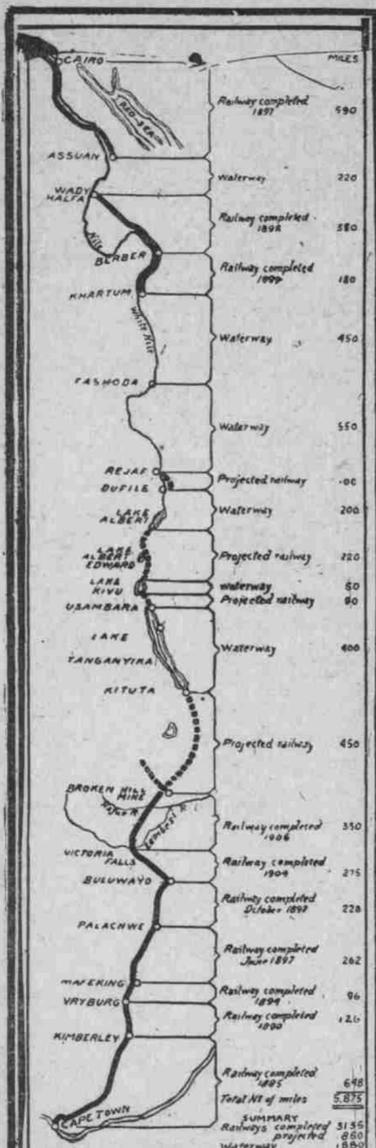


THE CAPE TO CAIRO RAILROAD

How the Great Steam Route the Length of Africa is Being Constructed

It Will Be Nearly 6000 Miles Long; More Than 3000 Miles of Track Laid



THE CAPE TO CAIRO ROUTE SHOWING EXTENT OF WATER AND RAIL.

AM in the Sudan, at the end of the northern section of the Cape to Cairo Railroad. This part of the route is now completed from the Mediterranean Sea to where the Blue and White Niles join to form the mighty Nile valley which has built up the land of Egypt. I have gone on the railroad through the rich regions of the Lower Nile Valley, and am now in the upper end of Nubia at the railroad station of Halfaya, which lies just opposite Khartoum. My distance from the Mediterranean is equal to a straight line from the Atlantic Ocean to the borders of Colorado, and I am just about as far south of Alexandria as New Orleans is south of the booming city of Winnipeg. From here I can get steamers which will take me up the White Nile for more than a thousand miles, and there are something like 400 miles of navigable waterways between that point and the other end of the road which has been constructed from Cape Town northward to far beyond the Zambesi River.

By Steam From Cairo to the Cape. In thinking of the Cape to Cairo route most people consider it as a continuous railway system or of one iron track running north and south through Africa from one end to the other. This it will never be. We shall go by steam from Cairo to the Cape, but almost one-third of the way will be over navigable rivers and lakes. This was the idea of every practical engineer who has examined the country and its traffic possibilities. There will be one railroad line running from Cape Town as far north as Lake Tanganyika, and another practically continuous rail system from Cairo to the Cape, but almost one-third of the route will be made up of rest and water. The White Nile above Khartoum may be paralleled here and there by iron tracks, but for a generation or so, at least, the traffic will be by steamers as far as the Belgian Congo, at Gondokoro, a distance of over 1100 miles. At that point there will be a railroad strip of 100 miles or so to Duffel, and then the Nile will again be used and steamers will go up it to Lake Albert and across that lake to its southern shores. Between Lakes Albert and Tanganyika will be a little more than 300 miles of railroad, with a 60-mile ferryage across Lake Kivu, which lies between the two lakes. The long stretch of Lake Tanganyika, consisting of a deep waterway 400 miles long, and then the southern section of the road, going almost straight south to Cape Town.

So far more than 3000 miles of iron track have been laid on the northern and southern ends of the system. The southern section is now about 2000 miles long. It has been extended from Cape Town northward a distance of almost 400 miles above the Zambesi River, and there remain only 450 miles to construct before the train can connect with the little steamers now on Lake Tanganyika. This section will probably be completed in the near future, as the late Mr. Beit, one of Cecil Rhodes' partners, set aside in his will at least \$6,000,000 for that purpose. I have before me a diagram recently issued by the African World, which shows the line of the route and the extent of water and rail it will contain when completed. According to this, the total distance will be about 5900 miles,



MY TRUNKS OFTEN COST ME MORE THAN MY FARE



A SOLDIER WITH RIFLE AND SWORD MARCHES ALONG WITH THE MAIL.

of which about 4000 miles will be railway and the balance taken up by the rivers and lakes to which I have referred. I should like to take you with me over this first great section of the Cape to Cairo Railroad. We shall need four days to go from the Mediterranean to the junction of the White and Blue Niles, where I now am, but the trip will be comfortable and there are great sights all the way. We start at Alexandria, the chief seaport of the Nile Valley, and in three hours our express train carries us across the delta to Cairo. Both Alexandria and Cairo have good railroad depots. The first city contains more than 400,000 people, and the second more than 1,000,000, so that there is a rapid and frequent train service between them.

We take the express, and as we go first-class we must pay three cents a mile. The second-class fare is only half as much as the first, and the third is still cheaper. Every train has first, second and third class cars. Those of the first are divided up into compartments and are patronized by tourists and officials. The second-class cars are much like those of our American trains, having an aisle through the center; they are used by merchants, commercial travelers and well-to-do natives. The third-class cars are cheaply gotten up and their seats are wood benches; they are always filled with the common Egyptians, and foreigners seldom travel in them. Our tickets are little blue cards with the price printed upon them in English and Arabic. We have to show them to the guard as we enter the train, and they are not examined until they are taken up at the gates at the depot as we go out.

We have some trouble with our baggage, for, like the ordinary American, we are loaded with trunks. Only 35 pounds can be checked without extra charge, and my trunks often cost me more than my fare. We notice that the mail and parcels men, in which are two blanketed-horses, with Syrian grooms to take care of them. They probably belong to some rich nabob of Cairo, and are going south by express.

The postal cars are carefully watched. The bags of mail are carried to them on red trucks made for the purpose. The trucks are pushed by the Arabs and mail is handled by them; but a dark-faced soldier, with rifle and sword, marches along with the mail and watches the bags taken in and out. When a truck is loaded the soldier goes with it to the post-office wagon. There is always a guard on such Nile steamers as carry mail, and the letters are never left without some armed official to watch over them.

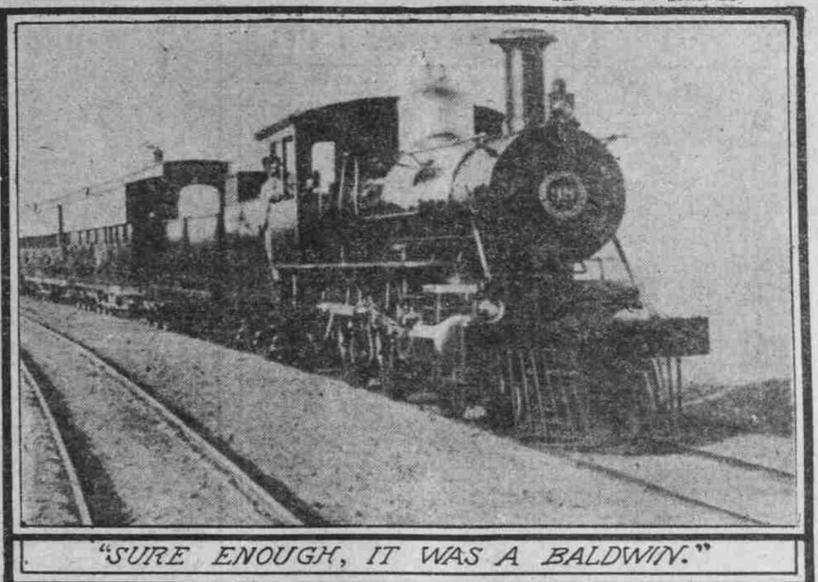
Government Railroads Which Pay. Before we go on with our trip, let me tell you how the railroads are managed. Both those of Egypt and the Sudan are under the government, and both systems pay. Those of Egypt, according to Lord Cromer's report, are now earning about 6 per cent on their capital stock and their working expenses are only about 80 per cent of the gross receipts. The business is rapidly increasing. They will carry 2,500,000 more passengers this year than last, and more than 1,000,000 tons more freight. Egypt now has something like 1500 miles of railroads which belong to the government, and in addition 600 or 700 miles of agricultural roads managed by private parties. The earnings of the latter are increasing, and they carry more freight and passengers from year to year.

The main lines are managed by Egyptian and European officials. The superintendents of departments, who receive \$3000 and upward a year each, are mainly Europeans, and the inspectors and sub-inspectors, who get from \$50 to \$150 a month, are in the main foreigners. Under these men are the native guards, track workers and mechanics of various kinds, who receive less wages. They are almost all Egyptians, there being something like 200 of them to about 150 Europeans.

As to the Sudan roads they go through a thinly populated country, but the receipts are considerably more than their working expenses and they are rapidly increasing. In 1906 they were double what they were in 1903, the chief increase being from the fourth-class passengers, who are natives.

Scenes on the Cape to Cairo Road. This division of the Cape to Cairo road makes one of the richest countries on earth. I mean the Delta of Egypt, which is more thickly populated than any other part of the globe. The land is as black as your hat, and it raises two or three crops a year. It is worth from \$50 to \$100 an acre, and furnishes a heavy traffic of cotton and grain. The distance from Alexandria to Cairo is 133 miles, and all the way is through luxuriant farms. There is no desert in sight until you reach Cairo. Cotton is piled up at every depot, there are boat loads of it on the canals which the track crosses, and at the stations cars of cotton bales fill all the side tracks. The freight of this region alone would probably pay the expenses of the road, and in addition there is the big passenger travel from Cairo to Alexandria and from all parts of the Delta.

The next division above Cairo goes to Assiut, which is 300 or 300 miles further north. Then comes the road from Assiut to Luxor, ending up with the narrow-gauge line from Luxor to Assuan. All of these divisions are through the narrow Valley of the Nile, with the desert in sight all the way. For almost a thousand miles from Cairo the celebrated Nile strip varies in width from nothing to about nine miles. In many places it is less than three miles wide. The river winds this way and that, but the railroad is comparatively straight, and it is often far off from the river amid the sand and rocks. Such parts of the strip are uncomfortable. At times the sands are blinding, the dust fills the



"SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS A BALDWIN."



It was a Baldwin.

In riding over the Sudan military road we stopped for a time at Atbara, where the Black Nile from Abyssinia flows into the main stream and where is the famous bridge built by Americans upon orders given by General Kitchener. The contract was first offered to the English, but they were not able to build the bridge in the time required, and the Americans took the job and finished it. Atbara is now one of the railroad division points, and it is where the road across the desert to the Red Sea branches off. An we stopped at the station our engine struck me as being familiar. I walked to the front of the train and examined it. Sure enough, it was a Baldwin, and with the name "Philadelphia" standing out in the full view of the Nubian sun. A few moments later, as was crossing the Black Nile over the steel bridge which our builders put up, I felt that I was not so far from home after all. I was being hauled by an American engine over an American bridge, and that in the heart of the Nubian desert, more than a thousand miles up the Nile. I thought makes me proud our American mechanics and of American enterprise.

Where the Queen of Sheba Lived. About 100 miles south of Atbara we stopped at Shendi, where the Queen of Sheba is said to have lived. This is a station on the east bank of the Nile, about five miles from Khartoum. It is a considerable town with railroad shops, about which are great piles of steel sheets such as are used in the construction of desert railways. They are made of shells of steel, so made that they can be half buried in the sand and still hold the rails. The telegraph poles are also of steel, the whole construction making it impossible to use wood for such purposes.

The Shendi of today consists of an old and new town. The latter has been laid out by the English and it has a park in the center watered by the Nile. In ancient times there was a great city here. It was the Nubian city of the Queen of Sheba, and it is said that the Queen went from here down the Nile and crossed to Palestine, where she had her famous visit to King Solomon. The Abyssinians say that she went back by the Red Sea and stopped in their country on the way. While she was there she bore a son, who did not live long. The Abyssinians say that she went back to Yemen, Arabia, and that Solomon went there to visit her. The Queen's name was Bilqis. She was as witty as she was beautiful, and she gave the wise Solomon many a riddle which he was puzzled to answer.

Halfaya, Oct. 2.

ELEPHANT'S CHUM IS A WOMAN

Strange Friendship of an Inhabitant of the New York Zoo.

A friendship existing between an animal and a human being has for some time been engaging the attention of the officials of the New York Zoological Park in Bronx Park as well as students interested in animals and their habits. The animal is a huge Indian elephant and the human being an aged woman. That the two are strong friends any visitor who goes to the park on a pleasant day can easily see, says the New York Sun.

Gunda is the name of the big elephant and he has figured in print on more than one occasion when his temper got the best of him to such an extent that he disregarded the chastisements of his keepers and wrecked everything in sight. Still the little woman is able to lead him around at her will and he obeys her implicitly.

The woman friend of Gunda is Mrs. Lucretia Hawes, an inmate of the Peabody Home for Aged Women on Boston road, West Farms, just a few minutes walk from the Zoological Park. Mrs. Hawes is a frail little woman past 70 and is very proud of the fact that she can do so much with Gunda, who if he wished could lift her up with his huge trunk and crush her to death.

While this woman can lead Gunda to her will there are not many times when the keepers who handle Gunda and make his case a special study are able to do much with him. Yet there has never been a time since the elephant and the woman became acquainted that Gunda has been other than kind to his friend, and if her visits have to be omitted on account of illness or bad weather Gunda immediately shows his disappointment by becoming irritable and troublesome, and when Gunda decides to make trouble there surely is trouble for all concerned.

Mrs. Hawes has been making regular visits to Bronx Park for about two years, though it was not until lately that the attitude of Gunda toward her was brought to the attention of the keepers of the park. The elephant's friend usually walks to the park and enters at the Boston road gate. In a small basket swung over her arm she has always a store of good things for the elephant.

Arriving at the elephant house the presence of Mrs. Hawes is soon made known to all the visitors in the park, for the scarping noise which Gunda makes would wake the dead. This is the elephant's way of showing his pleasure, according to Keeper Charley Snyder.

No ordinary visitors are warned not to get within range of the swinging trunk of Gunda this little old woman is allowed to walk right up to him and feed him from her hands. After Gunda has been fed with sweet things he frequently circles his trunk around the waist of the woman, and in that manner they walk around the park.

In this way Mrs. Hawes will spend an entire morning or afternoon and will terminate her visit when sunset comes and it is time for Keeper Thurman to put Gunda to bed. Farewells are said at the gate and Gunda is unwillingly led back to his domicile in the antelope house. It is a strange sight to see elephant and woman moving around in seemingly perfect understanding.

No one at the park can tell just how this friendship started, for it had almost reached its present stage before they took any special notice of it. Mrs. Hawes herself is very proud of it, and Gunda seems equally proud.

Mrs. Hawes on her visits to the park has never shown any fondness for other animals, and it is certain that Gunda is not given to making friends, as many keepers who have tried patiently to win his regard can testify.

Gunda is considered the finest Indian elephant ever shown in captivity and is also one of the largest. When he was first brought to the park it was intended that he should be used part of the time to carry children and other visitors around the park, giving them a chance to enjoy the sensations of an elephant ride.

Gunda's cross disposition long ago made it impossible, and since then the only efforts that have been expended on him have been those looking to the improving of his temper. The only person who seems able to accomplish anything in this direction is Mrs. Hawes, and the keepers would not feel at all sorry if the officials of the park gave her absolute control, for Gunda is hardly a favorite with them.

Gunda is perhaps the only elephant in

Fifty thousand dollars a year is spent on Regent Park, in London.