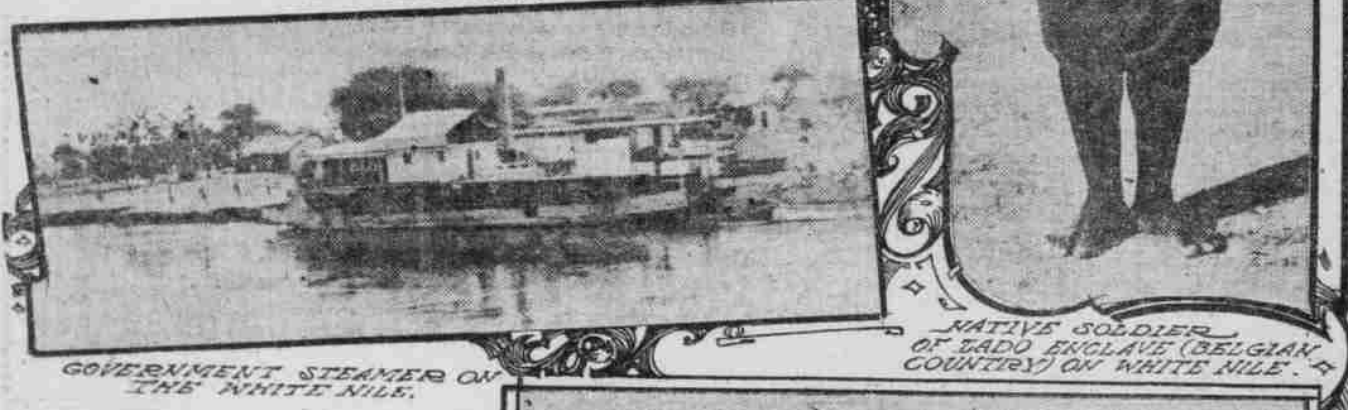


LAST IMPORTANT STAGE OF ROOSEVELT'S AFRICAN JOURNEY

TRIP DOWN THE WHITE NILE TO CIVILIZATION
AGAIN BUT NEVER OUT OF DANGER FROM
DISEASE



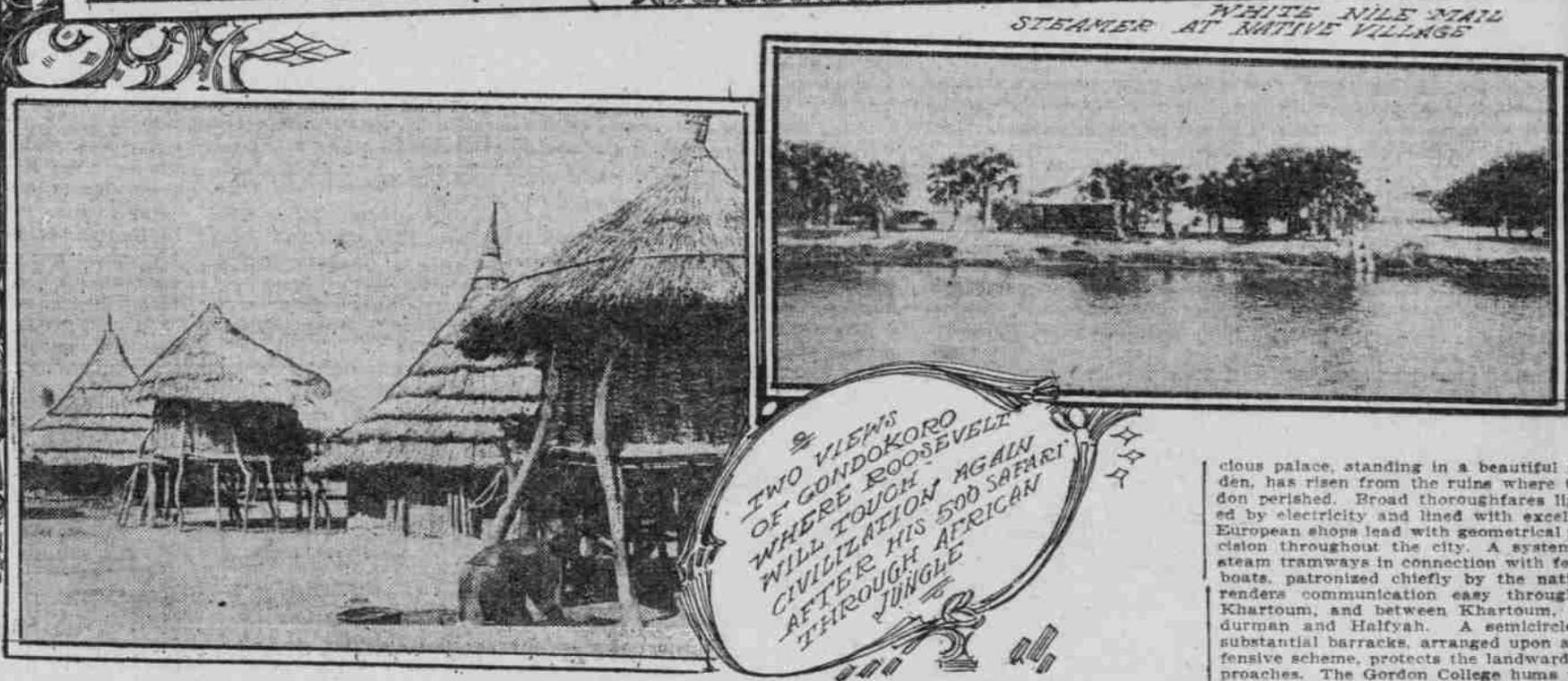
BEIGIAN OFFICIALS AT LADO ACROSS THE
WHITE NILE FROM GONDOKORO



GOVERNMENT STEAMER ON
THE WHITE NILE



WHITE NILE MAIL
STEAMER AT NATIVE VILLAGE



TWO VIEWS
OF GONDOKORO
WHERE ROOSEVELT
WILL TOUCH
CIVILIZATION AGAIN
AFTER HIS 500 SAFARI
THROUGH JUNGLE

BY THE RT. HON. WINSTON CHURCHILL
Formerly Secretary of State for the Colonies of Great Britain, now president of the Board of Trade.

In this, the seventh and last of his articles describing the scenes, adventures and other experiences that befell him on his journey down the Nile, Mr. Churchill tells us that the journey down the Nile to civilization again is a journey of danger from disease. He describes the journey from Lado to Gondokoro, and the journey from Gondokoro to Khartoum.

WE lingered lovingly around Hippo camp (where our first full day had given us such a remarkable bag of big game) for two days more, moving to other lagoons and overflows of the river with the launch, and striking out inland in search of the great herd of elephants we had sighted the afternoon we landed at the camp. But although their recent presence was on all sides proclaimed by snapped-off trees and trampled ground, and broad lanes cut through the grass, we saw none of them; and a tribe of natives who had helped to carry home a variety of buck one afternoon, informed us upon exact authority that the whole herd had been alarmed by the arrival of strangers and the sound of firing, and had retired three days' journey from the river's bank.

These natives of the Lado Enclave (Belgian country) were gentlemen-like folk, and I parleyed long with them upon their affairs. They were stark naked and very dignified, with graceful, athletic bodies, long, tapering, well-bred hands, and bright, keen eyes. The local chief exhibited all these characteristics in a superior degree, and his natural pre-eminence was recognized with instantaneous obedience by his followers.

We loaded them with gifts. First, quantities of meat and hides, then chocolate all round—they love sweet things—three pieces of sugar for each, at least one empty bottle per man, and tin pots and cardboard boxes almost without limit. The chief showed a fine taste in all these things, and annexed at once in his imperial style whatever took his fancy, to whomsoever it belonged. I cast about for some means of doing him special honor, and luckily remembered that I had bought a Japanese kimono for a dressing gown in passing through Port Said on the journey out. With this he was forthwith enraptured, and I must have assumed the flowing garment with that easy grace and natural self-possession which are the gifts of a wilderness life. Thus the fabrics of Cathay were by the enterprises of Europe introduced into the heart of Africa.

Off for Civilization.
When finally with much reluctance we left this attractive place and pushed off determinedly into the White Nile again to cover the last important stage of our African journey, we lost no time in making Nimule. Steaming throughout the night and all the day, we passed through broad flood contained by high and healthy slopes—now clothed with forest, now with waving grass—we approached, at about 4 in the afternoon, the mountains beneath which is the administrative station of Nimule.

These anticipations were not sustained. Of the disadvantages of the track along the river bank I cannot speak; but the upper road over the hills is certainly excellent and healthy, and runs throughout over firm, dry undulations of a bright, breezy, scrub-covered country.

The Spell of Africa.
At Nimule we touched the telegraph wire again, and I learned that Parliament would not meet as soon as I had expected. This gave another 10 days' more rope, and I began to realize how much the spirit of these wonderful lands had taken possession of me. For it was only with the greatest reluctance and difficulty that I forced myself to continue my homeward journey without first turning back with the launch and circumnavigating Lake Albert.

No exertion or inconvenience seemed too great to win a few more glimpses of these enchanted seas and gardens, on which I may perhaps not look again, but from whose spell I never can be free. Porters were sent from day to day, the Sirdar's steamer waiting at the Sudan frontier, public meetings looming heavily in the far-off distance, drove me onward; and with feelings of keen and genuine regret we addressed ourselves to the march to Gondokoro.

at any time, and the day before we arrived at Gondokoro, the young civil officer of the station had encountered one in a manner which he was scarcely likely to forget. For, having pursued this evil-doer for some time, he at last got into an excellent position, and was about to fire at a distance of 30 yards, when suddenly the elephant without even trumpeting, rushed furiously upon him, and, paying no attention to the two heavy bullets which struck him in the head, chased the officer twice around an uncommonly small bush, and then, distracted by the spectacle of the native gun-bearer in flight, turned off after this new prey, and, overtaking the poor wretch, smashed him to pieces with one blow of his heavy trunk. We reached the bungalow, which serves as the seat of government, in time to see the tasks of this man-slayer, who had died of his wounds, brought in by the tribe whose plantations had so often been ravaged.

Gondokoro, like most of the names which figure so impressively on the African map, is not a numerously populated town. There are about six houses and a number of native huts. There is, however, a telegraph station, a prison, a courthouse, and the lines of a company of native police and King's African Rifles. Here the Nile again becomes navigable, and offers an unbroken waterway open to large vessels until the Shabuka cataract is reached, 100 miles below Khartoum, and 150 miles from Gondokoro. And here at the river's bank, seen through a tracery of palms, were the twin funnel and superstructure of the Sirdar's steamer with all the letters and newspapers; and which, instead of pursuing us across Uganda, had "come through the other way."

"Had come through the other way"—it is an easy phrase to write—but how much it signifies in the modern history of Africa! Ten or eleven years ago this journey which I was now able to make so easily, so prosperously, so comfortably, would have been utterly impossible. The Darvish Empire, stretching from Wady Haifa to Wadyat, interposed a half-barrier which nothing but a stricken field could sweep away; and these long reaches of the Nile which now bore a fleet of 50 steamers, were silent in the embrace of a devastating barbarism. A grim slaughter had then strewn the sands of Kerrel, 1200 miles to the north, with jibba-clad corpses like "enochrids," and which you can only correspond with through the British Foreign Office.

Henceforward our journey was comfortable and regular, yet I could not traverse the Sudan without the keenest interest. When one has started from Cairo and paddled up the Nile to Wady Haifa, crossed the desert railway to the Atabara, and, as a soldier, marched thence 200 miles

to the battle of Omdurman, one feels one has seen something of the Nile. Yet now we had followed it the other way from its source for nearly 500 miles, and yet 1200 more intervened before even Omdurman was reached; and as the mighty and peerless river unrolled its length and immensity, the feelings of reverence, without which no traveler can drink its sweet waters, grew in intensity.

Yet it is not possible to descend the Nile continuously from its source at Ripon Falls without realizing that the best lies behind one. Uganda is the pearl. The Nile provides, and the Lado Enclave presents splendid and alluring panoramas. Even the march from Nimule to Gondokoro is through a fertile and inspiring landscape, and the richness from the land. We leave the regions of abundant rainfall, of equatorial luxuriance, of doleful peoples, of gorgeous birds and butterflies and flowers. We enter stern realms of sinister and forbidding aspect, where Nature is cruel and sterile, where man is fanatical and often rifle-armed. Cultivation—nay, vegetation—is but a strip along the river bank, and even there thorn bushes and prickly aloes are its chief constituents. We enter two successive deserts as contrasted in their character, as redoubtable in their hospitality, as Dante's Circle of the "Inferno"—the Desert of Sudd and the Desert of Sand.

Appalling Desert of Sudd.
About a hundred miles from Gondokoro the White Nile enters and spills itself into a vast and appalling swamp. Of the action of this tremendous sponge, whether beneficial in regulating the flow or harmful in wasting the water through evaporation, nothing need here be said. But its aspect is at once so dismal and so terrifying that to travel through it is a wild experience. Our steamer, with its seven miles an hour, and as the moon was full, we traveled night and day. For three days and three nights we were continuously in this horrible swamp into which the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland could be easily packed.

By day from the roof of the high pilot-house a commanding view revealed hour after hour, in every direction, one uninterminable ocean of floating vegetation spreading to far horizons. The papyrus plant is in itself a beautiful, graceful and venerable thing. To travel through the Sudd is to hate it for evermore. Rising 15 feet above the level of the water, stretching its roots 30 or even 30 feet below, and so matted and tangled together that elephants can walk safely upon its springy surface, papyrus is the beginning and the end of this melancholy world. For hundreds of miles nothing else is to be perceived—not a mountain ridge blue on the horizon, scarcely a tree, no habitation of man, no sign of beast. The silence is broken only by the croaking or innumerable frog armies, and the cry of dreary birds.

ture of their management of the steamer. The vessel bumps regularly at almost every corner from one cushion of sudd to the other, plunging its nose into the reeds and waits for the currents to carry it stem around, bumps again and recovers its direction. Sometimes where the twists of the Nile bring the steamer into a completely round, not once, but two or three times, and our movements round an S-curve were even more complicated. The bumps occasionally swept up out of our chairs and sent us sprawling on the deck. In this strange fashion we walked along at full speed for about 70 or 80 hours.

Region Between Sudd and Sand.
Meanwhile, the Nile was accomplishing its destiny. Its vast tributary rivers, the Sobat and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, came to reinforce its flow. The miles spread out behind us in a long succession of hundreds. At length the sudd expanses begin to contract. Distant mountains rise against the steel-blue sky in serrated silhouette, and gradually draw in upon the banks, islands of earth and trees, peaks of sharp rock break here and there the awful monotony of waving reeds. At last the banks become firm and clean-cut walls of yellow sand, fringed in places with palms and shady trees, and everywhere bristling with undergrowth of thorns.

But first, in a middle region, vast areas of dusty scrub-covered plains, not wholly incapable of cultivation in the rainy season, supporting always flocks and herds, new flank both sides of the river. The camel caravans pass slowly across them under the blaze and glitter of the heat. The mirage begins to twist and blur the landscape with deceptive waters. At intervals of forty or fifty miles are the stations of the Sudan Government, each trim and regular with its public buildings, its storerooms, the lines of beehive huts of its garrison, a tangle of native sailing craft, and always, or nearly always, one or two white gunboats of wartime days now turned policemen of the river.

More Good Hunting for Roosevelt.
At Miesha-er-Zeraf we stopped for two days to shoot, by the Sirdar's invitation, in the extensive game reserve, and were fortunate in securing a buffalo and various antelope. We wandered through a harsh country, of white sand and tussocks of coarse grass, more gray than green, with leafless black thorn trees densely tangled; yet we secured full game, in three hours' walk on the second morning I shot a fine waterbuck, two reedbucks and two of a beautiful herd of roan antelope, so that no one cares to be more than a few yards from his heavier rifle or give

his mind wholly to the buck he stalks. I was so much elated by this jolly morning's sport and the near approach of civilized conditions—for after all, contrast is an element in pleasure—that I permitted myself to rejoice at the safe and happy outcome of this long journey, and to exult in our complete immunity from serious accident or illness, or even fever. How extravagant were the accounts of the dangers of African travel! How easy to avoid the evil chances of the road! Reasonable precautions, steady exercise, regular quinine—were these not in themselves the guarantees of safety? Thus I reckoned, and with specious reasons, but in a bad hour. We were not yet at our journey's end.

Twenty-four hours' steaming from Miesha-er-Zeraf brought us near Khartoum. The character of the country was unchanged. Yellow sand slopes drank the Nile, bring them scrub fringed the river on either side; but date palms mingled even more frequently and numerous, with the vegetation, and brown, mud-built villages with brown mud-colored populations multiplied as the miles slipped swiftly by. At length a solitary, majestic tree, beneath whose spacious branches ever, among palm groves ever clustering, and luxuriant foliage a dark and have found shelter from the relentless sun—Gordon's tree—advised us of the proximity of Khartoum. Soon on the one bank came into view the vast mud labyrinth of Omdurman, with forests of masts rising along the shore, and on the other, among palm groves ever clustering thicker, spring the blue and pink and crimson minarets of new Khartoum.

Back to the Modern World Again.
Khartoum—the new Khartoum, risen from its ruins in wealth and beauty—a smiling city sitting like a queen throned at the confluence of the Nile, the heart and center of a far-reaching and formidable authority, disclosed herself to the traveler's eye. Sharp to the right turns the steamer, leaving the dull, placid waters of the sovereign river we have so long followed, and shouldering a more turbulent current of clearer water swings upstream along its noble feudatory, the Blue Nile. And passing by the side of high stone embankments, crowned by palms, the steamer enters into a modern Oriental port and city, and is soon surrounded by its palaces, its mosques, its warehouses and its quays.

Nearly 10 years have passed since the Darvish domination was irretrievably shattered on the field of Omdurman, and every year has been attended by steady and remarkable progress in every sphere of governmental activity in every province of the Sudan. Order has been established and is successfully, though precariously, maintained even in the remotest parts.

clous palace, standing in a beautiful garden, has risen from the ruins where Gordon perished. Broad thoroughfares lighted by electricity and lined with excellent European shops lead with geometrical precision throughout the city. A system of steam tramways in connection with ferries, boats, patronized chiefly by the natives, renders communication easy throughout Khartoum, and between Khartoum, Omdurman and Halfayeh. A semicircle of substantial barracks, arranged upon a defensive scheme, protects the landward approaches. The Gordon College hums with scholarly activity—Moslem and Christian, letters or crafts; and 1000 soldiers of all dress march past the British and Egyptian flags on occasions of ceremony.

Death Invades the Expedition.
Yet neither of these inspiring facts nor the gracious hospitality of the Sirdar were to prevent me from taking away a somber impression of Khartoum. As our steamer approached the landing stage I learned that my English servant, George Scrivings, had been taken suddenly ill, and found him in a condition of prostration with a strange blue color under his skin. Good doctors were summoned. The hospital of Khartoum, with all its resources, were at hand. But he had been seized with a violent internal inflammation, the result of eating some poisonous thing which we apparently had escaped, and died early next morning after 15 hours' illness, with almost every symptom of Asiatic cholera.

Too soon, indeed, had I ventured to rejoice. Africa always claims its forfeits; and so the four white men who started together from Mombasa returned but three to Cairo.

A military interment involves the union of the two most impressive rituals in the world. The day before the battle of Omdurman I felt to my lot to bury those soldiers of the Twenty-first Lancers who had died of their wounds during the night. Now, after nine years in very different circumstances, from the other end of Africa, I had come back to this grim place where so much blood had been shed, and again I found myself standing at an open grave, while the yellow glare of the departed sun still lingered over the desert, and the sound of funeral voices broke its silence.

The remainder of our journey lay in tourist lands, and the comfortable sleeping cars of the Desert Railway, and the pleasant passenger steamers of the Wady Haifa and Assuan reach soon carried us untroubled and uneventfully to Upper Egypt, and so to Cairo, London and the rest.

Copyright, 1909, by Winston Churchill.)
Smokers, Take Notice!
C.E.A. Winslow in the Atlantic.
I visited one afternoon in November a handroom in which 50 men were exhaling impurities, and 18 gas jets vitiating the air in a space of less than 15,000 cubic feet. The temperature was 72 degrees, the relative humidity 78 degrees of saturation, and the air contained 35 parts of carbon dioxide per 100,000, ten times the value for good air. To the bad effect of such an abominable atmosphere was added the noxious irritation of the lungs of dry tobacco. The spitting habit, common in cigar factories; and as the Massachusetts State Board of Health in a recent report points out, this "is particularly to be deprecated, in view of the fact that in the processes of manufacture considerable tobacco falls to the floor, and these fragments, if not gathered up and used on the premises, are very commonly swept up with all the dirt, dried sputum and other matter, and sold as fillings for cheap cigars." It is not surprising that the Association for the Prevention and Control of Tuberculosis reports the tuberculosis death rate among cigar-makers as 4.8 per 1000, about twice the normal figure. I was once told by a cigarmaker that he could always recognize his fellow-craftsmen by the "cough."