The writer recently had an opportunity to journey around the world and, upon request, he has jotted down some impressions of that trip for the benefit of the readers of The Progressive American. The journey took him into British East Africa, India, China, Japan and the South Sea Islands. So far as possible the observations given here are confined to the conditions of the people, the soil, and the life.

British East Africa itself has an area of about 260,000 square miles. There are three belts in the country, the coastal belt, where are found the principal rivers, and the most extensive forests. Here the climate is tropical, the atmosphere is laden with moisture, and the temperature remains very constant the year through. Then there are the highlands, really a great plateau several thousand feet above sea level and with volcanic peaks rising still higher. This part of Africa is very attractive, especially climatically. The low coast is very hot, and there are frequent thunderstorms, while on the plateau the weather is cool and there is very little rain. Most of the soil throughout this part of Africa is of a deep red color. This is very apt to be the case in dry regions. Theodore Roosevelt has spoken in the most glowing terms of these highlands and of their adaptability to white men. In quite a measure his estimate is true, but the writer cannot agree with it altogether. The soil which has just been mentioned is naturally very acidic because it has been derived from the acid volcanic rocks of the region. Then the treatment of the soil by the natives has tended to impoverish it.

Their plan seems to be to clear a piece of land, plant it, and work it as long as it yields fair crops. But as the soil begins to lose its vitality and begin to yield small crops, these natives move away and leave the land to be overrun with whatever vegetation will grow upon it. Thus it has resulted that the natives for thousands of years have passed from one area to another, using up the land and leaving impoverished districts behind them. When the white man comes to occupy the land, he not only has an acid soil to deal with, but a worn out soil as well, and as a result he faces many difficulties.

These highlands of Africa are occupied by great herds of game, especially zebra and several types of antelopes. Any one who comes into the country to take up land and to make his living as an agriculturist speedily finds that he must cope with these great herds. Fences are no barriers to a herd of zebra. They can go through them or over them without difficulty. It will be true for a good many years, in some parts of Africa, that the flocks of the farmers must compete with these animals for pasturage. Another element in this game question, which is a more serious menace, is this, these animals are covered with ticks. Africa is a land of insects, and especially ticks; they abound everywhere and on everything, and wild animals are not exempted. These wild animals carry ticks to the domestic animals, and they are soon infested. The bite of the tick is not particularly dangerous to the wild animals, since they are immune to the infection which they carry, but domestic animals, especially imported stock, are subject to the serious east coast fever, whenever they have been bitten. This is so serious a matter that imported cattle are hardly able to maintain themselves. Another difficulty facing the settlers are the predatory animals, such as the lion, leopard, hyena, and others. It is
a constant fight to maintain a flock of sheep or a herd of cattle. This illustrates some of the difficulties that face the white man who goes into the country to make a living. I met very few men who are satisfied to stay there. Most genuine settlers are anxious to leave. The combination of difficulties is more than they care to face. The life is a very lonesome one. Markets are far distant, shipping rates are high, and all together the conditions are far from making this an ideal white man's country.

I talked with quite a number of settlers to get their ideas. Almost unanimously they agree that if a man has plenty of money, he can get along, but that it is no place for a poor man. As yet the country has not been settled long enough to know its peculiar characteristics of soil and climate. They complain greatly of rust in grain, and of the uncertainty of rainfall. One man on the border of the Rift valley told me that he had been successful in raising vegetables for several years, but that in the spring of 1910 severe frosts came and destroyed everything. It is these unexpected, unlooked-for experiences that seem to work havoc with the poor settlers. Another man told me that he had been pretty successful with his crops, but that the zebras broke in and had trampled them down. He pointed out a herd of seven or eight hundred of these animals hanging around the outskirts of his farm at that time. He said that he could remedy the matter, though it would have to be by a very heroic method. His plan was as follows: The next time he went to Nairobi, he proposed to purchase several barrels of salt and several pounds of arsenic, take them back to his farm, mix the two together thoroughly, and scatter the mixture over the feeding ground of the zebras. There would be a good many fewer zebra and he would have a respite, until the next flock came along. Most of this great plateau of which we are speaking is covered with thorny scrub; there is, however, a fair abundance of grass, which must be highly nutritious to support such herds of game. It is probable that the plateau country is better fitted for grazing than for general farming, and if the insects can be abolished, it would make a great stock country.

The third belt is the Basin of the Victoria Nyanza. This is several thousand feet lower than the plateau, probably averaging about five thousand feet lower. It is an extremely hot country, with frequent thunderstorms; there is much disease, and in a general way the region is unfit for European habitation. The Victoria Nyanza Basin extends up into Uganda, which is occupied by one of the highest types of negroes in all Africa. This whole region is destined to be a great center of cotton, coffee and cocoa cultivation. There are a number of whites in this Basin. They do little work themselves, but simply direct native labor.

One of the drawbacks of this Basin is the presence of the sleeping sickness, which is gradually moving eastward and southward. This is one of the most terrible diseases known to man, and though a commission of physicians has been working here for some years no remedy has yet been discovered. The writer saw whole villages that were emptied by the ravages of this disease. In Lake Victoria itself there are many islands where thousands of natives lived but a few years ago, that are now absolutely without an inhabitant. One sees nothing of the disease itself, but only its effects. Just as soon as the disease is recognized in a person he is immediately removed to the detention hospital in the interior. The disease is due to the bite of a fly, the tsetse fly. The disease begins with a fever, the glands especially in the neck begin to swell, with tongue-tremor and mental aberration. At length the whole body is involved in a tremor, with increasing lethargy, finally passing into more or less complete torpor and great emaciation. No age, sex or race is immune. The haunts of the fly are restricted to the water's edge, and every effort is being made by the authorities to cut down the bushes and high grass where the fly breeds, and prevent its increase.
The white people in the fly region carry little brushes with which they keep the fly from lighting on their neck or other exposed places. The natives are very indifferent to its presence. They go about without any clothing whatever, they wade about in the shallow water of the lake where the fly is most abundant, and, of course, they are repeatedly bitten, and thus subject to the disease. One of the peculiar features of the disease is that the bite of this fly leaves no irritation, and the victim has no means of knowing that he has the disease until the fatal symptoms begin to appear. This disease apparently has traveled back and forth across Africa for thousands of years, starting in the region of the Congo and moving eastward. Its ravages continue until there are no more victims to feed it, and then of course it dies out, only to reappear again at some future time.

All through east Africa, food is fairly abundant and of good quality, though the places where it is prepared according to European taste are rather few and far between. In some of the larger towns, as, for instance, Mombassa, one can secure mutton, beef, fowls, and fish in abundance, and cheap. Potatoes are common. The best potatoes I ever ate are raised in the neighborhood of Nairobi. The natives raise yams, cassava, native beans, pumpkins, spinach, oranges, guavas, pawpaws, bananas, pine-apples, custard-apples, limes, etc. The writer walked along the Uganda railway and in the neighborhood of the coast he found native markets where many of these fruits and vegetables could be secured. In the interior, in the high lands around Nairobi, there are few tropical fruits, but apples, plums and apricots were abundant.

Any white traveler can maintain his health, with care, but he must avoid being bitten by malaria mosquitoes, and he must especially avoid the use of intoxicating liquors. One of the rules laid down by the British government for the guidance of its employees, and for the guidance of the settlers moving into Uganda, reads as follows: “Heavy drinkers should not go to Uganda, moderate drinkers should be most moder-
particular species of euphorbia which they use is greatly dreaded by lions and leopards, and in fact they will rarely attempt to break through a hedge made of this material. In passing by one of these villages, it is a common sight to see the women of the community outside repairing the fence and attempting to make it animal proof.

In a general way, one sees much resemblance between the African in his native home and those here in America. They have the same quick excitability, lack of foresight and self-restraint. It seems impossible for them to form permanent organizations, therefore they are not well fitted to enter into any form of native government. They must be governed, even though they are dissatisfied with their masters. The lack of self-restraint among them is pretty

well shown by the fact that negroes will desert a caravan the night before it reaches its destination in order to go home, if they happen to be homesick, whereas if they stayed another twenty-four hours they would have received full pay for their services. They desert without receiving a cent of money, in order to make home a day earlier.

One overseer on a rubber plantation near Kisumu told me that he always whipped his natives the last day of the month so they would all desert and he was ahead their wages. Many interesting facts might be related of the natives in this region, but my article has reached the appointed length, and I must cease without entering into a description of the other regions visited on this interesting world trip.

Agricultural Experiments as Conducted by Progressive Farmers

By J. C. McDowell, Agriculturist, U. S. Department of Agriculture.

One of the chief duties of those engaged in the Division of Farm Management of the United States Department of Agriculture is to note improved methods of farming as practiced by the best and most progressive farmers. The work of the specialists in our various bureaus is of great economic importance to farmers and to all interested in increasing the productiveness of American farms, the State Experiment Stations are also meeting with marked success in their efforts to make two or more blades of grass grow where only one grew before, but we must not forget that the work of intelligent farmers sometimes solves difficult problems and constantly demonstrates the local application of truths already discovered. Believing that some of the work of these farmers, especially their experiments and demonstrations, may be of some interest to readers of The Progressive American, I wish from time to time to relate instances of this character as I meet them in my travels in Michigan, Wisconsin and other states of the Middle West. Nothing, however, is to be submitted for publication without the specific consent of the parties interested, and it might perhaps be well to add that nothing is to be written for the purpose of advertising any farm or any firm, and I have no desire to condemn or boom any section of the country.

While traveling in Lincoln County, Wisconsin, a week or two ago I had the pleasure of visiting the farm of Julius Thielman, about six miles northeast of the City of Merrill. This farm is located in what is known as the cut-over district of Wisconsin, and much of the surrounding country is still wholly undeveloped. The soil of this farm as well as of this region is generally a