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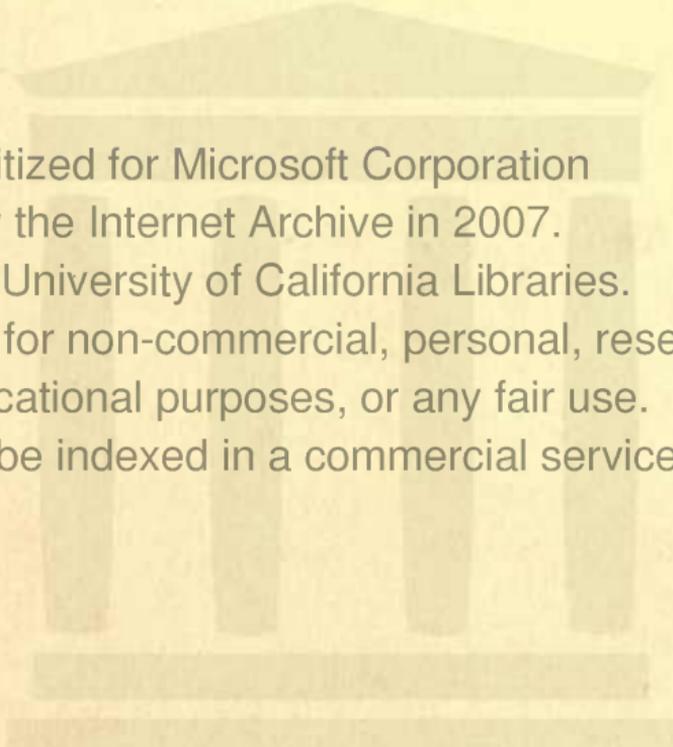
VOL. III

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ROUND THE WORLD SERIES
VOLUME III

ROUND THE WORLD

*A Series of Interesting Illustrated Articles
on a Great Variety of Subjects*

VOLUME III

The Great Eastern Question. The West and the Great Petrified
Forest. In the Footsteps of the Apostles. Revetment
Work in the United States. Near to Galway Town.
In the Heart of the African Forest. The
"Blind" Readers of the Post Office. The
Little Republic. A Day in the
Zoo. The Reclamation Service.
Schooldays in Egypt

~~2555~~
WITH 114 ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK

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CHICAGO

BENZIGER BROTHERS

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1907

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE GREAT EASTERN QUESTION	7
THE WEST AND THE GREAT PETRIFIED FOREST	35
IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE APOSTLES	53
REVETMENT WORK IN THE UNITED STATES	69
"NEAR TO GALWAY TOWN"	89
IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN FOREST	105
THE "BLIND" READERS OF THE POST OFFICE	125
THE LITTLE REPUBLIC	143
A DAY IN THE ZOO	155
THE RECLAMATION SERVICE	181
SCHOOLDAYS IN EGYPT	201

The Great Eastern Question

By J. C. MONAGHAN,

Chief of Division of Consular Reports, Department of Commerce
and Labor, Washington.

By the words "Eastern question" the world thinks of China and Japan. They mean more. They carry the student back to the earliest hours of history. It was after he had conquered the East that Alexander wept. There was an Eastern question in Rome in the days of the Scipios and Cæsars. The Eastern question was emphasized when schism cut the Catholic Church into two halves, one in the East, the other in the West. The Eastern question was emphasized when Constantine severed the East from the West by building an Eastern empire, basing it upon Constantinople. There was an Eastern question when Richard of England and the Knights of the Continent met Saladin at the gates of the Holy City. Columbus was on his way to the East when he bumped up against the Western continent. After the Turks had turned the world back from the East at Constantinople, by taking it in

1453, it was necessary for the Western world to find a way to the East by water. It was to find that way that Columbus sailed into the

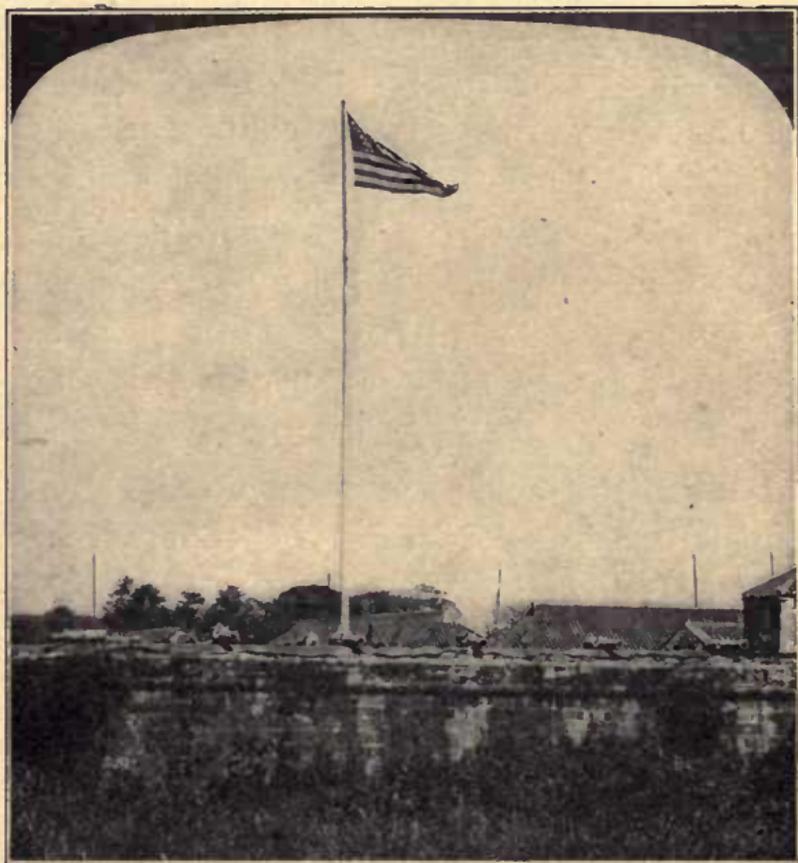


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The Headquarters of Major-General MacArthur, Manila, P. I.

West. It was to find that way that Challenger sailed northward, by way of the Arctic into the White Sea to Archangel, opening a way for Russia into the family of Western nations. There was an

Eastern question when Clive and Hastings drove the French from India; and there was an Eastern question in the mind of the Corsican when he went



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The Stars and Stripes floating over the walls of Old Manila, P. I

down into Egypt. It is with none of these phases, however, that we are to deal. It is with the Russian-English phase of it.

In the year 1672, Peter I., Czar of Muscovy,

commonly called Peter the Great, was born. He was a man of marvelous powers. His life alone would be worth a separate essay. Macaulay made it the subject of some of his best and most brilliant pages. While still a young man, in his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year, Peter went to Holland, studied shipbuilding in its dockyards, went thence to England, to Deptford, and studied boat-building, navigation and everything pertaining to the sea. On his return to Russia, he took with him some expert English, Scotch, Irish, Belgian, and French workmen. He began the building of an empire, laying its foundations in the swamps of the Neva River on the Gulf of Finland. It cost him 200,000 men. But 200,000 men were a bagatelle to the Tartar-like savage bent on empire-building. He would make Russia great. He had seen what commerce had meant for Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, Italy, France, the Hansa Cities, and finally for England, particularly when backed by industrial effort and raw materials. He was a man of far-reaching vision and far-extending policies. But what Peter saw, England saw. At that time England, because of her coal, iron and limestone, led the industrial and commercial



The Residence of a Rich Planter in an Interior Village in the Republic of Panama.

world. Without these, Italy, once supreme, the Italy of the Medici, of the Renaissance, of Venice, Amalfi, Milan, Pisa, Genoa, and Monza, had to retire, to wait the wand of the wizards who in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries were to transform the waters of the Po and Adige, the Arno and Tiber, bearing the burdens of her looms to the Adriatic and Tyrrhene seas, into the mighty forces that were to make her great again in trade. They are doing it. England was the world's industrial and commercial leader. Her Dudleys, Wattses, Stephensons, Cromptons, Arkwrights and Kelleys had made her supreme. She excited Peter's emulation and admiration if not his envy. He, too, would build an industrial and commercial empire. Napoleon is reported to have said that Peter left a will or testament telling his people to build up their industries and trade. The testament of Peter was his life. It would take too much time to tell the whole story in detail. In 1787 Russia recognizing the value of Constantinople, the key to the East, from the European standpoint, sought to seize it. Over the Balkans her legions went, bent upon conquest. In 1826 to 28, when Greece was at war with the East, asking for her liberty,

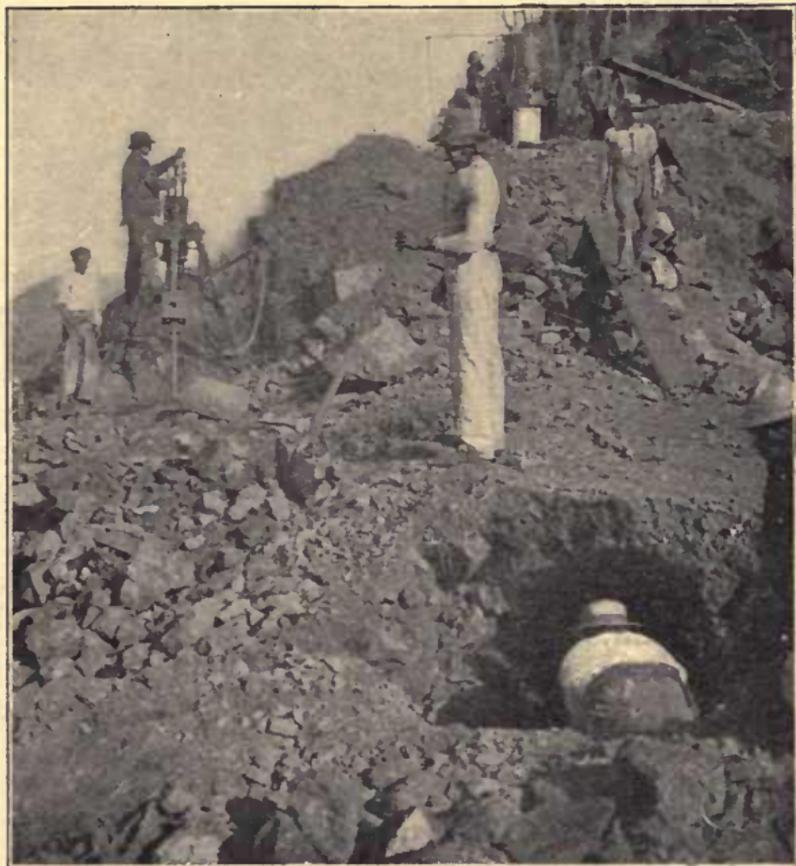


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Marine Camp at Haut Obispo, the Guard House, Panama.

when all the world was behind Byron and Bozaris in their efforts to emancipate Greece, Russia was in arms. Her legions had taken Constantinople; in dreams they saw their double eagles floating from the towers of St. Sophia and the minarets of Stamboul's mosques. The war was waged ostensibly for Greece, but Russia, eager to reap the rich reward that possession of Constantinople stood for, stretched eager arms to the East. Wellington was yet alive, Waterloo had not been forgotten. England was supreme in the council chambers of Europe's kings. Russia must retire. The coveted prize was too great. Besides England was in the East.

If you have time, go over the files of the New York *Evening Post* for 1827, and read the tale it tells of Mahmoud the Second, then Sultan of Turkey. In 1854 to 56, Inkerman, Balaklava, Sebastopol, the Crimean war was fought. On one side were England, France, Italy, the Turks, the Union Jack, Fleur-de-lis, and the Crescent, on the other Russia. Remember this when pressed hard about your sympathy for the pagans of the East, the Japanese. At the treaty of Paris, in 1856, Russia was told to go back behind the Balkans, to stay there, that she might build warships

for shore defense in the Black Sea, at Sebastopol, Odessa, or Batum, but she must not take them into the Mediterranean via the Dardanelles.



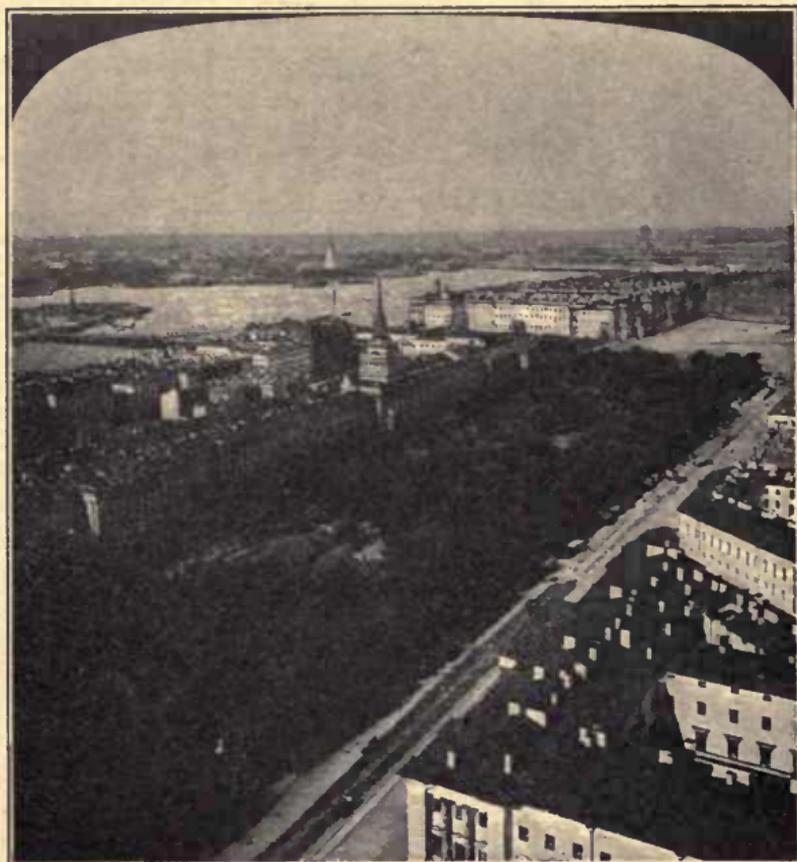
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*The Ingersoll Drill in Operation in the Culebra Cut, Panama.—
Boring for a Blast.*

In 1878 she was in the Balkans again, her legions led by the greatest of her military geniuses, Skobelev. Again she wins, but again England

and Continental Europe, at the Berlin Congress of 1878, to preserve the balance of power, tear away a part of the possessions won and, renewing the terms of the treaty of Paris of 1856, rob her of the war's results. At last she turns to the Far East, for there is a Far and a near East. In politics as in physics the lines of least resistance are attractive. In the East, England was entrenched, seemingly secure. What if Russia began to undermine that Eastern empire? Thither Muscovy's greatest statesmen were sent. The trouble began to roll into Afghanistan, Tibet and India. England took alarm. To meet the Russian she sent Curzon, with the possible exception of Sir Charles Dillon, the world's greatest authority on India, if not the East. She made him viceroy. His record has been written in the last ten years. The battle of brains, to be followed by-and-by by the battle of brawn, began. The story of Captain Younghusband's mission, the movement of Russian spies is too recent to be told here. In alarm England arouses the East. She points the wily, watchful, wonderful Japanese to the strategical value of the Trans-Siberian railroad, to Dalny, the far off city built of steel and stone, to Vladivostok, the dominator, to Port Arthur on

the Yellow Sea, the terminus of the great railroad. "Did they not see the shadow of the Bear crossing the pathway of the Sun?" They did. The Japs



St. Petersburg from the Dome of St. Isaac's Cathedral.

moved. As soon as the alliance of the England of the East and the England of the West was an accomplished fact, the gauntlet of Japan is flying in the face of Russia, and the war is on. That

war is worthy of a great deal of thought. The lessons of it all are worthy of Western attention. The motto of the Nipponese to adopt, adapt, and



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Moscow, the Ancient Capital of Russia, from the Temple of Our Saviour.

become adept had won. The school systems of the United States and Germany, the naval methods and shipbuilding processes of England, the

war ways of Germany had been adopted, adapted and the little brown men had become adepts. It is all too recent, too near by to call for comment.



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Gibraltar.

Russia is in the dust. The same black hand that held her back in 1787, 1827, 1856, 1878 is holding her back to-day. It is the game of empire in the

Eást. And what a game that is and was! At one time it looked as if the world had made up its mind to sit supinely by and see the Celestial empire, the last of the world's grand divisions, that seemed worthy of being divided, cut into fragments for the voracious maw of Western ambition. France was in the South, in Tonking. England is in the center, spread out over the richest valley on earth, the valley of the Yangtse. Germany is in Kiaochau and Shantung. Behind her are the richest coal mines on earth, those of Shantung and Shensi. Bituminous and anthracite are there, in seams running from fifteen to forty-five feet. What this means will appear when I tell you that Europe's coal mines are nearing exhaustion, the price per ton at the pit's mouth increasing every hour because of the depths at which the digging is done. Shensi has 15,000 square miles of anthracite and 15,000 square miles of bituminous coal. All our anthracite is in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and amounts to no more than 450 square miles. But our mines have been in operation fifty or sixty years—China's have not been opened. Russia was in Manchuria and Mongolia. Japan was about to seize Korea and press in toward Peking. At that juncture Mr. McKinley and



Church Street, Gibraltar.—British Troops Marching to Service Sunday Morning.

John Hay laid down the doctrine of the Open Door, and stood for the integrity of China—the new diplomatic doctrine of the Golden Rule, of nations doing unto others as they would be done by began. China was saved, and this country did the saving. In it all is a curious, almost providential aspect. England has her points of support in all parts of the world. She rules the Mediterranean from her eyries at Gibraltar, at Suez, at Cyprus, and Malta. She governs the Red Sea by means of the Suez and Aden. India and Aden give her the control of the Gulf of Arabia, the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. With the Straits Settlements, part of Sumatra, and other islands in the East, she is able to help Japan to dominate that part of the Pacific, Australia, and the islands adjacent thereto, put the South Pacific in her power. British Columbia gives her a hold on the North Atlantic and the North Pacific; islands in every ocean give her resting and recuperating places. Following “manifest destiny,” if not manifest policies, we are emulating her example. In the Gulf we have several important islands. We have the Hawaiian, Samoan, Guam, the Phillipines. The place that was once hers is ours now. We are at the



Spanish Fruit and Vegetable Sellers at Gibraltar.

head of the so-called Anglo-Saxon world. That is why the Eastern question is interesting to us. That is a good reason to give those who ask us by what right we are in the East. By the right of the "Benevolent Assimilation" of a lot of islands and pagan people. A right that ranks higher than has hitherto held some people, in bondage. To-day we are in the place long occupied by England. We are at the head of the table. The world is watching. It hearkens and hears whenever our representative speaks. It is the old forceful argument of the past. This people has become a power. Doing a \$3,000,000,000 annual foreign trade, about to build the Panama Canal, to connect our East with the Far East, to put us fully in possession of the Pacific, with the makings of an empire on the Pacific slope, with a hand on the helm of the Eastern ship we are a world power. As such we will have work to do. The question is as to how that work shall be done. Thus far the record reads fair.

In the bowels of our earth are the bases of just such power as England has long possessed. Her coal and iron mines are nearing exhaustion. At best but three hundred years remain for her to mine. Today she is behind us. Yesterday she



Chinese Mother and Child.

was far in the forefront of the world. Our coal at the present rate of production of over 300,000,000 tons a year will last 6,000 years. And all the square miles have been surveyed. The coal exhausted to-morrow, the marvelous rivers of this country will give us a horsepower sufficient for our industries. Unless we are to have want in all our highways, revolution in our large cities, we shall have to go into the trading world, into the East and into the West. The great field for the West, for 2,000 years, has been the East; now, as then, it is the land of incredible wealth. Luckily for us the dream of yesterday is the fact of to-day. The East is rich, rich in resources, rich almost as we are. Here are a few comparisons. We have 225,000 square miles of coal already surveyed. China, according to Richtofen, the great German geographer and geologist, has 225,000 square miles of coal, but he had explored only half the empire. How much there is in the interior remains to be seen. We have vast deposits of iron in an oxidized form. It is abundant in the South and in the North. The Gogebic, Vermilion, and Messaba mines are the world's most marvelous iron ore producers. In Alabama the iron ore, coal, and fluxing limestone are in the same hills,



Chinese Cobblers (Shoemakers) at Work. The Man standing passes a Pipe to Each Workman in turn, who pays Three Cash for Four Draws. Twenty Cash constitutes One American Penny.

and that one State has more than 10,000 square miles of coal. China has vast deposits of iron ore. She has gold, silver, zinc, and other minerals. Her soil is rich beyond the power of words to express. The land is known as the Kingdom of Flowers. It raises more than half the world's supply of tea, more than half its fine silk, and is capable of doing better in both. It could compete with us in cotton did Southern China not need its soil for rice. The empire has 450,000,000 people. They must be fed. The winds of the world waft over the land, from mountain and desert, a yellow dust, the basis of the loess soil, spreading it out annually, as the winds blow over the agricultural area as the waters of the Nile fertilize Egypt. That dust is a nitrogenous dust rich in the things needed by vegetation. It is the emblem of royalty. It is yellow, the sacred color. The people are a marvelous people. For 5,000 years they have been spinning, weaving, working in ivory, gold, bronze and porcelain. They have long, delicate, wonderful fingers. These are only part of the East's resources. It has a patient, persevering, hard-working, thrifty people. With these they are bound to win their way into the world's market. No power on earth can



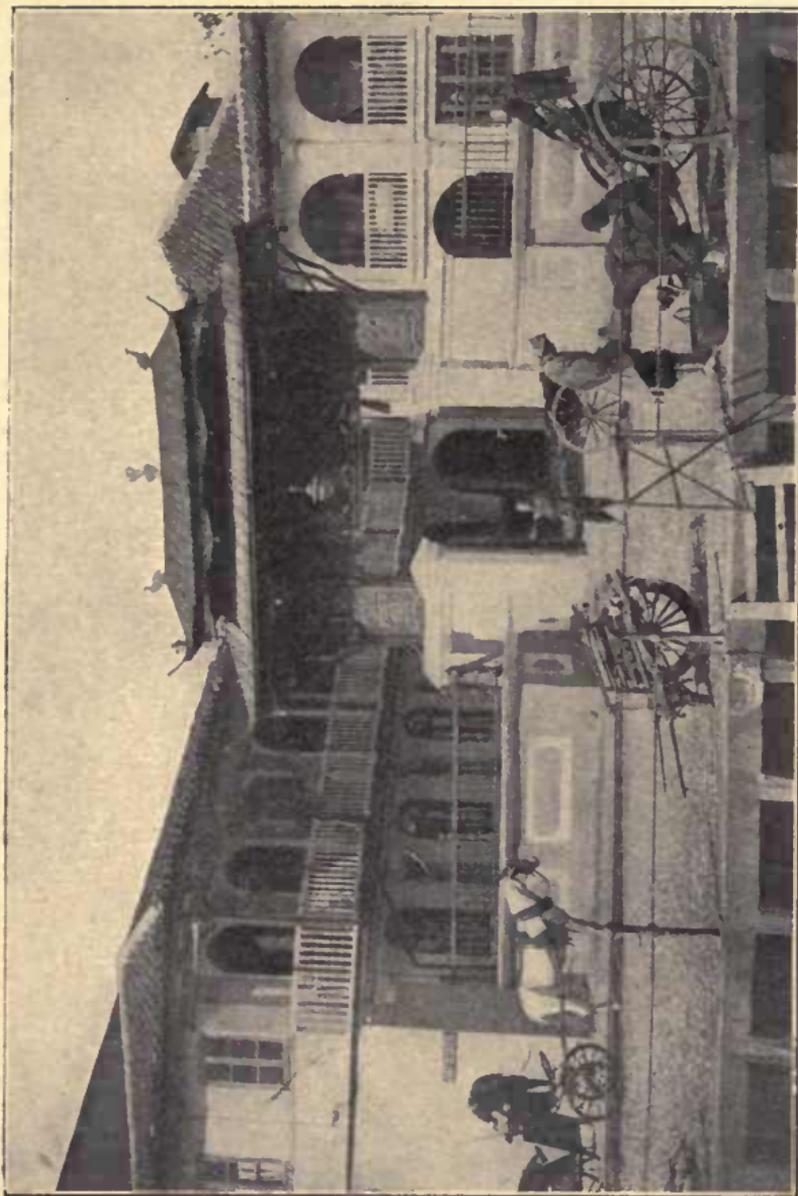
Chinese Theatrical Company.

prevent it. The thing for us to do is to direct. They have had wars. They built the world's most marvelous piece of masonry to keep out wars. Their wars are behind them. They are for peace. What they are now we were one hundred years ago. Nay they are farther forward now than we were then. What we are now they are to be in a hundred, two hundred, three hundred years. The mines will be opened, railroads built, canals cut or recut, roads constructed, in a word an era of industrial and commercial greatness is opening in the East. Let us be the bearers to the Orient of peace on earth, not war, and good will, not trickery and treachery to all men. In one hundred and fifty years we have piled up wealth worth \$110,000,000,000. Those stupendous figures are beyond comprehension. If I gave them to a mathematician, he would make no more of them than would the ordinary man. When an Indian visits Washington and sees the President, he tells his tribesmen upon his return that the men he saw, the soldiers were as numerous as the leaves on the trees or the grasses in the field, and the son of the forest has a fairly good idea of the crowds. When I tell you our wealth is \$110,000,000,000, you get no

idea of it, but when I tell you that Great Britain, a nation that sold tin to the Phoenicians and furnished gold for Agricola, and the Caesars, the British empire, heir of two thousand years of wealth-winning, has only \$55,000,000,000, the idea of our wealth begins to dawn upon us. When I add that France, la belle France, the land of a Bayard and Roland, the land of flowers, vineyards and orchards, has only 50, Germany, including Alsace and Lorraine only 48, Russia, with a sixth of the world's arable soil and 140,000,000 souls, only 35; Austria-Hungary, including Bohemia, the land of song and story, only 30, Italy, the heir of the Romans and the Renaissance, the Italy that owns Milan, Venice, Pisa, Florence, Genoa, Naples and Rome, only 18, and Spain, Spain the spoiler of Peru and Mexico, from whom she took billions, only 12, the power of our people as wealth producers begins to appear. Let me put our wealth in another form. According to the last census the United States, with only a fourteenth of the world's land area and about a twentieth of its population, produced 22 per cent of the world's wheat, 30 per cent of its gold, 32 per cent of its coal, 33 per cent of its silver, 34 per cent. of its manufac-

tures, 35 per cent. of its iron, 36 per cent. of its cattle, 37 per cent. of its steel, 50 per cent. of its petroleum, 54 per cent of its copper, 75 per cent. of its cotton and 84 per cent. of its corn. To all this it has added a power in banking and financing that is fabulous.

The hour seems fraught with danger. It is freighted in the East with opposition to us and possibly to others. Japan is in the saddle, helped into it by Great Britain. Those two, under existing conditions, are capable of control. What the opposition to us means, whence it comes, by whom it is inspired, is beyond any evidence that the West is able to advance. It is hardly necessary for us to go into hysterics over it. If it is the result of duplicity, the old-fashioned, falsifying diplomacy, it is sure to prove more dangerous to Japan and England than to us. A triple alliance consisting of England, Japan, and the United States, may or may not be desirable. It would dominate the world; but it must also be borne in mind that there is always the possibility of another alliance, one between the United States, Russia, Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain and France. Or even one with Russia, Germany, and the United States



Regular Chinese-Made, Licensed Public Jinrikisha.—Shows Also the Chinese Wheelbarrow and the Popular Victoria.

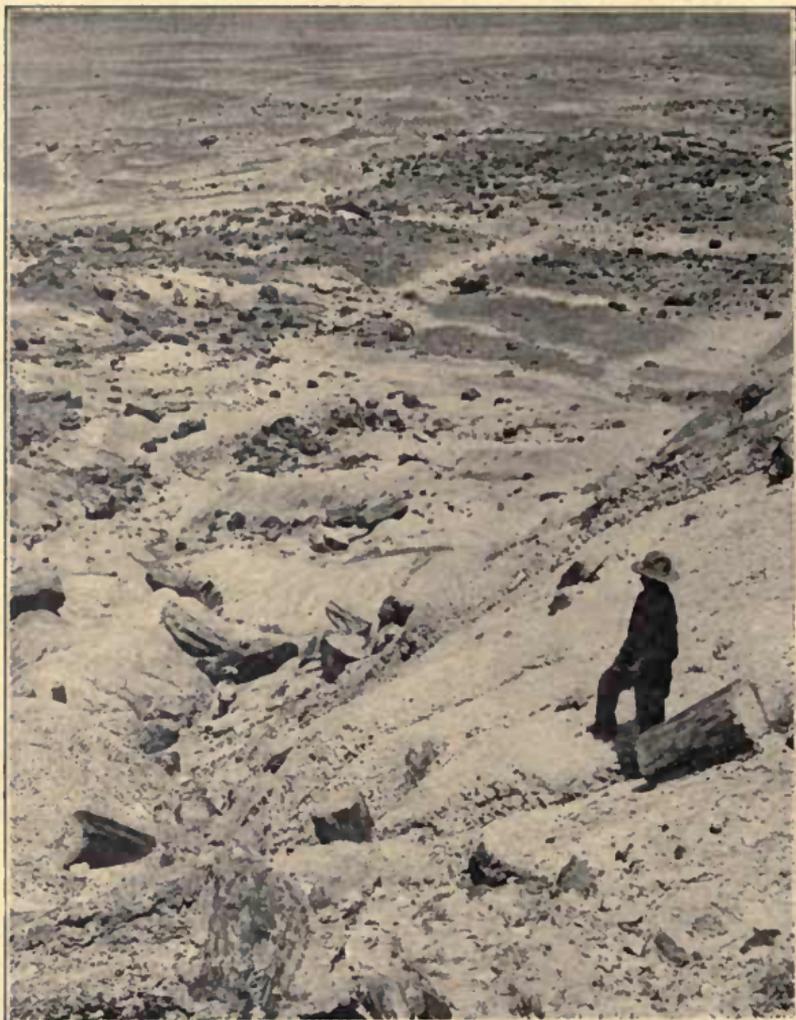
acting together, or Russia, France, and the United States. The wisest and best way for us to follow is that pointed out by Washington—friendship with all people who want and are willing to accept our friendship, entangling alliances with none. The storm in China will pass away. If we are sincere, and we have seemed sincere, if we are honest, and we have seemed honest, if we are wise and we have seemed wise in the past; if we are truthful and we have seemed truthful, if we are in earnest about the East, and we have seemed earnest, we are bound to win. The day for duplicity in diplomacy has passed; the world has willingly, joyfully entered upon the era of the Golden Rule, and God be praised our people in this country have had a hand in its inauguration. I do not believe—I can not believe that the Chinese will be duped or deceived. That we have wronged them in the past is doubted by no one who has the slightest familiarity with the facts. But after all it has wonderfully wise men, masters of thought, men who never move until they have asked a thousand questions.

The West and the Great Petrified Forest

GLOBE-TROTTERS will dwell, with many a high-flown phrase, upon the wonders to be seen in foreign lands. With pardonable enthusiasm they will describe the marvels of an Alpine mountain, the grandeur of Vesuvius or of Stromboli, the beauty of the Neapolitan Bay. They will tell of the loneliness and the distances of the great African desert, and glowingly describe the quaint races of the Orient.

Yet all these varied beauties, all these scenes of absorbing interest, find their counterparts in our own land.

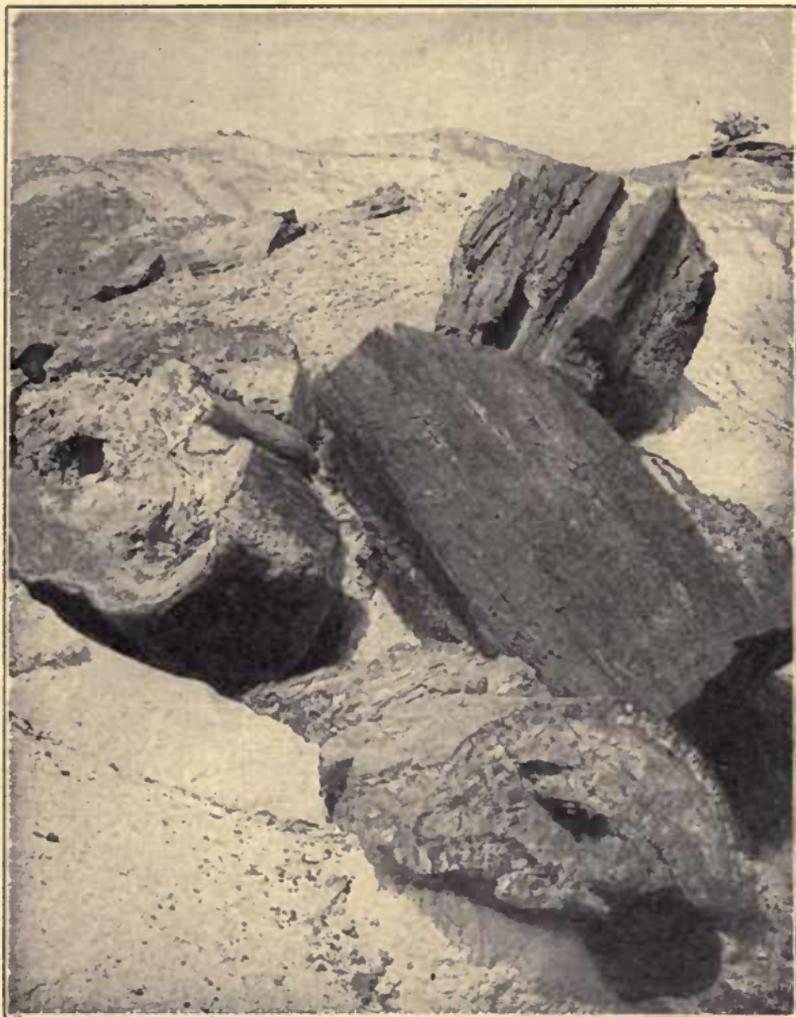
The East, impregnated as it is with the commercial spirit, a spirit which leads to the destruction of the beautiful, still retains much to attract the artist and the student. The Hudson still flows as majestically as of old, the Catskills and the Adirondacks still raise their forms on



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Eighteen Hundred Acres of Petrified Forest.

high; but it is to the West that one must turn for the great things of nature.

Here one's mind and eye and heart are filled



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

A View of the Great Agatized Tree.

with the "bigness" of things; here there is no room for the small and the petty. The very air is rarefied, and man himself, brought up amid

these surroundings, is bigger-hearted, more whole-souled, as a result of his environment.

The artist, the geologist, the ethnologist, the lover of nature, who travels through this vast region so indefinitely called "the West" need not go away unsatisfied.

Switzerland, Venice, the Orient, hold forth no stronger attractions than are offered freely here. Lake county, California, indeed is called "the Switzerland of America," and on the California coast is "the American Venice." The Grand Canyon of Colorado, that magnificent chasm crowded with beauties so far beyond the ken of man that none has yet been able to draw a word-picture of it or paint upon canvas even a suggestion of its magnificence, is but one of the many marvels.

Volumes have been written upon this canyon, yet it has never been adequately described. Only he who has seen it at sunrise and at nightfall, who has gazed in wondering rapture at its crags and caves and rocky castles that no human hand could carve, can form the least conception of its grandeur. Full recompense for the longest journey would be found in this canyon alone; but the West has much more to offer.



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
General View of the Vast Petrified Forest.

Near by is the "painted desert"; all about are the homes of Indian tribes and the settlements of the Pueblo Indians, whose history began so long ago that it is lost in the dim past; on every side new wonders, new points of interest greet the eye, and set down in the midst of these marvels is the petrified forest.

Beginning in the eastern portion of Arizona, close to the New Mexican line, and stretching westward over thousands of acres, lies this most surprising illustration of the work of the master-chemist, Nature.

Fossil forests, the name popularly given to groups of petrified tree-trunks, are found in many regions throughout the world. Sometimes the silicized or agatized trees are discovered in the localities in which they grew, their trunks standing upright in the ground; sometimes they are lying prone a long distance from their original location, whence they have been carried by some ancient flood—perhaps of water, and perhaps of molten lava. At other times they are found in coal measures. In England fossil trees were laid bare in 1844 in a colliery near Wolverhampton, the wood having been converted into coal.

In Silicia, Egypt, and in Antigua, one of the



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
A Fallen Monarch of Unknown Ages.

West Indian islands, petrified trees have also been found. On the shores of the Chesapeake Bay, south of Baltimore, some specimens have been discovered, dating from a comparatively recent period.

The most wonderful and extensive, as well as the oldest petrified forests, however, are those of Arizona and of the Yellowstone Park. The largest in the world is that in Arizona. Within a parched and almost barren expanse that forms a link of the Great American Desert, glistening beneath the rays of a brilliant sun, rivaling the onyx, the agate, and the jasper, there lie hundreds and hundreds of petrified trees in every conceivable grouping and surrounded by fragments of every imaginable shape.

Oftentimes we hear of the awe inspired by a view from the deck of an ocean steamer. Those of us who have experienced it will bear the memory ever in our minds. From the vantage of a vessel that is tossed like a chip on the bosom of the great expanse we have gazed upon the arch of the sky above us and then let our fascinated eyes follow on to the horizon where sky and waters seem to meet. We could not but be filled with the thought of God's majesty. The



From a stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Looking Across a Desert of Petrified Forest.

picture is one of perfection—and it is this very perfection that holds our wondering thoughts.

In the midst of these broken fragments of a prehistoric age we are none the less overcome with a realization of God's magnificent power; but it is as the *Creator* that we think of Him here—the Master who brought order out of chaos.

In what age these petrified trees of Arizona raised their lofty heads and, under the influence of the sap that coursed through them, put forth branches and leaves to shade the ground beneath, we can not tell. Who were the dwellers in this land and what their lives may have been, we can not even surmise.

We can not say for how many ages after they had been prostrated by some unknown force, these trees rested upon the earth while the shale and the clay drifted slowly over them—to be covered in turn by layer after layer of sand.

How long it took for the chemical action to transform the wood into stone, we can but hazard a guess. How many centuries followed during which they lay hidden, we do not know;

despite scientific researches, despite geological deductions, it is impossible for us to tell with accuracy the age of these petrified trees.

We do know, however, that at some period



The Eagle Rock.

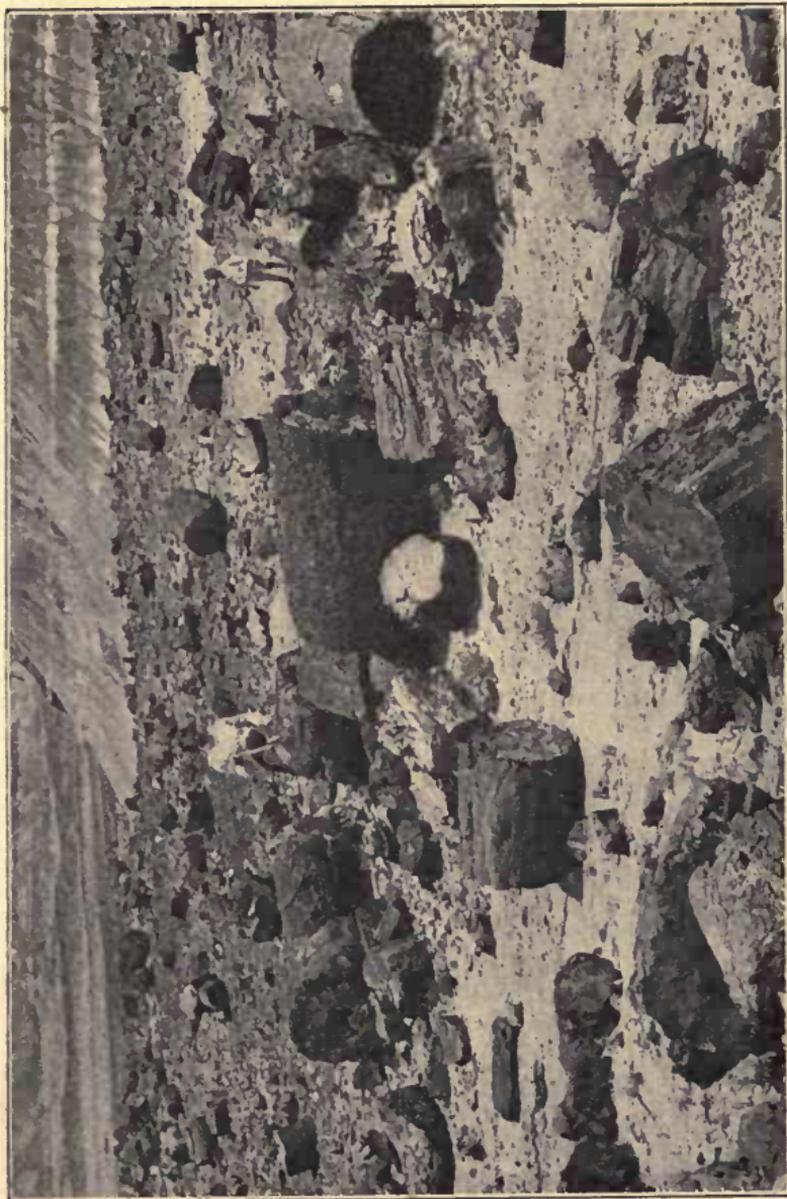
this waste was inhabited by a race of cliff-dwellers. We know at least one chapter of the many in the tale of ages that lies buried here.

Doubtless these cliff-dwellers were the an-

cestors of the Moquis and Zunis, the Pueblo Indians of to-day; and doubtless, too, the common ancestors of both were the Aztecs. We can not but think with regret of the passing of this great race of old Mexico, that had reached so great a height of advancement before Cortez came with fire and sword, and, despite the protests of the missionaries who accompanied him, destroyed a civilization older than his own.

The last World's Fair at St. Louis afforded an unusual opportunity for the study of the Indian tribes of the West. None of these proved more interesting to the visiting thousands than the Moquis and Zunis, several hundred of whom were gathered there, notwithstanding their strong objection to leaving the regions familiar to them. They came directly from their mesa homes and took up their abode in an excellent reproduction of one of their villages.

Here they wove rugs, made beadwork, and fashioned jewelry—an art in which they are more than ordinarily expert. Here, too, they gave frequent illustrations of their strange snake dance. This dance is a yearly ceremony among them, and it is performed with much



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.
Another View of the Petrified Forest.

solemnity, because it is meant as a plea to heaven for rain to water their crops. In its course they handle without fear, in fact with absolute safety, large numbers of poisonous snakes, hypnotized by the rhythm of their peculiar chants. Many and many a time their ancestors have performed this weird ceremony within the confines of the petrified forest.

Numerous ruins of their characteristic dwellings have been found buried in the sand, and round about these houses pottery and weapons of war have been unearthed. Even so long ago as the days when the Moquis dwelt there, however, conditions must have been much the same as they are to-day—the arrows that have been found are tipped with petrified wood.

The visitor to the petrified forest sees scattered round about him gems of every color and of every shade—black, red, white, yellow, blue, purple, lavender—ranging from the size of a toy marble to a great tree-trunk. He is free to gather the smaller ones, but the large specimens must not be marred or moved, for the Government has declared the forest a national park and intends to preserve it. While it is as hard as

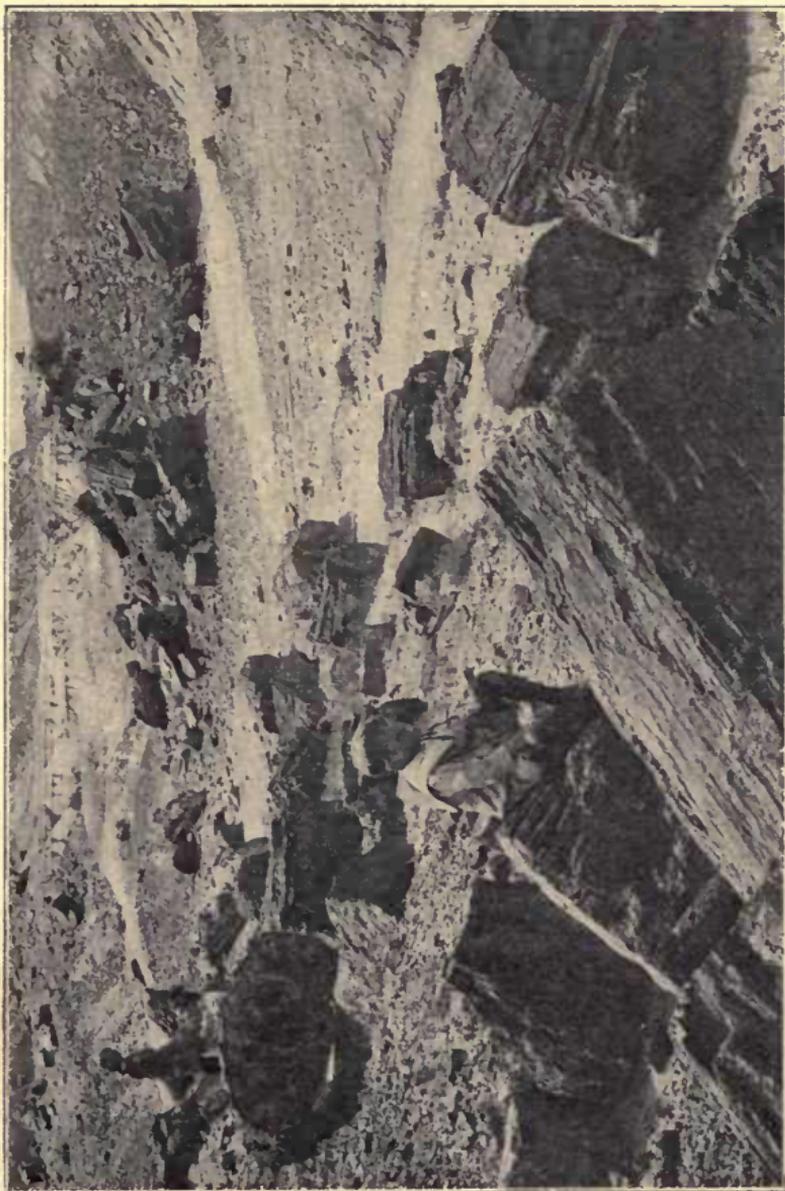


The Canyon.

adamant, and although it possesses all the characteristics of stone, the petrified substance retains its resemblance to the original wood.

Whoever has heard of this region at all, has heard of the great natural bridge. This immense petrified trunk spans a ravine some fifty feet wide, forming a bridge of agate and jasper, and passing over the only clump of living trees in the forest.

Each year finds an increasing number of visitors to this wonderful natural curiosity, of which so much has been written, but which, like the Grand Canyon, must be seen to be thoroughly appreciated. The scientific explanation of its formation is that in the dim past a lordly forest of pine trees grew here. In the course of time, we are told, this forest was overthrown by some force of nature, probably the eruption of volcanoes, and the trees, torn from their roots, were piled here and there to die. Layer after layer of shale and clay and sand drifted over them. After the lapse of a long period the waters of the mountains round about burst their bonds, and, flowing down, made of the buried forest the bed of a great sea. At some time, through some unknown cause, this ocean



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Agatized Ruins of the Great Primeval Forest.

disappeared, and volcanoes belched forth their streams of molten lava to cover the bed of the vanished waters; and now, after unknown centuries, erosion has accomplished its tedious task, and the prehistoric forest is again brought to view.

In the Footsteps of the Apostles

INSTINCTIVELY during this season made holy by the day of days, the anniversary of the birth of Our Lord, our thoughts travel to the early times of Christianity, to the first Christian communities and their founders, the apostles.

Were we to attempt to follow the footsteps of these holy men in all their wanderings, they would lead us a long journey, but the land where they dwelt, changed so little in the course of the years that have passed, is crowded with reminders of their lives.

Jerusalem itself, the unique, Old World city upon the mountains, solemn, serious, with its narrow, tortuous streets, is so closely identified with memories of Our Saviour Himself that one loses sight of the mementos of those who were merely His followers, but many places there bring forcibly to our minds the trials and sufferings that they knew. One of the best preserved is the city

gate through which, tradition tells us, St. Stephen was driven by the fanatical mob of Jews when they drove him out of the city to stone him. This is an important landmark, because it recalls the first of the young community who suffered death for his faith, his courageous steadfastness and magnificent charity serving to give encouragement, consolation, and a worthy example to the hundreds and thousands of his successors in martyrdom. Remembering his last words, those who followed him prayed in their turn for their murderers.

Some years after this event one of those who had been present on this occasion, raising no hand to interfere, stood upon the steps of the castle nearby, the fortress of Antonia, whose gloomy arch spans the Via Dolorosa, and exhorted the multitude to join that faith for which the martyr had sacrificed his life. The story of Stephen naturally suggests the name of that other apostle, once the greatest foe of the Christian religion, who eventually became, through the intervention of Our Lord, its stanchest advocate and most successful propagator—St. Paul.

A witness of the stoning of the first martyr, and even, history tells us, rejoicing in the death of the holy man, when the first extensive persecution of



Tiberias, Palestine.

the new community broke forth he was among the most zealous of the destroyers of its members, personally searching them out and causing them to be imprisoned. He was acting according to his light, because educated and trained, as he was, to be a firm adherent of the Jewish belief, it was a matter of faith with him to defend it. All know the story of his vision as he went to Damascus commissioned by the high priest to seek out those of the new faith who dwelt there, and deliver them men and women, bound, in Jerusalem; how he who went to that city its most implacable foe became, in Damascus, the greatest teacher of the new faith.

Around the ancient city cling many biblical memories. It is first mentioned in the Bible in the beautiful story wherein is related how Abraham directed his faithful servant Eleazar, whose home was in Damascus, to seek the hand of Rebecca in marriage for his son Isaac. Again in the time of David we find Damascus mentioned in Holy Writ, for the great king conquered it and maintained a garrison there during his reign, though his son Solomon could not hold it.

In that part of the Scripture which describes the strife between Juda and the kingdom of Israel,



Mount Thabor.

during the time of the prophets, we find frequent mention of this city, and it is against Damascus that the prophecies of Jeremias are chiefly directed. The principal interest that the Catholic of to-day feels in Damascus, however, is through its connection with the conversion of Paul or Saul,



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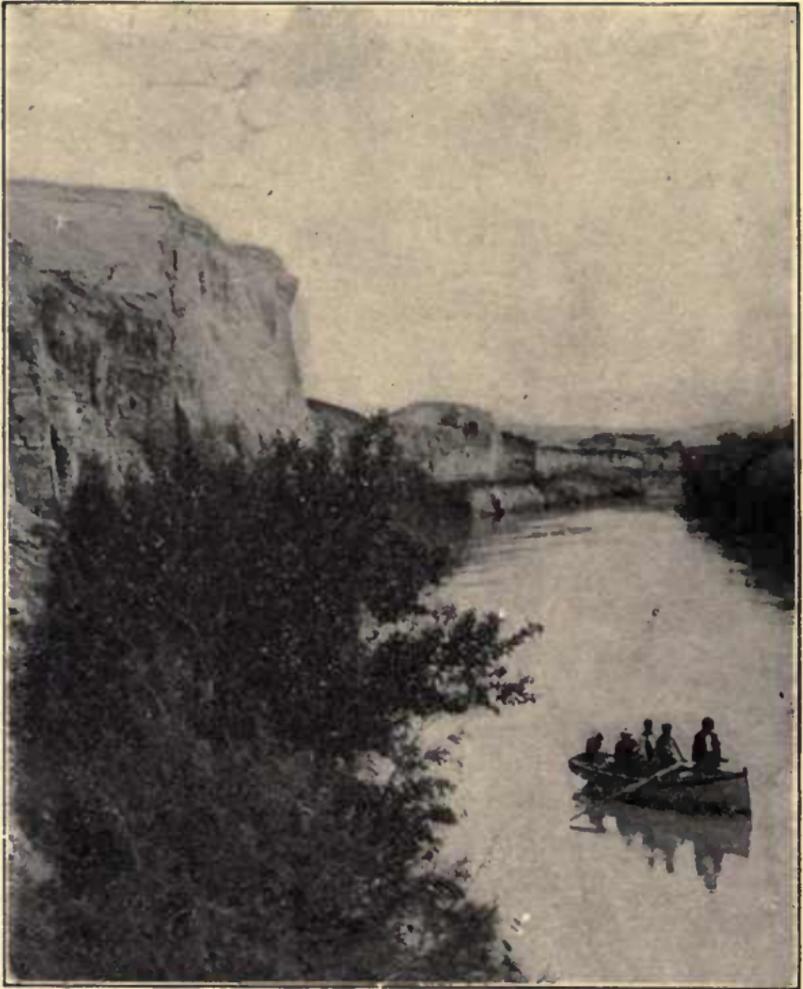
St. Stephen's Gate at Jerusalem.

as he was known at that time, and the many places that still remain there to recall the occurrences incident to the beginning of our religion. Tradition tells us that the main street was its chief thoroughfare in those days, "the street that is called



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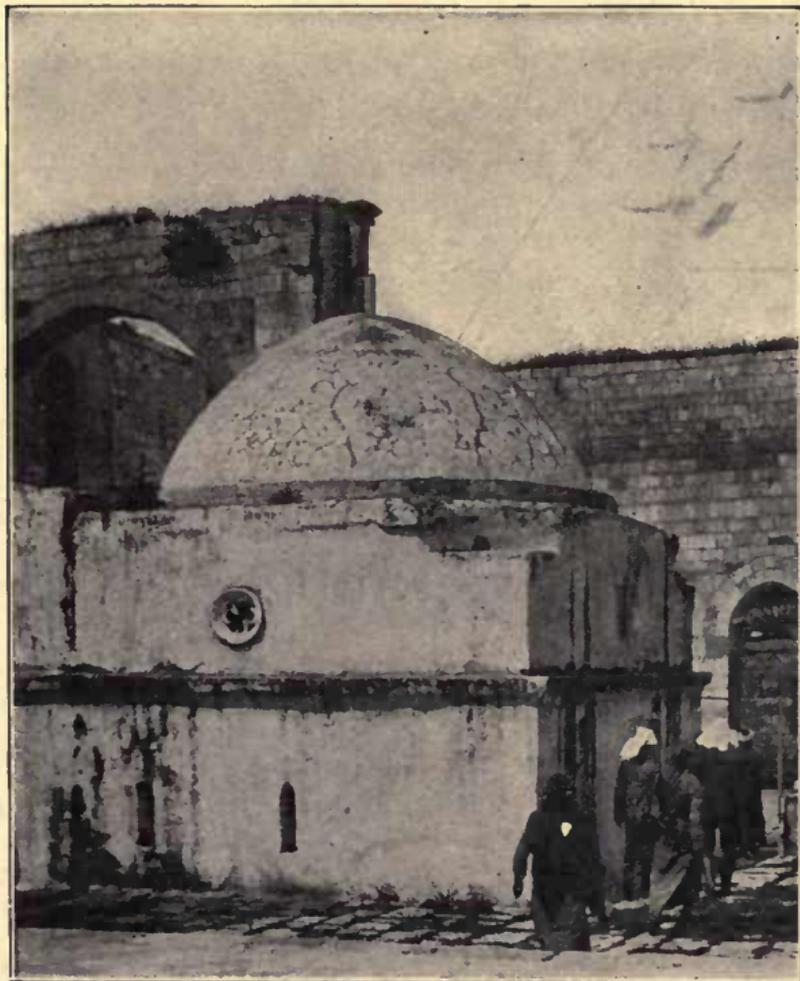
Jerusalem from Damascus Gate.



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The River Jordan and Its "Stormy Banks."

straight," whereon was situated the house of Judas, in which Paul found hospitality. The locality where Paul preached his first sermon is still pointed out to the traveler, as well as the house



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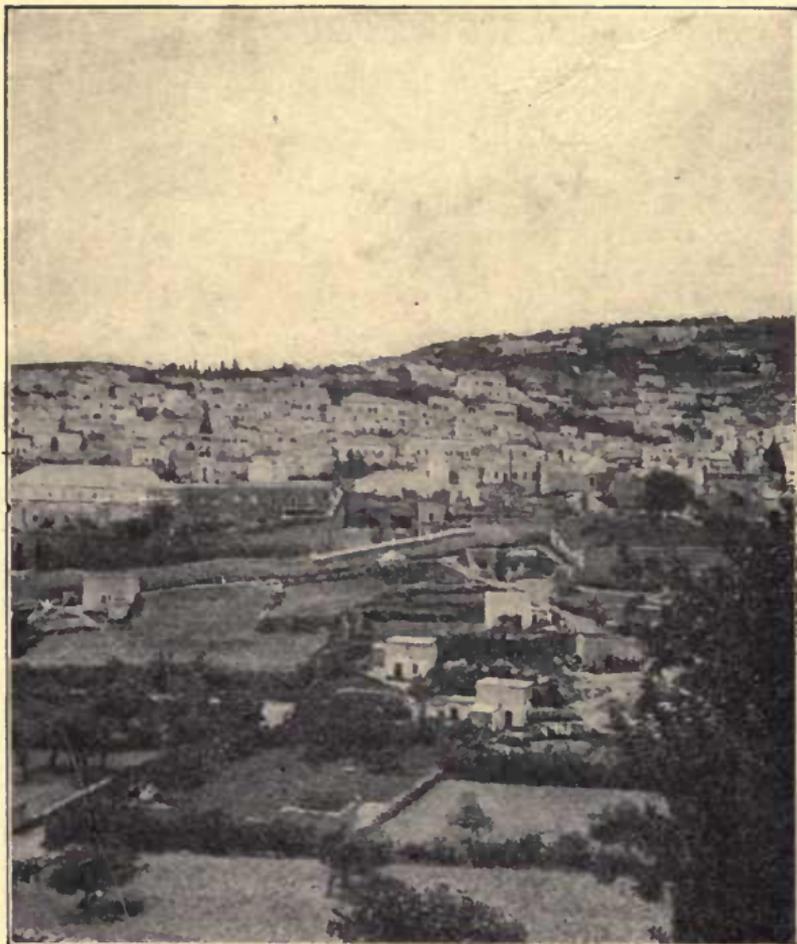
Tomb of St. John the Baptist, Palestine

upon the wall whence the apostle was lowered in a basket when he fled from his persecutors.

In addition to its connection with the early history of Christianity, the Damascus of to-day offers

many attractions to the traveler in Palestine. In his flowery language the Moslem calls it the "Pearl of the Orient," "Beauty's Necklace," and "The Dream of the Prophets," and truly, notwithstanding years of Turkish misrule, the visitor bears away with him an indelible impression of its beauty. While other great cities of antiquity, Ninive, Babylon, Memphis, and Thebes, speak to us only in their ruins, Damascus still flourishes proudly within the luxuriant green girdle of its gardens, and will continue to flourish until the swift-flowing Barada ceases to water its fields, for it is the greatest oasis of the Orient, the restingplace of caravans, the center of commerce and trade of Syria.

Who wishes to see Damascus at its best should visit it in April or May, when the walnut trees are in bloom. The broad leaves of the grapevine creep from tree to tree, orange and lemon groves alternate with walnut and apricot trees, the fields that surround the great walled city glisten with the green of the emerald, and the traveler from the south can see for miles and miles the glint of its minarets gilded by the sinking sun; and within its walls the visitor will find concentrated all that is interesting in Oriental life, its costumes, its bazars, its peculiar customs and deceitful ways.



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Nazareth, Home of the Saviour for Thirty Years.

The noise in the streets is deafening. Mingled with the shouts of the merchants praising their wares and the cries of the venders of cooling drinks, the ears are assailed by the incredible tales of the beggars that fairly swarm about one, while

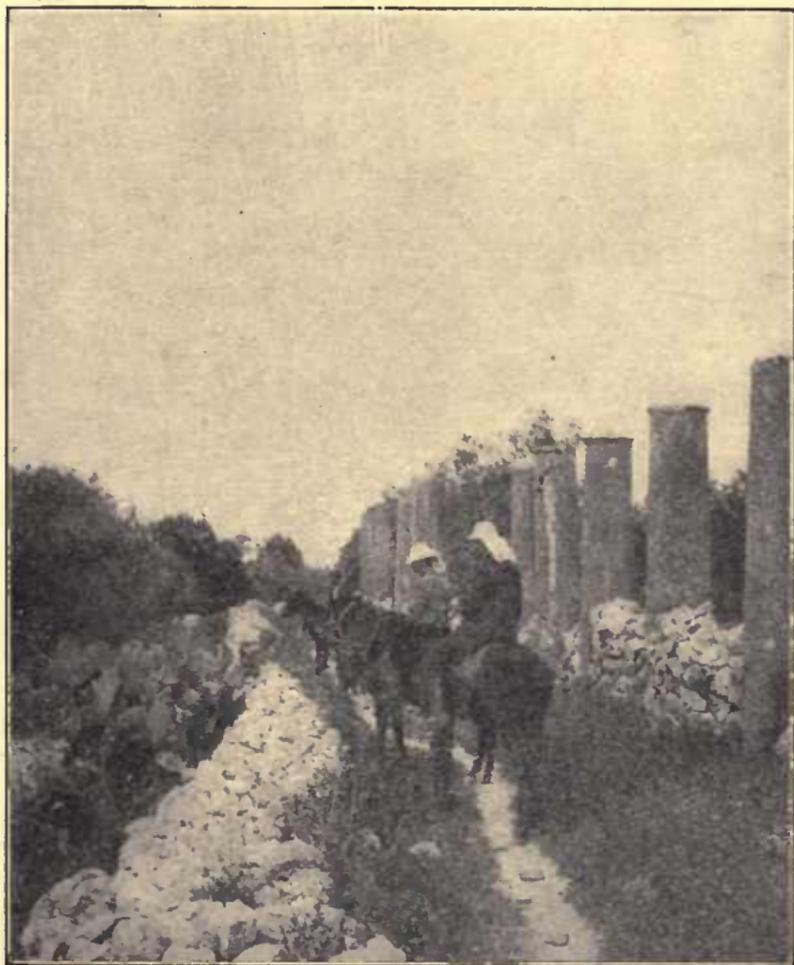
through the din, five times a day, he hears from the two hundred minarets the call of the muezzin. And he will find himself one of a cosmopolitan assemblage, for, looking about him, he will see the felt cap of the dervish, the white turban of the haughty sheik, the beretta of the Greek monk, and the silk hat of the European.

Such is the Damascus of to-day, such, in character, was the Damascus of the time of the apostles; and the visitor can readily imagine those other days when Paul preached the doctrines of the newly-founded Christian religion to its polyglot inhabitants; can walk upon the streets that were trodden by the apostles, and meditate upon the changes wrought in the world by that holy religion for the founding of which they gave their lives.

From Damascus to Jaffa, on the plains of Saron, is but a short journey, and here, the biblical Joppa, we will find two monuments which tradition connects with the life of St. Peter in that place—the house of Simon the Tanner and the tomb of Tabitha. The illustration shows the court of the house in which St. Peter is supposed to have dwelt for a time, and where the Christians of the city were wont to assemble to listen to the apostle expounding the truths of the faith. He is

said, also, to have dwelt here when he visited the Roman captain Cornelius at Cesarea, the first of the Romans to be baptized a Christian.

Tabitha's tomb recalls a famous event in the history of St. Peter's life at Joppa. Tabitha was a



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The Colonnade at Samaria.



Church of the Holy Sepulcher, Jerusalem.

devout widow, "rich in good works and almsgiving." When she died, St. Peter, who happened to be in a nearby town, was called. When he arrived she had passed away, and he was met by a gathering of women who, with tears in their eyes, extolled her virtues, and exhibited the gifts she had made while alive. Then Peter performed a miracle, for through the power of God whose aid

he sought in prayer, he raised the woman from the dead to continue for a while her good works upon earth.

So great an impression has this miracle made even upon the mind of the Oriental, that when a fountain was erected at the beginning of the last century, on the road to Jerusalem, near the place where the charitable widow is supposed to have been buried, it was named by them "Tabitha's Fountain."

Thus it is wherever one wends his way in Palestine, on every side he meets with mementos of the apostles and their work. The Holy Land is replete with memories of those wonderful days when Our Lord was upon the earth. No one can pass through its cities and villages whose streets once echoed the tread of those holy men, so firm in the faith they had learned from Our Saviour, so earnest in preaching His doctrines, without being uplifted. Truly has it been said that those who go there with faith will have their faith strengthened, and those who go without faith will bring something very like faith away

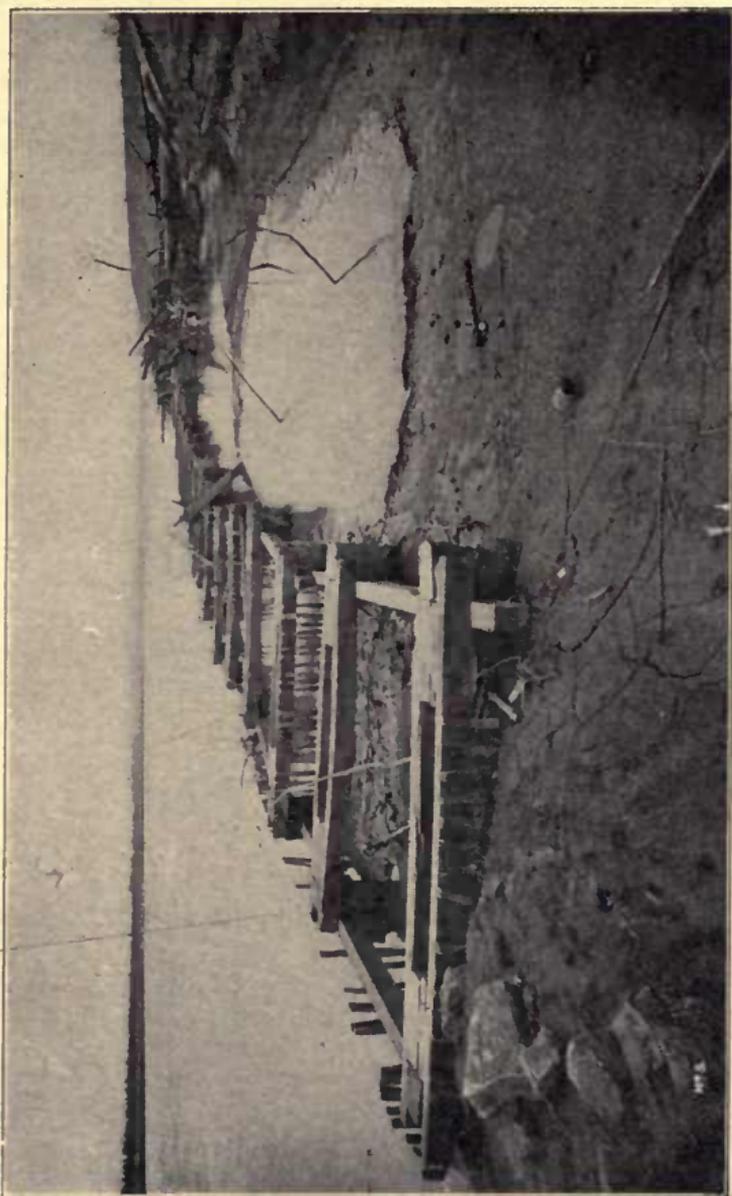
Revetment Work in the United States

WONDERFUL, magnificent though their workings be, the processes of nature not infrequently run counter to the needs of men gathered in particular communities. Oftentimes it happens that the problems involved in the controlling of these forces are stupendous; but man, atom though he is in the vast system of the universe, has within him astonishing ability. Nowhere is this so admirably illustrated as in what we have come to call his "conquest of the elements." The land, with its mighty mountains, its desert wastes, its awe-inspiring canyons, has felt this power in a hundred ways; the vast expanse of the ocean bends itself to his will, and bears upon it the ships that he launches to carry his wares from port to port; and soon limitless space, the very atmosphere that spreads above and around us, will acknowledge the sway of the pigmy—man.

Revetment work is but one of the branches of the great science of engineering; but it is a broad avenue, and within its confines may be found many of the most important problems presented to mankind. Generally speaking, it includes all kinds of retaining walls or abutments.

It is but a short time since we were startled by an account of a landslide in one of our populous towns, a catastrophe resulting in the destruction of a number of houses, and the blotting out of the lives of twenty people, who went down to their death in awful agony. Had a proper retaining wall been erected at the point where this landslide occurred, in Haverstraw, the disaster would have been impossible. Such a retaining wall could properly be called a revetment. Most frequently, however, revetment work has to do with land attacked by water, and is resorted to for the purpose of counteracting the undermining action of water currents, or for restraining water in various ways.

It may be that upon the banks giving way before the attacks of the insidious, hidden influence of these currents, there rests a railroad or some other important structure; it may be that the arm of land that is gradually slip-

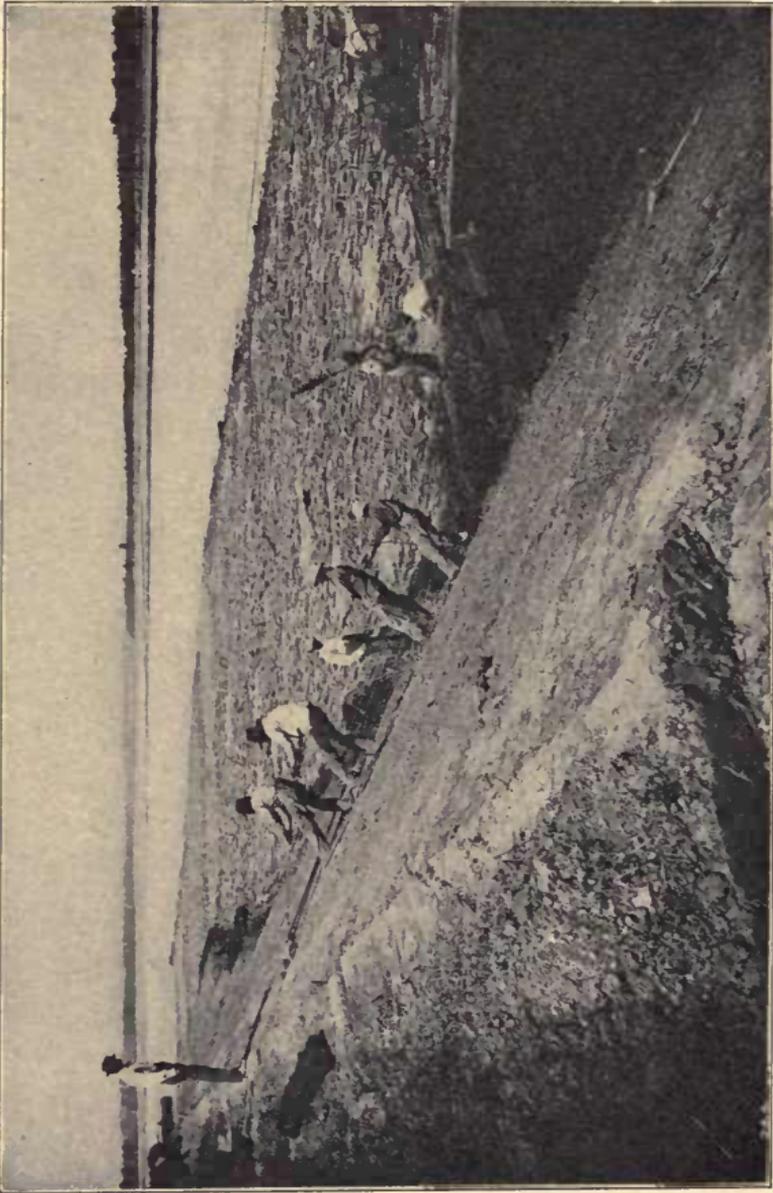


The Old Way of Revetment.

ping away forms the protection for a great harbor; it may be that upon revetment work the prosperity of a community and the very lives of its citizens depend. The tasks presented to the engineers frequently demand the greatest conceivable skill, the most astonishing examples of applied genius.

At one time Buffalo Creek formed the only harbor of the great city of the same name. In its natural condition not only was it shallow, but for the major part of the year it was closed by a gravel bar at its mouth. As far back as 1826 the growth of the city promised to be so rapid that the necessity for a larger harbor became apparent, and the original project for its improvement was adopted. Revetment was called into service; arms of land were protected with retaining walls; they were extended out into the lake; breakwaters were built in the lake itself, and eventually the present splendid harbor was secured.

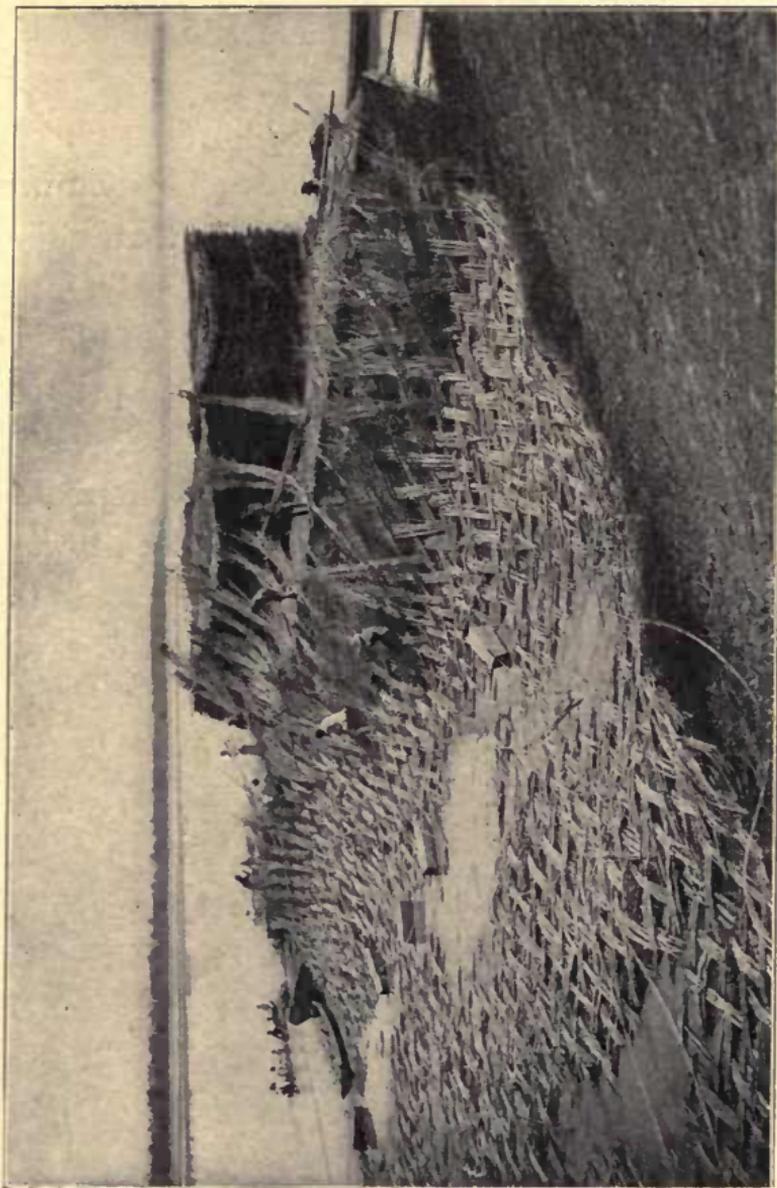
Incidentally, these breakwaters marked the first departure from the stone-masonry construction which was before that time considered necessary for the purpose. The section known as the old United States breakwater was the first fully ex-



Tightening the Cable.

posed wood and stone breakwater to be constructed in the world. It was made of a series of timber cribs sunk on the gravel and clay bottom of the lake, surmounted by a superstructure of timber, also filled with stone, and topped, finally, with heavy planking. The upper part of the structure, subjected as it was to alternate wetting and drying, decayed rapidly and required frequent repairs. When the use of concrete in large masses became general it was decided that if the superstructure should be formed of concrete it could be made permanent. The change was made, and has fully verified the anticipations of the engineers.

The Stony Point section, begun in 1897, marks another advance in methods. Because of the instability of the clayey bottom on which it rests, clusters of piles were driven along the line of the structure with cross-ranges at intervals of a thousand feet; along each side of these (which formed the axis of the breakwater) lines of small rubble stone were dumped; by this means ridges were formed with a center height of about six feet; and between these ridges gravel was deposited. Next, a course of rubble stone was laid. The rising structure assumed pyramidal form, and

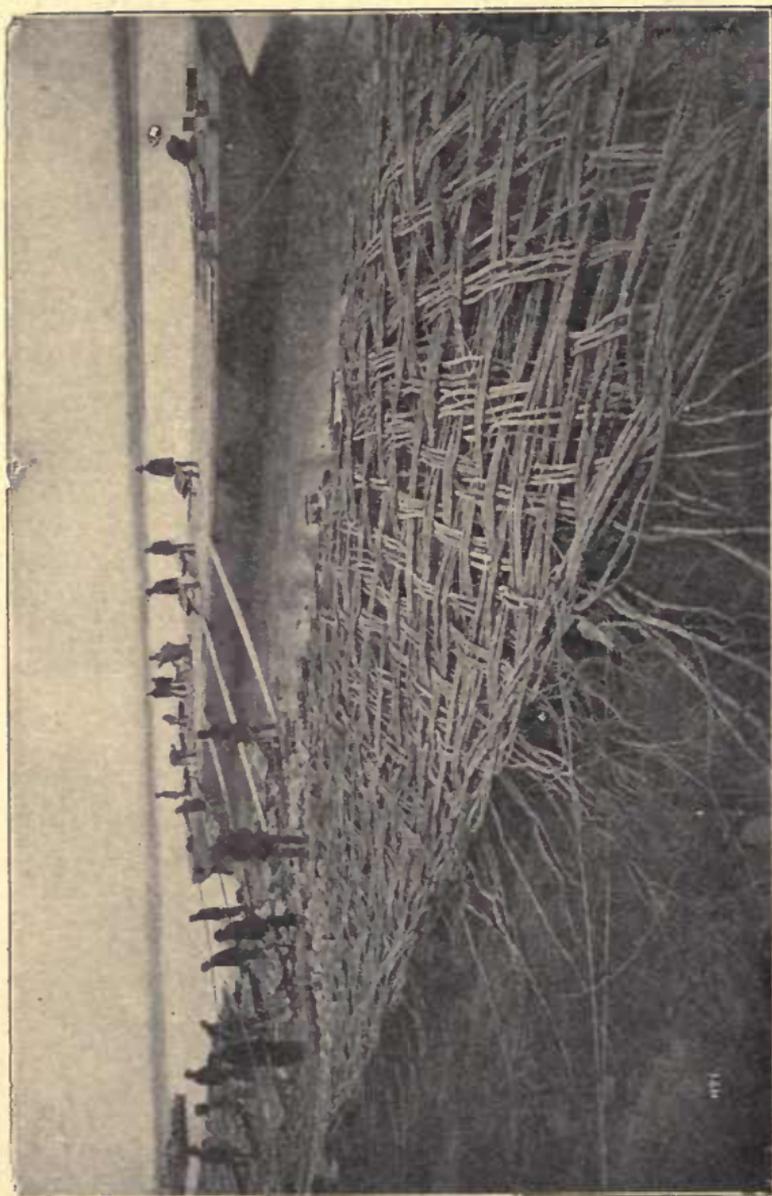


Weaving the Mattress.

afforded a support for the revetment stones which, without going into details, were laid with their faces perpendicular to the faces of the breakwater, the whole thus forming a filled-in pyramid. It will be realized at once that this construction was not only quicker, but vastly cheaper than either of the older forms. It proved thoroughly satisfactory, however, although the cost was \$125 per linear foot as against \$1,000 to \$1,500 per foot for stone masonry.

This Buffalo harbor work has been referred to chiefly because it marked the first steps toward improvement in methods, and indicated the intention of engineers to develop the art of revetment instead of clinging to old theories. There are to be found throughout the United States a large number of greater works, some noteworthy because of the ingenuity displayed, others on account of the money-saving devices and plans employed, still others because of the difficulties overcome, the magnitude of the projects, and the importance of the results obtained.

In late years a new way of keeping the Mississippi and other great rivers of the West from washing away their banks has been developed. It is called a mattress — because its character-



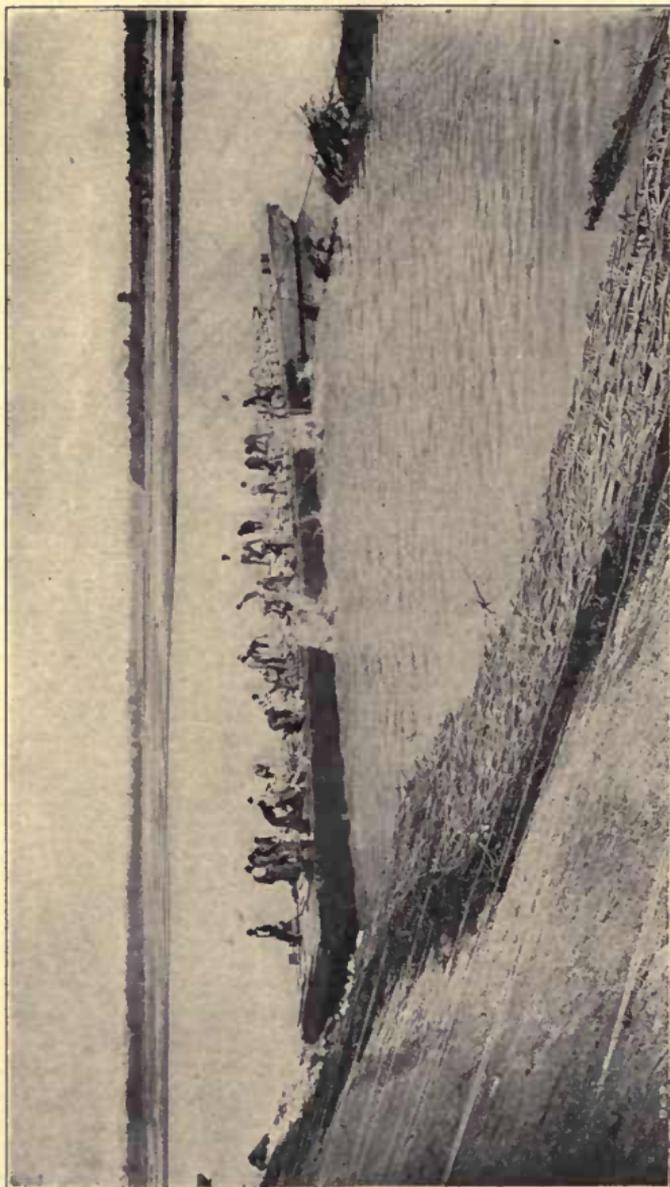
Preparing the Embankment and Laying the Mats.

istic feature actually is a mattress woven from the branches of willow trees. When the work is properly done it affords a barrier which the water can not break through.

An interesting and by no means unimportant project is the one which furnished us with the photographs for this article. So well does it illustrate the method just mentioned and the ingenuity displayed in this peculiar style of revetment work, that it merits a somewhat detailed description.

For a number of years the banks of the Missouri river have been eaten away by the swift-running waters in the lowlands near Glasgow, Missouri, and the right of way of one of our great railroad systems was being endangered. In 1880 the Government built 9,000 feet of revetment of the old style—similar to that of the Stony Point section of the Buffalo breakwater. This was found to be insufficient, so in 1901 the railroad people began a modern piece of revetment of their own. By the end of 1902 they had built 8,250 feet strong enough to stand the severest test.

They adopted the form last developed. This is divided into four stages—grading the bank,



Sinking the Mattress.

weaving the mattress, sinking the mattress, and paving the bank; and they are performed in the order named.

The grading is done by hydraulic means. In the Glasgow project a barge fitted up with an engine and force pump was floated on the river near the bank, and a four inch hose with a one and one-half inch nozzle was operated on the bank by two men. The handling of the hose by such a small force was made possible by driving an iron pipe in the ground and fitting its top with a swivel to hold the nozzle—which was directed by a long handle attached to it.

The force of the stream thrown by the hose was one hundred pounds to the square inch, and this carried away all the dirt and superfluous matter, leaving the bank as clean as a board.

The mattress, as we have seen, plays a very important part in this method. The one in question was eighty-six feet wide and twelve inches thick. The meshes were held in place by galvanized iron cables three-eighths of an inch in diameter running transversely, sixteen feet eight inches apart, both above and below the mattress, and fastened together where they intersected.

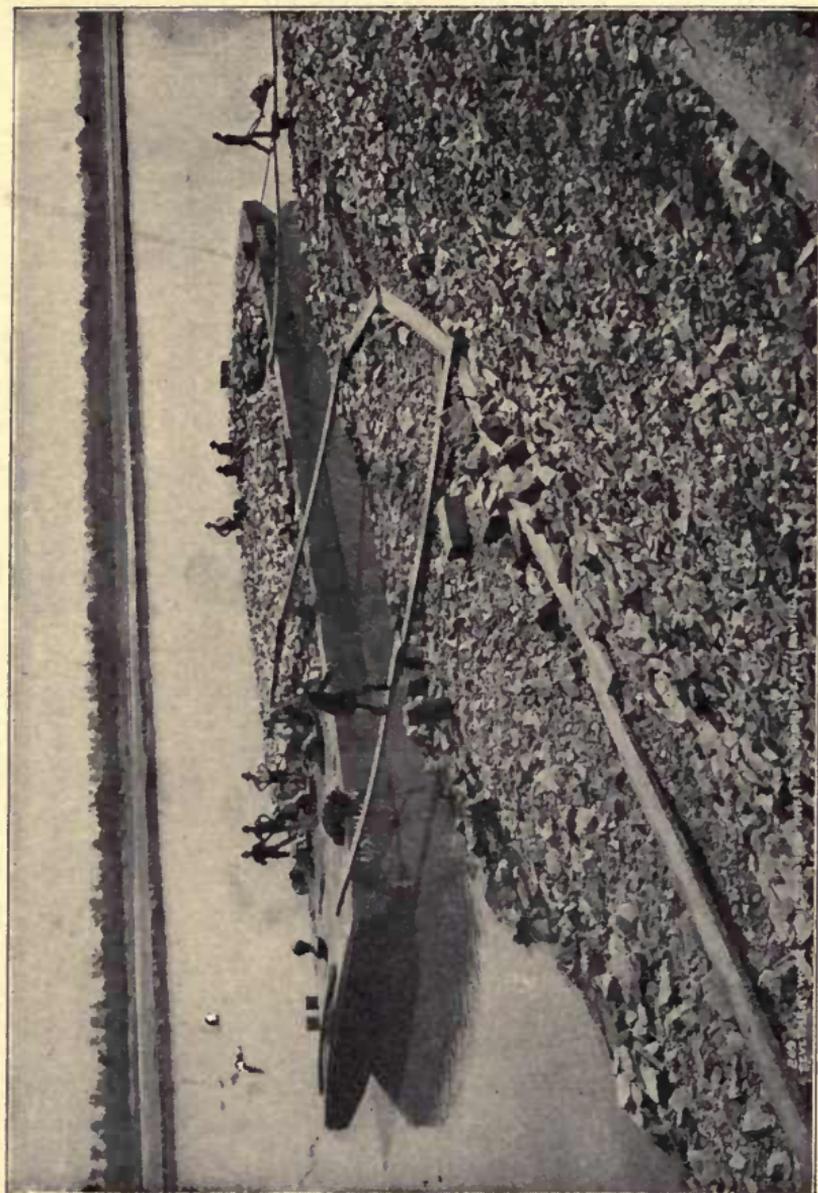


The Grader.

In weaving the mattress two barges were lashed together, end to end, and a platform was built to hold the stock of brush. The weaving was done on the ways, and when it was high enough the men lifted it and the barges were permitted to drift the proper distance. This particular mattress was woven at the rate of ninety feet a day, and the brush used was composed of young willow trees one to two inches in diameter at the end and from fifteen to twenty-five feet long. When completed, with the selvages on each edge to prevent unravelling, it was floated on the water and anchored by burying "dead men" (logs 12x12x4) eight feet back from the top of the bank to which the cables were attached.

In sinking the mattress, stones weighing from one hundred to two hundred pounds were brought down the river on a barge, which was anchored above the end of the mattress, upon which the stones were dumped until it sank—that is to say, until the outer end was held down against the embankment to which the upper part was attached by the cable.

The next operation was the paving of the bank. This was begun at the tops, and "one-man" stones, in other words, stones that one man



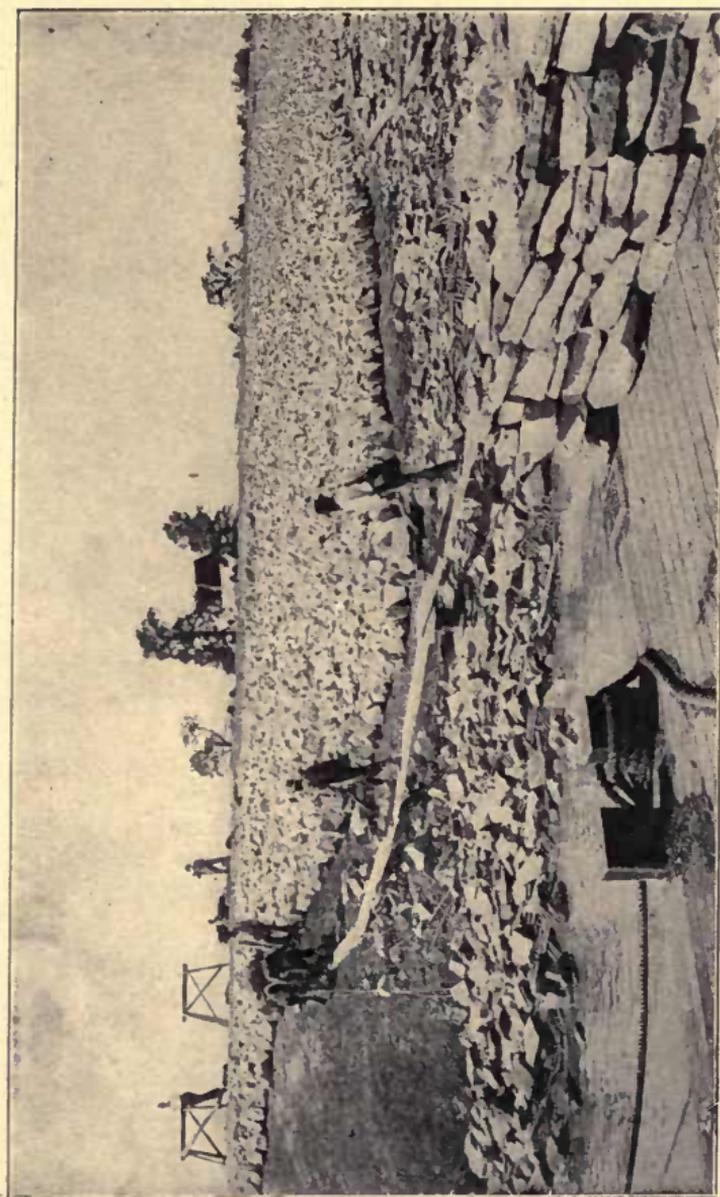
Paving.

could lift, were employed. When these were all laid smaller stones were used to fill in the interstices—and the work was complete.

The cost of this structure averaged about seven dollars per foot. Notwithstanding the cheapness, it has been found to be so effective in overcoming what has always been a serious trouble, that the Government is considering lining the levees for a long distance with this formation.

In all probability this idea was suggested by the method employed in Germany for repairing the breaks in the revetment work protecting the lowlands of Marienwerder in the Vistula delta. Each year, when the ice breaks up, there is great excitement in that region, for the great works situated in these lowlands are threatened by the water which dashes with fearful force against the banks, causing breaks that are at times serious. These breaks are repaired by mats woven of Weichsel wood, which is even tougher than our willow.

Probably the greatest and most important piece of revetment work the world has ever known is the immense retaining wall of Galveston. We can all recall with horror how, on September



Paving.

8th, 1900, the Oleander city was swept by wind and wave, the city itself destroyed, and more than six thousand lives sacrificed. Since that time a new city has arisen with surprising speed, its safety assured by a protecting and retaining wall that almost completely surrounds it.

The foundation of this wall rests upon four rows of round piling, twelve inches in diameter, and driven, four feet apart, into the ground and forty-four feet down into the clay. There is also a row of sheet piling just inside the outside row of round piling, driven into the ground twenty-six feet below mean low tide, to prevent undermining. In addition to this there is an apron twenty-seven feet wide by four feet thick, extending seaward in front of the wall, composed of solid granite blocks, irregularly piled, as a further protection against the storms and undermining currents.

The wall proper is constructed of solid concrete made of crushed granite from Texas, sand from the San Jacinto river, and cement from Germany and Texas, all mixed thoroughly by machinery built especially for the purpose and tamped into forms in sections; and, to give additional strength, immense steel rods, nine feet in length, were

placed in the wall every three feet as it went up. The wall is a little over three miles in length, sixteen feet wide at the base, five feet wide at the top and seventeen feet high above mean low tide. Each foot of the completed wall weighs twenty tons.

The plan approved for the completion of the work (now practically accomplished) involves filling in a space for one hundred feet back to the height of the wall. This is to be made into a drive-way which will be one of the most beautiful to be found in the South, or in the world, for that matter.

Galveston has been reclaimed from the sea—and revetment is at once her savior and her dependence. Provided with this massive sea wall, that protects her from the storms, she can resist the encroachment of the ocean, however fierce the attack; the city may continue to grow and her citizens rest secure. The winds may blow and the wild waves dash against this sturdy bulwark, but Galveston need fear no repetition of the disaster that served at least for one good end—to show to the world the amazing fortitude and astonishing recuperative powers of the American.

“Near to Galway Town”

(Illustrated by stereographs, copyright, by H. C. White & Co., N. Y.)

ON approaching Galway town, the tourist in Ireland will perceive many evidences that he is in a peculiar district. The dark features and coal-black hair of the people indicate their Spanish descent—a relic of those days when, during the latter part of the twelfth century, the town was gradually taken possession of by Anglo-Norman families, whose commerce with France and Spain became so extensive that Galway was reckoned one of the wealthiest and most populous towns in Ireland. Almost every peasant might serve as a model for a sculptor, and one is scarcely prepared to find that nearly every lane or alley contains some token of the grandeur of olden days, and that over the doorways of a very large number of the dilapidated houses, the armorial bearings, carved in stone, may still be seen.

If, however, in the town are to be found the records of a peculiar people, in one of the suburbs

a people equally peculiar exist, retaining the customs and habits they have kept unchanged for centuries. The inhabitants of the Claddagh are a colony of fishermen, and they number with their families, between two and three thousand. Their market-place is held in an open square and adjoins the remains of an old fortification built over two archways, one closed up, the whole half-ruined but beautiful by age. From the built up arch comes the familiar name of the place "the blind arch"—the other giving a charming vista of quay, shipping, sea and mountains. Here they sell their fish, but it is apart from their own dominion, which, when one catches a first glimpse of it, looks as if it consisted merely of a few houses scattered here and there, or, rather, cottages, with thatched roofs. But, when one gets fairly into the place, it is found to be much more extensive, the cabins being built in irregular squares and circles, surrounding pretty little grass plots where the young children play, and where the women of the Claddagh spread out the fishing-nets to dry and to be mended.

From the Claddagh pier one can see the fleet at anchor—and turning to look ashore, get a full view of the "oldest fishing colony in Ireland."



An Old Inhabitant.

Some of the men will be seen gathered in groups about the chapel gate, the spot they favor most of all, quietly smoking and chatting. Others are working away, repairing their boats, tarring them, or mending their fishing-tackle. There is the ever present, the ever-beautiful, ever-varying wide and rapid river, rushing and tumbling in its hurry to get away from the town, and out into the bay, in its mad haste to reach the sea. For ages this once flourishing fishing colony has been established here—and is supposed to have been a fishing village since the first peopling of Ireland. They have seen many changes of fortune, all for the worse, unhappily, none for the better, yet through it all have remained the same happy, unspoiled race, living entirely to themselves, and seldom to be met in the streets of the town except when the women go there to sell their fish, somewhat after the fashion of the old song, and with somewhat of the same sorrowful meaning in their cry:

“ Who'll buy my herring?
Oh, you may call them vulgar faring;
Wives and mothers, most despairing,
Call them lives of men!”

They have always had their own church, their own festivities and their own head, or law-giver—



A Street in the Claddagh Village.

their king, as he was styled—although the office and the title are practically obsolete. Formerly the king or mayor was chosen once a year, with much pomp and ceremony. The chief characteristics that recommended him to his subjects were his wisdom and his intelligence. It was his duty to guide the fleet at sea, to understand the laws

of the bay and to see them enforced, while ashore he made the laws for his people. When the fleet went out, the king, acting as admiral, led them all—a color at the head of the mast showing which boat was his. He chose the fishing ground, gave the word at which every net was cast at the same moment, so that all might participate equally in the harvest God was pleased to send them. And then, when the boats came home, the women met them. King and people resigned all care into their hands, for on shore the wives and mothers attend to fish, purse, and home.

To this very day the Claddagh people are tenacious of the rights they have enjoyed for centuries. They are, like all fisher-folk, superstitious, and they will not draw a net or set a hook on certain days, nor will they permit any one else to do so. A gentleman in the neighborhood once endeavored to break through this custom, and manned his own boat. When the "fishing pirate," as they called her, was seen crossing the bay, the alarm was sounded, and every man sprang for his own boat to go in pursuit. The invader retreated precipitately, and it was a matter of surprise that he escaped without harm.

Even if a Galway man, who is not a Claddagh



An Irish Pedler.

man, offends, he is punished by the Claddagh laws. For instance, a gentleman complained of the price of a codfish he had bought. It was too dear, in his estimation—and he refused to pay at all. He told the fisherman that he could summon him for the price of it, if he liked, but this was against Claddagh law, and it was not done. Some days afterwards he went to order fish for a dinner party, going to another part of the Claddagh.

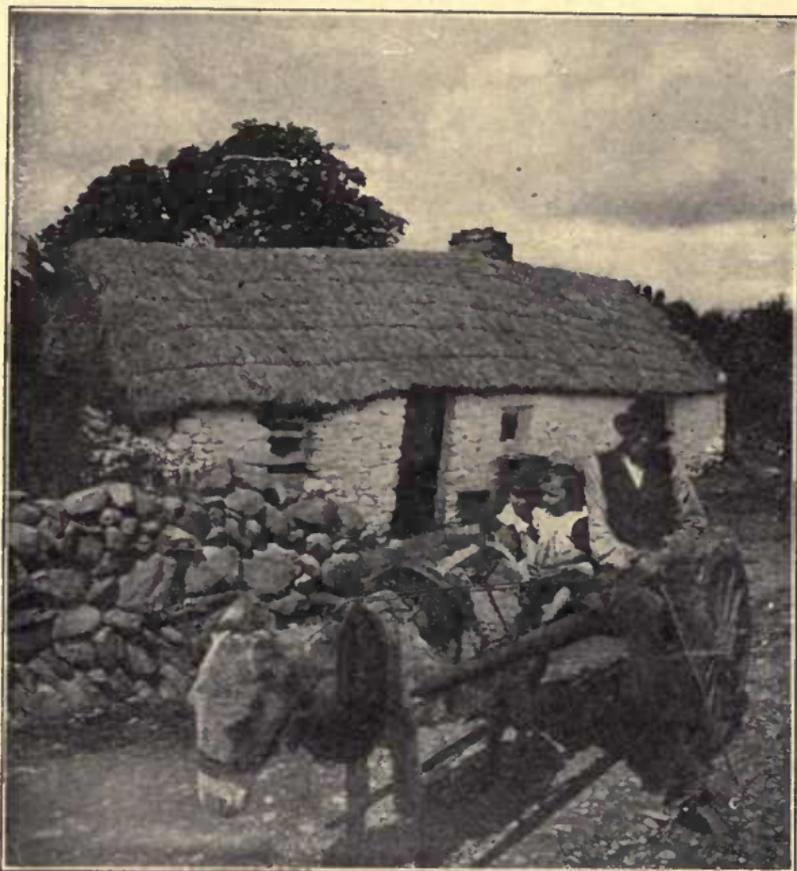
"No, sir," was the reply. "I can't serve you until you have paid So-and-so for the cod you bought of him."

"What is that to you?" asked the gentleman. "I'm willing to pay you for your fish."

"Not until you've paid him for his," was the rejoinder. "We Claddagh men stick together."

From ancient times in all Catholic countries has been observed the blessing of the sea—and this, too, is a Claddagh custom.

They can manage their boats, every man among them as easily as a skilled rider would turn a race-horse. A fishing-ground some miles out is reached; the anchor of the king's boat—in which sits the priest who is to bless the sea, is cast. It is strict etiquette that every craft pass



Starting Out for Town on Market Day.

before that in which the Father sits. Gradually the boats form a circle round the king's. The priest, bare-headed and wearing a stole, stands up. The last craft to make its obeisance is one filled with little children—"The bark of the holy innocents." When all are in position the king waves his hat. Every human being in the fleet

sinks to his knees. The Rosary is recited and the Litany. The priest reads the service for the occasion, sprinkling the waves three times with



A Jolly Group in the Market-Place.

holy water, and imploring a blessing on them in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

"This day and every day had been dull, and the sky overcast," continues a writer, describing

the scene, "but as the foremost of the fleet were about a mile out to sea, the rest still coming on



The Fish Market.

and on in a continuous stream from the harbor, the clouds across the western sky parted in one long streak, sending down over the sea, and over, also, those sails nearest to the west, a flood of that

peculiar, white, silvery light that sometimes breaks through clouds charged with rain. It seemed like a good omen, and as the prayers proceeded and the blessing was invoked, the flood of brilliant light still remained and formed a luminous background to the circle of dark-sailed boats; lighted up the figures of the kneeling fishermen, some with hands clasped, some with bare heads bowed, some raised toward heaven, others with earnest, intent gaze fixed on the priest, beside whom knelt the Claddagh king, with bent head, and hands raised to press to his lips the cross of his ancient rosary; and it lingered upon the row of little faces appearing over the edge of the boat alongside."

The ceremony concluded, the king gave the signal to the fleet, and all returned to the harbor.

As we have mentioned, it is the wives of the fishermen who manage outside affairs. They are considered better bargainers than are their husbands and brothers and sons, and they are certainly extremely bright, with the characteristic Irish wit, and have the power of "the retort courteous" to as great a degree as may be found in any other part of the Emerald Isle.



A True Claddagh Man.

As the Claddagh king has no pretensions above his fellow-fishermen, so the Claddagh queen appears to have shared every hardship with other fishermen's wives. The Claddagh, they will tell you, was a fine place in the good old days, and its people were contented and happy. No date is given for the founding of the Claddagh. St.

Enda of Arran found it a populous village—"bar-ring," as said one woman, "the poverty and the English speech." Times have changed with the Claddaghman, however, and the inhabitants of this distinctive spot have dwindled from many thousands to a few hundred. What the bank was to the landsman the sea was to the fisherman then. He had only to cast his nets and draw more fish than he wanted; until the trawlers came and with nets of big and little meshes gathered up not only the full-grown herring, but the young as well and the sand weighted with the spawn for the following year. The trawl bars, therefore, always disturbing the bottom of the bay, the herrings that used to go to it for shelter soon began to desert it.

So that is the reason why there is poverty in the Claddagh, and why, on St. John's Eve, there is only a handful of men and boys to make diversion instead of the gallant procession that once went through the streets in gala attire, with flags and music, to gather later at the St. John's fire, and bring a sod home with them to kindle the fires for the new year.

There is very little difference to-day between the Claddaghman's dress and that of other fishermen.



The Favorite Conveyance.

The women still dress as they did long ago, in white cap without a ribbon—the sign before now of one who spoke only Irish; a blue nap cloak of the form peculiar to the women of the Claddagh and of Connemara, a red kerchief on the head, a plain gown tucked up over a crimson petticoat, and, save on Sundays and holidays, the feet bare

—on their fingers, perhaps, the famous Claddagh ring—which is an heirloom in the family, and is transferred by the mother to her daughter first married. It is in the shape of two hands holding a heart.

The habit of distinguishing those among them who speak the native language was adhered to by the Claddagh women. In spite of all laws, in spite of all inducements to the contrary, they persisted in the use of Irish. They have, also, a curious custom with regard to their cloak. A creel, or square basket, is hung from the shoulders. Over this the folds of the cloak are most artistically arranged—the creel, with pannier, so worn, being an absolute necessity for every young girl coming into market. She carries it slung upon her back, as a sign that she is a good, sensible business woman and no gadder. And the women may be seen, just before entering town, taking a good look over their costumes and carefully adjusting each other's mantles.

In the Heart of the African Forest

AFRICA does not mean only South Africa, the scene of the Boer war, as it has come to mean to most of us of late years, nor the country of the diamond mines, inhabited by those seeking wealth from the bowels of the earth, surrounded by Kaffirs, and native black men. There are French possessions and colonies flourishing in Africa, to establish which, and to maintain which feats of valor, endurance, and patriotism have been performed which are unknown to most readers. Tremendous sacrifices have been made within the past years by nameless heroes, the object of which has been to connect the scattered bits of French-African possessions.

To unite southern Algiers and the upper Soudan, intrepid French soldiers and explorers have conquered the desert, but to unite the French possessions in the Soudan with those on the Guinea coast, a still greater task has been performed—

they have forced their way through the mysteries of a forest hitherto considered impenetrable, and have battled with the obstacles nature placed in their way, and the still more terrifying menaces of the unknown.

All along the Gulf of Guinea lies what is known as the Ivory Coast. The French possessions extend close to the shore, limited here to a narrow strip of soil. It was impossible to communicate from this spot with the interior, for the vast equatorial forest, beginning at the very coast, stretches to the extreme southern Soudan, forming a belt miles in extent, unexplored, and which any attempt to penetrate seemed suicidal, so dense is the vegetation of the untrodden forest.

Stretches of sand, networks of gigantic trees, and still less manageable undergrowth, all combined to make the prospect of passing through this forest nearly hopeless; added to which was the fact that its rivers were unnavigable, and the only course possible to take were the paths trodden by the native tribes, paths of which enough was known to have dismayed the bravest. Fallen trees filled them, and labyrinths of shrubs, thorny guardians of the forest's inviolability, through which it was necessary to march—if it



An Improvised Bridge.

could be called marching—bent nearly double, at the same time cutting what way there was with the sword. Bad as these were, they were trials to be grateful for, since it was worse when, as often happened, the paths disappeared entirely, and hours had to be spent crawling on all fours hunting for them among the most vindictive productions of inanimate nature, and in a dim twilight obscurity harder on the nerves than total darkness.

Every attempt to penetrate the mysterious forest in order to establish relations with its unknown guardians was tragically vain until eight years ago. In 1897, alone, seven expeditions were massacred, or forced to turn back from its dark borders, and each new essay seemed doomed to like fate. In 1898, however, one M. Hostains, administrator of the colonies, and Captain d'Ollone accepted the mission of once more searching out a route toward the Soudan and a frontier for the Ivory Coast. The plan was for them to enter the forest, reconnoiter it, establish French authority over the natives they might encounter within its depths, and thence proceed to the most central post in the Soudan. A distance of about three hundred and twenty-five



A French Post in the Forest.

miles separated the two extreme points, both of which were on French soil. Between them lay the unknown and the inimical; all that was known was that the Cavally River, emptying at the extreme western point of the Gulf of Guinea, should rise not far from the Soudan frontier; there was no possibility of following this river to its source, for the rapids prohibited navigation.

The little expedition plunged directly into the forest; it consisted of three white men: Hostains, Captain d'Ollone and M. Fabre, twenty sharpshooters, thirty-five porters, an interpreter, and ninety extra men to act as substitutes when required. The question of food was to be a continual anxiety throughout the march. Usually supplies are either carried or obtained through stations, but the first method demands an army of porters, the second security from being cut off from communication. Hostains decided to subsist on what he should find on the way, carrying but two days' provisions in case of absolute distress. A slender dependence for a march of more than a year!

Fortunately the forest, with all its other drawbacks, did not fail to nourish them, but it did provide for them very meagerly: rice, tapioca,



An Assault on a Village.

nuts, fruits, an occasional bird they had, but in such small quantities that often they had to be content with but a few ounces of tapioca or rice a day.

The object of the expedition, which would lead it toward the Soudan, was to find and follow the Cavally. The men marched through the unbroken silence of a forest apparently destitute of all animal life; not a monkey, not a bird, not even a serpent showed itself in the twilight of the thick undergrowth and overgrowth. The horror of this tangled, dusky, dead forest depth was indescribable. But a village not infrequently arose from the heavy soil to relieve the depression of this march through the wooded desert. Although the natives were suspected of cannibalism, these villagers possessed some most unexpected refinements. For instance, there were bathing houses, like those seen on our coasts, where the men and women carefully took their dip after every fatiguing effort, and at night and morning daily, and after these commendable baths they anointed themselves with citron juice and then with palm oil to render the skin supple and soft.

A month after setting forth, the expedition camped on the banks of the Cavally, and estab-



The Surprise.

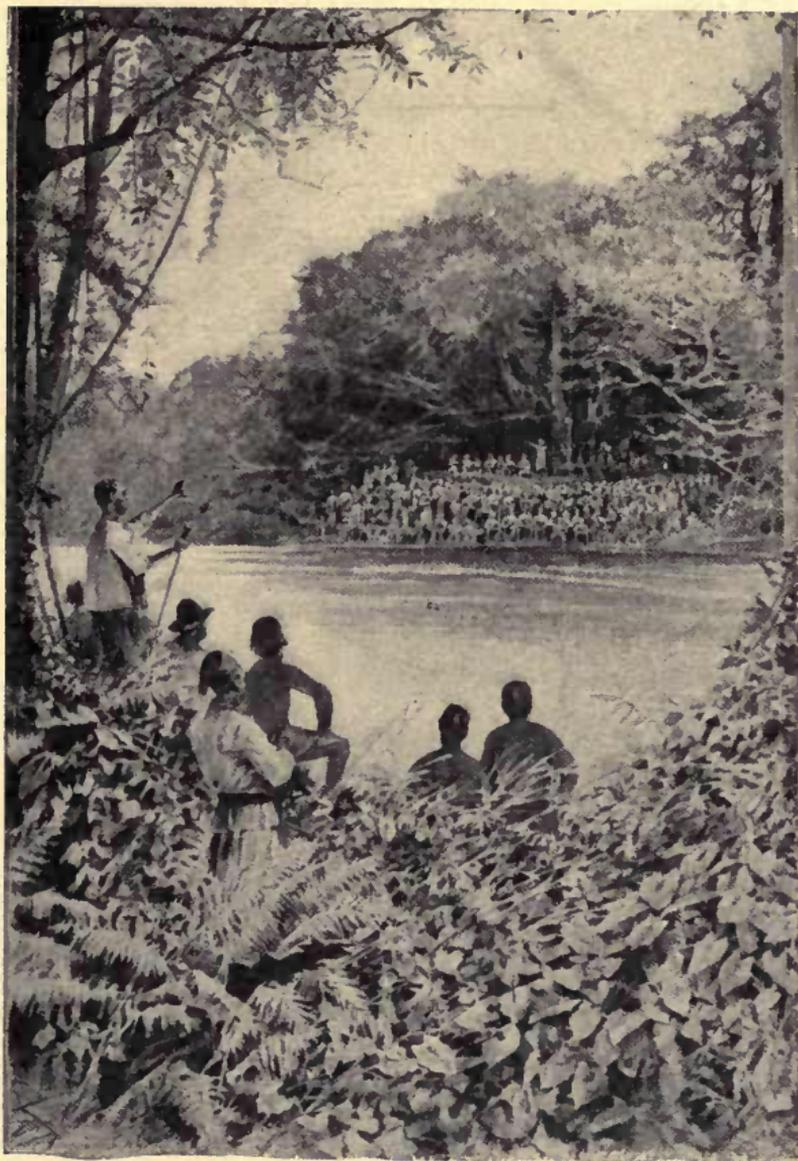
lished a French fort there. It was called Fort Binger, and consisted of ten bamboo cabins, surrounded by a palisade. It was not very formidable, but enough so to hold out against the undisciplined tribes who might attack it. On April 24th the French colors were solemnly hoisted at the entrance of the fort, and saluted with salvos which aroused the native enthusiasm. Fired with a desire, apparently, to make more noise than the guns, tom-toms were beaten, bells rung and the fifes of the soldiers borrowed to help the negroes honor the flag according to their notions of tribute. This pandemonium accompanied dances by the native women to the same end, and the slaughter of an ox, with distribution of tobacco and wine by the French, completed the ceremonies of the christening of this first establishment of civilization in "the heart of the ancient wood."

The tribes encountered by the expedition were interesting, though not necessarily attractive. There were the Graoros, for instance, a warrior tribe, perpetually in arms, and laden, every man, with trophies. The killing of one foe in battle conferred on the victor the right to wear a goat-skin helmet; for the death of two foes the war-



An Ambush.

rior is rewarded by ornamentation of birds' plumes on the helmet; for three with coins; for four with bands of panther fur, and for five the helmet is surmounted by buffalo horns. The Sapos, whose capital—to use a large word for a trifling thing—is Paoulo, an overgrown village of a hundred huts, and four times as many souls, are another tribe the expedition came across. When the French reached their flourishing city, all the population was drawn up to welcome them, saluting them with cries of joy. Several men then appeared carrying immense serpents, horned vipers, and gigantic cobras, the two *lares* of the village which the inhabitants take to witness their mutual vows of friendship. These serpents are kept in two huts surrounded by a sacred enclosure, but they are taken out occasionally, and sometimes set loose in the village. They are deadly snakes, but are captured by one who understands charming them; they are deprived of their fangs, but no one is aware of this, and the people among whom they live, being uninjured even when they are set free, are thought to possess the special favor of heaven. The little huts of this people are neat and decent; they are entered by a tiny door like a rabbit's pen,

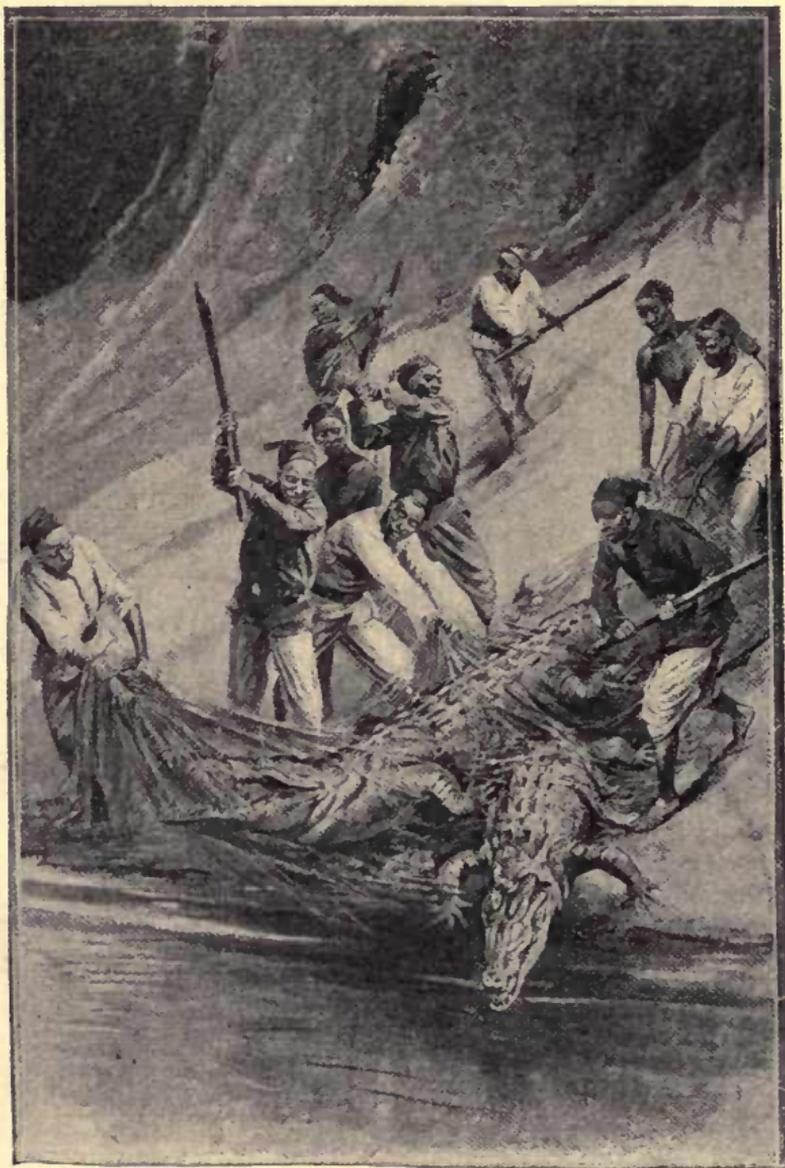


Natives in Battle Array.

and nothing could be funnier than to see the inhabitants flat on their stomachs inside the huts sticking their heads out through these holes to see what is going on outside; the whole thing looks like a big toy.

After this village was passed the expedition found itself wandering in a greater maze than ever. Such paths as there were tricked them by turning in precisely the opposite direction from the one they had expected, and the illusive river served them false when it deigned to show itself. Added to these trials was a new and more serious one; daily encounters with hostile tribes, and the treachery of the guides.

There was a day on which the expedition, marching blindly, trusting to chance, all calculations having failed, stumbled upon the Cavally. But finding it, they found much else. Drawn up on its opposite bank, against a solemn wall of green, was gathered a multitude of natives, the elders ranged in rows above the people, and presided over by a patriarch with a long white beard, who occupied a throne. The tribe was divided in counsel; one half advising violent resistance to the French, the other advocating meeting them with conciliatory measures. While they debated



An Unexpected Catch.

the French passed on, but were less fortunate a few days later, when they were led to a village by four natives, and found it fiercely hostile. Three of their men were wounded by a stone gun from the enemy, and Hostains himself, who was marching with these three, escaped little less than miraculously. Of course the many chambered rifles of civilization possessed immense advantage over the crude weapons of the Africans, and the enemy fled before them—only to attack again in twenty minutes, however, from a barricade which the natives were forced to abandon to take refuge in a field of tapioca, while at the same time the French were attacked in the rear, an attack easily beaten off by Fabre.

Although it was not a glorious not even very dangerous combat, it was sufficient to compel the French to camp for the night without fire, almost without food or water, and to destroy everything they carried except what was absolutely necessary. Powder and guns were burned and broken, the beads they carried for trading with the natives, and for gifts to them, were scattered in the brushwood. At dawn the march was resumed, and kept up to the accompaniment of shots, and then followed two hours of peace, destined to be rudely broken.

The expedition reached the bottom of a gorge, where a brook was flowing, which had to be crossed; an enormous tree, fallen into the stream, rendered this task difficult. While the exploring party were accomplishing this feat, shots began to pour down from the three hills above them, the balls whistling from every side. The fire was returned, and then the French dashed up the hill, and demolished a village at the top which had been deserted by its inhabitants. Victory was with the invaders, but it was not easy to get away with the wounded, for the hill was so steep that the natives had dug out paths up its side. The descent was made, Hostains holding the village with the rear guard meanwhile. Captain d'Ollone had led down the party convoying the wounded, and the first duty awaiting him was to demolish a barricade. As he did so he heard a fusillade from above telling him that Hostains was attacked. Although his first impulse was to rush to his comrades' rescue, it could not be done, because they were single file in a marshy path, and it was nearly impossible to command the men. D'Ollone heard a cry, summoning him to hasten to help those he had left on the height, then followed a furious fusillade, the sounds of

an assault—after that complete silence. For a brief, but dreadful, space of time those below did not know whether or not their comrades had been massacred. But shortly afterward Hostains arrived with his men, and the truth was learned that the natives, thinking to surprise him by an attack from the rear, had instead found him prepared, and had been repulsed. Indeed, as Hostains descended, the cries and groans of the defeated negroes fell on the ears of the French from the thicket where they had been hurled, growing fainter in the distance.

For all the rest of the way these scenes of petty warfare were repeated, until December, when once more the expedition came upon the Cavally. Was it this time to show them the way to the Soudan, or was the river again coquetting with them, raising hopes it was never to fulfil? On the next day after rediscovering the river there were a series of combats, in which ten retrenchments were destroyed, and when the last of these small matters had been attended to, the French descended into a field of tapioca from the other end of which forms were seen. A man's head appeared, and before the invaders had more time to wonder whether these were new foes or possible

friends, they heard the welcoming cries in the Soudanese tongue of: "*Anice! Anice!*" equivalent to: "Good day! Good day!" and two men came forward waving a white fowl above their heads, the sign of friendship. They were the ambassadors of the natives sent to receive the white men.

The troubles of the expedition were over, but ten days' hard marching were yet before them, at the end of which they arrived at Beyla, the first post in the Soudan, into which they were to penetrate much further. The rest of the way, however, was over French soil already conquered, and under the shadow of the tricolor.

The intrepid little band, of which not one man was lost, had succeeded in triumphing over the menaces of hostile tribes, had strengthened their country's hold on the land, and extended her domain, had conquered the almost insurmountable obstacles and mystery of the heart of the African forest,

The "Blind" Readers of the Post Office

IN the greatest post office of the United States, that of New York City, where millions of letters are handled every day in the year, is a little room where every business hour dozens of puzzles are solved that more than out-tax the average intelligence. It is here that the "blind" letter readers are found, men whose daily task is to accomplish seeming impossibilities.

The incoming and outgoing letter mails of the New York post office pass through the hands of a corps of men known as sorters. Skilled employees, they work at high speed, and when the address on a letter is such that the destination can not be told without careful examination, the missive is laid aside and becomes in post office parlance a "hard." These "hards" are made up into packages, each being topped with a slip bearing the date, etc., and at intervals during the day sent to the "blind" letter division of the post office, which is part of

the Inquiry Department of the General Post Office. The average daily total of such letters is four thousand.

To be a successful sorter of letters, a man must be capable of reading at a glance addresses which to the inexperienced eye seem illegible. Therefore, the "hards" are well named. The senders of sixty per cent. of such mail are either residents of Europe, or numbered among the foreign-born of the United States. Their understanding, or rather lack of understanding, of the English language creates startling results. One letter received from Russia was addressed to "Mudra Milholymunker, Grane teexeti, in, Amerika." The letter's owner was found in Granite City, Ill. Another bore the address "George Nasser, wholesale dealer in dry goods and notions, 84 Spi River avenue." It was sent to its destination, Fort Wayne, Ind. Still another bore a long Hungarian name, followed by "St. Elizabeth's Hospital in charge of the Sisters of the Sorrowful Mother, Amerka." This hospital was found to be located at Wabasha, Minn., where the letter was given to its owner.

The fame of the New York "blind" letter readers has gone far, with the result that letters

Mr. Foul mit To be - v
 Munson only of f.
 Uvo f uel
 lo to u
 Uvo f A m l nu de

Munson Street, Clearfield Co., Pa

(Faint, mostly illegible handwriting)
 Georges - Yaxer T
 Wholesale Dealer in
 Dry Goods - and Notions C.S.U.
 Telephone 2099. 84 Spy Run Avenue
 COLLECT POSTAGE .07 CENTS

Spy Run Avenue, Fort Wayne, Ind.

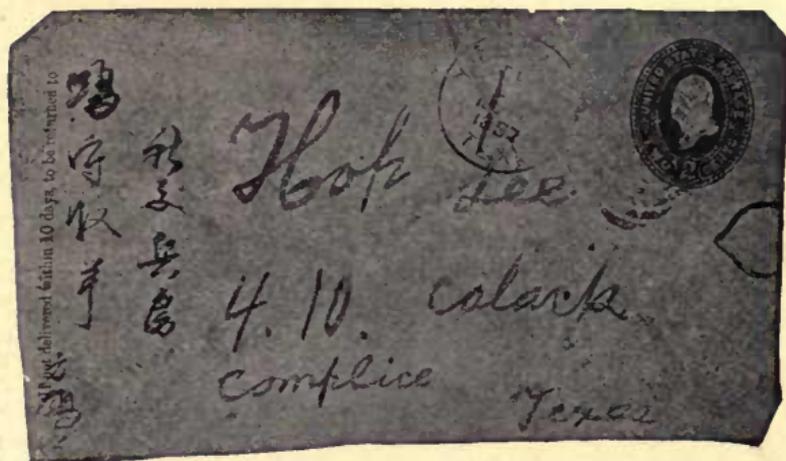
whose addresses are puzzling reach the New York office seemingly by accident, because there is no other apparent reason for their being sent here. An illustration of this fact is furnished by a letter mailed at El Paso, Texas, which reached New York bearing the following address: "Hop Lee 4 10. calack. camlice. Texas." No one knows how many persons tried to fathom this enigma before it reached the New York office, but there it was translated, proving to be "Hop Lee. Camp Rice, Fort Hancock, near El Paso, Texas." The letter was delivered to its owner.

A series of missives from Hungary long bothered the New York "blind" letter readers. The first of these was considered hopeless and sent on to the Dead Letter Office. It bore this address: "Mir Veyo Ljiljar. Ta No648 Strit 3 licana Nort America." No possible clew suggested itself. Finally Mr. O. G. Menger, chief of the New York "blind" letter readers, noticed that many blindly addressed Hungarian letters went to Steelton, Pa., and that each bore the word "licana." The next of the series that arrived was sent to Steelton, and found its owner. It has had many successors, but all are forwarded to Steelton.

Perhaps the most startling address was fur-

nished by the writer of a letter from Paris, France, the envelope bearing these words: "Miss Mooss wrote me that she passed away without suffering yours truly Amerique." Another postal curio was from Birkenhead, England, addressed "to the Millionaire in want of a ear to make his wedding a complete success. New York America." The newspapers of a short time before had printed much about a man who had advertised for an ear, and the letter was forwarded to him. He was a resident of St. Louis.

Puzzling indeed was the letter bearing "Tdrisnik. Janos. Barsa, fajf, hunder tori sikis sefil pil naren Routri." Its owner proved to be John Tdrisnik, Box 536, Sheffield, Warren County, Penn. An easy hard was addressed, "Vincenzo Marchese, Esq Merry one N. Y." Merry one, translated, is Matteawan, N. Y. This German letter proved hopeless: "Mr. John Lindlbad, the same as before, U. S. A." Another writer placed the following on his envelope: "Mrs. Eliza Barclay, Cold Snake, N. J." This was hardly phonetic, for Colts Neck proved to be the post office meant. "Mr. Eddie Mitchell's" letter was addressed to "Dutch Johnson, N. Y.," but it found him at Dutchess Junction. The writer who consigned a



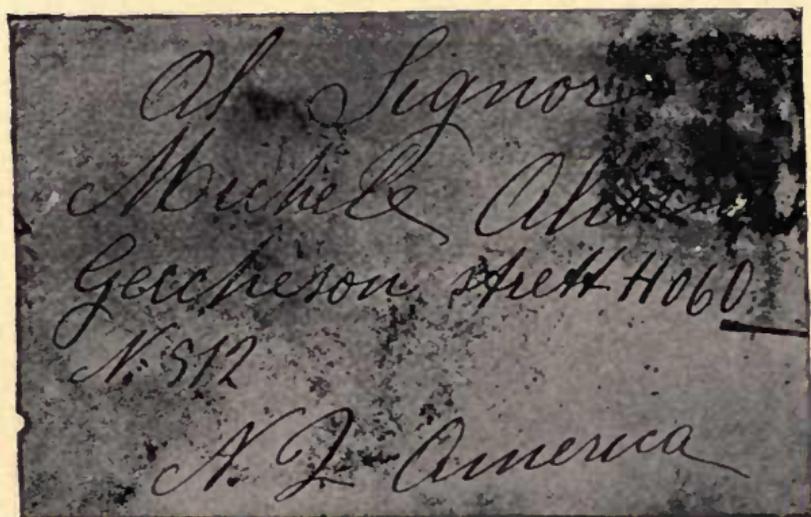
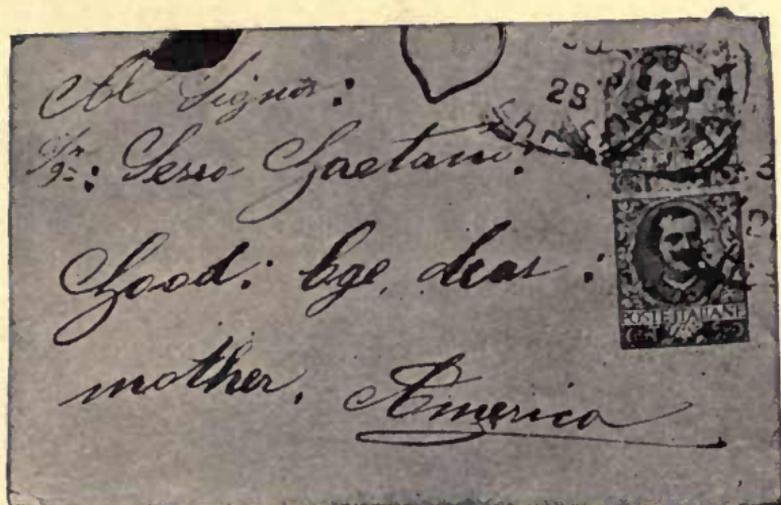
Camp Rice, Fort Hancock, near El Paso, Texas.



Paine Street, Green Island, Troy, N. Y.

letter to "Hell Meadow, N. J." was found to have had Helmetta in mind. This letter from Sweden went to the Dead Letter Office: "Miss Ida Johnson, my darling sweetheart i love you North America."

At first thought it seems little less than miraculous that some of the addresses quoted are deciphered. In most instances the writing is so bad as to be almost illegible. The secret of success is found in highly developed memory and exhaustive knowledge of minor geographical detail. Mr. Menger, who is recognized as the most expert "blind" letter reader in the world, has most of the streets of cities in the United States memorized, and the resemblance of a word in a letter's address to the name of one of these streets instantly calls the street to mind. An hour or two by his side any business day convinces the most skeptical that he works by method and reason, and not by guesswork. In fact, the postal regulations provide that unless its address be deciphered beyond reasonable doubt, a letter must go to the Dead Letter Office. The New York "blind" letter readers say that if they were allowed to guess a little, there would be less than eight per cent. of the blind letters that come to them sent to the

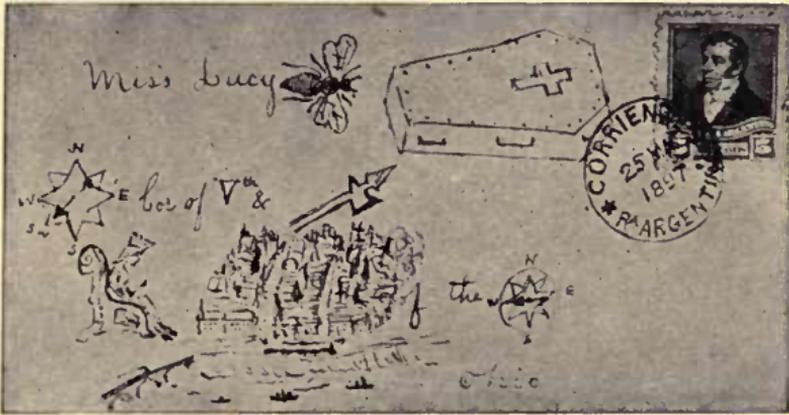


Jackson Avenue, Hoboken, N. J.

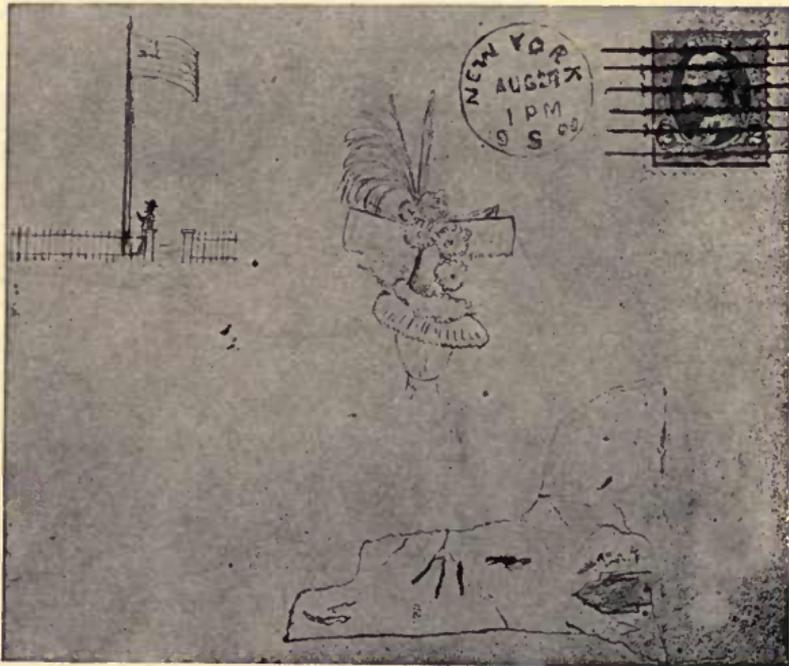
Dead Letter Office. As it is, 70 per cent. of these reach their owners, sixteen per cent. of these are returned to writers for better addresses, and fourteen per cent. go to the Dead Letter Office.

As an aid to his work, Mr. Menger has prepared various informative lists, such as schools and colleges in the United States, a general street directory, names of summer resorts and of hotels located there. He has devoted special attention to names of summer homes, and this information has proved of the greatest aid. A collection of society directories is always at hand, and entries are constantly being made in these of facts bearing along the same line. Not long ago, a letter came up for inspection addressed to an individual, care of Mrs. Rand, Long Island. The name of the town was hopeless. A society directory showed that Mrs. Rand, a woman of wealth, lived at Lawrence, Long Island. The letter proved to be for one of her servants.

Perhaps the greatest aid to the reader of "blind" addresses upon letters is an ability to recognize the letters of the alphabet in almost any language. The reason for this is, that foreigners in spelling English names are more than likely to spell phonetically. It is, therefore, often the case that



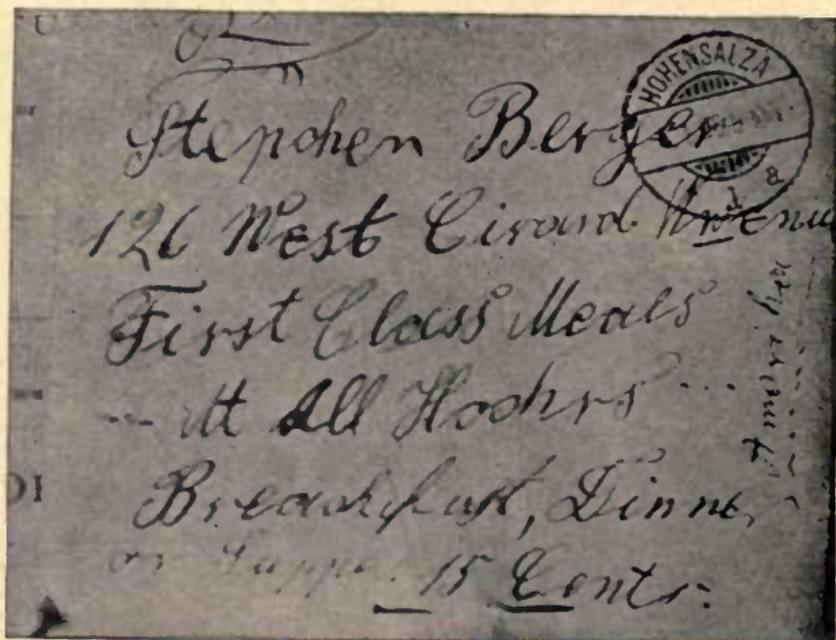
Cincinnati, Ohio.



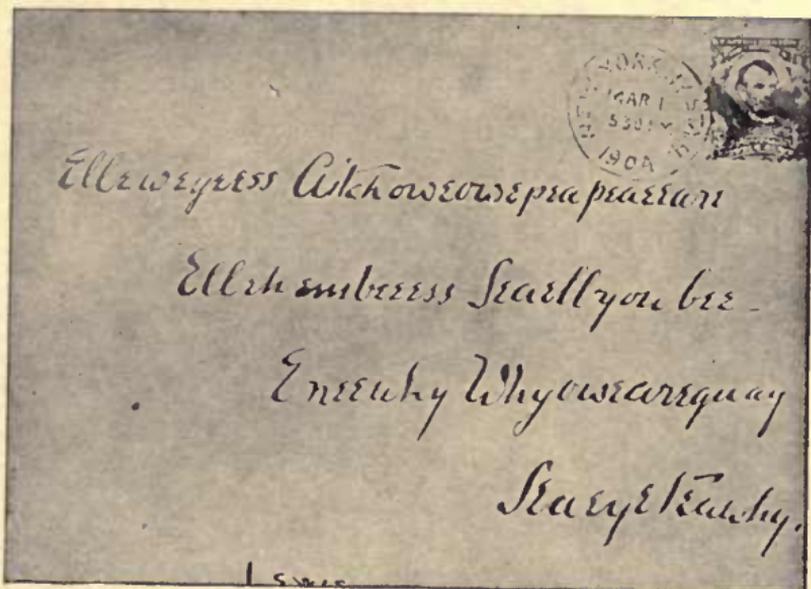
Postmaster, Gayhead, Greene County, N. Y.



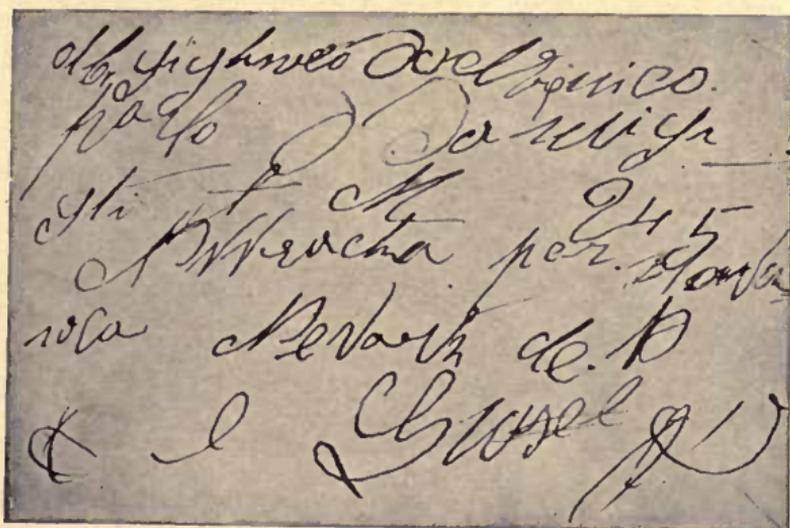
One Hundred and Thirty-seventh Street and Cypress Avenue.



West Girard Avenue, Monmouth, Ill.



Lewis Hooper, Lambs Club, N. Y. C.

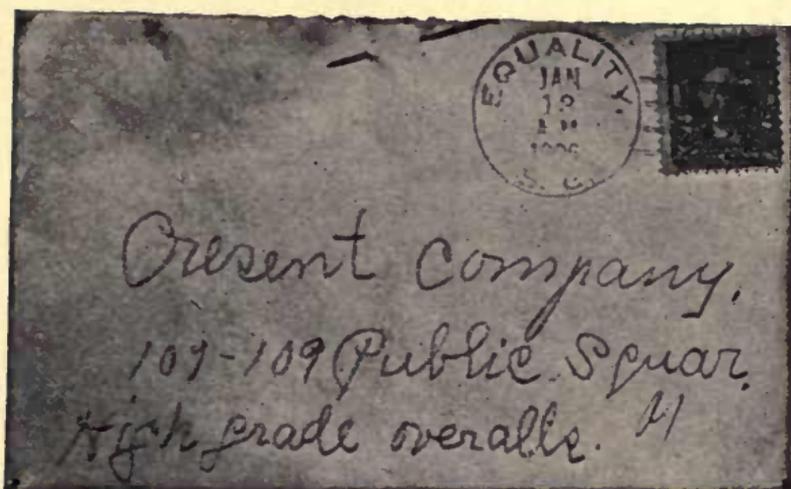


245 Adams Street, Newark, N. J.

whereas a name as written in Russian may bear small resemblance to what it would be if correctly spelled, if viewed from the phonetic standpoint it will be fairly plain. The writer will use the Russian alphabet in a phonetic spelling of the English name.

While the majority of "blind" letter addresses that prove difficult to decipher are from persons of foreign residence or birth, and not intentionally made difficult to read, there is a class of persons who delight in attempts to puzzle the postal officials. A favorite method is spelling out each letter. For instance, "enotee" is simply "not." In the latter part of January of the present year a postal card addressed in this fashion came to the New York office. On the back were the words, "If this reaches you, it will show you that the Yankee post office people are as smart as the British." The address was deciphered in about two minutes, and the card promptly forwarded to the addressee in London.

Cipher codes seem a delight to the postal puzzle makers, but the "blind" letter department of the New York office has never received a letter of this sort that was not finally forwarded to the person for whom it was intended. Addresses in the



Jacksonville, Florida.



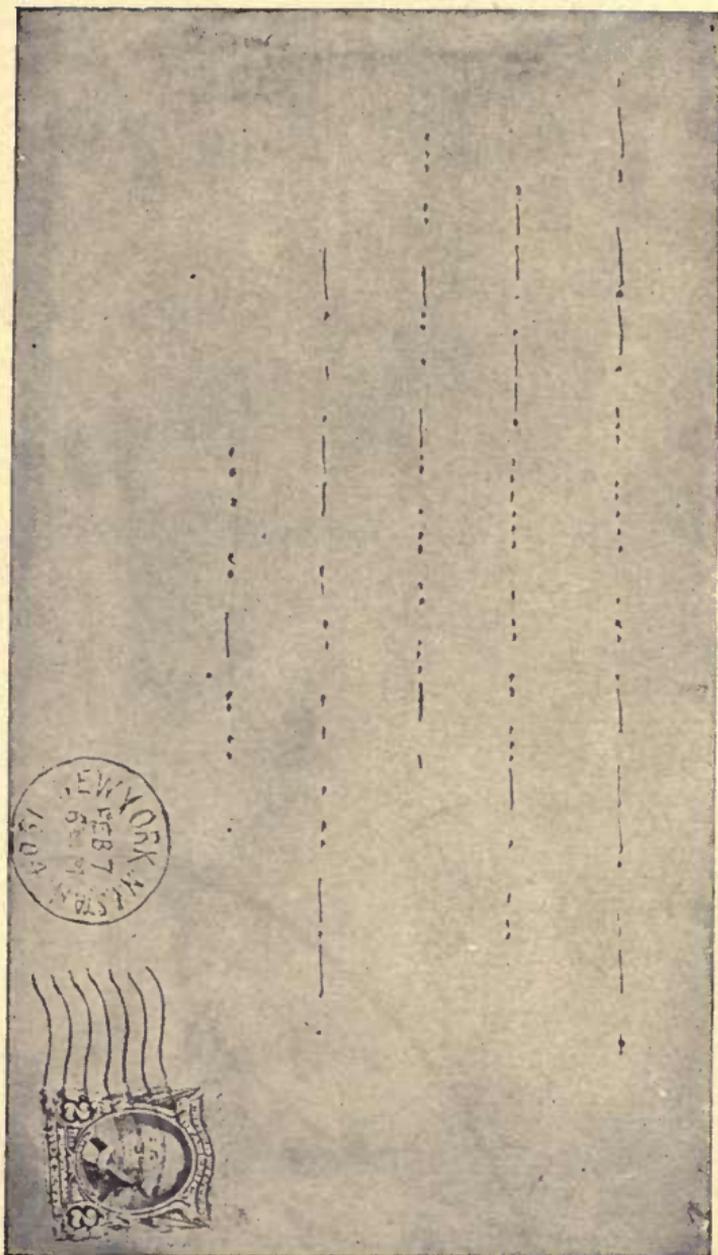
Steelton, Pa.



Granite City, Ill.

Morse alphabet or telegraphic code and in shorthand are everyday matters. Pictorial addresses are not infrequent, and although usually far fetched are, as a rule, interpreted. Among the most frequent specimens of alleged humor encountered by the "blind" letter readers are the old "sells" of half a century ago, whose popularity never seems to wane. One of the best known of these is

HILL
JOHN
MASS



F. J. Sprague, 116 Riverside Drive, N. Y. C. The Morse Telegraphic Code.

Otherwise, "John Underhill, Andover, Massachusetts."

To the "blind" readers are also sent letters classed as "lunatics," that is, letters whose addresses bear no resemblance to alphabet, language or even cipher, and plainly are sent by persons of unsound mind. The New York Office receives four or five letters of this sort a week from the same individual, who writes them at one of the public desks in the lobby of the General Post Office. At different times these letters bear one, two or five cent stamps, but none furnishes the slightest clew to the motive of the writer.

"Blind" letter readers are really letter detectives, for what psychologists call the detecting instinct is absolutely essential to material success in this line. There is in the work a constant marshaling of a vast array of both minor and major facts. With this is coupled the intuitive power that directs almost unerringly to the fact sought, even before it is possible for the "blind" letter reader to explain just how he has reached the conclusion desired—the correct address of the letter.

The Little Republic

WHILE the opening of the Panama canal will certainly be of benefit to Colombia, the little republic, it will not work the wonders that enthusiasts claim will be the result of that waterway, nor is it, from a commercial viewpoint, the chief necessity for that unfortunate country.

As a matter of fact, the principal benefit that Colombia would have derived from the ratification of the Hay-Herran treaty would have been the ten million dollars which would have been paid by the United States. This money would have enabled the Government to liquidate the most pressing of the claims for indemnity made by foreigners for losses during the last revolution, thus removing one obstacle of the many that stand in the way of the advance of the country.

The real secret of the stability and prosperity of the little republic lies within its own confines. The waterways leading to the interior must be opened up. If the Magdalena and Cauca rivers were open for navigation Colombia would be



Colombia Eating-House.



One of the many Picturesque Spots in the Little Republic.

absolutely independent of the rest of the world, for then there would be easy access to the riches of the Cauca valley and the mining districts, and there would be small need for the wretched and unhealthy ports on the Pacific Ocean.

Frequent revolutions have made it impossible for the Government, or rather the forces that happened to be in power for each brief period, to attempt this improvement, and the financial condition of the country to-day is so bad that unless foreign capital becomes interested in the enterprise, the future holds but little hope.

The failure of the Hay-Herran treaty was disastrous in its results, however, for not only is Colombia deprived of the means of relieving outside pressure, but it has lost Panama and its revenues, practically the whole dependence of the republic, so that now it is not only financially ruined, but its very existence is threatened.

At the end of the last revolution, 1899 to 1902, there was nothing but want and poverty throughout the length and breadth of the land. A quarter of a million lives had been sacrificed during those three years, and two hundred and fifty thousand more of the people lay dying, the victims of diseases carried in every direction by soldiers



A Hut in the Interior.

returning to their homes. Homes! Alas, there were but few that merited the name! Discharged far away from the districts in which they dwelt, the soldiers, without a cent of pay, started homeward, forced to take to plundering to keep themselves alive, many of them dying from starvation upon the roads, while those who did finally reach their destinations found that during their long absence their homes had been destroyed.

The same conditions faced the civilians who had fled to the woods during the height of the revolution. Their last resources gone, they returned to ruined houses and wasted lands, without money to begin anew, even without clothes. It is a fact that for many a day thereafter it was not unusual to see people wandering about the coldest sections absolutely naked. A traveler, met by chance upon the road, was not asked for money but for food and raiment. Nor were the conditions in the interior towns better than in the rural districts. During the three years that had passed all commerce had been killed by the military operations. Small wonder that the people were disheartened, and went to work reluctantly, feeling the lack of that security so necessary for the welfare of a nation.



The Cathedral.

Notwithstanding its deplorable state at present, however, it is evident to the traveler in Colombia that at one time she stood at the head of civilization in South America. There are good roads, untouched for decades, gone to ruin through lack of care, abandoned railroads, all the evidences of advance throttled just as it had begun, and on those rivers where steamboats plied in

days gone by, canoes have now taken their places.

Colombia's natural resources surpass those of every other South American country, but they have never been developed. Within its rich forests are vast quantities of timber, tropical trees and plants; the soil, particularly in the Cauca valley, is fruitful; the climate is suitable for the production of rubber, coffee, sugar-cane, cacao, cotton, rice, etc.; and the plateaus are ideal for stock-raising. In the interior there is an abundance of gold, and every river that flows to the Pacific Ocean bears with it a wealth of this precious metal. The emerald mines are the richest in the world, giving to the Government, even under existing conditions, its greatest revenue, and other minerals exist in large quantities.

However, if, in its best period, Colombia was unable to develop these resources, what can be expected to-day when its financial ruin is complete? During the last revolution the country was flooded with so much counterfeit paper money that the Government entirely lost control of the finances. In fact so great was the depreciation of money and the ignorance of the people that counterfeits were accepted in prefer-



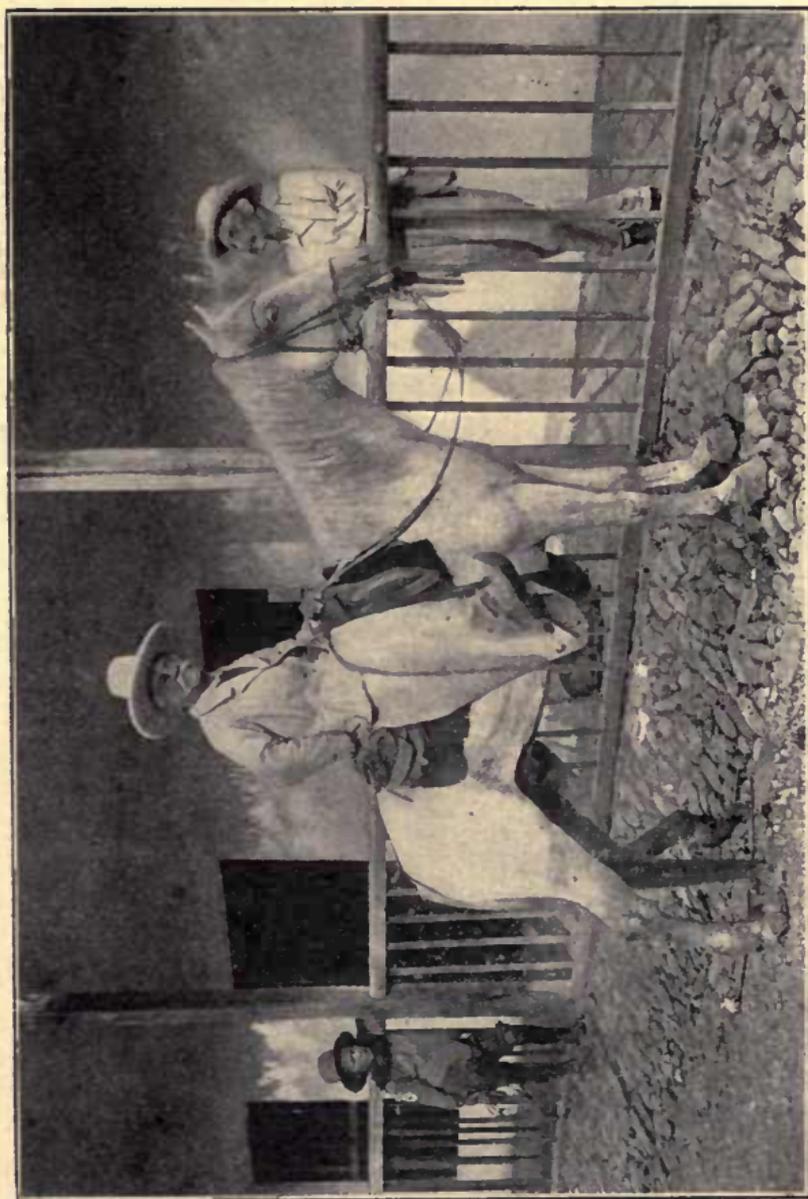
A Gatherer of Plantains.

ence to bills issued by the Government, *because the former were made of better material!* Naturally it will be many years before any sort of order can be brought about in the financial situation.

Colombia faces a crisis: on the one hand forced to develop her natural resources, and on the other absolutely without the means to even make the attempt to do so—what will be the result? Her development is entirely independent of the Panama canal, but it *is* dependent upon foreign capital. Every Colombian who does not permit his hatred of foreigners to blind him, will admit this fact.

The natural beauties of Colombia are as great as its natural resources, greater than those of any of its sister republics. The waterfall Zequedama, near Bogota, 462 feet high, while not so powerful as Niagara, is far more beautiful and picturesque; the country is dotted with snow-clad mountains, the most imposing of which, Ruiz, is well known, while "Dona Tuana," in the south, presents the rare spectacle of a volcano belching forth burning oil, which covers the surface of the river that flows beneath it for miles.

The Colombians are similar in nature to other Latin-Americans, but, notwithstanding their dislike for foreigners, they are more sympathetic, and their customs differ little from those of other South American countries. One of their favorite dishes is "Sancocho," composed of



A Colombian Official.

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As for their characteristic dress, there is little to say of it, because, under present conditions, it is chiefly remarkable for its absence!

OTTO SPERBER.

A Day in the Zoo.

WITHIN the greater city of New York there is in daily session, and in nightly session too, for that matter, a Congress of Nations. A democratic congress it is, for it is made up of lordly rulers, one time despots, of aristocrats and of members of every grade of society, until the lowest of the low is reached.

The delegates, however, are here against their will; and doubtless, if there is anything in Professor Gardner's theory, the men who are responsible for their presence are heartily condemned at many a warm debate. Perhaps, though, these same men have some defenders, for it must be admitted that the delegates are really better off than they were at home. In every way the treatment accorded them is admirable. They are supplied with dwellings, with retinues of servants, and with medical attendance.

Probably there is no more popular place in the United States than the Bronx Park Zoological Gardens. Here are gathered animals from every



The King of Beasts.



The Hippopotamus.

quarter of the globe. Men familiar with their habits and their wants have arranged for them homes calculated to allay the sufferings of confinement. Here we have no narrow cages, but great, wide spaces with settings resembling those familiar to the dwellers therein, even the flying birds finding plenty of space in which to exercise their wings.

Thither an artist and the writer betook themselves not long since, upon a bloodless hunt—to photograph some of the members of this congress.

Naturally we sought first the lion, by reputation the king of beasts. There are, of course, strong friendships among many of the animals. The dainty gazelles and the antelopes for example are socially inclined; the zebras and the gnus seek each other's company; then, too, relationship is sometimes recognized; but the artist, or perhaps, to be more truthful, the sun, has played the lion a scurvy trick by endowing him with the stripes of his sworn enemy, the tiger.

The lion is at home in Africa and Asia. In the dark continent his rule is an absolute monarchy; but in Asia, the tiger, almost as strong and even more wily, disputes his sway. A peculiarity of the tiger, by the way, is the fact

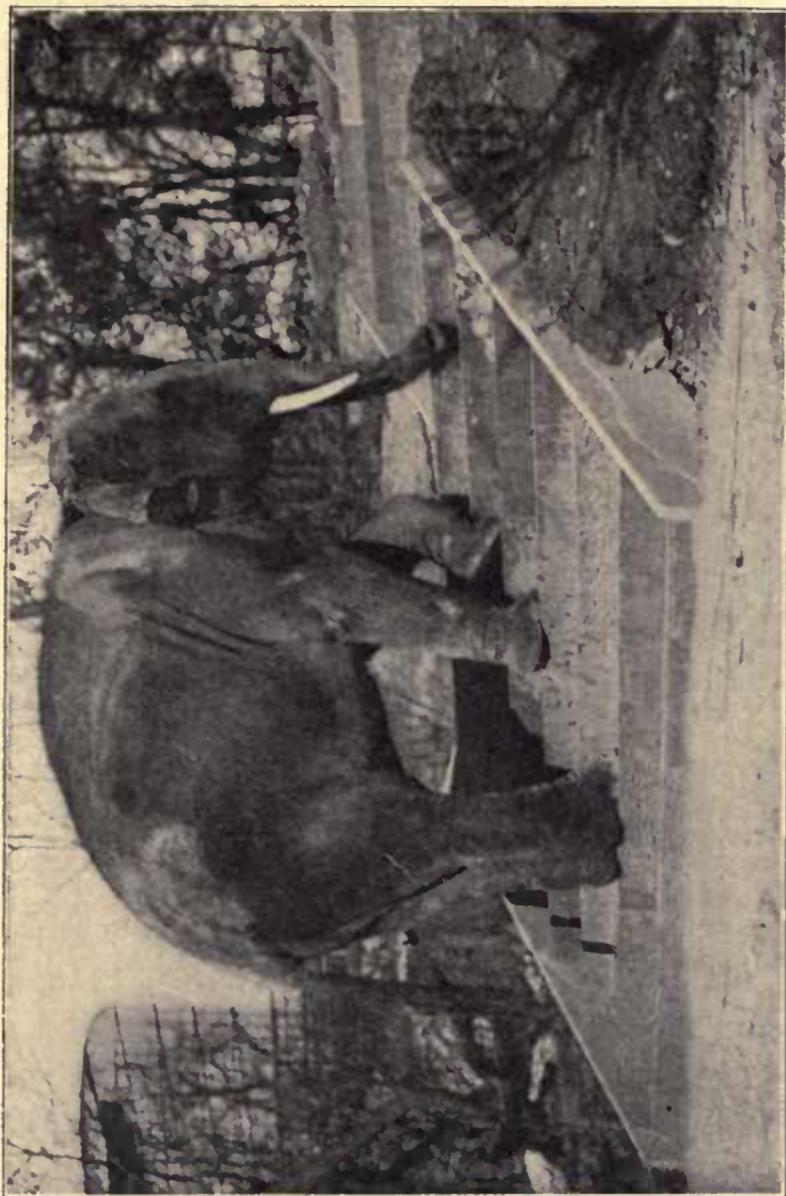


The Polar Bear.

that he seldom makes a second leap, but, in the event of missing his prey when he leaps toward it from some hidden point, slinks away as if ashamed of his poor judgment. He rarely misses, however, and in his native jungle none but the lion questions his right to supremacy.

It is astonishing how broad a knowledge the keepers have of their charges. Even in a single day the wide-awake visitor who takes advantage of the information that may be had for the asking can add a vast amount to his store of information upon animal life. From the discourse of a very intelligent caretaker we gathered many an interesting point. Doubtless most of them are contained in natural histories, but it seemed more realistic to hear them as we gazed upon the subject of his remarks.

As we stood before the lion's enclosure, we learned from this friendly informant that his much-vaunted majesty is greatly afraid—of the ostrich! He is very fond of ostrich eggs, however, and sometimes takes risks to satisfy his appetite. Should the owner of the eggs return while he is occupied in robbing her, he stands not upon the order of his going, but departs immediately, for he knows full well that the irate

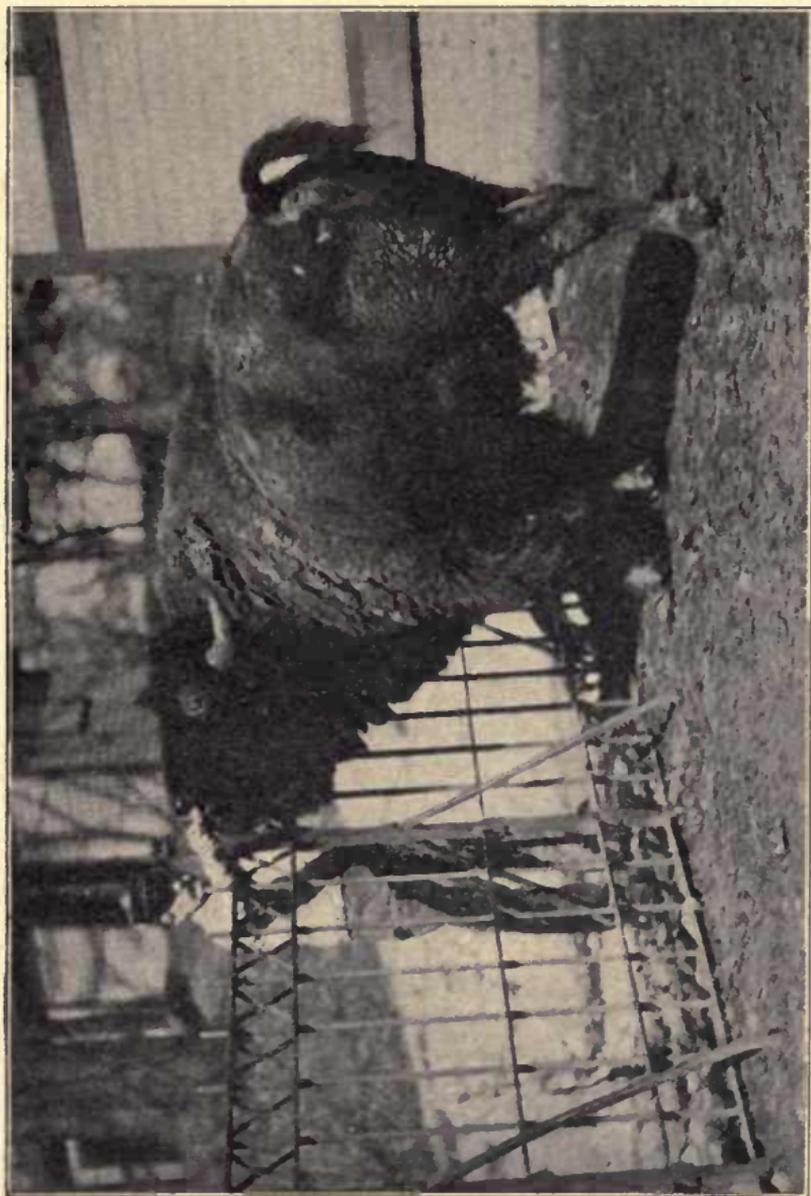


His Lordship the Elephant.

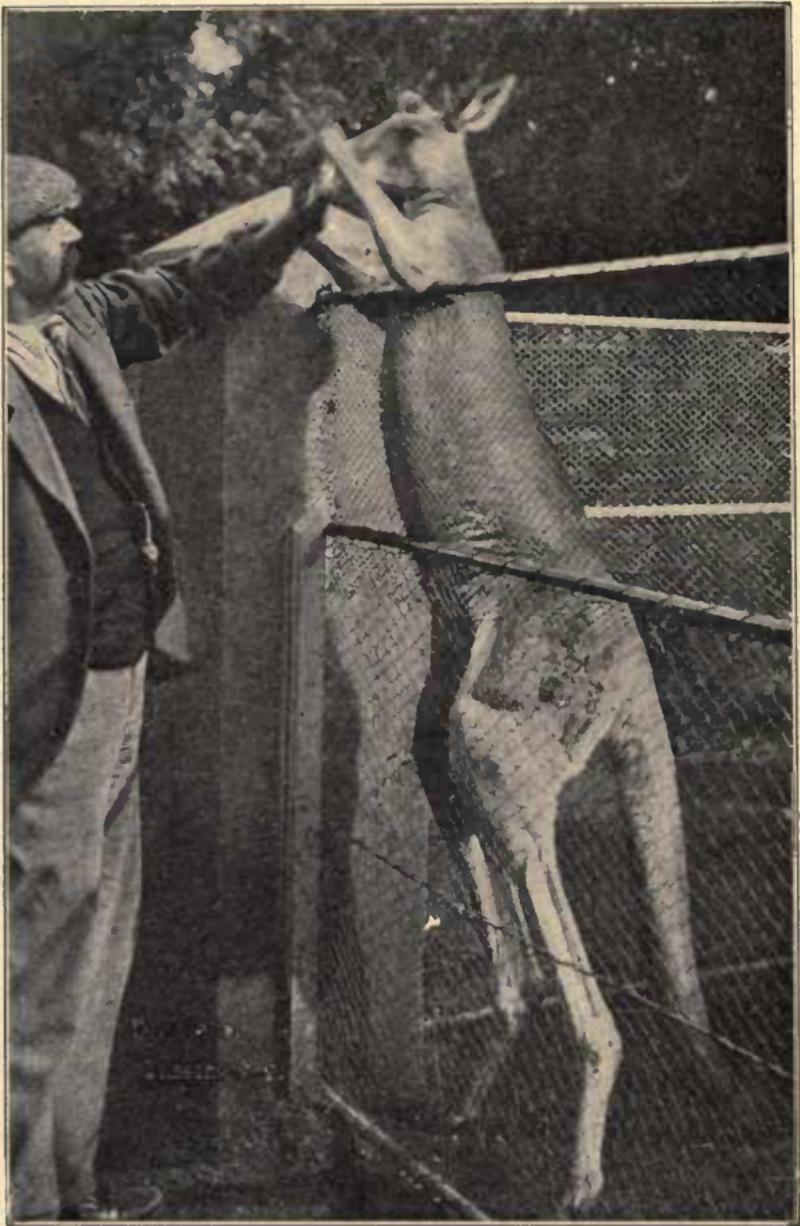
bird, far fleetier than he, will shower upon him blows from her powerful feet the memory of which will remain with the marauder for many a day.

Strange as it may seem, the experienced hunter considers the lion and the tiger far less dangerous to hunt than the rhinoceros. Taking its bulk into consideration, the rhinoceros is remarkably quick; and when it charges it is almost impossible to save one's self. It is then that one appreciates the presence of a companion with a steady arm, a sure eye, and a knowledge of the animal's vital point—just behind the shoulder. The hippopotamus or water horse, a counterpart in bulk of the rhinoceros, is famed for his good nature. His home, as that of the former, is in Africa, and like the rhinoceros, he often shows such speed in action—particularly in the water—as to surprise the hunter. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about him is his stomach, which has a capacity of five or six bushels.

The elephant, whether fushing wildly through the forest, making the welkin ring with his trumpeting, performing herculean tasks for his master in the East or swaying his massive bulk to and fro and gazing contentedly upon one in the zoological



The Buffalo.



The Kangaroo.

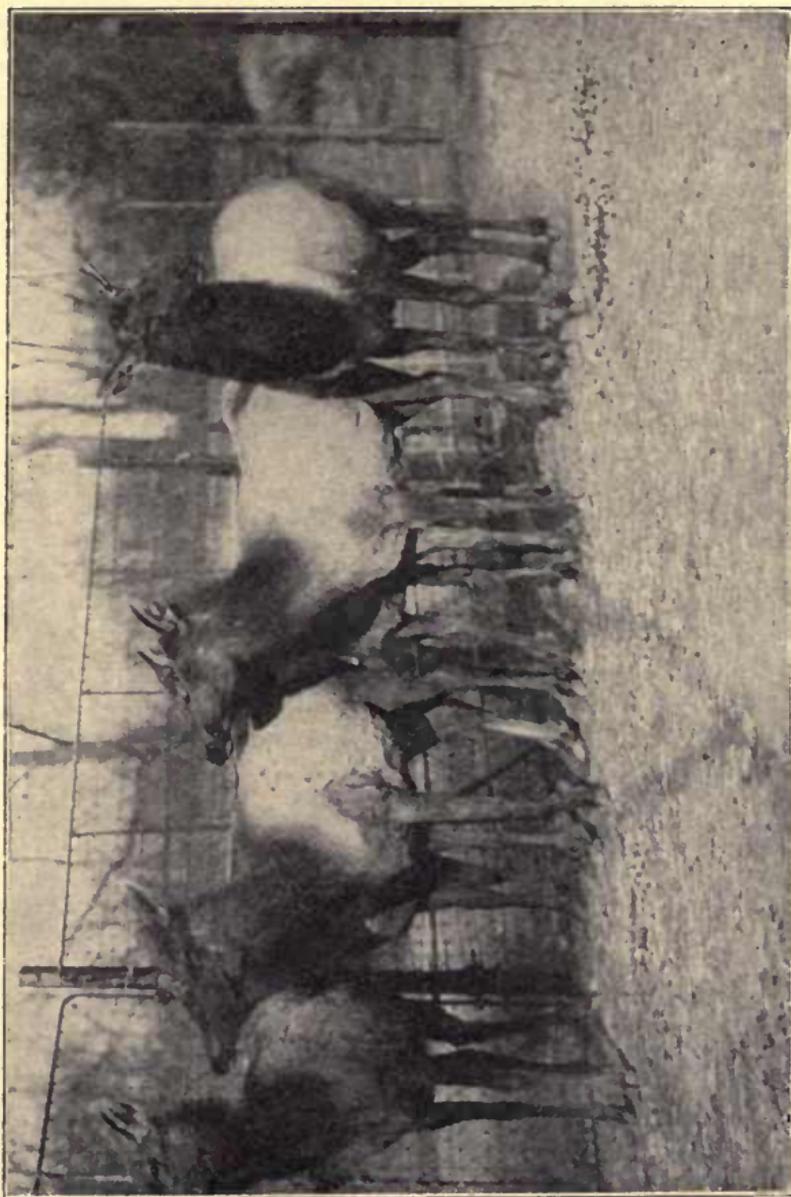


The Axis.

gardens, is always a worthy subject for the student. It may not be generally known that he makes more frequent demands upon the chiropodist than any of the other animals. An operation which always awakens interest is the periodical trimming of the massive creature's feet.

Nature provides the elephant with boots, which might not improperly be called "automatically repairable." They are very necessary for him when roaming the wilds, or when serving his Eastern master, because their growth is only sufficient to counteract their wear; but in captivity, deprived of wonted use, they soon grow to an abnormal size. A carpenter's knife, a file, a horse-shoer's knife and some sandpaper are the instruments used by the chiropodist; the footstool is a heavy box, and the operator works much after the fashion of a horse-shoer, slicing and filing the gristle upon the bottoms of the huge feet until the extra growth has been removed. At the first operation the elephant generally betrays serious objections, but he soon learns the benefit derived from it, and on subsequent occasions permits his chiropodist to work away without hindrance.

From time to time many of the other animals



The Red Deer.



The Angora Goat.

and reptiles need the attention of the doctor or surgeon.

One of the most frequent complaints among the poisonous snakes is abscess about the head and jaws and teeth—a condition arising chiefly from fights among themselves. Vicious alligators frequently have their teeth sawed off—a some-



The Grizzly Bear.

what troublesome operation, as one may suppose. However, it is only when operating upon a cobra or some such venomous reptile that the surgeon really feels fear. His is a more difficult task than that of the keeper, yet he has not at command the aids of the latter, whose duty consists largely in disciplining.

One of these aids is food. All heavy eaters among the animals are amenable to discipline through their stomachs. Even a single peanut has some power with a new captive. The assistance lent by delicacies, however, is short-lived. As the captive grows older, he becomes accustomed to these attentions; soon the "political fever" seizes him, and his demands become greater and greater. You may have seen the hippopotamus allow his lower jaw to hang lazily open until a bagful of peanuts has gathered there—it is difficult to realize that there was a time when he was grateful for a single kernel!

The bison was the next to attract our attention. Who is there that can gaze upon the lordly American buffalo as he stands there passive in his corral, without a feeling of regret! Watching him, a vivid panorama passes through one's mind—suggestions of vast rolling plains, of Indians on their wiry ponies, of picturesque cowboys astride their mustangs, lariats at pommel; of stories of wild stampedes, and all the exciting scenes of the buffalo hunt that now belong to the past. System, which is recreating the west, has destroyed the buffalo.

From his home in the far north comes the polar



The Wolf.

bear to this great congress, to foregather with his cousins, the grizzly, the brown bear, the black, and the cinnamon bear. Bruin, no matter from what section of the country he may come, brings with him a reputation as a dangerous foe for the huntsman. The grizzly, perhaps, has the strongest fighting instinct of them all, and President Roosevelt has given us many an interesting tale of his prowess. It is true that he rarely fights unless cornered—but it is safer not to corner a grizzly bear!

On our way to the home of the deer, we passed the enclosure of the wolves, the most treacherous of all animals. The one we caught with the camera must have understood the artist's "Look pleasant," judging from the grin on his face, but his smile, like his character, is full of deceit. He is really not agreeable to look upon, and hence we welcomed the sight that next greeted our eyes.

Scattered over a wide area, we found the beautiful deer park. Much of our time was spent watching the red deer because of the historic memories they brought to mind. While they have not by any means been confined to that region, we can not but couple the red deer and Great Britain in our minds. For eight hundred



Stag.—Red Deer.

years and more the red deer have been hunted in the British Isles. Kings and princes have followed the stag and the hind for many a century, though the first record of such hunting seems to have been made in the beginning of the

sixteenth century by Hugh Pollock, one of Queen Elizabeth's rangers. The sport has always been a royal one, but to-day it is almost unknown. Numbers of deer are preserved in parks and zoological gardens, and some are still to be found at large in the western part of our own country and in Scotland, but the red deer, like the bison, is passing, and such sport as Robin Hood and his merry men enjoyed in the forests is no more.

We secured some good pictures of these stately animals as well as an excellent one of the gentle Axis deer of India and Ceylon, whose beautiful markings are well displayed and whose gentle nature is evidenced by the position of the keeper's hand. Deer and antelopes are always popular with visitors to the Zoo, but few of them realize the vast expense and untiring care necessary for gathering together the large and representative collection to be found there.

The immense bird cages in the Zoo are thronged with winged beauties from every section of the world—condors from the Andes, vultures from Europe and Asia, eagles from Europe and America, magnificent birds of paradise and lyre birds, and so on, down to the diminutive, but



An Alligator enjoying His daily Sunbath.

entrancingly beautiful humming birds of the south.

A day, yes many a day, could be profitably spent in studying these feathered creatures—we stopped, however, but for a “shot” at a pelican that chanced to offer an attractive mark. The excellent photograph resulting brings to mind an anecdote.

Pope Leo XIII. during his long pontificate, was presented, from time to time, with various animals and birds, until quite a little menagerie was gathered at the Vatican. Pope Pius X. according to the tale, decided to distribute these animals and birds among a number of religious houses. One of the birds that came down to him was a magnificent pelican. During its removal the bird escaped. Not long afterwards a peasant bagged a splendid pelican. The prize was such a great one that he sent it forthwith to the king. Now the story of the pelican’s escape was known at the court, so the bird was immediately sent to the Vatican—where it is to-day, beautifully mounted.

While no effort has been made to even mention every animal to be seen in the public menagerie,



The Hyena.

any article on the subject would be incomplete without a word about monkeys, of which there is a splendid collection. The intelligence of these animals is so great and so well known that even the following tale may be given some credence.

It is said that until quite recently there was a baboon acting as a switch-tender on one of the

railroads in South Africa. He was a powerful animal, bearing the euphonious name of "Ceese," and was the property of a native switchman. He had been taught to turn the switch at points while his master looked on, but soon showed such intelligence in the work that he was permitted to do it alone, locking the rod and attending to the other details as well as a man. The engineers made no objection—indeed had much confidence in him. However, it was not long before the story reached official ears, and then, of course, "Ceese" was bounced.

Among the quaint and curious creatures to be found in the Zoo, the lemur is probably entitled to first place. The name itself signifies "night wandering ghost," and there are many species of these little creatures, some of which are not more than four inches long, each species bearing some equally peculiar name. As an instance, there is the "Aye-Aye," the name being the result of an effort to anglicize that given them on the island of Madagascar from which all lemurs come. They too, are to be found in the monkey house, because scientifically they are classed as half-apes.

All day long, while the rest of the residents of



The Pelican.

the house are frolicking, these little animals lie asleep, but as night falls they awake; and then what frolics, what hopping about, what leaping, quaint gesturing, and eccentric posing begin!

We were permitted to remain and view this wonderful animal circus, and thus were afforded a treat unknown to the casual visitor to the Zoo.

The Reclamation Service

To the average dweller in the East "Reclamation Service" does not mean anything; to him it simply represents one of the many departments of the central government at Washington.

To his Western brother, however, the same letters spell wealth more positively, more alluringly than the will-o'-the-wisp, gold. In Colorado, for instance, irrigated land produces something like twenty million dollars more than the output of her mines, per year.

"Irrigation," says a writer on the subject, "brings the landless man to the manless land;" and President Roosevelt says: "Irrigation of the semi-arid region is the greatest question of public internal policy in the development of the United States."

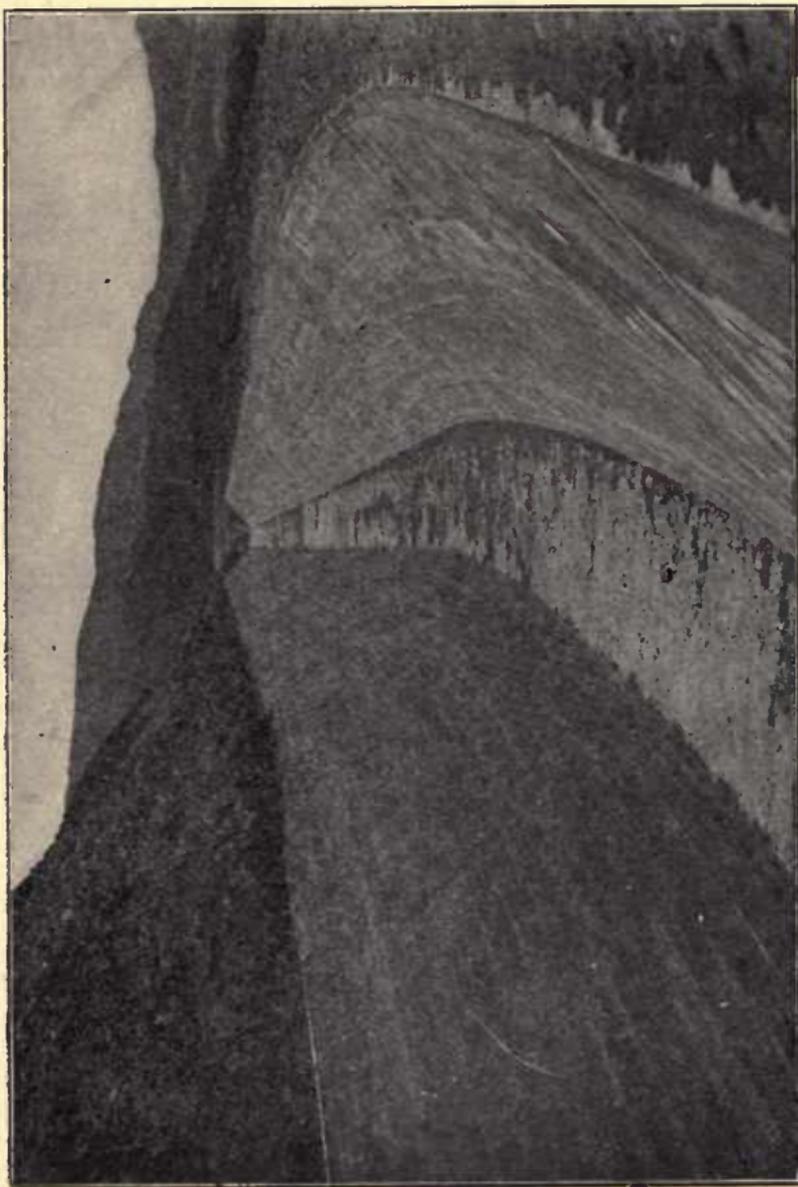
The far-reaching influence of irrigation, of the reclamation of hitherto useless land, is self-evident. One instance is to be found in the Pecos valley, the products of which now form the principal traffic of a railroad built especially to

carry them to market. This railroad is 375 miles in length and represents an investment of \$5,000,000.

An interesting illustration of its civilizing influence is to be found in the Salt River project, near Phoenix, Arizona, where there are among the best workmen many Apaches who of old followed the bloodthirsty Geronimo. Much of the water drawn upon in this project comes from the old-time rendezvous of that Indian band.

Irrigation is the chief care of the Reclamation Service of the United States. This service is a division in the hydrographic branch of the Geological Survey, made up of a number of engineers under a chief, and a consulting staff of engineers (chosen because of their experience and peculiar fitness for the work), of about twenty-five men in the various States and territories. In addition to these there are about a hundred and forty engineers and assistants—helpers and laborers.

Each year the Irrigation Congress meets at some appointed place, and here the principal engineers hold a conference. All reports of the Reclamation Service are made to the Director of the Geological Survey, and, through him, to



Cemented and Dirt Section of Government Reclamation Canal.

the Secretary of the Interior. Since the passage of the Reclamation Act, several of the States to which it is applicable have passed Acts providing for cooperation with the Government officers, and in others, local organizations of water-users and those interested have been formed to assist in the work. During the spring and summer the chief engineer visits the various States and territories in which the law is operative, studies the conditions and directs operations.

In this great new world we are accustomed to big things; it takes much to arouse our interest, yet did we but stop a moment in this heedless race for money which we are pleased to style "life," and consider the things that are going on around about us, we must needs stand astounded at many of the achievements of our fellow-men. Quietly and unostentatiously, Theodore Roosevelt on June 17, 1902, signed his name, as President of the United States, to a document that gave to fertility a domain greater in area than all of Europe.

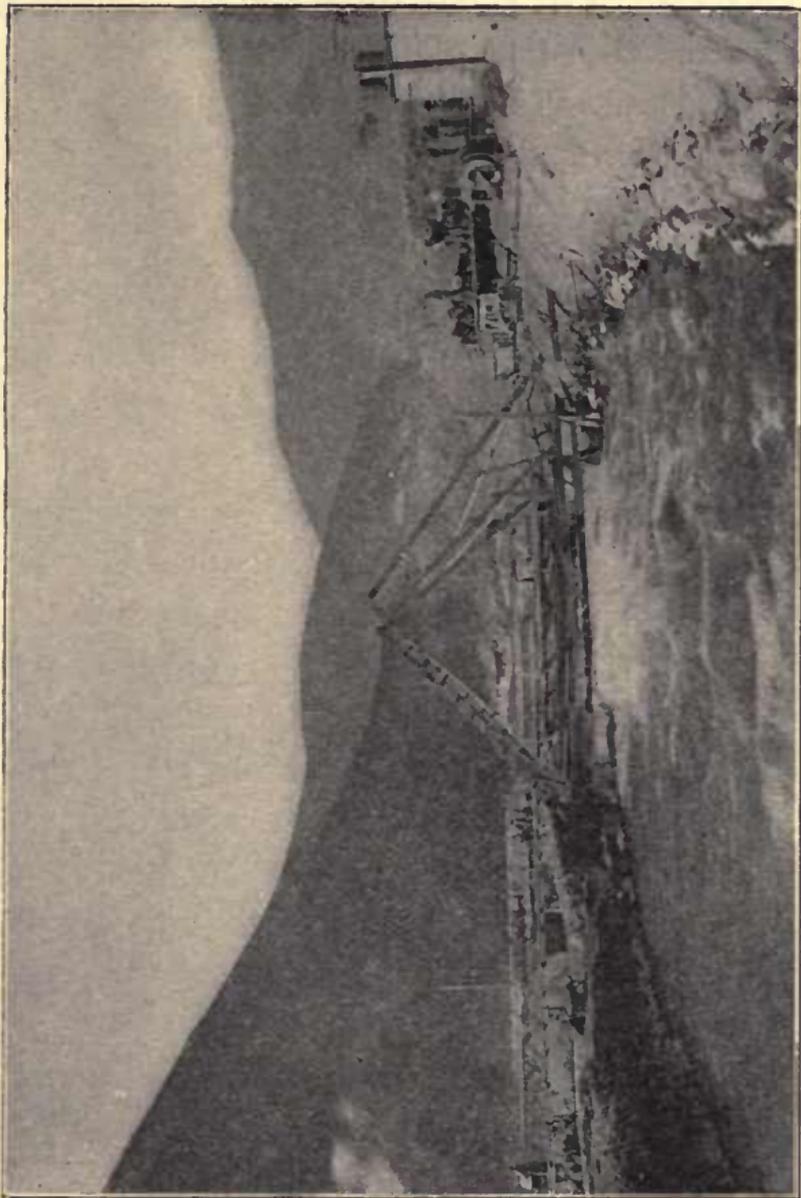
Throughout the west and northwest there are lands that in prehistoric times were fertile fields, that were engulfed as a result of some vast



Bird's-Eye View, showing Spillway Work.



Truckee River, Main Source of the Truckee-Carson Reclamation Project Water Supply.

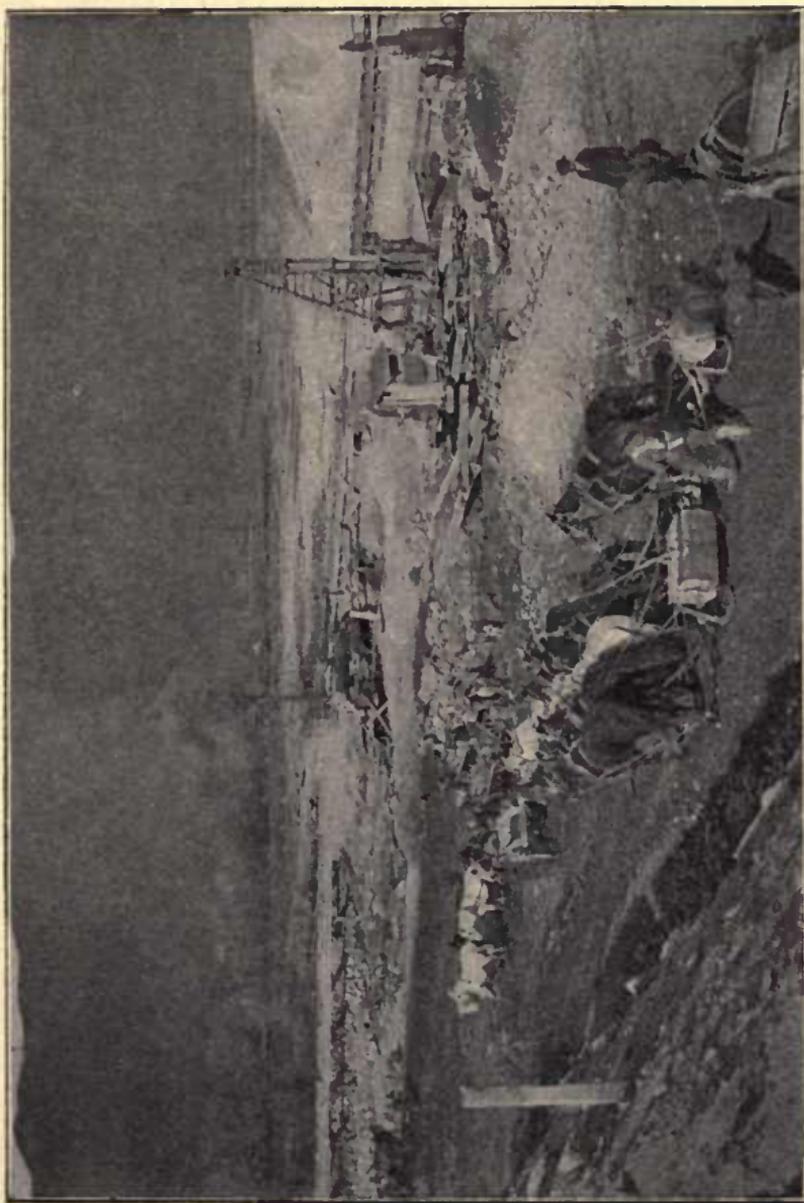


Flume through which the Waters of the Truckee River were diverted during the Construction of the Diversion Dam in the River's Natural Bed.

cataclysm, then bore the burden of an ocean's weight, saw that ocean lapped up by the burning sun, and then lay parched for ages beneath its furnace heat. These lands, as a result of reclamation, of irrigation, are coming to their own again. This soil, sated betimes with drink, parched betimes with thirst, is now, fed and nourished through the skill of man, returning payment for his labors a hundred-fold, with smiling flowers, luscious fruits, and nodding grain.

Were we to attempt even a résumé of the irrigation projects under way, the pages of this book would be far too few for our purpose. Our way would lead us from the far north to the far south, from the western limits of our country almost to the confines of the east; we will, therefore, be satisfied with a very hasty glance over the field, and a few words upon some of the more important undertakings.

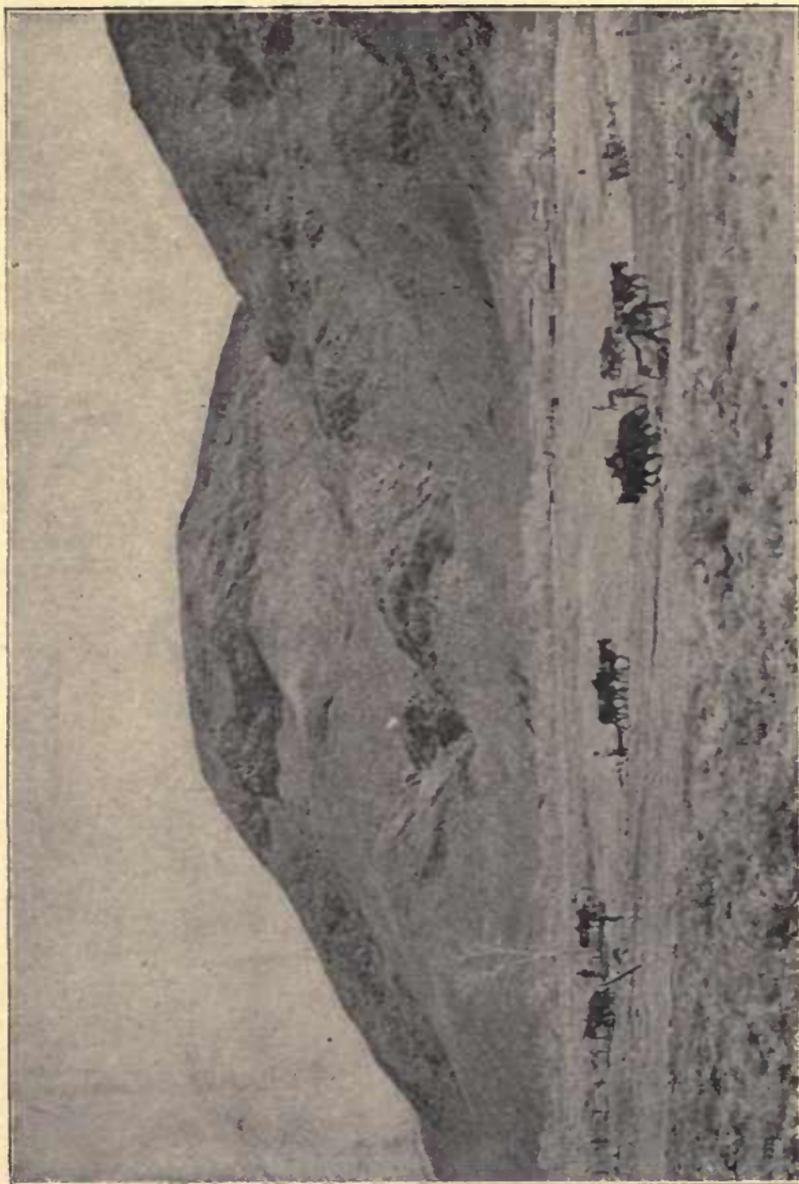
In Nevada, the Truckee-Carson project, so called because the water is drawn from the Truckee and Carson rivers, is a household word. The bed of ancient Lake Lahonton is situated in the western part of the State. For many a year it has been known as "The Forty Mile Desert." On June 17, 1905, three years after



Building of the Diversion Dam in the Truckee River. This Entire Stream was diverted from its Course through a Huge Flume during the Construction of the Diversion Dam.

the signing of the Reclamation Act, Mrs. Newlands, wife of the Nevada Senator, christened the Truckee-Carson Irrigation project, the gates built to hold back the waters of the Truckee river were lowered, the gates of the magnificent canal were opened by Senator Newlands, and the waters were started on their way to reclaim fifty thousand acres of arid land. When the works are completed three hundred and fifty thousand additional acres will be given to agriculture. The cost will be nine million dollars.

In accomplishing what has thus far been done, stupendous difficulties were overcome. Great rocks that have stood for unknown ages succumbed to the attacks of modern engineering skill; mighty mountains were pierced with tunnels, and the life-giving waters, curbed and compassed, were forced to take a given path. The forty mile desert is no more—in its place forty miles of smiling fields will rise—three hundred thousand homes will grace an erstwhile desert tract. However, this first result of the Reclamation Act is but a fraction of what is to be accomplished, through the untrumpeted, routine act of the President. Projects already under construction will irrigate 780,000 acres; bids



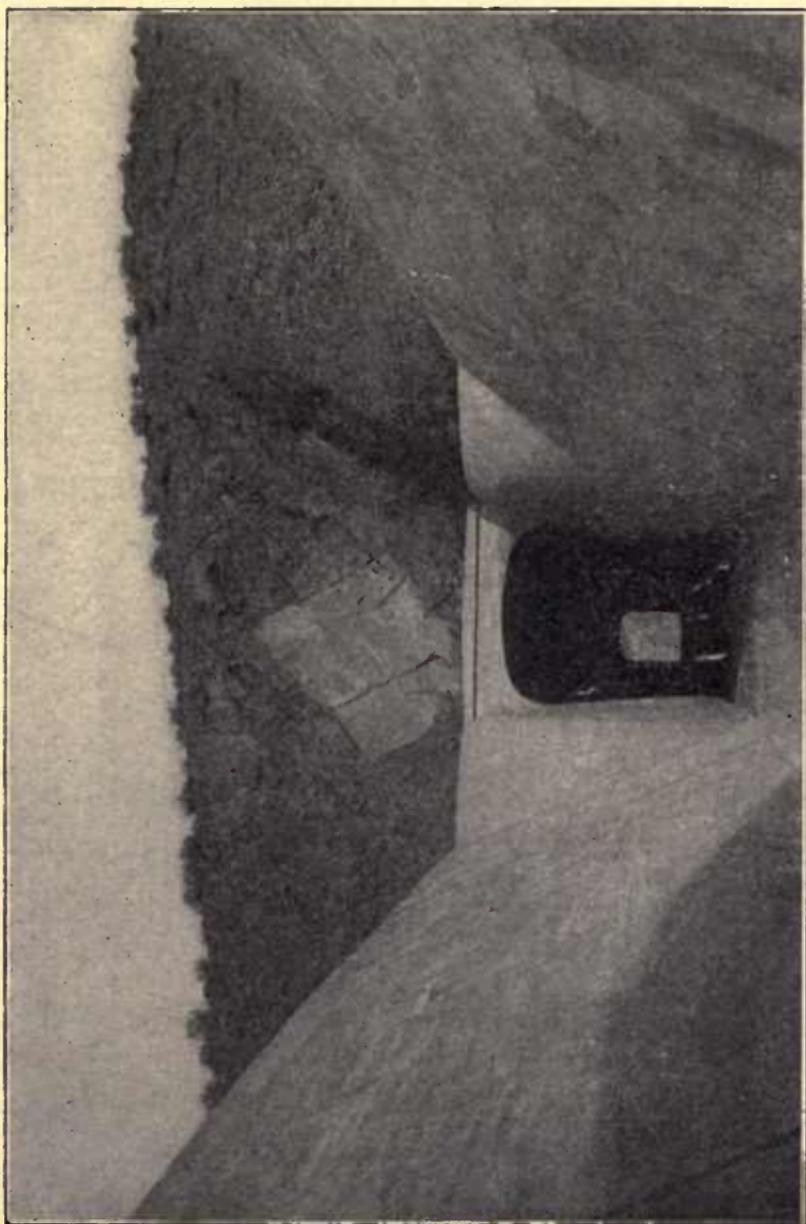
Riprap Construction in the Desert.

have been received for the irrigation of 180,000 more; and the Secretary of the Interior has approved plans for the reclamation of 890,000 additional acres.

These unproductive lands are scattered over thirteen States and territories, and amount in all to 1,859,000 acres. The cost of reclaiming them will be, it is estimated, \$30,870,000—all of which under the terms of the Act, is to be returned by water-users in small installments. At \$47 an acre, a conservative valuation, \$87,373,000 will be added to the land values of the United States, and, basing the figures on the census reports of 1900, which names \$15 an acre as the average yearly income from irrigated land, \$27,885,000 will be added each year to the nation's wealth.

One of the most noteworthy undertakings is the Yuma project, which contemplates the reclamation of more than 100,000 acres of rich bottom lands in southwestern Arizona and southwestern California. The climate of this region is hot, but the soil, when properly supplied with water, is very rich and the crops exceedingly luxuriant.

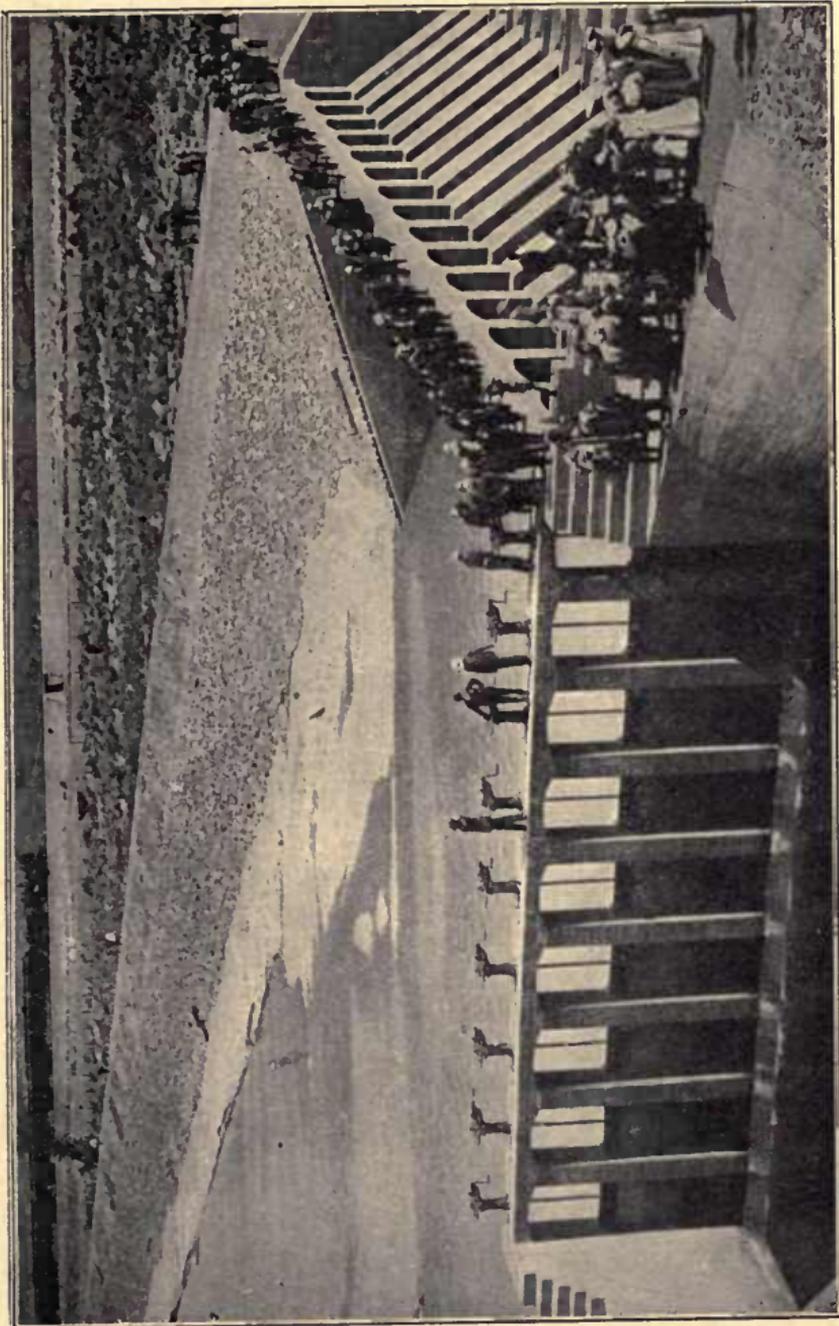
The water for reclaiming the arid portion of this section is drawn from the Colorado. This magnificent and eccentric stream is frequently



West Portal of Truckee-Carson Tunnel through the Foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains.

called the Nile of America; and in truth it does bear a striking resemblance to that historic river so closely connected with Egypt's productivity. Rising in the mountains of Wyoming and Colorado, it flows through wide-spreading tidal flats, finally emptying into an inland sea. The greater part of the area to be irrigated in this instance forms a portion of the Colorado valley and lies in San Diego county, California. The head of the canal has been located on the river about seven miles west of Yuma, Arizona, and only a short distance from the dividing line between California and our sister republic Mexico. A considerable amount of Mexican land is irrigated by the waters of this canal, part of which passes through Mexican territory; and this fact gives it a unique distinction—that of being the only international irrigation canal in the world.

One of the interesting features connected with the reclamation of this section of the southwestern desert, and one that carries out its resemblance to the Nile region, is the fact that the canal system carries, in solution, a great quantity of fertilizing matter. The Colorado river, flowing through miles of channels which

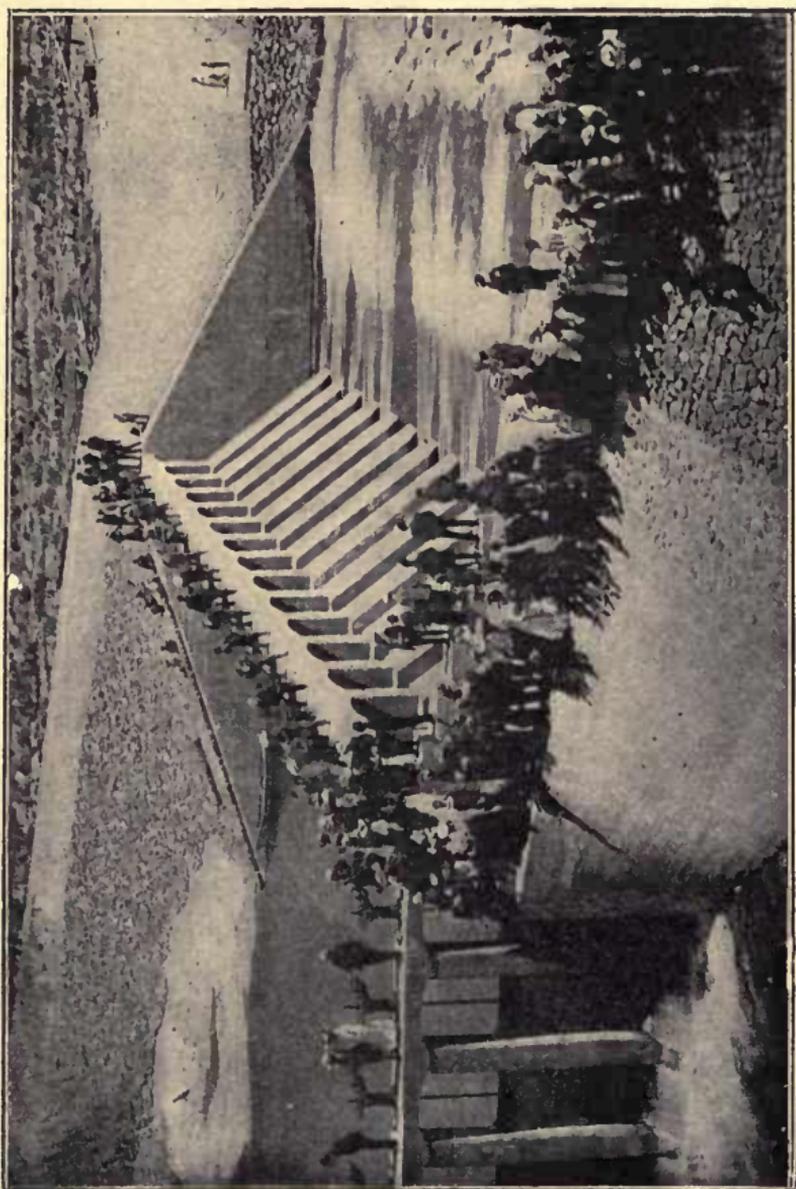


The Great Diversion Dam, One of the Most Notable Feats of Modern Engineering.

it has cut through soft material, is, in times of high water, laden with sediment, just as the Nile is at flood periods. A large quantity of this sediment, of course, finds its way into the irrigation canals; and while this involves the necessity of dredging to keep the water-way clear, this evil is amply compensated for, because the deposit serves to counteract the impoverishment of the soil consequent upon its cultivation.

The storage and conservation of water in large reservoirs, which are costly of construction, but which are essential to secure a constant supply of water when most needed, constitutes one of the main features of the reclamation system. Needless to say, the most powerful and wonderful machines known to man are employed in the service, among them a mammoth dredger with a hull fifty-three feet wide, one hundred and fifteen feet long and a depth of eleven feet. The weight of the empty bucket is 16,000 pounds; its capacity four and one-half cubic yards—although it has lifted almost twice as much at a time under favorable conditions.

To-day the labors of the men of the Reclamation Service are less severe, and their achieve-



Turning the Water into the First Canal Constructed under the Reclamation Plan of the United States Government.

ments are greater than those of their predecessors, because they have learned how to subdue and apply the forces of nature through innumerable inventions. The great problems of water storage have been worked out to practical conclusion. Every available stream is now a potent force for good. The dams which impound the floods also furnish abundant electric power for all purposes; and even the flow of the canals is utilized to turn wheels which lift large quantities of water to fields above the line of gravity supply.

The history of some projects, however, is full of danger and heroism. In the Uncompahgre project in northwestern Colorado, this has been strikingly shown. The undertaking is a daring one, involving a tunnel six miles long, piercing the mountain range that divides the Uncompahgre and Gunnison rivers. This tunnel will divert a large volume of water from the Gunnison to the Uncompahgre, will provide an ample supply for this valley, and will serve to reclaim fully 150,000 acres.

One incident will serve to illustrate the determination and the bravery of the men in charge of this work. When it was realized that a tunnel would have to be driven through the mountains,

Mr. A. L. Fellows and an associate started to map out the route. Floating through deep canyons through a region never before traversed, these two men suffered untold privations, endured fearful dangers and risked their lives, day by day, until they passed through the selected route from one end to the other. Their only boat was an inflated rubber bed on which they rafted their possessions when possible, until a wreck left them destitute of provisions, instruments, and almost of clothes. Their work was rewarded, however, for they found where a tunnel might be located to pass 2000 feet below the Vernal mesa and bring water and prosperity to thousands.

It is indeed true that in many instances experience has rendered seemingly impossible reclamation problems simple and commonplace, but there are still many to be found wherein danger of every kind lurks unheralded.

Through unexplored regions, over burning sands, braving death in a hundred forms, intrepid men have borne, and are bearing the weapons of science with a bravery as great, with a heroism as admirable as ever a soldier's who grasped an ensign from a dying hand and bore it nobly to the front.

And their cause is a worthier one. Theirs not to risk a God-given life for the whim of a king, for the pride of a nation, but to bring to a land laid waste luxuriant growth, and to the deserving hand of honest toil means to prolong the life that God has given and that no man has the right to take away.

Schooldays in Egypt

THERE may not be much fun in being a boy in Egypt, but at least it is far better than being a girl. The difference is apparent at the very beginning, for a baby boy is welcomed into his family with flaring torches, the rattle of *tomtoms*, and the screech of *hautboys*. When he is first shown to his father that proud parent yells into his ear that brief creed which every Mohammedan is taught to repeat several times a day, "Allah illa! illa Allah!" etc., and naturally the baby yells in his turn. Next a woman clashes a brass pestle in a mortar to rouse his attention, and his grandmother places him in a sieve and gives him a good shaking to start his internal machinery. Then he is given a name—such a name as Mahmoud Abdelrahman Ibu Dàrim, which will be used only on occasions of ceremony, and by mere acquaintances. Among his friends he will be known by one of many nicknames more or less deserved; his mother will call him by some soft, many-syllabled sentence,

such as, "O love of my heart," or "O thou blessing of Allah," and to his father he will be always "The Boy."



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Learning the Koran.

When seven days old The Boy is given his first bath, his cap of manhood is tied on, and his tiny hands stained red with *henna*. He is then

ready to receive the visitors who throng to see his mother, bringing presents for The Boy, usually money tied in embroidered handkerchiefs.



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A Native School.

Then The Boy, wiggling round on a big silver salver, is shown to the admiring visitors. But these same visitors are careful not to praise the

child—because that is supposed to be unlucky, and might cause it to be stolen by some jealous *ginn* (bad fairy). Instead they say politely, “My, what an ugly little rat!” or something equally complimentary.

When the baby is only a girl everything is different. The father is disgruntled, nor does he yell a word, since in Mohammedan countries a girl is not supposed to have enough soul to make praying worth while. The poor mother greets her little daughter in silence, and every woman she knows makes it a point to pay a visit of condolence. Very few remember to bring presents.

As girls and boys grow up it is often difficult to tell them apart, for they wear the same sort of clothes, very full trousers of bright muslin or silk, short eton jackets of velvet, stiff with glittering gold embroidery over pale green gauze blouses, tiny round caps, often studded with jewels, and queer little scarlet or yellow shoes with turned up pointed toes. Among the poor it is not thought necessary for little children to wear any clothes at all, Egypt being a hot country, and a fel’lah (peasant’s) baby is a droll sight perched astride its mother’s shoulder,



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Group of Native Children.

and holding on tight by her hair, while she walks along with her arms full of bundles, quite unconscious of anything unusual.

While The Boy is still very small he has learned the ceremonial greetings due his father, how to kiss his hand with propriety, and to

serve him at table, for a disrespectful child is almost unknown in Islam, and disobedience is held to be one of the seven deadly sins. When children are about eight years old, a very dreadful thing often occurs—they contract ophthalmia, a disease of the eyes. And this is how it happens.



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Girls' Class.

Egyptian mothers are so fearful that some one, by admiring their child, may "cast the evil eye upon it," and cause the *ginn* to steal it, that they actually make the children as ugly as possible before letting strangers see them, dressing them in old clothes, soiling their faces, and cutting off



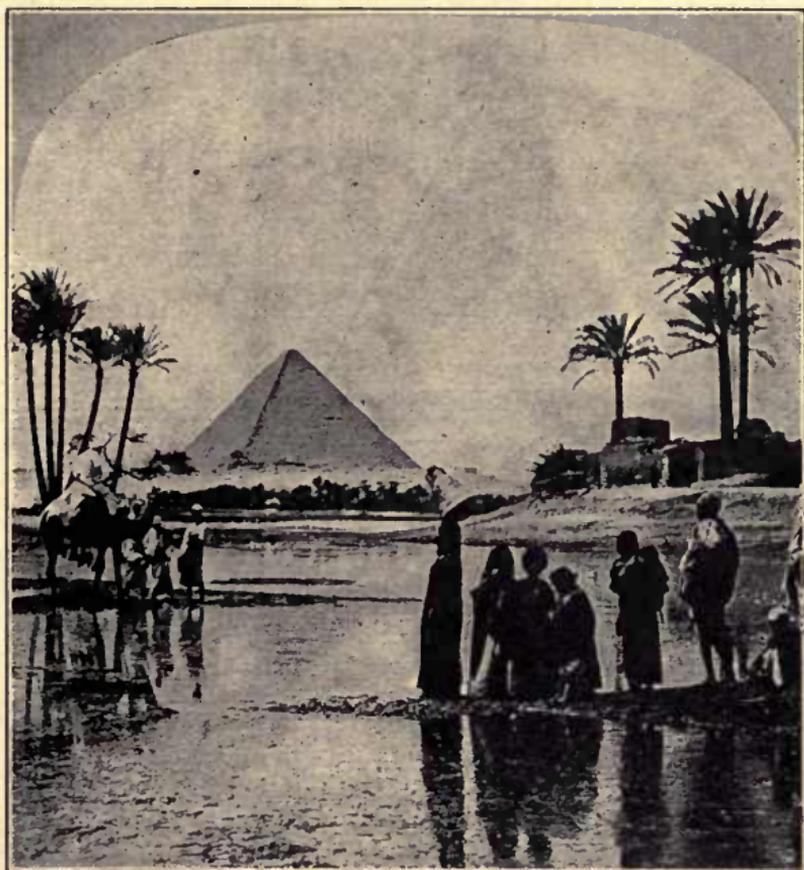
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El Az'har, the Oldest Institution of Learning in the World.

their hair. As it is held to be very unlucky to wash a child's face, the dirt that might be washed off gets grimed in, and then comes ophthalmia. Statistics say that eight out of every ten people in Lower Egypt are blind of at least one eye.

When brothers and sisters are eight years old they are separated, and see very little of each other for the rest of their lives. The little girl lives with her mother and aunts in the *harem* (women's apartment), and is taught to cook and to embroider, to wear a veil so that none save her near relatives shall see her face, and never to leave the *harem* except to visit her friends with her mother. If she be very bright she may be also taught to read, sitting veiled before her master or else listening to him from behind a screen; but unless she prove a veritable blue stocking she will never learn to write. Meantime The Boy, who lives with his father and uncles in the *selamlık* (men's apartments), has been given a scholar's red fez with a blue tassel, and furnished with all the things needed at the school, to which he goes daily in charge of a black slave who carries his satchel. First he buys a slate of wood, made smooth as glass with

wet pipe clay, and having a gorgeous red and yellow border. On this he writes with pens of split reeds, carried always in a brass pencease

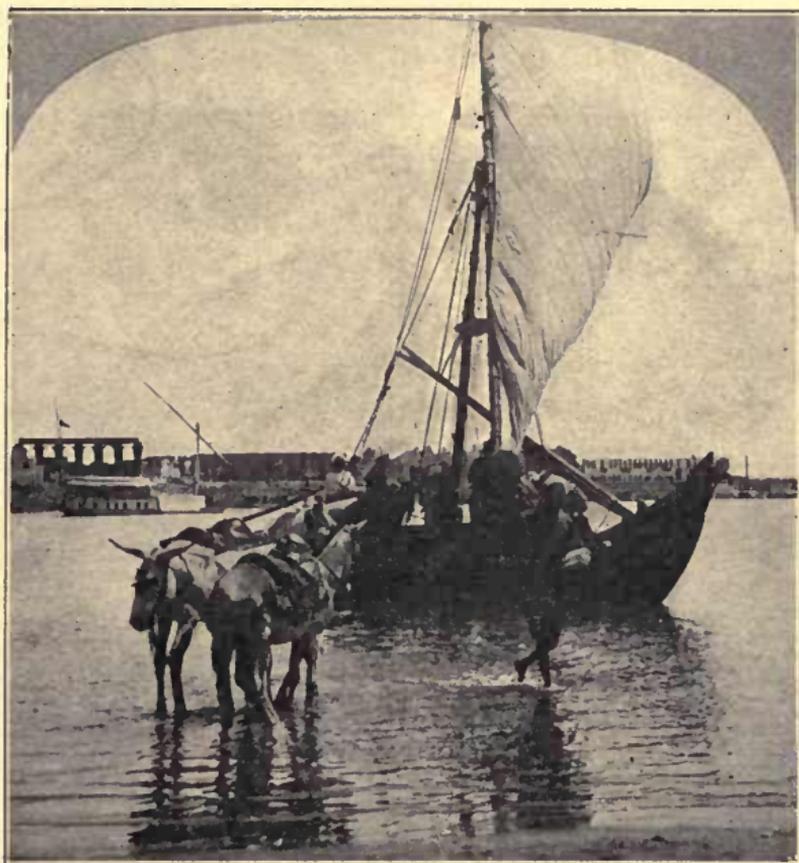


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Inundation of the Nile, Egypt.

stuck in his girdle. The ink is a black powder moistened more often than not in a way that is hardly polite. His limp little primer costs but a

tenth part of a cent, and beginning at the last page reads backwards. The letters, or characters, look for all the world like the foot-tracks of a hen. Were it not for the faithful slave The Boy would hardly reach school in time, for the streets are full of curious sights. These streets are for the most part not more than five feet wide, roofed with old matting or palm leaves against the burning sun, and lined with open shops full of the things one reads about in the "Arabian Nights." Then, too, they are crowded with strange people doing the most interesting things. There sits a public letter writer beside an interpreter of dreams, and a story-teller chanting some Arabian romance. Next comes a sweetmeat seller who fries a handful of locusts while one waits, a juggler making tiny palm-trees grow from his hand, a snake-charmer half covered with the glistening coils of his pets, a grinder who makes swords so sharp that they cut in two a floating veil, a water-carrier bending under his hog skin of water and jingling his brass bowls as he goes, a bewitching donkey embroidered in his own clipped hair, Persians in shaggy lambskin caps, and Albanians, who are walking arsenals; white-cloaked Bedouins from



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A Characteristic Nile Scene.

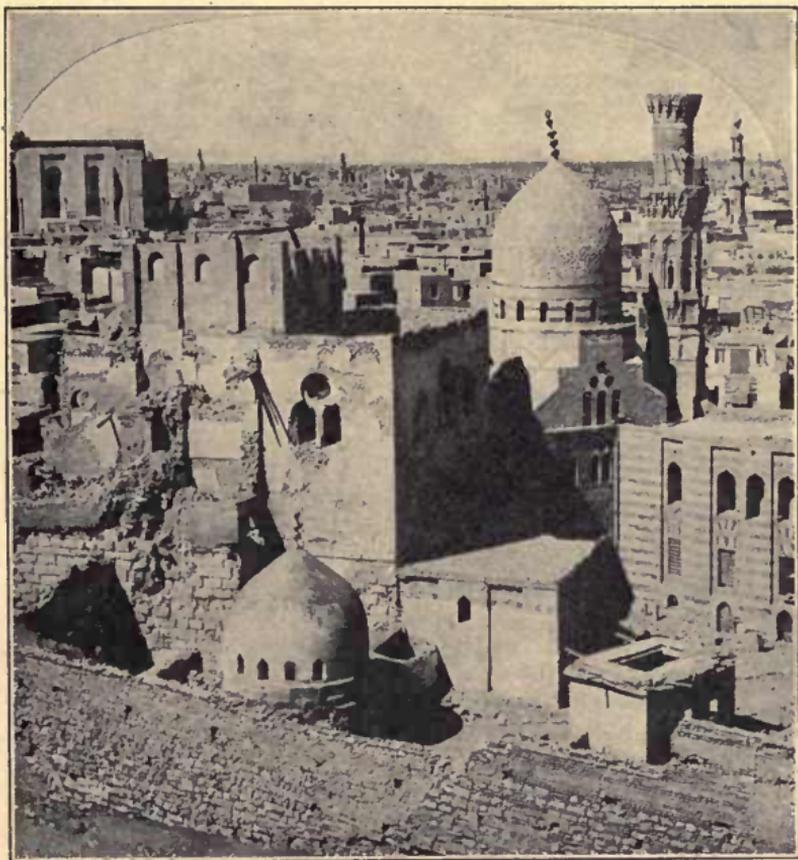
the desert with their laden camels, and beggars banging on their kettledrums to attract attention. Funniest of all are the barbers who lather and shave their customers in the open street, and the *fakirs*, who hire themselves out to pray by the hour and so save their employer's time! The

Boy has known all these people all his life, yet he never tires of seeing them, and has to be reminded that it is time for school. On reaching the school, which is usually held on the roof or beside the courtyard fountain of a house, The Boy finds his master sitting on his heels on a rug,



The Sphinx.

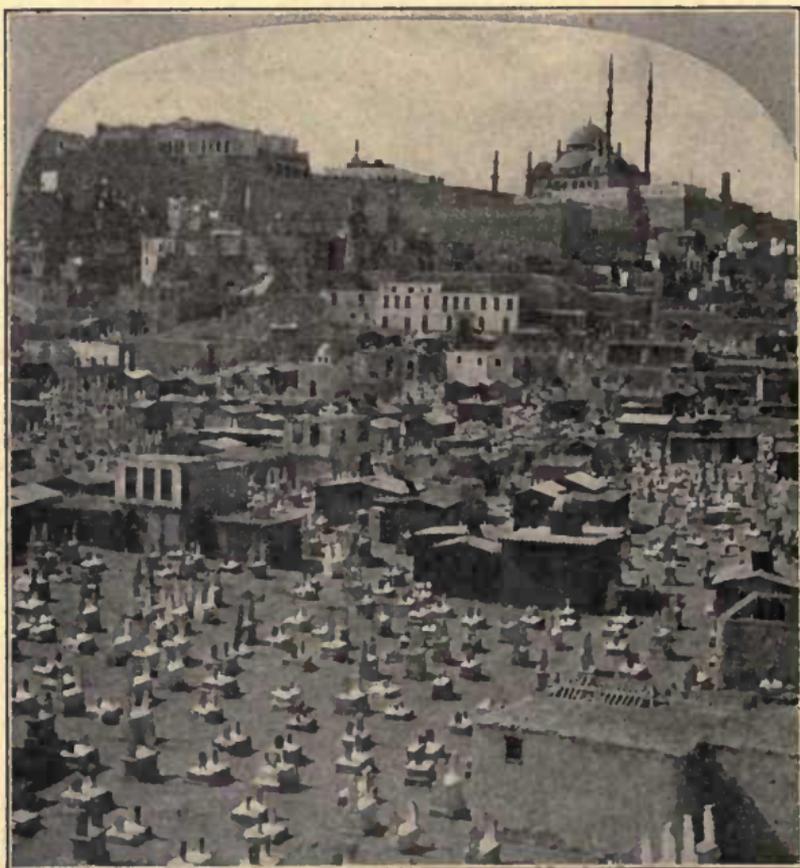
with a Koran lying open on a bookstool before him. Having slipped off his shoes—which are left at the door till recess—and saluted the master by striking the floor with his forehead, he delivers an embroidered purse, in which his father has placed the day's fee (less than one cent!), and a handkerchief full of cakes or stuffed



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Bird's-Eye View of Cairo.

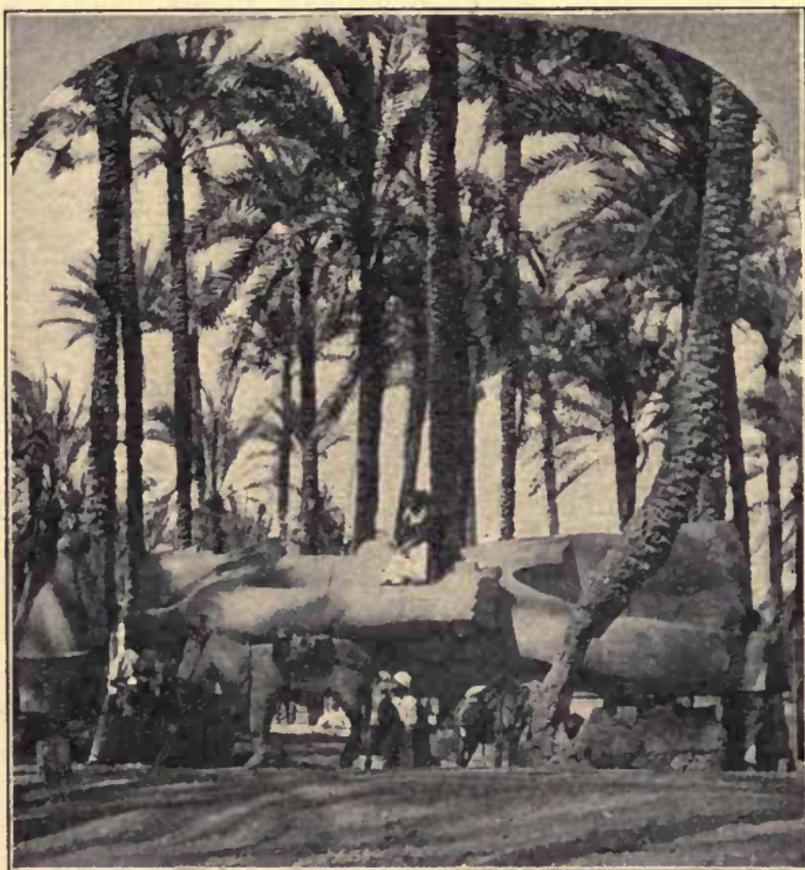
dates which his mother has sent in the hope of keeping the master good-natured. Then, being wise in his generation, The Boy retires to the very edge of the rug, squats on his heels, opens his book, and begins to chant the day's lesson at the top of his lungs, while he sways



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Moslem Cemetery.

back and forth like a pendulum. Presently there is a circle of small shouters all studying. Should one of them be silent for a minute down on his shaven head comes the master's long rod till he shouts again. First The Boy learns the ninety-nine names of God, and to chant the



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Statue of Rameses the Great.

opening chapter of the Koran, the five daily prayers and the seventeen postures of prayer, the etiquette of politeness to his father, his elders, his equals, and his inferiors, and the seven ways in which each of these may be greeted or bidden farewell. Once The Boy has mastered his primer all the rest of his schooldays are devoted to the study of one book, the Koran, or Mohammedan Bible.

“You may destroy all other books,” said the Prophet Mohammed to his followers a thousand years ago. “If what they teach is in the Koran, they are not needed. If it is not, they deserve to be destroyed.”

So The Boy has no geography, no history, no grammar, above all no arithmetic, save what he picks up from his master's lectures on the Koranic texts.

Nor is there any need of teaching him the languages. Before he could speak Egyptian plainly he probably lisped in two or three. When he is a man he will speak from seven to twelve. No one thinks any more of him, for all his neighbors do the same. But English he seldom learns. It is the language of infidels.

Should The Boy be very diligent and win a prize during Ramadan he will be carried home in triumph on the shoulders of his friends, his



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With the Flocks.

master riding before him astride a very small but nimble donkey. Then his proud father will give a feast for him in the courtyard of his house.

In the city of Cairo is a great mosque called The University of El Az'har, such an immense collection of buildings and courts that at one time thirty thousand students were studying there together. There The Boy will go to college with the five thousand students now gathered there from the ends of the earth, and there he may stay and study as long as he chooses, even for seventy years, eating his frugal meal in the courtyard, and sleeping at night in the arcades, care-free and contented, supported by the revenues of El Az'har or by the City of Cairo.

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