

ZANZIBAR, Isle of Cloves



Breaking Cloves From the Stems; Zanzibar.

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

Zanzibar, romantic melting pot off 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 movies for most of the spice-loving world.

Hundreds of tourists and government employees, on the mifold 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, Paris 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 nyanza far afield, never wasting 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 Broddingnagian 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 aimless 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 Tib'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 achieved the best negroes imaginable, whatever their methods may have been, and when England ruined Tippoo Tib by her slave regulations ivory 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 cooking department in large Arab houses was banked up by the kitchen doors. There is a tendency to that sort of thing still, but Zanzibar's Western health officers have removed Sir Richard Burton's reproachfully 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 1880 an Arab named Teim bin Issa 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 Saïd Burgash, about to become Zanzibar's sultan, and he wrote at once to the Moluccas 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 Saïd 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.

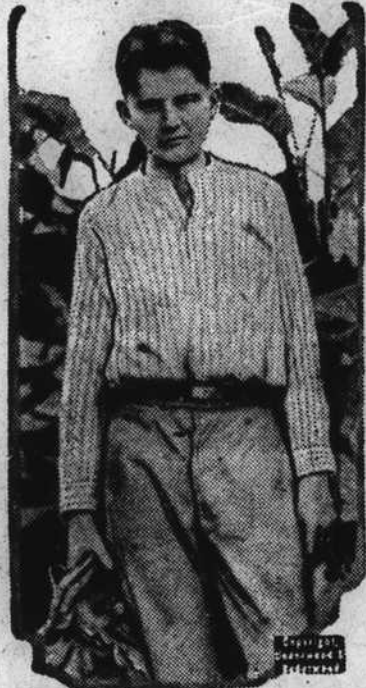
One might write a book on Zanzibar, and in the hurry of its beauties and the horrors of its mysterious catastrophes, like the smallpox epidemic or the bubonic plague, forget to tell the bit of its wonders. It will always remain in one's mind like a soiled page of the "Arabian Nights," with what promised 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.

Movie Patrons to See the Solar Eclipse



Science expects to make it possible for one to see the total solar eclipse of September 10 in the movies in three minutes instead of spending two hours and fifty-five minutes watching it, by the use of equipment which is being shipped from the Yerkes observatory of the University of Chicago to Santa Catalina Island, Cal. Capt. Barnett Harris of Chicago, under the direction of Dr. Edwin B. Frost, will photograph the eclipse with four cameras in batteries of twos, which will be placed fifteen miles apart so as to minimize cloud interference. Two of the cameras will work automatically during the eclipse, and when the job is completed it will be shown throughout the United States. The signal corps and air service of the War department are co-operating with special lenses and apparatus. The automatic cameras are driven by electro-magnets, and the work of this expedition will be observed with a great deal of interest by the public and scientific world. The photograph shows Captain Harris and some of the equipment to be used.

"LET ME STAY," SAID CAL



"I like the job. I want to stick to it. Please let me stay," was the closing phrase in the letter young Cal Coolidge wrote to his mother just after having learned that his father had been elevated to the presidency. Here's Cal on the job—working in a tobacco field at Hatfield, Mass., for \$3 a day.

GRANDSON OF A KING



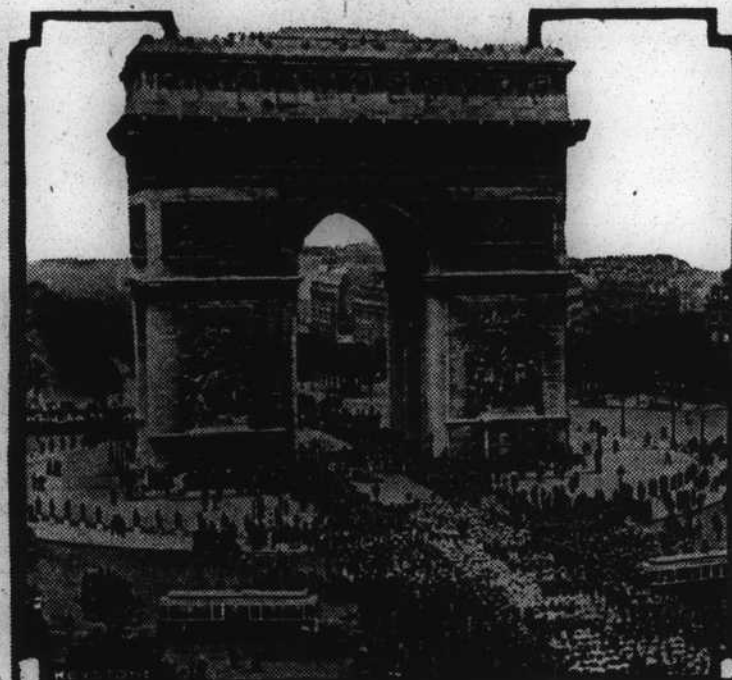
Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, with her son, George Henry Hubert, named for his father and his grandfather, King George, from a portrait just received in this country.

MR. COOGAN'S FAVORITE



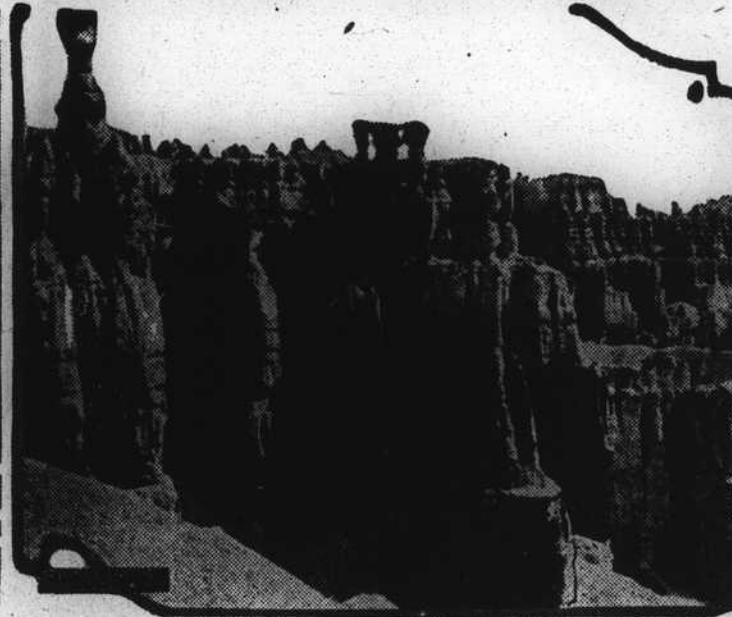
Here's a much envied girl. She is little Peaches Jackson, and Jackie Coogan—you know him—has shown a preference for her. Peaches is his constant companion, the youngsters playing together at every opportunity.

Parade of Athletes in Paris



Photograph of thousands of young French athletes marching through the Arc de Triomphe under which is buried France's Unknown Soldier. These young men are preparing for the future athletic meets in which they will strive to represent France.

Scene in Bryce Canyon Monument



The newest national monument was established by the late President Harding in a proclamation which set aside twelve square miles in southern Utah as the Bryce Canyon National monument, within the Powell National forest. This canyon is declared by the United States forest service to be one of the most unique and beautiful geological features in the United States. Photograph shows a remarkable view there.

President Coolidge at His Desk



The first picture to be made of President Coolidge in the White House executive offices, seated at the desk used only a short time ago by President Harding.

MRS. BUTLER'S AGES AND PAINS

Vanished After Using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

W. Philadelphia, Pa.—"When I cleaned house last April I must have overlifted,

for after that I had pains and aches all the time and was so discouraged. I could hardly do my own housework, and I could not carry a basket of groceries from the store nor walk even four or five squares without getting terrible pains in my back and abdomen and lower limbs.

I went to visit a friend in Mt. Holly, N. J., and she said, 'Mrs. Butler, why don't you take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?' My husband said that if it did her so much good for the same trouble, I should try it. So I have taken it and it is doing me good. Whenever I feel heavy or bad, it puts me right on my feet again. I am able to do my work with pleasure and am getting strong and stout. I still take the Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am using Lydia E. Pinkham's Sanative Wash."—Mrs. CHARLES BUTLER, 1233 S. Hanson St., W. Phila., Pa.

Write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for a free copy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Private Text Book upon "Ailments of Women."

Wanted—Men to Learn Barber Trade. Make money while learning. Tuition \$35—everything furnished. Job waiting in back. QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Spartanburg, S. C.

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Have You a Bad Back?

You can't be happy when every day brings morning lameness, torturing backache and sharp, cutting pains. So, why not find the cause and correct it? Likely it's your kidneys. If you suffer headaches and dizziness, too—feel tired, nervous and depressed, it's further proof your kidneys need help. Neglect is dangerous! Begin using Doan's Kidney Pills today. Thousands have been helped by Doan's. They should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A South Carolina Case

Mrs. J. H. Caldwell, 137 N. Main St., Belton, S. C., says: "A cold settled in my back. My kidneys were sluggish and I had a dull ache in my back. My joints were so stiff and lame I could hardly bend over. There were sharp pains in my knees. My kidneys didn't act right, either, so I used Doan's Kidney Pills. One box of Doan's cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

RATHER SPOILED THE EFFECT

Unfortunate That Proud Driver of Car Should Have Forgotten to Remove That Pail.

They were talking about embarrassing moments at the Friday Morning club when one fair matron remarked:

"While living in a small western town a few years ago, my husband purchased an automobile. Upon inspecting our garage I discovered a leak in the roof and, to save the new machine from a possible drenching, I placed a five-gallon pail on top of it.

"Several days later I motored to town, all puffed up with pride, unaware that the pail was still on top of the car, and it surely was my most embarrassing moment when I parked near a dairy and a kind stranger offered to take the milk pail down for me."

Feeling Was Mutual.

Billie had been a naughty boy and upon rising in the morning his mother said, "Now, Billie, you were a bad boy yesterday and I hope you will be better today. Yesterday nobody liked you."

"That's all right, mother," said Billie; "yesterday I didn't like myself."

Wishing for sleep is a poor way to get it.

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