

The Queerest City in the World

THE MUD VILLAGE OF OMDURMAN, CAPITAL OF THE SUDAN, WHERE CLOTH, SALT AND BEADS ARE USED AS MONEY, AND MILLS ARE WORKED BY CHILDREN AND CAMELS.

(By Frank G. Carpenter.)

—Omdurman—Special Correspondence. —Omdurman! The biggest native city of the Sudan! The capital of the Mahdi and the khalifa, and the future great commercial center of this part of the world! I wish I could show it to you as I saw it, while riding on donkey back through it with its Egyptian governor. It is one of the queerest cities of the world, and one of the most important to Africa of the future.

Founded by the Mahdi, or the Mohammedan Messiah, and the name of the most atrocious cruelties and extravagances of the khalifa who succeeded him, it once contained about one million of African Sudanese. It was then a great military camp, composed of one hundred thousand mud houses, and inhabited by tribes from all parts of the one million square miles, comprised in the realm of that savage governor. The khalifa forced the people to come here to live that he might have their services in time of war, and he allowed them to go home only to cultivate and harvest their crops, which they were forced to bring here for sale. He made Omdurman his seat of government, and he had his own residence here inside a great wall of sun-dried brick which inclosed about sixty acres, and in which was an open-air mosque of ten acres or more. Here the khalifa had his palace and here he kept his four hundred wives. Just outside here, he had the great battle which ended in the destruction of himself and the city.

OMDURMAN OF TODAY.

The Omdurman of today is on the site of the great city of the khalifa. It lies at the junction of the White Nile and Blue Nile, in the bend where the White Nile flows into the main stream. By the course of the river it is about eighteen hundred miles from the Mediterranean Sea, and in a straight line, perhaps an equal distance north of the valley of the Congo. It is far inland from the Red Sea, and hundreds of miles from the source of the Blue Nile in the Abyssinian hills.

The Omdurman of the present is laid out on practically the same lines as that of the past, and it covers almost the same ground, although it has much fewer people. During my trip I climbed to the top of the old palace of the khalifa, and took a look over the city.

The broad stretch along the Nile for seven or eight miles, with a thick carpet of mud, shows the opposite where the Blue Nile flows in. Some of the town is on the main stream, and it reaches out from the river in every direction. It is a native city in every sense of the word. In its many thousand houses there are not a score which are of more than one story, and you can count the houses and mud walls about them, and the mud streets face streets paved only with mud. The vast inclosures of the khalifa are made of mud bricks, and the houses inside, which now form the quarters of the Anglo-Egyptian soldiers and officers, are of sunbaked dirt.

Standing on the khalifa's palace one can follow many of the streets with his eye. Some of them are of great width, but the majority are narrow and winding. The whole city, in fact, is a labyrinth cut up by the new avenues laid out by the British, with the holy buildings and the khalifa's government structures in the center.

GUIDED BY THE GOVERNOR. I was shown through the city by the mahour. All the towns of the Sudan have a British official who rules them, but under each such governor is a native Egyptian, who must be a native Egyptian. This man is the real executive, as far as carrying out the orders of the government is concerned. He represents the natives, and understands all about them and their ways. The mahour with whom I went through Omdurman, is an ex-cavalry officer of the army of the khedive. His name is Capt. Ahmed Handi, and he fought with the British in the Sudan, and he speaks English well, and, as he understands both Turkish and Arabic, he was able to tell me all about the city as we went through.

QUEER PEOPLE THESE.

I wish I could show you the Omdurman natives. They are stranger than any I have seen in my African travels. They come from all parts of the Sudan and represent forty or fifty old tribes. Some of the faces are as black as a stove, some are dark brown and others have the color of rich Jersey cream. One of the queerest men I met during my journey was an African with a complexion as rosy as that of a tow-headed American baby and hair quite as white. He was a water carrier, dressed in a red cap and long gown. He had two great cans at the end of a pole, which rested on his shoulders, and he was trotting through the streets carrying water from one of the wells to his black Sudanese customers. His feet were bare, and he was wearing sandals made of his own hide. I stopped him and made him lift his red fez cap to see whether his hair was white by age. It was flaxen, however, rather than silver, and he told me that his years numbered only twenty-five.

The mahour talked with him in Arabic, and I learned that he was a pure Sudanese, coming from one of the provinces near the watershed of the Congo. He said that his parents were jet black, but that many

men of his color lived in the region from whence he came.

TRIBAL MARKS.

I am surprised at how many of these people have scars on their faces. Nearly every other man I meet has the marks of great gashes on his cheeks, forehead or breast, and some of the women are scarred so as to give the idea of terrible brutalities having been perpetrated upon them. As a rule, however, these scars have been voluntarily made. They are a mark of the tribe and family to which their owners belong. The mahour tells me that every tribe has its own special cut, and that he can tell from just where a man comes by such marks. The cuts are of all shapes. Sometimes a cheek will have three parallel gashes, and at one time you will notice that the cuts are crossed, while at others they look like a Chinese puzzle.

The dress of the people is strange. Those of the better classes wear long gowns and are clad not unlike the Egyptians. Many of the poor are almost naked, and the boys and girls often go about with only a belt of strings at the waist. The strings are like tassels, and they fall to the middle of the thigh. Very small children wear nothing whatever.

Many of the women wear no clothing above the waist, and they seem to have no false modesty about the exposure of their persons. I saw one near the ferry as I landed this morning. She was a good-looking girl of eighteen, as black as cultivated ebony, straight and as plump as a partridge. She was standing outside a mud hut shaking a sieve containing sesame seed. She held the sieve with both hands high up over her head so that the wind might blow away the chaff as she tossed it to the ground. She was naked to the waist, and her pose

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DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



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The charms of little Red Riding Hood are as potent for the children of today as for their mothers and grandmothers in their childhood days, and for this reason, if for no other, the little girl who possesses a Red Riding Hood doll is one of the happiest of small maidens. In the accompanying sketch is shown a set of clothes for the little lady so famous in nursery lore, which may suggest to some fairy godmother a way to delight the hearts of her little girl friends. The set consists of a round-necked dress, a one-piece apron and a Red Riding Hood cape, all of them after the most approved modeling known to dolldom. The little frock is made of nainsook and trimmed with lace, the apron is of white lawn and the cloak is of red flannel, ribbon ties being used for the hood. The material required is: For the dress, from 3/4 to 1 1/4 yards; for the apron, 3/4 to 1 1/4 yards, and for the Red Riding Hood cape, 7-8 to 1 1/4 yards of 35-inch goods, according to the size of the doll.

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CAUTION: Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is brought you may only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

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PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

Speak Up for The Oyster

UNCLE SAM CHAMPION OF THE ABUSED, SILENT BIVALVE.

As Much Nutrimint in Oysters as in Milk, Say the Experts—Green Oysters Not Copper Mines.

The oyster has had to take a lot of abuse of late. People have declared that it was unparadoxically shy on nutritive value, that it was just as unparadoxically long on germs and that when greenish in its cast of countenance it had more copper on board than it would be dug out of some of the mines whose stock has been floated in the last few years.

Under all this contumacious oyster abuse has persevered in its traditional policy of shutting up. Consequently those who love it will welcome the news that a champion of the oyster has appeared in no less a person than Uncle Sam himself.

Through the agricultural department the United States Government has gone into the oyster question with thoroughness. The result is a rehabilitated bivalve.

A quart of oysters contains about the same quantity of nutritive substance as a quart of milk, three-fourths of a pound of beef, two pounds of fresh codfish or a pound of butter. That puts Mr. Blue Point, Miss Coddit and their relatives into pretty company. In fact, at a time when the doctors are almost unanimous in preaching the milk gospel the following statement is a genuine patent of nobility:

"Oysters come nearer to milk than almost any other common food material as regards both the amounts and the relative proportions of nutrients."

This is praise indeed, though it is somewhat dimmed when one pauses to compare the price of a quart of oysters and the price of a quart of milk. If the latter continues to climb the two may be on a par some time; but at present, if one is merely looking for nutrients, it must be admitted that it comes high when done up in oysters.

It is a common practice among dealers to place the oysters for perhaps 48 hours in fresh or brackish water in order to fatten them. The operation is also called floating or laying out. The dealers believe that the oysters really gain in flesh and fat, and that they actually gain in weight and bulk; but it has been proved that the gain is due to the loss from the flesh of the salts contained there, their place being taken by a larger quantity of the fresher water in which the oyster has been placed.

There is some loss of nutritive matter involved in this process, but the improvement in flavor is thought to make up for it. Oysters that have been floated are commonly thought to keep better, but official experiments assert the contrary. They say that the life of a fresh oyster is cut down one-half.

As the greening of oysters is quite commonly due, in American waters at least, to the fact that they have fed on green water plants and the coloring matter of the plant has been taken up by the oyster juices. This color is said to be harmless. It may be removed by placing the live oysters for a time in water where the green plants are not abundant.

In Europe similar green oysters, called greenbanded, or Marennes, are especially prized, and to meet the demand oysters are greened by placing them as soon as captured in sea water, where they are kept for months and fed on a species of seaweed which imparts the coloring matter to the gills.

From carefully conducted investigations it appears that in some cases green oysters owe their color to the presence of copper. Such oysters are not generally considered desirable as food.

Green oysters containing copper differ from those from the oysters owing their green tint to vegetable coloring matter, being green and not dark green in color and having a verdigris like slimy secretion on the folds of the mantle. It is said that after the addition of a few drops of ammonia to such oysters they become coated with copper, and that if ammonia is added the oysters become dark blue.

The flavor of oysters is affected more or less by the locality in which they are raised. The oysters of the regions being regarded as of very superior quality. The season of the year affects the market value of oysters, although it is noticeable that as methods of transportation and preservation improve, the oyster season becomes longer. They may also be said to be of lobsters, crabs, etc.

Oysters rapidly deteriorate when removed from the water, through the fermentative action of bacteria; and oysters in spawn deteriorate more rapidly than at any other season at the same temperature. However, oysters which are ready to spawn are considered especially palatable if cooked soon after removal from the sea bed.

WHY IS THE OCEAN SALT?

The Creator made the ocean salt to save the land from putrefaction. The winds blow everything offensive and the sea waves wash it away. Salt is a purifying agent. The ocean is a great manufacturer. It converts everything foul into health-making ozone and hands it back to us without charge. No government label is necessary. Stand on the prow of a ship for three hours a day, deep breathing like an athlete, and your lungs will be cleaned of everything poisonous. Your blood will leap through veins and arteries. You hear the ocean obligingly thump with renewed force. The tide is the ocean's tongue. It comes in twice a day to lick up the foul things of the earth and convey them to the ocean's stomach, where they are digested, salted down and rendered pure again.—Marine Journal.

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As light as a fairy's kiss—
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T. P. in His Anecdote; The Ghosts of Russian Royalty

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P., in T. P.'s Weekly.

In "The Curse of the Romanovs," (Chatto and Windus) there is a new version of the appearance to his grandson, Paul I., of the ghost of Peter the Great. At supper one evening in Brussels, where he Tsarevitch Paul was one of the guests, the conversation turned upon ghosts, etc. Every one had some mysterious tale to tell except apparently, Paul, who maintained a gloomy and significant silence. "And you, Monseigneur," said the Prince de Ligne, at length, turning to Paul, "have you had no experience of the kind?" "Kourakin could tell you the contrary," replied Paul. Eventually they got his story, not from Kourakin, but from Paul himself. "One bright moonlight night," he said, "when Kourakin and I were walking through the streets of St. Petersburg, laughing and talking on anything but grave subjects, I caught sight suddenly at a turn in the street of a tall figure, standing in the gateway of a house, of an exceedingly thin man in a Spanish cloak, who was obviously waiting for someone. It was for me. I had no sooner reached him than he came to my left side, and walked on beside me in silence, his feet, however, as they struck the pavement made a curious sound, like that of stones knocking together, while from his person radiated an icy coldness that pierced to my very soul. I shuddered, and whispered to Kourakin, 'We have a strange companion.' 'Where?' 'Why here, walking beside me.' 'There is no one beside you.' 'What? Do you mean that you cannot see the man to my left walking between me and the house? Do you not even hear the strange sound he makes as he walks?' 'Why, you are walking so close to the wall that there is no room for a third creature between you and it.' I put out my hand and felt the wall close beside me, yet still I saw the apparition beside me, while the noise of his feet on the pavement was like the blows of a hammer."

IT SPEAKS!
"I turned to look at it closely, when I saw beneath the arm of its cape a pair of glittering eyes unlike any I have ever seen, which fixed themselves upon me and held me spellbound. I was trembling from head to foot, not with fear, but with the cold which radiated from it, penetrating every limb and freezing the blood in my veins. Suddenly I heard it pronounce in a sad, low voice the word 'Paul.' 'What do you want?' I stammered mechanically. 'Paul!' It said again, even more sympathetically than before. 'I was now speechless with awe. A third time the figure stood still, and involuntarily I also was forced to stop. 'Paul! Poor Paul! Poor Prince!' 'Don't you hear that?' I asked Kourakin, who had also stopped. 'I hear nothing—absolutely nothing.' Making then a desperate effort, I asked, 'Who are you? What do you want?' 'Who am I, poor Paul? I am one who takes a deep interest in your fate, and I come to you now to warn you of the things which you have not yet learned to learn. Be just and upright, and your end will be peaceful. Fear, above all things, remorse. There is no worse punishment for the soul.'"

IT REVEALS ITSELF.
"He then went on walking, still keeping his piercing eyes fixed on me, and I, against my will, walked with him. This went on for an hour, during which he led me to a dark, gloomy square, the square between the Neva bridge and the senate house. He went straight to a spot where there were works in a to a spot for the erection of a statue to Peter the Great. Suddenly he paused here, and said, 'Good-bye, Paul; you will see me again here, and elsewhere as well.' At that moment his cap was lifted as if of its own accord, and I saw the eagle-like glance, the sunburnt forehead, and the cold smile of my grandfather, Peter the Great. When I had recovered from my terror the vision had disappeared."

A PRESENTIMENT OF DEATH.
Paul had a presentiment not only of his assassination itself, but also of the manner of it. Riding in one of the alleys of his new palace, five days before his assassination, he suddenly stopped his horse, and, turning to Moukhanov, the grand master of the house, exclaimed in great alarm: "I was going to die! I feel as if I were going to die! Will they strangle me?" On the night of his assassination the emperor was in unusually high spirits, joking pleasantly with General Koutousov and his daughter, who were his guests. After dinner Paul, while conversing with the general, caught sight of himself in a looking-glass which had a flaw, and exclaimed, "What a strange mirror! My neck looks as if it were twisted!"

A FELON'S DEATH.
In reading of Paul's ignominious death you cannot help recalling and contrasting with it his monstrous megalomania as emperor of all the Russians. "You must know, sir," he said to an ambassador, who excused the lateness of his arrival at court on the ground of having been detained by a distinguished countryman of his own. "You must know, sir, that no one is distinguished in Russia except the person to whom I am talking, and he only while I am talking to him." If anyone—man, woman, or little child ill or well, halt or whole—failed, upon encountering Paul in St. Petersburg, to spring out of his carriage into the snow to bow low before his emperor, he was most severely dealt with. Yet what a cur was this god! When the conspirators broke into his bedroom, Paul crept into the chimney to hide himself, and was hauled down by his leg! "What have I done?" he asked trembling, and, falling on his knees, he begged and prayed for mercy, promising everything for the future. Then Zoubov, a former lover of Paul's mother, Catherine, struck the Czar with his tabatiere, and several officers threw themselves upon the emperor, while one of them, removing his scarf, tied it tightly round the victim's throat, twisting it till he was strangled.

THE WORLD IN THE BALANCE.
The most dramatic scene in history is perhaps that of the meeting of Napoleon and Alexander at Tilsit on a raft on the Niemen. The French and Russian armies ranged on either side of the Niemen watched the two emperors embark simultaneously and make for the raft, while the king of Prussia, who was not admitted to the conference, rode presently into the stream with his eyes fixed upon the little tent which held the arbiters of empire. Alexander's first words were supposed to have been: "I hate the English as much as you do, and I shall therefore assist you in all your undertakings against them." "In that case," replied Napoleon, "everything must be arranged and peace is assured."

ROGUES FALL OUT.
The Treaty of Tilsit, which put an end in 1807 to the war between Russia and France, was followed by a secret compact between Napoleon and Alexander tantamount to a division of the world between them. Even then, however, there was "a little rift within the lute." "I often saw," says M. de Meneval, "the two sovereigns bending together over a map of European Turkey, and after an attentive examination of it, they would walk on again, continuing their conversation. In their plans of partition Constantinople was a point upon which they evidently could not agree. 'Constantinople,' said Napoleon, 'means the dominion of the world.' As a matter of fact, each emperor flattered himself that he was duping the other, and their falling out, therefore, was a question only of time, and of a short time."

DID ALEXANDER ABDICATE?
Dr. Rappoport, in this interesting and opportune, "The Curse of the Romanovs," though he gives an elaborate description drawn from official sources of the death of Alexander, seems himself to be of opinion that the Czar abdicated. He notes that when the supposed body of the Czar was brought from Taganrog, no one, with the exception of the imperial family was allowed to see the face of the dead. All the officers on duty in the chapel of Tsarskoe Selo were sent away before the coffin was opened. Again, though the closed coffin was exposed for several days in the Kazan Cathedral, and though the inhabitants begged that it should be opened and the face of the dead Czar disclosed, Nicholas, the new emperor, refused the necessary permission. "On January 20, 1854, there died in Tomsk, at the age of 87, a hermit named Feodor Kousmitch. He was of tall stature and imposing manner, and eyes of a blue color, which had known Alexander I, mainfolding that the saintly hermit was none other than the suzerain of all the Russians."

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The Orrine Company, Washington, D. C. Orrine is in two forms—No. 1, which can be given secretly without the patient's knowledge; No. 2, in pill form, for those who wish to be cured. The price of either \$1.00, mailed on receipt of price in plain sealed package, and both are sold under the guarantee.

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MAKE AND PERMIT.

A representative of one of the big Chicago packing houses, interviewed on the subject of those 350,000,000 "idle eggs" now in cold storage there, hastened to deny the probability of a drop in prices that would extend as far as the consumer. In the course of his discouraging remarks he said, "You can't make the public eat more eggs by decreasing the price a few cents." That is true, but making is one thing and permitting or enabling is quite another. Certainly, if eggs were cheaper they would be within the reach of more people, and this fact the Chicago man seems to have forgotten, perhaps because it was a fact that didn't interest him.

Incidentally, the Chicago man talked much about the price of eggs per dozen—by carload lots! But so few of us buy our eggs that way! And not a few of us, when we think of eggs and the prices thereof, do not have in mind the purchase of the cold-storage abomination, but that of the edible kind. Or these the Chicago man said nothing, and yet it is his accumulations in the warehouses that make the price of the unprocessed variety 40 cents, more or less.—New York Times.

Vanilla grows well in Panama, but great difficulty is experienced in curing the beans, owing to the extreme dampness of the climate.

The imports into Hamburg of cotton oil increased during the four years from 1901 to 1906 from 15,700 to 18,400 tons, whereas those of cottonseed cake decreased from 176,000 to 148,000 tons. Approximately 250,000 to 280,000 tons thereof are annually imported into Germany, of which large quantities pass through that port to the inland countries.