

English Cobbling Up Arabian Peninsula and Planning Its Development



STREET GROUP AT ADEN.

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.) ADEN, Arabia, Jan. 7.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Have you ever heard what some one said to the Englishman who boasted that the sun never set on John Bull's possessions? It was "that the sun did not dare to set for fear the old pirate might steal something more."

As it is now the English own countries in nearly every part of the globe. They have more land in North America than we have. They have recently added to their African colonies, so that they now own more than one-third of that continent, and they are slowly and surely gathering in everything else that lies loose.

One of their latest acquisitions is Arabia. They now practically control the whole of it. They have the Sinai peninsula through their possession of Egypt, and they can control that part of Arabia along the Red sea through the ports which they are building on the opposite coast. They have entered into the closest of relations with the sultan of Oman, and they have the Sinai peninsula through their possession of Egypt, and they can control that part of Arabia along the Red sea through the ports which they are building on the opposite coast.

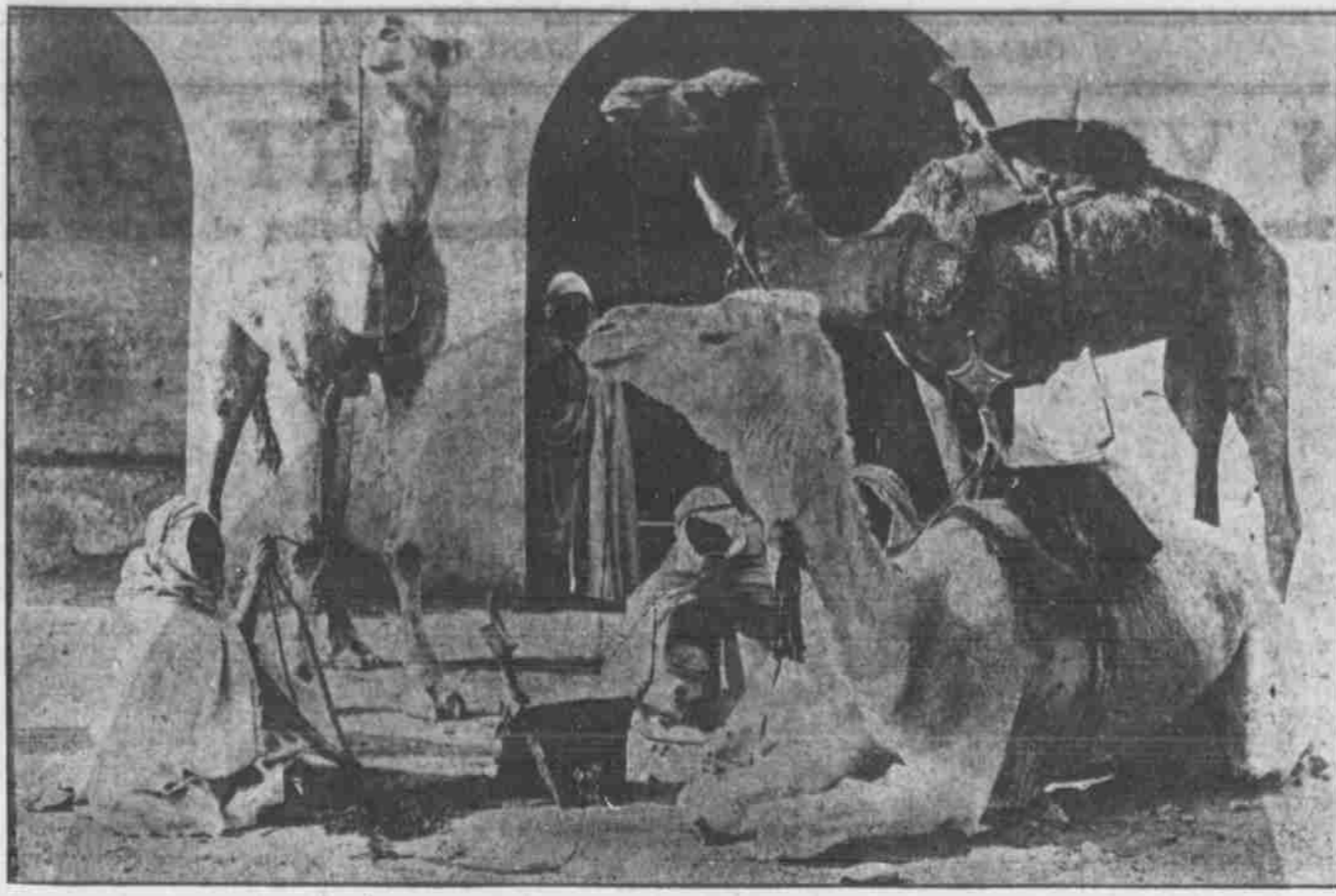
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Arabia to Have Railroads. At the same time, the English are considering the development of the peninsula. They have proposed to build a pilgrimage railway from Jeddah, on the Red sea opposite Port Sudan, to take the great army of Mohammedan worshippers inland to Mecca. This would connect with their new railroad which now crosses the Nubian desert from Suakin to the Cape to Cairo route, and would open up an immense passenger traffic from central Africa and upper Egypt during the pilgrimage season.

Another railroad project is to run a line from Aden into Yemen. The latter province is one of the richest of Arabia. It has a good rainfall and is noted for its coffee and grain and fruits of various kinds. The idea is to run the line from Aden almost directly northward to Sana, one of the chief cities of Yemen, and an important commercial center. The road will make that town the capital of western and southern Arabia.

A third and still more ambitious project is to build a railroad across the northern part of the peninsula, making thereby a short cut to India and Persia and to the rich valley of the Euphrates at the head of the Persian gulf. The present plan is to start the road at Port Said and go eastward across the peninsula to Buser, on the Euphrates. The most of the way will be right through the desert, and the distance altogether about 1,900 miles. I understand that the route is a feasible one, and the probability is that the efforts the Germans are now making to reach the Persian gulf may cause the British to wake up and adopt it.

The Arabian Peninsula. As to Arabia itself, it is a vast, arid land which will ever furnish a large traffic for railroads. There are certain provinces such as Yemen, Oman and the Valley of Mesopotamia, which are fairly well populated, but the whole peninsula has altogether not more than five millions, and these are scattered over a territory one-third as large as the whole United States. There are not a score of towns of any size in all Arabia, and you can count the cities on your fingers. The most of the country is like that about Aden, consisting of black, bare and rocky desert, with only a collection of black tents or thatched huts to break the monotony, and with trackless sands reaching off into the distance. And still Arabia has a coast line 1,900 miles longer than the distance between New York and San Francisco. It measures about 1,600 miles from north to south and 1,200 miles from east to west. Almost the whole of the United States east of the Mississippi could be crowded inside its borders and a considerable part of it is still unexplored by white men. It is a mountainous country. It has peaks twice as high as Mount Washington, and the



RACING CAMELS WHICH GO A HUNDRED MILES A DAY.

this they are put up in bales and carried on camels back over the hills to this place. They are hulled between millstones turned by hand, and are then winnowed and sorted for shipment. The latter work is done by the women, who look after each grain carefully and take out the bad ones. Labor is cheap, but the coffee has to go through many hands. It pays toll to the chiefs of the tribes who own the country through which it is carried, and as a result it must be sold at high prices. For this reason we have imitations of Mocha coffee from all parts of the world. During my stay on the plantation of Brazil I have seen them labeled as Mocha; and Guatemala and other coffees are sold under the same name. Just now they are bringing coffee from Ceylon and Java to Aden and transshipping them here. They lie in the warehouses for a few weeks, and then go forth remarked, and perhaps rebagged, as Arabian Mocha.

English at Aden. This port of Aden has belonged to John Bull for something like sixty-eight years. He took possession of it in 1839, and later on gobbled up the island of Perim in the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb. That island is about a hundred miles from here, and the two places practically control the entrance to the Red sea and the Suez canal. As for Aden, it is the Gibraltar of this part of the world, as well as one of the greatest of the British coaling stations. Something like 3,000 steamers and native craft

call at it every year. The harbor is excellent, and the outer entrance is more than three miles wide. The inner waters have been so dredged that steamers of twenty-six feet can go everywhere, and there is room enough for all the vessels that pass through the canal to anchor at one time. Aden is strongly fortified. The town stands on a volcanic isthmus, and it is guarded by a broad ditch, which has been cut out of the solid rock. It has a garrison of 3,000 or 4,000 men, guns of the latest pattern, and no one knows how many submarine and submarine mines.

Like a Desert City. I wish I could show you the town as it lies before me. It is the sorriest city I have ever seen. There is nothing to compare with it, except Iquiqui, on the nitrate coast of South America, and Iquiqui is a paradise in comparison. It is as bare as the desert behind it, and its tropical sun beats down on a cloudless African sky. Everything is gray and dazzling white. The houses on the sides of the hills are white, the rocks throw back the rays of the sun, and the huts upon their sides are of the same gray color as themselves.

new ambassador? She is the player's daughter, but she is the president's daughter, and she is welcoming, from her elevation, in her mother's friend of bygone years, the ambassador newly created by her father. Mrs. Tyler's mother, years before, had written in one of her numerous letters to Irving about her daughter, in which she had assured him that Priscilla, then but a child, would be the dutiful wife of the ambassador.

Among her friends were Mr. Webster rather jumbled together, while I returned his compliments in the same eccentric mixture of languages. At last, after a flourishing speech, squeezing my hand, with a second low bow over it, he departed, followed by his suite, each first making a profound obeisance. I could not resist the impulse, and as the last mustachioed Frenchman left the room I turned a prouette upon one foot on the rug, and then dropping a low courtesy said, "I beg the cabinet's pardon."

and Mr. Calhoun of the cabinet, and many of her letters contain affectionate mention of the former, who, though "so overwhelmingly sensible, could talk the most agreeable nonsense possible." He advised her in regard to her social duties. No one reception during Tyler's time was so much discussed as the one held in March, 1842, at which were present Charles Dickens and Washington Irving. The observing hostess wrote of the former's levity, as the public gatherings were called in that day, and said: "He, 'Boz,' is not at all romantic looking, rather thickset; his face, of course, does not suit me; he wears rather too much jewelry, and is thoroughly English in his appearance and not the best English. He seemed horribly bored by the crowd passing around him. He and Washington Irving were both speaking to me at the same time."

Of Washington Irving she said: "I am charmed with him. He took me in to the dinner which father gave to him, and talked to me of mamma all the time, telling me a great many anecdotes of grand-mamma's house and surroundings in old times." A newspaper correspondent writing from Washington of the levee referred to makes this mention of the hostess: "There was one point of interest, Washington Irving, and the lady who presided on this occasion with surpassing courtesy and grace, Mrs. Robert Tyler. Irving, now grown more fat than 'hardy beans,' is yet still distinguished by that smile of genius and humor in his eye, and gentle utterance, which made him the adored of the New York world of fashion."

"Washington Irving was at the Executive mansion, not now as Washington Irving, but as the ambassador to Spain. Who is that lady receiving such honors from the

The city looks thirsty and dry. It is dry. There is only a well or so in the place, and these, I am told, the English bought of their owners for something like \$1,000,000. Almost all of the water used is condensed from the sea, and fresh water always brings its price. There are no streams anywhere within miles. The town is situated in the crater of an extinct volcano, and there is one great depression nearby in which some famous stone tanks were made 1,000 or 2,000 years ago. These tanks are so big that if they were cleaned out they might hold 30,000,000 gallons of water. As it is, they have now a capacity of only 3,000,000 gallons. The water is caught when it rains, and is sometimes auctioned out to the highest bidder. The receipts go to the English government, and a good rain may bring in \$15,000 or \$20,000 or more.

Prayers five times a day. There are black Mohammedans from Somaliland and black Christians from Abyssinia. In addition there are Parsees, Hindoos and Indian Mohammedans of various shades of yellow and brown. A few of the Africans are woolly-headed, but more of them have wavy hair, and the hair of the women hangs down in corkerew curls on both sides of their faces. Of these people, neither sex wears much clothing. The men have a rag around the waist and women wear only skirts which reach to the feet.

The East Indians are everywhere. They do the most of the retail business and trading, and they are found peddling on every street corner. They dress according to their caste and religion. The Parsees, who are fire-worshippers, wear black preacher-like coats and tall hats of the style of an inverted coal scuttle. The Indian Mohammedans wear turbans and the Hindoos wrap themselves up in great sheets of white cotton. In addition there are many Greeks and Italians, and not a

few Persians. The English dress in white and wear big helmets to keep off the sun. This is the land of the camel. Caravans are coming in and going out of the city every day. They bring bags of Mocha coffee and guns and take out European goods and other supplies to the various oases. There is a considerable trade with Yemen and also with the tribes of south-eastern Arabia. There are always camels lying in the market place, and one sees them blubbering and crying as they are loaded and unloaded. They are the most discontented beasts upon earth, and are as mean as they look. One bit at me this afternoon as I passed it, and I am told that they never become reconciled to their masters. Nevertheless, they are the freight animals of this part of the world, and the desert could not get along without them. They furnish the greater part of the milk for the various Arab settlements, the people make their tents of camel's hair, and they are, in fact, the cows of the desert. They are of many different breeds, and they vary as much in character as horses. There are some breeds that correspond to the percheron, and the best among them can carry half a ton at a load. There are others fitted only for riding and passenger travel. The ordinary freight camel makes only about three miles an hour, and eighteen miles a day's work. The best racing camels will travel twenty hours at a stretch, and will cover 100 miles in a day. Seventy-five miles in ten hours is not an uncommon journey for an Arabian racer, and much better speed has been made. As to prices, an ordinary freight camel brings about \$20, but a good riding camel costs \$100 and upward.

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This story makes me think of the Arab tradition as to how God made the water buffalo, which, as you know, is about the ugliest beast that ever wore horns, hair and skin. God's first creation was the beautiful cow. When He had finished it the devil happened that way, and he saw it he laughed at the job and sneered out that he could make a better beast with his eyes shut. Therupon the Lord gave him some material such as He had put into the cow, and told him to go to work. The devil wrought all day and night, and the result was the water buffalo.

I have made inquiries here and elsewhere as to the Arabian horse. He is a comparatively scarce animal and he does not run wild in the desert, as some people suppose. Indeed, comparatively few of the Arabian tribes have horses, and the best are kept on the plateau of Najd, in the center of the peninsula. They belong to the Anazazi tribe, which is one of the oldest of all, and which claims to date back to the flood. It is a wealthy tribe, and it has been breeding horses for many generations. The best stock has pedigrees going back to the time of Mahomet, and the very choicest come from five mares which were owned by the prophet and blessed by him. These horses seldom go out of Arabia. They are owned by the chiefs, and are not sold, except in times of the direst necessity. Now and then a few get into Egypt and other parts of North Africa, and the sultan of Turkey is able to buy some for his stables.

During my stay in Algeria I saw 150 stallions in the great army stables at Blidah. Perhaps one-third of them were Arabian, and they were kept to breed horses for the French army. The Khedive of Egypt has some Arabian thoroughbreds, and there are a few in Morocco and Abyssinia.

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Frank G. Carpenter.

Women Who Once Ruled Washington Social Life

HERE died in Washington recently Mrs. Semple, the last surviving child of ex-President Tyler by his first wife. Her residence for many years had been the Louise home, the institution established by W. W. Corcoran for the benefit of aged southern gentlemen.

John Tyler, the tenth president of the United States, and the first accidental president, took with him to the White House in April, 1841, a large family, and became quickly associated in the public mind with social events of a varied character. President Harrison lived but a month and Tyler was practically president for the full term. Mrs. Tyler died within the year.

Perhaps no presidential campaign was so hotly contested, and certainly not one ever resulted in arousing the enthusiasm of the Whig party to the pitch it reached when its candidate the famous old hero of Tippecanoe, was triumphant. John Tyler's elevation was therefore all the more a shock since that he was not a Whig, and the party knew that in his accession the hard won fight was practically turned into defeat.

And so when he returned from Virginia, where he was at the time of the death of the president, brought with him a part of his family, and soon after established all his unmarried daughters and all of his sons in the mansion, the public of Washington was more than usually interested. It was known that Mrs. Tyler, who was a grandmother, was aversa to public life, and that the daughter-in-law of the first lady of the land, Mrs. Tyler, sr., had been the mistress of the executive mansion at Richmond, during her husband's term of office and had been the hospitable hostess of Greenway, his county seat in Virginia, but the larger field into which she was thrown as first lady of the land, she had no attractions for her, and she was rarely seen by visitors. There were several married daughters, one of them being Mrs. Semple, but they were never more than occasional guests at the executive mansion, and the only lady of the White House was the daughter of the famous English tragedian, Cooper, who was known and admired all over the United States.

Cooper had married Mary Fairlee, the daughter of Major Fairlee of New York, an officer of the Revolutionary army and of the Governor Yates, Livingston and Van Ness family. He was known in the well bred and social circles of the time, and found immediate success. She was the intimate friend of Washington Irving and Paulding, and knew all the other literary men of the young nation. Mrs. Cooper was famous for her bright intellect and is the Sophy Sparkle of the "Salmagundi."

Mrs. Robert Tyler, as Priscilla Cooper, made her debut in New York as Virginia, and found immediate success. She traveled with her father for two years appearing with him on all his benefit nights, and by her popularity kept him from wanting after greater actors, like Kean, Cooke and Forrest, had come upon the scene.

It therefore happened that a large number of persons who had no interest in the administration's social success went to the White House to see Mrs. Tyler. And about her at all the social functions gathered not only the members of the cabinet and officials but the distinguished men of the city. She was witty and vivacious, well read and familiar with social usage. She was young too, and had the strength and courage to fill the position she held, even to the extent of spending three hours

a day, three days in every week, making calls. Mrs. Tyler in one of her home letters, in speaking of this formidable part of her duties in a city of magnificent distances, said: "The victim of this sacrifice is to be adorned in a white clay bonnet, trimmed with moss and abasid from Lawson's in New York. I could spend my time here charmingly if it were not for the duties of my position."

Among her friends were Mr. Webster rather jumbled together, while I returned his compliments in the same eccentric mixture of languages. At last, after a flourishing speech, squeezing my hand, with a second low bow over it, he departed, followed by his suite, each first making a profound obeisance. I could not resist the impulse, and as the last mustachioed Frenchman left the room I turned a prouette upon one foot on the rug, and then dropping a low courtesy said, "I beg the cabinet's pardon."



Her husband, who stood near and whom she was given to calling the Prince Consort, rebuked her, but the cabinet ministers, who doubtless had been bored by the visit, heartily enjoyed the performance. For nearly four years Mrs. Tyler remained hostess of the White House. She accompanied the president in February, 1841, to Boston, where he went to attend the celebration of the laying of the cornerstone of Bunker Hill monument. And in the following April she chaperoned the presidential party on board the ill-fated Princeton, when, by an explosion of its largest gun, the secretary of state and the secretary of the navy were killed. Another victim was Colonel Gardiner of New York, whose two daughters were in the party. The president invited the latter to be his guests and they accompanied Mrs. Tyler to the White House, where the funerals of the two secretaries and of their father were later held. Miss Julia, the elder of these young women, was a frequent visitor in Washington.

The attention paid her by the president whenever opportunity occurred were not displeasing to her, although she was but just out of her teens and he was 56, the father of nine children and the grandfather of several. Mrs. Robert Tyler noted the growth of her father-in-law's interest in the young lady.

She imparted her knowledge to her husband and he decided to remove from the White House before the end of the administration, and did so. Mr. Tyler becoming a member of the bar in Philadelphia. Thus ended in May, 1844, the career of Mrs. Robert Tyler in the White House eight months before the retirement of President Tyler and two months before his second marriage. Long years afterward she wrote a letter in which she said

14, was a genius. "She is all talent," she wrote, "that is in regard to sprightliness of mind, clearness in writing and fun and drollery in everything, but so incapable of application that she has not of what might technically be called accomplishments one single one. She edits a family newspaper that is in great demand wherever it has been seen. She would be the delight of your heart, I am sure."

One of Mrs. Robert Tyler's whitest descriptions is of visits to the White House in 1843 by Bertrand, Napoleon's marshal, who came to Washington accompanied by a gay and had an exaggerated idea of the importance of the position of lady of the executive mansion. She tells of the entrance into the Blue Room of this marshal of France and continues: "He bowed to the very ground and I courted quite low. I cannot convey to you any idea of how charmingly I received him! The hour he remained he spent in complimenting me in French and English

rather jumbled together, while I returned his compliments in the same eccentric mixture of languages. At last, after a flourishing speech, squeezing my hand, with a second low bow over it, he departed, followed by his suite, each first making a profound obeisance. I could not resist the impulse, and as the last mustachioed Frenchman left the room I turned a prouette upon one foot on the rug, and then dropping a low courtesy said, "I beg the cabinet's pardon."

that both she and her husband knew of the president's intention to marry Miss Gardiner and of the engagement, which was made by correspondence.

Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple was invited by her father to be the mistress of the president's house for the interim, and she spent two months there, receiving the bride at the end of June, and then departed for her sister's home in Virginia.

The election of President Polk in November, 1845, dimmed the interest of the general public, but not the Washington public, in the family of President Tyler. His bride was the center of attraction at all receptions and the president himself favored her. He was a delightful man socially and had the southerner's idea of hospitality. Mrs. Semple greeted the bride couple when they reached the White House and was described by the bride in one of her letters as remarkably fine looking and intelligent. She closes the letter by saying: "She has left and I have commenced my suspicious reign and am in quiet possession of the presidential mansion."

The family of President Tyler all left the White House, with the exception of the second son, John Tyler, jr., who was the president's private secretary. He accompanied his father to New York and was present at the wedding on June 29, 1846. No publicity attended this wedding, which took place in the Church of the Ascension in Fifth avenue, and was attended by but twelve persons. But after the ceremony the presidential salute was fired from the several forts in the bay and by the United States vessels in port.

Mrs. Tyler enjoyed the attention she attracted wherever she was found. She was on the train or at the hotels of Philadelphia and Baltimore. She tells her mother in her first letter that "such a time as we have had since I first placed my foot in the railroad cars defies the power of any pen to describe. Wherever we stopped, wherever we went, crowds of people overtopping one another came to gaze at the president's bride. Never was there such a general expression of interest. Besides a night at Philadelphia we stayed five hours at Baltimore, and then dropped into Washington almost accidentally, for the city was totally taken by surprise, we bringing the first information ourselves. * * * The secrecy of the affair is on the tongue and admiration of everyone. Everyone says it was the best managed thing they ever heard of. The president says I am the best of diplomatists. I confess, from what I have heard since my arrival here, that his part has been quite as well performed, for our carriage drove through the avenue from the cars to the White House without a single one of his acquaintances in Washington, by a servant in his house dreaming of its contents. An instant afterward the new fire like wild-fire over the city."

Mrs. Tyler goes on to describe the attentions paid her, and she declares that everything has been very brilliant—"brilliant to my heart's content; as much so as if I was actually to be presidentess for four more years to come. Crowds followed me whither I went. My high estate has been thus far altogether pleased to me. This morning I attended church. I did not turn to the right or left, but the president said in the carriage: 'Did you not see all the people in the church stand still as you passed out?'"

It was the custom in the early days of the republic for the president's house to be open the year round; and on the fourth of July the president and his bride had a throng of callers, and the happy lady tells of her pleasure in being the center of attraction.

Mrs. Tyler's was the first portrait of a lady of the White House to be placed in the White House. In 1862 she was in Washington and visited the White House.



HINDOOS AT ADEN.

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