

From the car windows, we saw large numbers stretched out in every direction, and many sleeping forms on the station platforms. For several miles after we left Suez we passed through the desert along the Suez canal. We saw many ships in the canal on one side of us and caravans and sleeping Arabs on the other, and here and there fertile patches of land, rich in vegetation, generally supporting a small village nearby. These patches represented the desert land reclaimed by the most primitive methods of irrigation. The water was raised from wells or a canal by buckets, or carved out logs, so ingeniously made that by filling a compartment at the bottom and rolling the log the water came to the top.

Camels, donkeys, water buffalos and oxen were used in some places to do the work, as well as men and boys. The women were scarce, but those we saw were working in the fields, or carrying water—when not sleeping. It was a most ordinary thing to see these toilers of the soil asleep beside their herd of cattle. Everyone who was awake looked over at our long train, but few showed the least interest in it. Curiosity is not a trait of the Arabs.

Along the railway line there were few villages or houses. They were in most cases huts or hovels piled together in any old way, with and without roofs and made of mud and bulrushes, or material which looked like it. Even the cemeteries contained