

as in Nigeria. He is at present commanding a body of 5,000 men against the Arros in the Cross River country.

Old Calabar, a city containing 200,000 blacks and 150 whites (there are but eleven white women in all Nigeria), is the capital. Each set of officials has its own mess, and the military routine is much the same as in all garrison towns, with the exception that from eleven to three-thirty the heat is very intense. These hours usually find us in pjamas.

Hausa is the Irishman of Africa, always ready for a "scrap." He is of an adventurous disposition, and like the descendants of all tribes of plainsmen, is a roamer. He goes among various tribes with his powder, flints and guns—guns "made in Germany," a section of gas-pipe with a flint lock. He drives a good trade also in Holland trade gin, and in pieces of iron to be cut up into bullets or ornaments.

The Calabar people are not so stalwart or magnificent as the Hausa or



NIGERIANS—NOTE THE IVORY ANKLET ON THE WOMAN

The native is not wholly unworthy of the blessings Nature showers upon him. There are several notable types. From the vigorous Yoruba and the agile Hausa the West African Frontier Force is recruited; and they are first-class fighting men, whom many officers would not trade for white "Tommyes" without something to boot. Both are Mahomedan in religion, and commonly very much married men. The Yoruba is a bit of a gentleman, and like coast people generally, he is clean about his person. The

yet the Yoruba; but they are very wiry and agile. The Benis are like the Calabarans. The Unwanans, a part of the great Arro nation against which an expedition is now operating, would put our athletes to shame in the matter of chest measurement and muscular development. The Arros and Hausas, in fact, all black tribes are bullies and blackguards. They will "bluff" if they fancy they can carry the thing through.

Very fortunately for us, these peoples possess a marvellous civil organization, somewhat resembling the clan system