

ZANZIBAR, Isle of Cloves



Breaking Cloves From the Stems; Zanzibar.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Zanzibar, romantic melting pot of the east coast of Africa, a sort of island vestibule to Kenya, England's latest colony, does not share the upset conditions of that mainland region which has recently kept the British cabinet in hot water. Nominally under its sultan, and largely ruled by a British high commissioner and a British resident, the island goes on the more or less serene way of the transplanted East, furnishing plots for comic operas and cloves for most of the spice-loving world.

Hundreds of tourists and government employees, on the manifold errands of empire, see the town of Zanzibar without knowing much of it or ever exploring beyond the English tennis club. But this is less remarkable than the fact that merchants, priests, secular missionaries, military and diplomatic personages, Indians, Arabs, Persians and Europeans (as inconspicuous artisans or petty traders) actually live in the town year in and year out without so much as walking half a mile beyond the terminus of the little American railway at Bu-bu-bu, a village a few miles from the town itself. The precedent for this neglect—and the social fabric of Zanzibar is dependent on precedent—is undoubtedly the indifference of the early explorers, who fitted out caravans in the old town and, bent on discovering a volcano or a nympha far field, never wasted time in wandering about the glorious island itself.

On the first day that one leaves the road behind and finds oneself at large in the dense green of Zanzibar's titanic verdure one is conscious of a newness of interest as when one reads for the first time some book of very distinctive imaginative quality.

The woods and fields, the "shambas" (plantations), are like the contents of a broodingly agitated glass house; the colors of flowers and trees themselves are so elementary as to seem like a child's concept of beauty in nature, and when, unexpectedly, without preparation of any kind, the sight of the clove trees, shining green, red-stemmed, symmetrical, stretches before one, with the ultramarine of the Indian ocean as a background for their unequalled loveliness, the beauty of the whole writes itself on the memory of the most commonplace of observers as an indelible delight.

As Large as Long Island.

The island, about the same size in square miles as Long Island, is of a different shape, being shorter and much broader. It is one of Great Britain's protectorates.

To the south of the town the landscape is not so redundant and riotous in vegetable expression, but goats abound and find all they need in the way of food to make them marketable.

But to the north the mango trees, palms, cloves and every form of orange and lemon crowd thick and glorious under the most primitive of husbandmen. Just as Africa itself is netted over with endless footpaths, so is Zanzibar veined with little tracks worn deep into the living green so long ago that no tradition follows the feet of those who made them.

The industrial life of Zanzibar has changed three times since David Livingstone cried for mercy for the black man, who sorely needed it. Under the Arabs the town was a slave center, where the poor creatures who were caught in the course of one of Tippoo's "war walks" into the interior were brought to the island carrying ivory, and prepared by various heavy-handed methods for service as slaves on the Persian Gulf or in the shambas and warehouses of Zanzibar itself. The Arabs followed the best negroes imaginable, whatever their methods may have been, and when England ruined Tippoo, the by her slave regulations they took the place of slaves as a trade staple, and dealers from hither and yon brought their ivory for sale to the quaint Arab town, whose sanitation was then a by-word of the East. The bodies of dead slaves were frequently put out on the beach by Arabs

too inhuman to give them burial, and animals who had died were disposed of in the same fashion. Bath water was informally ejected through harem windows, and all the wanton waste of the rooking department in large Arab houses was banked up by the kitchen floors. There is a tendency to that sort of thing still, but Zanzibar's Western health officers have removed Sir Richard Burton's reprehensibly apt epithet of filth in connection with Zanzibar town.

Cloves Are Its Salvation.

But the third and last phase of industry in Zanzibar has been its salvation, and will keep it alive as a place of importance long after Mombasa has caught up with and passed it as the center for general trade and the entrepot for the African hinterland. This last phase is clove cultivation, and the history of the clove in Zanzibar is a record of such pluck and foresight as may well teach a lesson to the proud Saxon who considers his race a monopolist of both qualities.

In 1800 an Arab named Telim bin Isse came up from Mauritius with a handful of cloves in his pocket and 200 plants to put into his shamba. His idea of agriculture was very unique, and he only intended to persevere in clove culture if he could depend on a crop after every neglect and affront had been offered his trees. Their beauty (cloves are a kind of myrtle and exquisite in appearance) excited the interest of Said Burgash, about to become Zanzibar's sultan, and he wrote at once to the Mombasa to obtain the finest plants which could be bought for money.

Two Dutch ships brought them in an unusually short time, and the sultan, the most remarkable man Zanzibar has ever produced or associated with its fortunes, sent out numbers of his henchmen to compel laborers from every side to get the plants into the soil immediately. He had read up the whole subject in a book of French authorship, which he had caused to be written out in Arabic, and saw that the enterprise had a great mercantile future for Zanzibar. He knew that the island's supremacy as a trade center would pass, and he hoped to make it, with Pemba, the extremely fertile but rather uninteresting island to Zanzibar's north, paramount in the world of spices.

In 1872 a cyclone blew over Zanzibar, which uprooted all the clove trees and blew the coconuts flat to the earth without breaking them. Many clove trees were blown into the sea; many were broken off short. Within a week after the storm Said Burgash was rounding up his laborers again and sending hither and yon for plants, which he presented to the poorer Arabs, who had seized on the idea of a crop which could be sold to Europeans, and had put their all into the purchase of plants and slaves for their culture.

From that second planting comes the great bulk of the world's clove supply today, and when one realizes that the least output of cloves per annum has amounted (from Zanzibar alone) to 80,000 bales and the greatest output to 200,000, and when one furthermore realizes that the government claims as tax one bag out of each five, one may catch a vista of Burgash's dream, and concede that the Oriental has in part the greatest of mental attributes—imagination.

One might write a book on Zanzibar, and in the hurry of its beauties and the horrors of its mysterious ravages, like the smallpox epidemic or the tubercle plague, forget to tell the half of its wonders. It will always remain in one's mind like a solid piece of the "Arabian Nights," with what promised to be a splendid outcome ruined by some fearful visitation of cyclone or of sickness. But the intrinsic strength of the island continues in the clove crop and has attracted an enormous number of Indians, who are fast driving out the Arab and keeping up a desultory intercourse with India for caste reasons.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE

By virtue of an execution and order of sale of attached property issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon for Morrow County by the Clerk thereof, dated the 22nd day of September, 1923, in a certain action wherein W. J. Rush and A. L. Devos, partners, doing business under the style and firm name of Rush & Devos, plaintiffs, recovered judgment against A. J. Spencer, defendant, for the sum of \$300.00 with interest thereon at the rate of 7 per cent per annum from May 5, 1920, to December 5, 1920, and at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from December 5, 1920, and for costs and disbursements of said action, taxed and allowed at \$38.20, and a further order that the real property attached in said action be sold as by law provided to satisfy said judgment, I have levied upon the following described real property, to-wit: East half of Northeast quarter, Southwest quarter of Northeast quarter, and Northwest quarter of Southeast quarter of Section 18, Township 6 South, Range 28 East of Willamette Meridian, the same being the real property attached in said action.

Notice is hereby given that I will on Saturday, the 27th day of October, 1923, at the hour of 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the Court House in Heppner, Oregon, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash in hand all the right, title and interest of said defendant in and to said above described real property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy said judgment and all costs, subject to the statutory right of redemption only.

Dated this 25th day of September, 1923.

GEORGE McDUFFEE, Sheriff.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION—ISOLATED TRACT PUBLIC LAND SALE

Department of the Interior U. S. Land Office, at The Dalles, Oregon, August 9, 1923.

Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Sec. 2455, R. S., pursuant to the application of George H. Hayden, Serial No. 023125, we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder, but at not less than \$2.50 per acre, at 10:15 o'clock A. M., on the 14th day of October, next, at this office, the following tract of land:

SW 1/4 SW 1/4, Sec. 1, E 1/2 SE 1/4, Sec. 2, T. 6 S., R. 25 E., W. M.

This tract is ordered into the market on a showing that the greater portion thereof is mountainous and too rough for cultivation.

The sale will not be kept open, but will be declared closed when those present at the hour named have ceased bidding. The person making the highest bid will be required to immediately pay to the Receiver the amount thereof.

Any persons claiming adversely the above-described land are advised to file their claims, or objections, on or before the time designated for sale.

J. W. DONNELLY, Receiver.

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT

Notice is hereby given that W. B. Potter, administrator de bonis non with the will annexed, of the estate

YOU can hang your own stockings on your mantle if you **START NOW**

Altho Christmas is only 90 days away there is still a chance for you to enjoy it in a home of your own.

Probably none of our Holidays is more of a home day than Christmas and sure it is that a home of your own adds to the pleasure of the day.

Let the Tum-a-Lum plan your Christmas home. Come see us and we will tell you all about our Free Plan and Service offer.

TUM-A-LUM LUMBER CO.

TOO FREE WITH HIS ADVICE

Higgins Wanted to Tell Smithers How He Should Buy Horse for His Wife.

Higgins is troubled with an over-weening curiosity about other people's affairs.

Occasionally, however, he comes a cropper, much to the delight of those whom he has been in the habit of victimizing.

The other day he met Smithers in a tramcar.

"Busy, eh?" he inquired in an off-hand way.

"Yes," said Smithers. "Been buying a horse for my wife."

"Have you?" said the other, his curiosity at once thoroughly aroused.

"Well, let me give you some points."

"Oh," said the other, "I concluded the bargain."

"Not without trying him, surely? Was he sound in wind and limb?"

"He appeared to be," was the reply.

"Doesn't he jib?"

"No, I reckon not."

"Stands without hitching?"

"Y-yes, I think so."

"Good gait?"

But here Smithers got up to leave the car. As he reached the door he called over his shoulder to Higgins:

"I forgot to mention the kind of horse my wife wanted. It was a clotheshorse."

TRAFFIC HALTS FOR PIGEON

New York Crossing Policeman Sees That Thirsty Bird Gets Drink on Pavement.

Traffic was heavy and the policeman signaled, shouted, frowned and grinned according to the changing character of the four-way crowds. The white signal flashed and waiting drivers prepared to throw in their gears and speed north or south. But the arm of the law warned them back. They craned around their windshields to find out the trouble. The policeman with arm still uplifted was gazing at a shallow pool of rainwater in the hot pavement, says the New York Sun and Globe.

"That bird shall have her chance," he growled at the nearest car. "She's tried to get a sip of water four times and what with all the pedestrians and cars and other interferences she's like to die of thirst."

The pigeon slipped peacefully, raising its sleek throat each time for the drink to slip down more smoothly. Then it waddled laughingly away.

The policeman's arm came into action and a satisfied grin spread over his ruddy cheeks. "Come along now, with your noisy cars!" he invited. "What's the detsalain' ye?"

Vacuum Cleaner "Blows" Organ.

In a church where an ordinary reed organ with pedal-operated bellows was used, it was desired to install an electric blower. As the reeds of such an organ are sounded by suction, the air being exhausted from the wind chest by the bellows, it was found that a common vacuum sweeper could easily be made to do the work. A small hole was cut in the wind chest, and the end of the vacuum cleaner hose inserted, the connection being made airtight. The cleaner itself was set in the basement where it could not be heard while running. The result was entirely satisfactory, the cleaner doing the work just as well as an expensive electric blower.—Phil H. Brehmer, Rutland, Vt.

His Luck Was In.

Signor Marconi tells in London Tit-Bits an amusing story concerning an applicant for a job at an electric power station whose knowledge was small, to put it mildly.

The busy foreman of works, wishing to learn what were his qualifications for the post, led off by asking him what was ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity.

Applicant (all at sea)—Why—er—Foreman—Wire. Correct! Now tell me what is the unit of electric power.

Applicant—The what, sir? Foreman—Exactly, the watt. Very good; that will do. You may sign on for the job.

Flicker Is Your Friend.

The red-shafted flicker or woodpecker is a persistent enemy of the ant family, says Nature Magazine. Many kinds of ants are extremely harmful. As wood borers they destroy timber and infest houses. Worst of all, they protect and care for many aphides or plant lice, which are the greatest enemies of trees, plants and shrubs. As many as 5,000 ants and ant eggs have been found in the stomach of a single flicker.

Seek and Ye Shall Find.

Ash barrels and garbage cans may contain treasures. Many years ago a New York man named Crawford who

of Ellis Miner, deceased, has filed with the County Court of Morrow County, Oregon, his Final Account as administrator of said estate and that the court has fixed Monday, the 5th day of November, 1923 at 10 o'clock A. M. as the time, and the County Court Room in the Court-house, at Heppner, Oregon, as the place for hearing said account and any objections thereto.

Dated and published the first time, this 2nd day of October, 1923.

W. B. POTTER, Administrator.

was visiting the national capital happened to notice an extra large peach stone in a garbage can that was standing on the curb, and he wrapped it in a piece of paper and carried it back home with him. He planted it and the seedling that came from that stone was the source of all the excellent Crawford peaches in the world.

Advertise it in the Herald.

NOTICE

Any girl in trouble may communicate with Ensign Lee of the Salvation Army, at the White Shield Home, 565 Mayfield avenue, Portland, Oregon. 21-1f.

RAGS WANTED—Clean cotton rags wanted at Herald office. Knit underwear, etc., not acceptable. 22-1f

Bargains

We are offering some rare bargains in our Used Goods Department. Note the following:

- 1 Used Ford Car
- 8 Used Ranges
- 6 Used Heaters

CHAIRS, BEDS, BABY BUGGIES, ETC.

The prices on these articles are right

Visit Our Second Hand Department

CASE FURNITURE CO.

Forehanded People

Inside of the vault of the bank are located the individual Safe Deposit Boxes maintained for those forehanded people who want the BEST OF PROTECTION for their valuables. Bonds, stocks, insurance policies, mortgages, records, receipts, jewelry, trinkets, etc., deserve better protection than they receive when kept in an office safe, tin box or hidden away somewhere.

This bank has these Safe Deposit Boxes for rent at the rate of two dollars a year and up, according to the size of the box. It offers you the opportunity to keep your valuables where it keeps its own. Rent a Safe Deposit Box today, for the number now vacant is limited.

Farmers and Stockgrowers National Bank

HEPPNER, OREGON

Worth Selling is Worth Telling Advertise!

Do You wonder why the merchant across the street gets all the business while you get none?

HE ADVERTISES - YOU DON'T

We can make your ad as attractive as this one with effective cuts and copy. Our contract with the Bonnet-Brown Sales Service brings you the opportunity of putting your advertising on the highest plane of attractiveness and efficiency.

Have us call and show you cuts and ads for your line of business.

HEPPNER HERALD