

## Makale, Ethiopia's "Salt Seller"

By J. C. P.

To you, salt may appear of very little value. But the moment you run out of salt and have to go without it, you will realize how important it is. Makale is an important city of Ethiopia, chiefly, because it is the center for distributing salt. In this country, salt is used as an article of food and as currency. You can buy anything in Ethiopia with salt just as you do here with money.

Once a month thousands of merchants and their camels leave Makale for the salt lakes of Danakil. Here layers of dried salt and sand, broken into blocks weighing  $3\frac{1}{2}$  pounds each, are offered for sale. A salt block costing less than a centavo in Danakil is sold for seven centavos in Makale. At a place about a hundred miles south of Makale, the same block may be sold for a peso.

Forty-one years ago, Makale was in the hands of Italian troops. After about a year the city was taken back by the Ethiopians. Now it is again occupied by the Italians.

The city of Makale stands on a number of hills. High mountains

guard it on the east, northeast, and southeast. Because of its salt trade, it can well support a population of 15,000 people. It is one of the largest, busiest, and most prosperous settlements in the Ethiopian province of Tigre.

The round native houses are scattered over hillsides. There are a few churches, a large market, and a large stone palace. Several native huts are frequently surrounded by a rough wall inclosing a family's dwellings, live stock and garden. Little irrigation ditches supply water for gardens of flowers, ferns, and fruit trees such as orange, lime and lemon. There are birds of bright feathers, among which are the green and yellow pigeons.

The people of Makale are very proud of their palace. It was built by an Italian architect for King Johannes, during whose times Makale was used as the capital of Ethiopia. The palace which was strongly constructed of limestone blocks, also served as a fort. The grounds are inclosed by two outer walls.

Note.—The information was

## WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG

### True Anecdotes

A poor young man from the Ilocos was on a boat bound for Manila. It was his ambition to finish a course in the big city. On the boat, there were other young men who were also on their way to Manila. They were rich. Their clothes and manners showed that they had plenty of money. They would gather on the deck to talk noisily about what they did with their money. As they talked, they smoked expensive cigars. The poor boy also wanted to smoke but he could not afford even cheap cigars. So he stayed on the deck with the rich young men and inhaled the smoke blown toward him.

In Manila, the poor student worked and studied so hard that he got ahead of the rich students. He became a successful lawyer and later served in the highest court of the land. He was also one time president of the University of the Philippines. The poor boy was Hon. Ignacio Villamor.

## THE RUINS OF GUADALUPE

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beams fall on its gray walls which cast their shadows on the plateau, the pile presents a glorious picture which has an appeal to all lovers of the beautiful. In the peace of some night when soft breezes waft upon its walls, the imaginative passerby seems to hear the sound of a solemn mass and sacred hymns sung by an invisible choir for the repose of souls long departed.

The ruined pile is but a shadow of its former glory, and if its ancient walls had the power of speech, they could tell to the legions of admiring visitors many interesting events which took place during more than three centuries of their existence. In their dignified silence the ruins of Guadalupe stand as an important landmark in Philippine history.

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