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ments in bacteriology, prophylaxis, and therapy leave us every reason to hope, if not to expect.

What Is to Come

AND then, the monster shackled, what of equatorial Africa, socially and industrially? Logical, with the death rate by war stopped and by disease checked, the millions of blacks already occupying the central plateau and the lake and Nile basins must go on increasing until, in a few decades, they will number well nigh all equatorial Africa can comfortably hold and support; for it is to be remembered that there are enormous areas of the more arid plateaus of British and German East that, while intrinsically rich as the best of our Southern California, Arizona, or New Mexico lands, no native blacks could subsist on if confined to limited sections, lands which none but the most scientific modern farming could render profitable.

And given the survival and increase of the blacks, what then the future of the country? Of course, bar the arising of unthinkable conditions, equatorial Africa must remain, for generations anyway, under white administration; at least until universal consent should be reached to withdraw and let the blacks work out their own problems, which is inconceivable, as meaning certain reversion to stark savagery.

And throughout such period, be it long or short, it is inevitable that many thousands of the adventurous or discontented of all white nationalities will go there as settlers.

The Outlook for Settlers

WHAT are their chances? Good, capital, none better anywhere, be they lazy or ambitious.

First, with reasonable observance of the laws of sanitation and hygiene, whites may preserve reasonable average good health there, with no greater peril of malaria than one runs to-day in many sections of this country, and less danger of pulmonary diseases than our climate is ever threatening. This opinion, I well know, is antagonized by Winston Churchill; but as against it stands the fact that the officials, missionaries, and settlers one meets out there, men and women resident there anywhere from ten to twenty years, are obviously as sturdy, sound, and vigorous a lot on the average as one meets anywhere in the temperate zone. To be sure, the little churchyards are not empty of graves—nor are they long so empty anywhere else in the world where men have inclosed them. Lieutenant Governor Jackson and C. W. Hobley, C. M. G., of British East; S. C. Tompkins, C. M. G., Chief Secretary of Uganda; James Martin; and Father Lanne, all there resident varying periods from fifteen to thirty years, are types of soundness and of physical and mental activity any man of their years would be glad and proud of.

Nor are the men here cited exceptions. Such types are the rule; possibly, very likely, in fact, because, precisely as Joaquin Miller once explained the high type of the average California Forty-niner by contending that "the cowards never started and the weak died on the road," so do few feeble of body or soul ever ship for Central African ports. Of course they have "livers"; but, if you ask me, I believe the alleged typical "tropical liver" is less due to conditions climatic than to too frequent impalement by a peg of whisky.

Secondly, for that hardy, tireless, stout hearted, but always restless though usually indolent class or type of pioneers of the sort to whom we are indebted for the winning of all North America from savagery,—the pathfinders across the treeless plains, the trail blazers through forests, where danger if not death beset them at every step, the venturers in frail bark craft far out over unknown and hostile waters, the trappers and the traders, the men of the coonskin cap and squirrel rifle, the women of brawn and freckles and fustian frocks, the folk of the log cabin and the little patch of maize and potatoes,—for all such equatorial Africa is a paradise.

Gone are they all, do you say? Gone with the times and conditions that developed them? Never will they be gone so long as blood flows in Anglo-Saxon veins—or in French or German, for that matter; for it's a lot we owe them both. Never will they be gone so long as bold spirits are able to find wild places where they fancy they find a larger independence and personal freedom than the teeming centers of civilization afford.

Natural Advantages

THERE their beasts may stay fat the year round on wild feed; no forests must be felled to build and plant; there a man may plant, till, or harvest every day in the year if he likes, or, if he be lazy, so fecund is the soil that a few weeks' work in the fields will keep a family in plenty throughout the year; there, at certain favored altitudes, orchards may be seen standing amid fields of ripening wheat, oats, and corn, wherein apples, plums, apricots, etc., are thriving beside oranges, lemons, bananas, figs, pineapples, pomegranates, papayas, while hard by gardens grow in profusion any and every vegetable it has suited the owner's fancy to plant; there, in otherwise favored sections, the rubber tree, the fiber plant, sisal, cocoa, coffee, and a score of other plants or trees yielding fourfold the crop value of any products of the temperate zone may be cultivated; there all about, in most parts, wild meat is to be had for the shooting, so one has bought the "small (settler's) license." Ease is there for the easy going, riches for the industrious.

And, while the local administrations don't yet fully appreciate it and persist in maintaining ordinances inimical to poor settlers, nevertheless it is precisely people of the type of the old North American pioneers—the folk who arrive scant of belongings, scantier still of cash,

but rich in brawn and pluck, the sort who come with a wife and a string of tow headed children, all workers at something down to the baby in arms—that can be relied on to push out north and south from the Uganda Railway into the wilds, the best possible advance guard for the peace loving plodders who quickly follow them and for whom they promptly make way as soon as the country is permanently pacified.

The man or family with a few thousands should not go there; for such are usually unsuited to life in the wilds, too often untrained in labor or business. The country has too many such already, who almost invariably fall hopelessly before the temptation of acquiring ten times more land than they have the means to develop and a hundred times more than they know anything about the profitable handling of.

And even the worker who goes there will need to be a pioneer in a double sense, in his system as well as his practice; for there to-day no white man turns his hand to any form of manual labor, once he has instructed the blacks he employs in their tasks. But such as may go there with the will and spirit of the men of the West and North may live in ease and plenty at the cost of no more than a fifth of the hard work our own early pioneers had to expend in order to save their young from hunger and shelter them from cold.

To capitalists equatorial Africa offers rich opportunities; but they can afford, and always, properly, prefer, to investigate for themselves. I may say, however, that, as the laws now stand, for operations on a large scale one must, to be safe, figure on indentured foreign labor, East Indian or off the Arabian coast; for any form of enforced native labor the laws rigidly forbid in British East and in Uganda.

The Labor Problem

THEIR shambas (farms) planted and tilled by their women for the few weeks necessary to furnish the family a season's food supply, few of the native black men know a harder job than idling about their grazing herds throughout the day, weapons in hand, guarding them from attack by lion or leopard. Richer as they are than any equally savage races of history, possessed of all they need, no incentive remains to engage themselves voluntarily as laborers except as they become seized with a greed for the gauds the Indian bazaars display—tempted, but not to a point to lead them to part from their cattle. Thus comparatively few are ever available for farm or other services, and fewer still stay long enough to become fairly adept at such work as they have undertaken. And yet, idle as they do, thieves as they may, no settler owns power effectively to correct or restrain them.

Indeed, it seemed to me the humanitarians of Exeter Hall have been sowing the wind as they never would dream of doing if they themselves were personally familiar with local native life and conditions, and themselves had to toss helpless as settlers on the tide of native arrogance their silly clamor for larger license for the blacks has raised, a tide that one day may easily break into a smother of open revolt that will take a good bit of quelling.

To-day no white man, except while on safari remote from any Government boma, may punish a rebellious or lazy black; instead, the culprit must be brought to the nearest boma for trial. Usually it is a sentence to imprisonment he gets—in the Nairobi jail or the Mombasa prison, according to the degree of his offense, either about as welcome and wholly enjoyable to the black as is her two weeks' vac-

tion on a Sullivan County farm to a Wall Street Fluffy Ruffles typewriter. And this when a white man who knows the country will contend for a second that any Central African black can be held to his work except by occasional flogging with the *hiboko* (whip) or by the dread of it. Argument, kindness, liberality, don't go; the more of these you hand out, the worse your labor situation becomes. But pay them fairly, feed them well, and let them know they will get the *hiboko* if they shirk or steal, and no better labor—at the price—could be desired.

Cruel? Inhuman? Perhaps. But please remember there is nothing else for it—or so I believe it will be found in the end—except to deal with the blacks the only way they respect, with an iron hand, or to abandon them to their orgies and sacrifices, such orgies and sacrifices as no story that could be told in print could give half an adequate idea of.

Must Make Him Work

BUT all these labor difficulties I expect to see mending shortly; for the local administrations are alive to existing embarrassments and settlers are loudly crying for relief the Colonial Office will have to grant—or send more troops. However it may eventually come about, whether by some form of coercion or by inculcating him with new wants, only when and as the black is made to work can his moral uplift begin and advance to a point to make education of value to him.

In German East Africa the labor situation is infinitely better, natives respectful and leaping at their tasks till the day's stint is finished—because Germany suffers from no Exeter Hall type of misguided philanthropists. Nor are the natives in German territory inhumanely treated, either; for, knowing an iron heel is ever ready for their necks whenever they do wrong, they seldom invite its application.

A GLIDING BOAT

THE principle of the aeroplane has been applied in a novel manner by a French inventor, whose idea is to make a boat glide over the surface instead of forcing its way through water. The apparatus is called a hydroplane. It consists of a raftlike boat, having underneath five inclined planes, one behind the other and sloping backward. The inclinations increase from bow to stern. A submerged propeller, actuated by a fourteen horsepower motor, drives the boat, and as it begins to move the planes lift it to the surface, over which it runs with surprising speed and ease.

NEWS IN THE WILDERNESS

THE telephone is now extensively used in the lumbering business. The result of this bringing science into the wilderness will probably be that soon, from certain points of view, there will be no wilderness at all. Throughout the forests from St. Johns to Vancouver, lumber camps are now connected by telephone, which also unites the sawmills or wood pulp works of frontier towns and large cities.

Years ago it was the custom of lumber interests to maintain a force of couriers, hardy men, who would travel twenty-five miles a day through the wilderness by rough forest paths. Now, at stated hours, the mill calls each camp in turn, to receive reports and give instructions to the foreman. Letters are read to lumbermen snowed in the forest fifty or a hundred miles away. The answers are dictated to the stenographer at the office, who writes out the notes and mails them.

One of the difficulties in logging is the formation of the jam, a collection of logs at some narrow place in a turbulent stream. Other logs floating down the river pile themselves up at the obstructed point, and it requires great labor and is attended by actual peril, to remove the logs from their position. Sometimes dynamite has to be used to blow up the pack, and of course much lumber is destroyed in the explosion. Now whenever a jam begins to form one of the men who patrol the river bank gives notice by telephone to the men up the river to stop the further flow of logs at calm places, called "trips," and it is an easy matter to break a small jam by summoning men from points farther down stream.

The human side of life is also made warmer and more vivid by this means of communication in the wilderness. A lumberman at a place in Washington was crippled for three years by an accident in the forest, and during his convalescence he conducted a logging business of half a million dollars a year from his sickroom by use of the telephone.

A party one day coming down the west branch of the Penobscot, in the wilds of Maine, was surprised at seeing the guides turn their canoes to the bank, and inquiry was made as to why this was done.

"We are going to order your supper," was the reply. One of the men then opened a small box of a lumberman's telephone at the side of a tree and spoke to a camp miles away, saying that the party would arrive at night, and giving directions for supper. Ten hours later the weary tourists arrived at the spot where their welcome and their supper were ready.

Silly Willy's Conundrum



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When is a boy like a barn?
When he gets shingled.