bureau and makes a specialty of finding work for idle hands. He takes in all the applicants that come along and puts them to work shoveling coal and fixing stove pipes, while the women are all busy making fireproof summer clothing."
"There is no excuse for anyone to be out of work down there. There is not an idle minute. In fact they don't keep any good men in the place. They run the agitators and hobos out into a bull pen. I am sure you would get along all right there."
"Now, good morning, Mr. Jones. Call again when you are up this way. We may have something for you when business brightens up a little, but at present there is absolutely nothing doing."
The bookkeeper was too courteous and gentlemanly to let the laborer, diplomat and business man to tell him in plain English to go to the devil. That would have been unparliamentary and incendiary and would have brought down the wrath and plous plaus amounted to: "Only that and nothing more."
This is the end and the reward of labor and the life of the inferior toiler must go when he dies, and he is practically dead already for to be condemned to hard labor for life is really a sentence to a living death.
The word toil means a snare or trap. The workers of the world are in the toils of the spoiler. They are spoiled of nineteenth-century what they produce for the privilege of being permitted to undergo a penalty, and they are prevented from producing half as much as they might under just conditions.
This matter can be treated under the head of the fourth commandment, which treats of labor and rest. The New Dispensation programme is to abolish labor altogether and turn it into recreation, thus making industry a pleasure instead of a penalty.

AFGHANS AND THE KHYBER PASS

Mountaineers Don't Realize That War Is What Sherman Said It Was.

AFGHANISTAN is again in a state of turmoil, and Great Britain faces the prospect of another war in these treacherous mountains where so many soldiers in the past 70 years have laid their bones. On three occasions the Afghans have been fought and beaten, but it is doubtful if they have ever been fought hard enough. Their victors have behaved with a magnanimity that has been misinterpreted for weakness, and because the first war was not a complete one. One of the most wretched races on the face of the earth, and as treacherous as they are cruel, the Afghans have never been taught that war with Great Britain is anything but an exciting picnic, dangerous while it is going on, but easily dropped when their chances of victory disappear.
It is doubtful if British policy ever erred on the side of severity to a conquered foe, although it must be said that after the Indian Mutiny a terrible, though fitting, revenge was taken on the rebels. The second Boer War was fought on a basis that the Afghans would have been too ready to forgive and forget. One of the most wretched races on the face of the earth, and as treacherous as they are cruel, the Afghans have never been taught that war with Great Britain is anything but an exciting picnic, dangerous while it is going on, but easily dropped when their chances of victory disappear.
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manded by white men. For some years previous to 1876 the officers were natives, too, but in that year the troops so often faced the prospect of another war in these treacherous mountains where so many soldiers in the past 70 years have laid their bones. On three occasions the Afghans have been fought and beaten, but it is doubtful if they have ever been fought hard enough. Their victors have behaved with a magnanimity that has been misinterpreted for weakness, and because the first war was not a complete one. One of the most wretched races on the face of the earth, and as treacherous as they are cruel, the Afghans have never been taught that war with Great Britain is anything but an exciting picnic, dangerous while it is going on, but easily dropped when their chances of victory disappear.
Mention of the Khyber Pass recalls the name of the Sale, and the terrible fighting of 70 years ago, at the time of the massacre at Kabul. It was in 1842 that Sir Robert Sale, the original "Fighting Bob," after much fighting in the mountains, led a force into Kabul, and settled down there. Peace was restored, the garrison was reduced, and the idea that there was no further danger to be apprehended became general. The Khyber Pass was kept open by natives, who received £30,000 a year from the British government for their services. Then the government decided that the £30,000 might be saved, and the allowance to the Afghans stopped. In October, 1841, they took the war path, and the road to India was closed. Sale at once sallied forth to clear the pass, and open up communications with India.
He started out with a force of some 200 men and fought his way through the mountains for three weeks, by which time he was approaching Jalalabad. But his ammunition was running low, much of his transport had been lowered or destroyed, and he had 300 dead and wounded soldiers on his hands. At this moment orders to return to Kabul reached him, but he disobeyed them, whether wisely or not remains a moot point to this day. His critics argue that if he had turned back he would have slipped in the mud the outbreak that had its terrible climax in the massacre at Kabul a couple of months later. The defense of Sale is based on the supposed impossibility of his fighting his way back. At any event, he continued to Jalalabad, and later even to Peshawar.

lowed the Afghan leader was routed. It was in this siege that there occurred a remarkable incident. Food was very scarce, but a lucky sort yielded a flock of sheep. The natives, who were hungry, insisted that their share of the meat should be given to the white troops, because they said the white men's second nature food more than that. It is such incidents as this that are so frequently quoted to prove the native loyalty to British institutions, but while they are to be acknowledged, it is dangerous to allow them to obscure the real situation in India. At the moment it is grave, as the report of the plot to assassinate Europeans prove. The fire that is lit in the Khyber Pass may burn down to the Calcutta bazaar unless vigorously stamped out. It is comforting to reflect that the man on the spot, Lord Kitchener, has an iron heel.—Toronto Mail.

Not Charmed by Big Cities.
The New York Press.
The George W. Vanderbilts have found themselves so much at home in Washington, D. C., that they practically have withdrawn themselves entirely from society in New York. Their time now is divided between Baltimore, N. C., and their new home in the Capital. Of course, they continue to spend part of each year in Paris, but there are signs that Mrs. Vanderbilt, who was the ablest Editor S. Brewster, is losing her old interest in the foreign city and infinitely prefers the Baltimore country life. Even when in Washington, she is a capital entertainer and one of her chief delights is her husband's prize kennel. She also has shown skill in shooting over the Baltimore coverts, and altogether is a fine type of the vigorous, outdoor, loving society woman.