

On the Roof of the African Continent

Kaiser Wilhelm Uses a Rock from the Very Summit for His Official Paper Weight



THE WHALE-HEADED STORK

BY FRANK G. CARPENTER.
KAISER WILHELM, the Emperor of Germany, now owns the scallop of this African continent. It is a bit of rock as big as your fist, and it was cut from the top of Mount Killimanjaro, where, dominating all Africa, it kisses the sky at an altitude almost four miles above the sea. The rock was cut by one of the Germans who climbed to the top of that mighty mountain. It was ground smooth and made into a paper weight, and it now lies at the Kaiser's right hand on his library table in his palace in Berlin.

About Mount Killimanjaro.

I understand that the Kaiser is proud of owning Mount Killimanjaro, and there is no doubt that his subjects out here feel the same way. The mountain lies just back of this part of Tanganyika, almost on the border between British East Africa and German East Africa. Its lowest slopes are now reached by railroad, and some of the richest regions of German East Africa lie at its foot. These are now being settled by Germans who are planting out coffee and hemp. There are some plantations which contain tens of thousands of coffee trees, and large tracts are being set out in rubber or planted to grain. A colony of Boers has located there, and there are also many Jews, who have been driven out of Russia by the persecutions of the Czar. The land is high and the climate is healthy. The railroad has now been extended about 72 miles westward, and it is to go up the slope of Killimanjaro itself. The Governor-General, who has recently made a trip through that region, tells me he is well satisfied as to the progress now making, and he predicts that we will some day have a little German away out here in the heart of Africa, under the shadow of its highest mountain.

The day will probably come when the ascent of Killimanjaro will be one of the regular stunts of the world-mountain climbers, and we may have cog railroads running up to health resorts in and about its mighty peaks.

During my stay in British East Africa I saw this mountain several times, far off in the distance. It looks like a great cloud of snow floating, as it were, in the blue sky. It ends in two peaks like a saddle back, and it stands upon a great pedestal, which is more than a half mile higher than the top of Mount Washington.

The World's Mightiest Mountain.

Killimanjaro is on the roof of the African continent, and it is one of the half dozen or more spires which rise high above the roof of the world. With the exception of Mount McKinley and certain of the Himalayas and the Andes, it is by far the highest mountain on the globe. We have nothing to compare with it in North America, and if you could put the Alleghenies on top of Mount Blanc they would not reach so high. I have gone along the Andes from Panama to Patagonia and have seen all their great peaks. Chimborazo in Ecuador is just as tall as Killimanjaro with the height of the Washington monument. The colored man here says that in Bolivia is something like 1200 feet higher, and Aconcagua, on the borders of Chili and Argentina, is 23,000 feet above this topmost point of Africa.

Some of the greatest sights of the world is Mount Everest, which rises out of the midst of the Himalayas to a distance of almost six miles above the sea. Its actual height is 29,000 feet. I have seen it from near Darjiling in the bright sun of the early morning, and I can tell you it does not compare in beauty with this mighty Killimanjaro. Everest has so many other mountain peaks around it that you cannot realize its size. Killimanjaro stands almost alone, and its double dome of frosted silver fairly floats in the blue sky. Indeed, the natives living near it believe that the top of the mountain is made of silver. They are too far down to know what snow means and in a region so near the equator that all the lowlands are steaming.

The Natives About Killimanjaro.

During my stay here I have talked with German travelers who have explored large parts of this mountain. They tell me that the land is rich at the foot, and that it is inhabited by a number of tribes, each governed by an independent sultan or chief. There are Masai among them, who have large flocks of cattle and sheep, and many other tribes who engage in farming, having little fields of grain surrounded by hedges. Some of these people irrigate their fields, carrying the water from level to level by means of canals.

A little further up, Killimanjaro is covered with a dense vegetation. The trees are full of orchids and other air plants, and there are lions, leopards, and all sorts of wild beasts. There are some elephants in the forest, and all

plants and the hunting is said to be very good. Higher still the vegetation changes and becomes more of the temperate zone. At the altitude of Elke's Peak it ceases entirely, and from thence on the perpetual snow begins.

The topmost peak, known as Kibo, is always snow covered. This was first ascended by Hans Meyer in 1893. He says that it has a crater more than a mile in circumference, and over 900 feet deep, the walls of which are covered with ice. The lower peak is known as Kima-wenzit. It is just 17,500 feet high, or about as high as Popocatepetl, in Mexico.

The Port of Tanga.

I wish I could show you this little African town of Tanga. It lies here on the eastern coast of the Indian Ocean, and it is in German East Africa, a few miles below the Umba River, which is part of the boundary between this country and British East Africa. It lies at one of the mouths of the Pangani River, which rises on the slopes of Killimanjaro, and carries away the greater part of its snows.

The coast here is low and tropical, and the vegetation is so dense that the mountains are hidden away from view. There are no hills anywhere, and the eye wanders over cocconut palms loaded with nuts and grass lands spotted here and there with fat baboon trees, whose skeletal branches reach out like great white fingers clutching the air.

Tanga has a beautiful harbor. The mouth of the river is such that it forms a bay of thousands of acres, well protected from the storms of the Indian Ocean. At the entrance to the bay is a point on which stands a white lighthouse, and farther inland is a big white-walled, red-roofed hospital of two stories. At the end of the bay the buildings of the city begin. There is a public school, where the pupils are black boys with shaved heads. They study their lessons under the pictures of the Kaiser and Kaiserin, which look down from the walls. As to that matter, however, the Emperor and Empress are ubiquitous in this part of East Africa. The officials hang their pictures in every public building, and nearly every house, store and hotel has a cheap print of the Kaiser. There are statues and busts of Bismarck at the several German posts. I have written of the great medallion of Bismarck which is on a pyramid at the southern end of Victoria Nyanza. There is a bronze bust of him on a pedestal in the public square at Tanga, and a rather fine statue of him at Dar es Salaam. The streets of Tanga have German names, like the streets of Berlin, and the same is true of Dar es Salaam. There is no doubt about this being a German territory, and no doubt that the Germans rule it.

Flogging the Negroes.

I see the same fierce native soldiers everywhere as I saw them about in Victoria Nyanza, and they, as well as the European officials, go about with a lordly air. I have already written of the flogging. The colored man here has but few rights that the white man is bound to respect. This is especially so after one gets out into the wilds. Indeed, I am surprised at the cold-blooded way in which the traders relate their own treatment of the natives. An American, whom I met here, was talking the other night of a trip he had made through German East

Africa, in which he had employed a large gang of negro porters to carry his supplies. Said he: "I have heard of your flogging the natives, and I have seen it. You can never tell whether these rascals are shambling or not. I remember one of my porters who was always playing off sick, and who had to be whipped almost from the start. None of my men like to walk through the swamps after nightfall. It is rather dangerous, you know, but I had to hurry, and I pushed right along. One evening this porter refused to go farther. He squatted down on the edge of a bog and said he would not move, and I had to leave him there in the swamp."

These were the words, not of a Belgian, a German or a Britisher, although I had heard equally bad stories from men of each of those nationalities, but they were of an American, and were uttered as though breaking the man's wrist and leaving him to die in the swamp were of no consequence whatever.

Another man, who pretended to be a Maltese, but who looked like an Egyptian, told me that he had lost several porters by death from exposure during a recent trading trip, and that he had flogged one until he dropped. The wages of such porters is about 4 cents a day and they feed themselves. They carry loads of about 70 pounds each, and they trot along all day with such loads on their heads. I am told that they are cheated by the traders in every possible way. The wages are paid in cloth, and short measure is usually given, three yards being made to go for four.

The cloth mentioned in the contract is often American or American sheeting, but the traders will try to palm off Indian cottons, which are little better than cheesecloth, instead. The English and Indian traders make no bones of telling how they cheat the natives, and they laugh over it as they do so.

Forests and Elephant Grass.

Not far back from Tanga is one of the greatest forest regions of this part of East Africa. The government has reserved several hundred thousand acres, but the remainder is open to exploitation, and prospectors are now going over it with a view to shipping the timber out to the coast. I understand that there is a great deal of hard wood, as well as cedar and other timbers of value.

Much of the country near the coast of German East Africa is covered with mango trees and cocconut trees. Higher up there are acacias, sycamores and the bananas. There are vines and trees which produce rubber and also valuable fiber plants. Down along the coast the Germans are now setting out cocconut plantations, and are experimenting with cacao, tobacco, vanilla and the cinchona tree, from whose bark our quinine comes. When the rainy season opens this grass often grows a foot in a night. It is much like a bamboo fishing rod, having joints like cane. It is usually burnt off at certain times of the year, and I have traveled over roads with great flames on one side of me where, if the wind had changed, I should have been in serious danger.

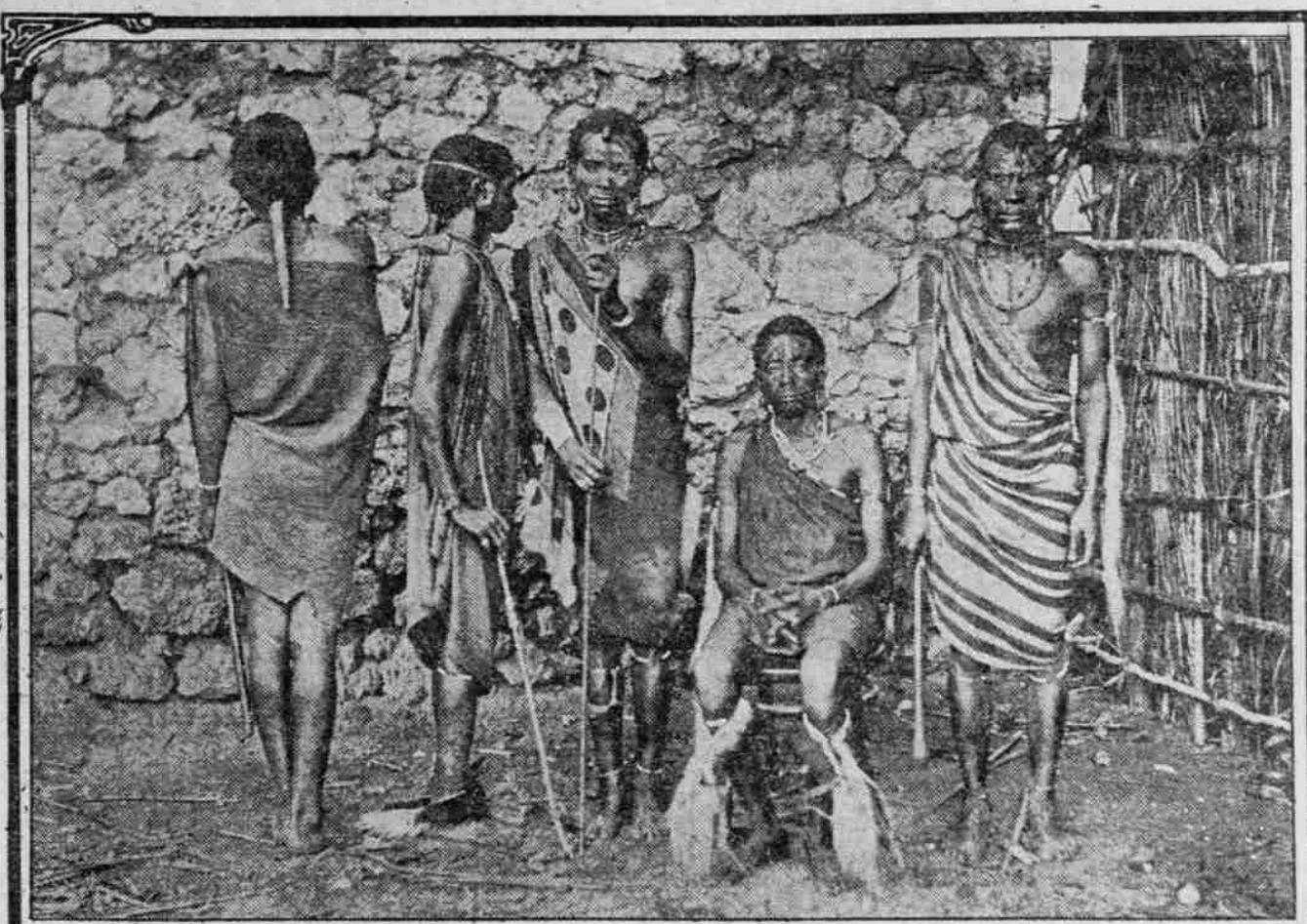
About the queerest pet bird I have yet seen on this continent is the whale-headed stork of Uganda, one of which has been sent to Khartoum and is kept there in the gardens of the Sirdar. The

The Pets of the Black Continent.

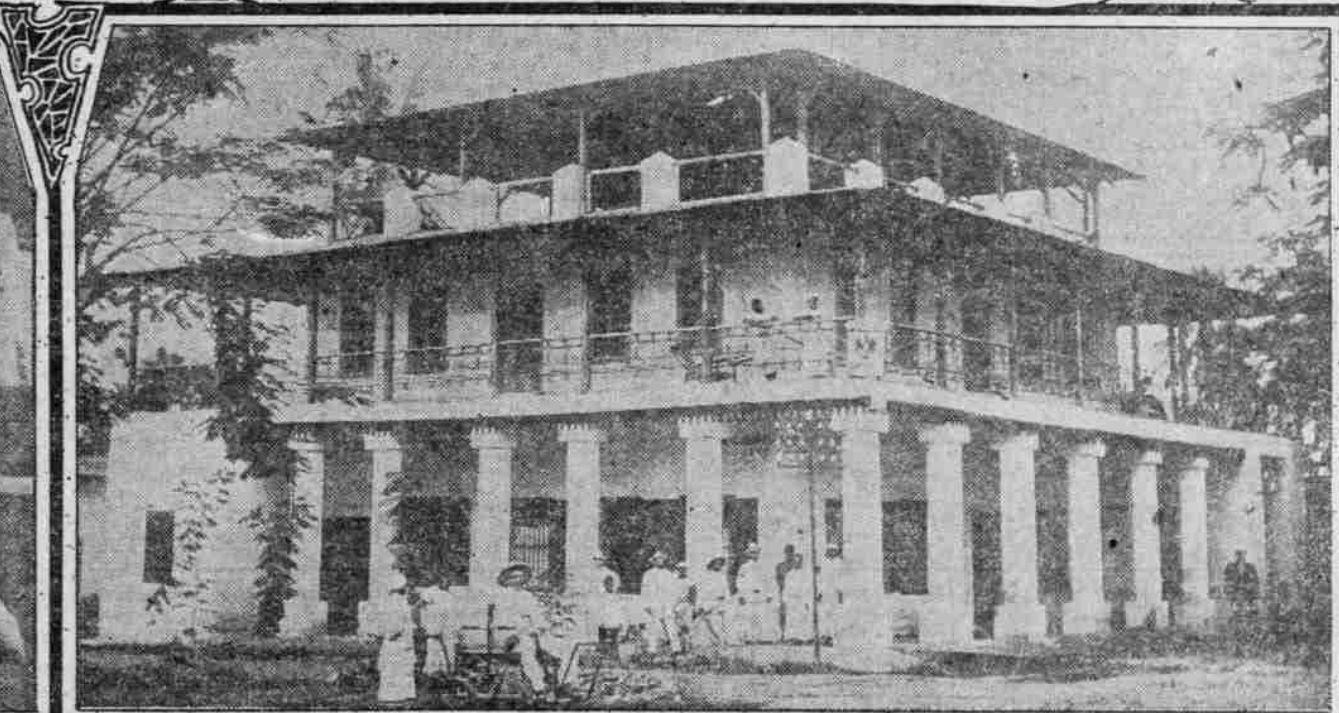
While on the subject of animals I want to tell you about the queer pets I find in this part of Africa. Think of holding a baby leopard in your lap! Or of lifting up a lion by the nape of the neck! This is what I have seen done in the past week. The baby lion was at a hotel here. He was tied by a collar, and I was able to pet him without being hurt. I took hold of the skin of his neck and when called, in Uganda sheep are often strained my arm to do so. On Lake Victoria I saw a pet hyena, and at one of the native villages found several pet antelopes. Pet sheep and goats are common among the Africans, and there are certain tribes in which a sheep will follow its master about and come to him when called. In Uganda sheep are often petted. They are fat-tailed animals, with hair as coarse as that of a tin-can-fred American goat. They are usually white in color, although some are as red as a blood-bay horse. In Dar es Salaam I stopped with a man who owned a pet leopard. It was only a few weeks old, and was as tame as a cat.

The captain on one of the Lake Victoria steamers has several pet monkeys, a dog-faced baboon, and some parrots. The parrots have silver-gray feathers on their bodies and their wings and tails are bright red. They talk in the native language and whistle in esperanto.

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KILLIMANJARO NATIVES



TANGA HOTEL AND ITS ROOF-GARDEN

bird is found all around Lake Victoria, and especially at the source of the Nile. It is as big as the largest turkey gobbler, and its head looks as though it had been chopped out of a telegraph pole

and then hung to its neck. This stork has long legs, and it walks about with great dignity. It looks sleepy, and it does not seem at all afraid. I took a snapshot at the bird with my camera, standing within a few feet of it at the time. It did not budge, but gazed at me out of its heavy eyes, as though it thought me a fool.

Tanga, German East Africa.

THE POWER OF WHITE COAL

Water, the Most Ancient Source of Energy, Also the Most Modern.

IT is one of the queer paradoxes of this century of progress that the most ancient and crudest form of mechanical force is becoming the most modern and highly perfected. Two or three thousand years ago, when the Egyptians and Assyrians were the doers of the world's greatest work, the latent energy locked up in every stream that "runs down hill" was the only kind of power man had at his disposal, except human brawn and brute strength. And now, after many attempts at improvements, this ready-at-hand gift of nature seems on the way to be man's best reliance once more.

In the past decade water power has been pushing its way to the front with all the "better things" devised in the last 20 centuries. Today engineers predict that the future will find it the most economical and practical means of operating machinery and the most valuable factor in building up industry. It is only within a few years, comparatively speaking, that it has been possible to use water power as it now is used; only with the perfecting of long-distance electrical transmission has it had any value beyond turning machinery connected directly with mill wheels. Yet the most recent and complete estimates set the amount of energy Americans are obtaining from the streams and cataracts of the United States in excess of 2,000,000 horse-power. Roughly speaking, this represents the output of 100 of the largest steam-power engines built, and in an amount of energy which during a year would require not less than 10,000,000 tons of coal, costing approximately \$30,000,000.

The latest authentic statistics in regard to the use of different kinds of power in the United States, contained in a report of the United States census bureau, show that the use of electricity increased 268 per cent in the 10 years from 1890 to 1900, and about 222 per cent beyond that in the five years from 1900 to 1905. And of 1,522,482 horse-power electrically generated in 1905, considerable more than a third was produced by water-power.

It is a long step from the old country grist-mill to the turbine power plant, from the cumbersome, moss-grown water-wheel, which with slow revolutions ground a few bushels of corn in a day or turned a hundred or two spindles, to the miles and miles of shining copper wire that in many places already run every sort of machine from a dentist's drill to a freight elevator, from a church organ to a printing press, from a sewing machine or an ice cream freezer to a black-Lowell, Mass., where the first great cotton mills were established. The system of canals at Lowell, planned by Major George W. Whistler, father of the famous and erratic English-American artist, still stands as an achievement in engineering. It demonstrated what a river could be made to do if

the user could get near enough to it; it showed the way to building up industries that must have cheap power to be profitable. But until a way was found of converting water power into a transmissible form, its usefulness was restricted to industries that could be located on the watercourse and could smelt's forge. But that step has been taken and how many more will follow depends only on the limit of ingenuity of this ingenious age.

The first application of water-power on any scale in this country was in conducted on a big enough scale to justify the building of a large, expensive plant. Such, for example, are the great cotton-mills, the sawmills, and the huge flour mills of New England, the South and the Northwest.

The modern hydro-electric power plant is a marvel of ingenuity so different from its crude predecessors that it can hardly be thought of as a development from them. The water-power development on the St. Croix River, for example, which furnishes electricity for lighting and manufacturing in Minneapolis, now produces 12,000 horse-power and will, it is planned, ultimately be increased to twice that volume. That on the Chattahoochee, from which power is provided for the region about Columbus, Ga., now aggregates 9000 horse-power. When adjoining rights are utilized an ultimate development of 35,000 horse-power is anticipated. More spectacular even than the Niagara Falls plant is the Puget Sound power development, which harnessing the streams that have their sources in the glaciers of Mount Rainier, provides electricity for railway, lighting, and manufacturing purposes to Tacoma, Seattle and the country in between.

Those plants, which serve Minneapolis and Columbus and the Puget Sound cities, the great undertaking at Niagara Falls, the big plant near the "City of Mexico," and two or three large Canadian installations, are indicative of what the future may expect. In 1905, when the last authentic figures were made, there were more than 50 electrically transmitted waterpower. To reach them waterpower is electrically transmitted dozens of miles in many cases, scores in a number of cases, and more than 200 miles in one case.

In its analysis of the showing made by some of the largest hydro-electric plants, as they are called, the Census Bulletin already referred to brings out specifically the economic value of this oldest and newest power.

"The anxiety to seize upon the resources at Niagara, estimated at their total power of 4,000,000 horse-power, may therefore be understood," says the Government expert. "The utilization of one-half of this power, namely, 2,000,000 horse-power, would effect an annual saving of 100,000,000 tons of coal. Upon the basis of 2000 horse-power per annum, taking the value of this fuel at \$2.50 per ton, the saving effected would amount to \$30,000,000. Considering this to represent 40 per cent of the cost of development annually of 2,000,000 horse-power, by steam, the total expense is found to be \$75,000,000. Such figures as these, applied in a general way to the entire hydro-electric development now so actively in progress throughout the country, give a rough idea of the rewards to capital and the economies

to manufacturers involved in this industrial and engineering change of methods."

Wish the School'd Burn Down.

John L. Shroy.

Wished it many an' many a time,
When I heard that of hell's chimneys,
Mad at teacher for aold I got,
Didn't cross it or made a big blot
Spillin' as poor as ever could be,
Droverly had as my his-tor-ee.
Hones work skipped an' some not done;
Composition not even begun.
An' then it was I'd mope aroun'
An' wish an' wish that the school'd burn down.

Perhaps things went all right in school,
There were some days I'd obey each rule,
Then the lazy air of the early Spring
Would draw my soul where the redwings
sing,
In the meadow green, with the sparrow
smell,
Away far off from the sound of the bell;
Or down by the creek where the suckers run,
An' watch their sides up against the sun,
I could look a chap that'd weigh a pound,
If that of school'd ketch fire an' burn down.

But one on a time in the middle of the night,
I heard that bell an' it woke me with a fright;
An' I heard them a-runnin' an' a yellin'
loud
"The schoolhouse 's a-fire!" Then I joined
the crowd,
I thought over all the times I'd had,
Of the happy days when I wasn't bad,
An' I wish that time I've kept sort of mum,
When days are warm an' my heart's been hum,
My head says low so's my heart won't hear
the sound,
"I wish, I wish, that the school'd burn down."

Lo, the Poor Indian.

Cy Warman, in the New York Sun.

There's only one
Good Indian left,
An' he has been said,
An' he is dead.
An' for me,
I beg to disagree.
I have seen
Who for a century or so
Has stood in sun an' rain alone,
Making no noise,
Let those who frame freak laws
Give thanks,
This patient Indian who guards the store
Knows more,
Of the magdlin, midnight secrets of the
souls of men,
Who's buried them over and over, yet
again,
Than any other Indian, red or white.
When the last riotous reveler had fled
Or lay down in the sawdust, have you gone
Forth to find some one to lean upon,
The poor Indian, it is made to bear the white
man's burden for an hour or so
And when you have went upon his neck
Upon his breast,
Presently you awake in dire distress
And blame,
The rosy, western sunlight showing your
And shame,
The poor son of a sun
Or an Indian,
For keeping you out all night,
It is a right,
The way we've used this Indian for years,
And now in tears
I tear off the tribute and sob out this
broken sentiment to Lo,
The poor Indian, he's got to go.