

by the French and the English and is a sort of a restaurant port for passing ships.

We were driven to the railway station in small box cabs in a long procession that resembled a circus parade of caged animals.

SUEZ TO CAIRO

The railway ride of five hours was so full of interest that no one was tired. Everything was so diametrically different from anything in America, that even the most disgruntled traveller could not refrain from being interested. First of all, the natives at the station, black, jet black and ink black, dressed in Oriental garb, which consists of about twenty yards of white cloth tied loosely around their thighs as far down as the knees. Only the Arabs found they had too much cloth, and it never struck them to economize on the material, so they let the surplus droop in the rear, covering the whole clumsy looking garment with a rough loose shawl which they encircled two or three times around their bodies to complete the outfit. It was spring in Egypt, though the weather was a rear approach to our summer temperature, and the larger number of the population carried a black shawl over their shoulders, which they use to roll themselves up in when they want to sleep, and they do this on the inclination of the moment, night or day, the barren soil, the mountain side or the sands of the desert, forming their bed.