

How Six Million Fellahs Make Their Living in the Valley of the Nile

The Nile valley is the most fertile in the world. I have been traveling through the farms of the Nile valley. I have visited many parts of the Delta and have taken a run through the narrow strip which borders the river for several hundred miles above Cairo. I am writing these notes at Tanta, a city which lies about halfway between Cairo and Alexandria and midway between the two branches into which the Nile divides below Cairo and flows from there down into the Mediterranean sea. I am in a region where the tourist seldom stops, and of which the guide books make little account. I refer to the Delta, that great fan of land, which begins at Cairo and in a radius of about 100 miles reaches the Mediterranean sea at Alexandria and Port Said.

Big Price for Farms.
The Delta is the heart of Egypt. It contains the bulk of the population. It has the most land, the richest soil and the highest crops. It is more thickly settled than any other part of the world, and it yields more to the acre than any other region on earth. Its farm lands are worth more than those of any other country, and they bring in a greater product. The average yield for all Egypt nets a profit of \$5 per acre, and that of lower Egypt amounts to much more. Some lands yield so much that they are renting for \$50 per acre, and there are instances where \$100 an acre is paid. Such lands bring two or three crops a year, and those who rent them know what they are doing. The renting value of the lands of Egypt in 1899 was over \$100,000,000, and the selling values of the best lands now range all the way from \$50 to \$1,000 per acre.

I see today's newspapers an advertisement of the Egyptian Lands company, announcing an issue of \$2,500,000 worth of stock. The syndicate says in its prospectus that it expects to buy 5,500 acres of land at "the low rate of \$30 per acre," and that by spending \$150,000 it can make that land worth \$600 per acre within three years. Some of these lands are now worth from \$50 to \$200 per acre, and are yielding for \$30 per acre per annum. The tracts lie fifty miles north of Cairo and are planted in cotton, wheat and barley.

Egypt Belongs to the Egyptians.
Such estates as the above do not often come. The vast lands of Egypt are in small farms, and there are thousands here of one acre or less. The cultivable land, all told, covers only a little over 6,000,000 acres.

Indeed, it is not right to think of Egypt as owned by foreigners. Six-sevenths of all the farms belong to the Egyptians, and there are more than 1,000,000 native land owners. The most of the holdings are small, and over 1,000,000 acres are in tracts of from five to twenty acres each. Many are even less than an acre in size. The number of proprietors is increasing every year, and the fellahs now seem crazy to possess land of their own. It used to be that the khedive had enormous estates, but when the British government took possession of the khedivial lands came to them. They have been divided and have been sold on long time and easy payments, the lands going to the fellahs. Many who then bought these lands have paid for them out of their crops and all are rich. As it is now there are only 6,000 foreigners who own real estate in the valley of the Nile.

Among the Farmers.
I wish I could show you the farmers of Egypt as they live here in the Delta. They have one of the garden spots of the globe to cultivate, and the rich mud of which their land is composed is from thirty to sixty feet deep. It rests on the bed rock of the desert, and has been brought down through the ages, from the highlands of Abyssinia by the river Nile. The Nile is bringing more every year, and the land, if carefully handled needs practically no fertilization. As it is now it is yielding two to three crops every twelve months and is seldom idle. Under the old system of basin irrigation the farms lay fallow during the hot months of the summer, but the canals and dams which have of late been constructed enable much of the country to have water all the year round, and as soon as one crop is harvested another is planted.

The Cities of the Delta.
The whole of the Delta is one big farm dotted with farm villages and little farm cities. There are mud towns everywhere, and there are half a dozen agricultural centers of considerable size outside the big cities of Alexandria and Cairo. Take for instance Tanta, where I am at this writing. It has 67,000 people and is supported by the farmers. It is a cotton market, and it has a great fair, now and then, to which the people come from all over Egypt to buy and sell. A little to the east of it is Zagazig, which has more than 40,000 people, and further north, upon the east branch of the Nile, is Mansura, another cotton market, with a rich farming district about it.

Damietta and Rosetta, at the two mouths of the Nile, are also big places, and Damietta, which lies west of the Rosetta branch of the Nile is not far from Lake Edku, is also large. There are a number of towns ranging in size from 5,000 to 10,000, and the whole country is peppered with mud villages. The people do not live on their farms, but in towns. They go out to work in the morning and come back home at night. They usually bring their cattle in with them, and never allow them to graze at will in the field.

How an Egyptian Farm Looks.
Indeed, these farms are nothing like those of the United States. We should have to change the face of our landscape to imitate them. There are no fences, no barns and no haystacks. The country is as bare of such things as an undeveloped Brazil. The only boundaries of the estates are little mud walls; and the fields are divided into patches some of which are no bigger than a bed quilt. Each patch has its wall, and the furrows within are so made that the water from the canals can irrigate every inch.

Irrigation.
The whole country is cut up by canals. There are large waterways running along the branches of the Nile, and smaller ones connecting with them, to such an extent that the whole country is bound as it were, in a network of little streams from which the water can be let in and out. The draining of the land is quite as important as watering, and the system of irrigation is perfect, inasmuch that it brings the Nile to every part of the country.

The methods of raising the water from one level to another are different from ours. In some places there are steam pumps which do the work. In others gravity is employed and on some of the higher lands half-naked men labor for months at a time scooping water up in basins and pouring it out on the fields above. There are also great cranking cog wheels which work in such a way that the water is caught in clay pots attached to their rims, and thus raised and poured into the little canals through which it flows to the fields. These wheels are moved by wind-driven buffaloes. There are thousands of them in the valley of the Nile.

The American farmer would sneer at the old-fashioned way in which these Egyptian fellahs cultivate the soil. He would tell them that they were 2,000 years behind the time, and still, if he were allowed to take their places he would probably ruin the country and himself. Most of the Egyptian farming methods are the result of long experience. In plowing, the land is only scratched, and the farmer is careful not to turn up the earth a foot or so below the surface. This Nile mud is full of salts, and the salt from Abyssinia is of such a nature that the people have to be careful in order that the salts may not be raised from below and ruin the crop. In many cases there is no plowing at all. The seed is sown on the soft mud after the water is taken off, and pressed into it with a wooden roller or trodden in by oxen or buffaloes.

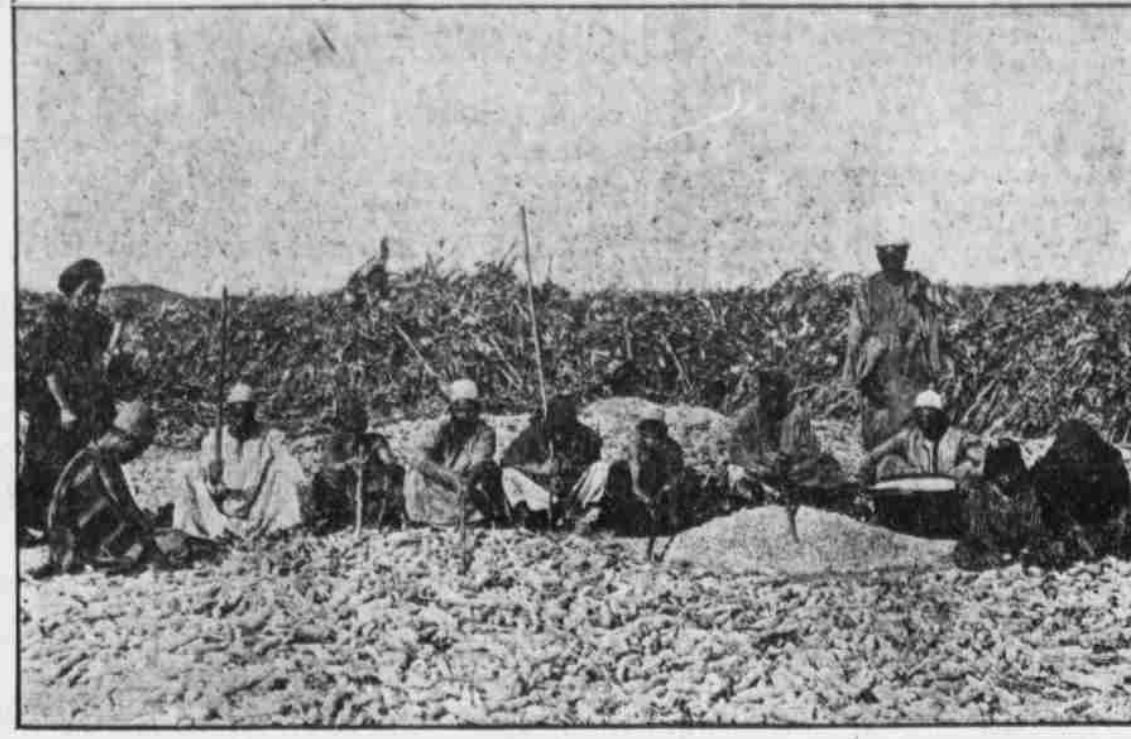


THRESHING WHEAT IN EGYPT—BULLOCK AND CAMEL WORKING TOGETHER.

locks and camels. The camel is taken out into the corn field while the harvesting is going on. As the men cut the corn they tie it up into great bundles and hang one on each side of its hump. The ordinary camel can carry about one-fifth as much as one horse hitched to a wagon or one-tenth as much as a two-horse team. Hay, straw and green clover are often carried from the fields to the markets on camels. Such crops are put up in a bag like netting which fits over the camel's hump, and makes him look like a hay or straw stack walking on upon legs. Some of the farmers who cannot afford camels, use donkeys for such purposes, and these little animals may often be seen going along the narrow roads carrying bags of grain balanced upon their backs.

A Land of Wheat and Barley.
I have always looked upon Egypt as devoted to sugar and cotton. I find it a land of wheat and barley as well. It has also a big yield of clover and corn. The sugar and cotton fields all told cover about 1,500,000 acres, and they take up only about one-fourth of the tillable land. There is twice as much farming country devoted to grain. The wheat and barley fields cover 1,700,000 acres, and there are more than 1,000,000 acres in Indian corn. There are some things like 500,000 acres in millet and sorghum. The delta raises almost all of the cotton and some of the sugar. Central

Camels and Hacksacks.
The chief means of carrying farm products from one place to another is on bul-



EGYPT HAS ONE MILLION ACRES OF INDIAN CORN.

and upper Egypt are grain countries, and in central Egypt Indian and Kafir corn are the chief summer crops. Kafir corn is, to a large extent, the food of the four fellahs, and it is eaten by the Bedouins who live on the desert along the edges of the Nile valley.

Egypt raises a great deal of hay and it produces some of the very best clover. The Egyptian clover is known as berseem. It has rich feeding qualities, and a small bundle of it is enough to satisfy a camel. It is cut and carried into cities for sale on the backs of camels and donkeys, and is also grazed.

Stock Farming in Egypt.
Egypt is a great stock country. For its small size it supports, I venture, as many animals as any other part of the world. The Nile valley is peppered with camels, donkeys, buffaloes and sheep, either watched by herders or tied to stakes, grazing on clover and other grasses. No animal is allowed to run at large, for there are no fences and the cattle thief is everywhere in evidence. The fellahs are as shrewd as any people the world over, and a strayed animal would be difficult to recover. Much of the stock is watched by children. I see buffaloes feeding in the green fields with naked boys sitting on their backs and whipping them this way and that if they attempt to get into the crops adjoining.

In the Country Villages.
Suppose we go into one of the villages and see how these Egyptian farmers live. The towns are collections of mud huts with holes in the walls for windows. They are scattered along narrow roadways and the dust is thick.

The average hut is so low that one can look over its roof when seated on a camel. It seldom contains more than one or two rooms, in which the children and chickens roll about in the dust and where the donkey is sometimes tied.

Above some of the houses are towers of mud with holes in their sides. These towers are devoted to pigeons, which are kept by the hundreds and which are sold in the markets as we sell chickens. The pigeons furnish a large part of the manure of Egypt, and this is so of both gardens and fields. The manure is mixed with earth and scattered over the soil.

There are no water works in the ordinary country village. If the locality is close to the Nile the drinking and washing water is brought from there to the huts on the heads of the women, and if not it comes from the village well. It is not difficult to get water by digging down a few feet anywhere in the Nile valley, and every town has its well. The village well is usually shaded by palm trees. It is there that the men gather about and gossip at night, and there the women come to draw water and carry it home upon their heads.

How the Farmers Live.
The farmers' houses have no gardens about them, and no flowers or other ornamental decoration. The surroundings of the towns are squalid and mean, and the peasants have no comforts in our sense of the word. They have but little furniture inside their houses. Many of them sleep on the ground or on mats, and many wear the same clothing at night that they wear in the daytime. Out in the country shoes, stockings and underclothes are comparatively unknown, and it is only upon dress-up occasions that a man or woman puts on slippers.

The cooking and housekeeping is done entirely by the women. The chief food is a coarse bread made of corn or millet. This is baked into a kind of a bean stew seasoned with salt, pepper and onions. Almost every sort of vegetable grows well here, and onions and tomatoes are raised for export. The ordinary peasant seldom has meat, and it is only the rich who can afford mutton or beef. At a big feast on the occasion of a wedding a farming nabob sometimes brings in a sheep which has been cooked whole. It is eaten without forks, and is torn limb from limb, pieces being cut out by the guests with their knives.

Everyone in Egypt who can afford it smokes. The men have pipes of various kinds, and of late many cigarettes have been coming into use. A favorite smoke is with a water pipe, the vapor from the burning tobacco being drawn by means of a long tube through a bowl of water upon which the pipe sits, so that it comes cool into the mouth.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Long Sleep of Corea Awakened by Ambitious Neighbor

The western world is not likely to lament the fall of the kingly house of Corea, even though the emperor sent forth law from Seoul for the government of a great people even before Hengist and Horsa sailed from Jutland. But there is, nevertheless, tragedy in the present state of affairs in Corea; the tragedy of decay and the fall of the weak before the strong. Because the shell of the kingdom of Corea was weakening to collapse and because there was a chance for a little benevolent assimilation Japan has stepped in and ruthlessly shaken the life out of the poor shadow of sovereignty that still existed.

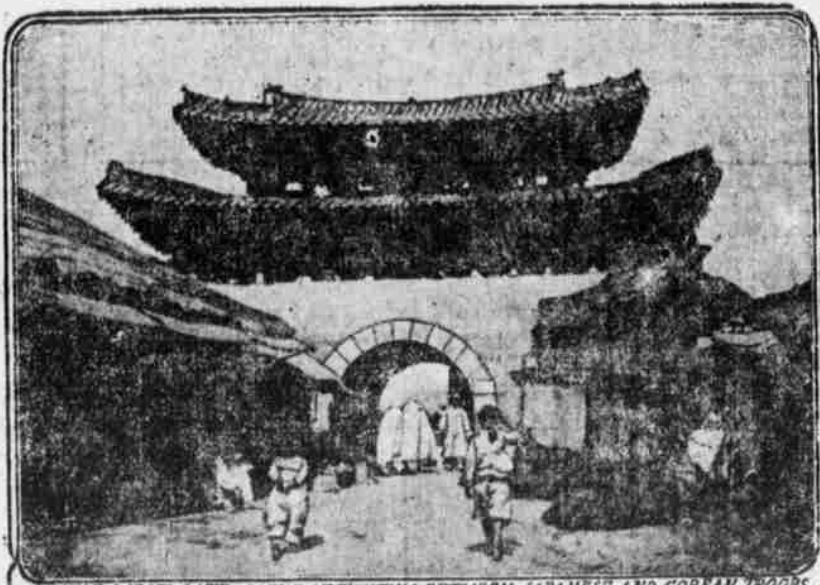
Seoul, the capital city of Corea for over a thousand years, is emblematic of the death that has gradually stolen over the whole of the land and the people. It lies in the hollow of bleak basalt cliffs, resembling when viewed from one of the surrounding heights nothing so much as the mushroom growth that gathers inside a hollow stump.

his eye to a hole that has been punched in the paper screen of the door he may see the room in which the queen was hacked to death by Japanese swords. Not a thing has been touched in the room since the queen's body was carried out and burned by the assassins.

Where Spirit of Queen Rests.
A sprig of withered flowers stands in a bronze vase. One-half of a lamp shade, which had been shorn in two by a sword stroke, dangles on its lacquer staff.

Here is the home of the murdered queen's restless spirit. Because the spirit roams through the palace park at night and calls for vengeance, the ancient seat of the kings has been declared a haunted place by the emperor that was and from the day of the assassination until the present he has lived in a new palace built outside of the old enclosure.

The ex-emperor's new palace is located in a compound, near the various houses of the legations by the little West gate. Between the new palace and the main gate



LITTLE WEST GATE—SCENE OF FIGHTING BETWEEN JAPANESE AND COREAN TROOPS.

drill masters. Later the army was allowed to shift for itself when Japan and Russia began to come to grips over the land, and the result was that the Korean soldier slipped back into something between a scarecrow and an up-stated constable.

When the palace guard was changed daily foreigners enjoyed the spectacle of a squad of lanky yellow men trailing their muskets in the dust and dressed in trousers and jackets either too short or too long. As often as not a sentry would stick his gun, bayonet down, into the dirt and go to sleep about in the dust and oblivion of passing officers and certain of respect for his prostrate form from the lowly citizen.

Refuse to Lay Down Arms.
It was this motley array of half backed soldiers that refused to lay down arms and stood up in open fight against trained veterans of the Japanese with machine guns. After the Koreans had been beaten and cuffed about robbed of their land and

running down and punishing with death and imprisonment all the offending Koreans who resisted the orders of General Hasegawa, commander of the Japanese forces in Seoul. More than once since the occupation of the country by Japanese, Koreans suspected of treason against the new regime have been led outside of their city, trussed up to rude wooden crosses and shot without trial.

Foreigners who happened to be passing through an obscure Korean village in the north on a certain day in August, 1905, came across a rude gallows, made of logs hoisted up on poles from which dangled twelve Koreans. Their crime was that of firing on some Japanese who came with little stakes to mark out the land they lived by for a Japanese military reservation.

The Japanese seemed bothered by the fact that the party of foreigners had unexpectedly passed through that village and seen the gallows. One of the officers, who spoke English, pointed out with great pains the fact that the men hanged had indeed been guilty of rank insubordination.



PANORAMIC VIEW OF SEOUL.

The city is mud colored and sprawling; it crawls over the ancient city walls on all sides and dwindles into the swamps of the Han river on the north. The houses, the palaces and the gabled gateways through the walls are as they have been for 20 years past.

No Semblance of Change.
There is not a semblance of change except in the grotesquely modern trolley road which an American company ran through the tortuous streets some ten years ago. Seoul was content to sleep in the dust of its decay until the tread of Japanese infantry through its streets at the opening of the war with Russia sounded the signal for the awakening.

In the heart of the city and under the shadow of Pukhan, the highest of the cliffs that hedge Seoul about, there lies the nucleus of the old Murye palace. Once the Gate of All Wisdom gave entrance to this park of palaces, banquet halls and council pavilions and kings on ebony seats received vassals from the northern provinces. Now the brass studded doors of the gate are closed and the palaces within moulder in the decay of a haunted place.

For it was in one of the women's apartments of the Mulberry palace that the queen of the emperor recently deposed was murdered by Japanese assassins at the order of the Japanese representative at Seoul.

Back of the royal library in the trees of the deer park, there is a long bunjalow which the Korean guide will point out to foreign visitors. He will stand at far ranges and indicate one of the perches in front of the building, but no amount of silver will induce him to a nearer approach.

of the old is situated the barracks which were occupied by the Korean regiments attached to the body of the emperor. It was in the compound of these barracks and about the little West gate that the fighting between the Korean and Japanese troops is reported to have occurred.

When one remembers the equipment and the ridiculous military semblance of the Korean soldiers, the fighting attending their disarming assumes the aspect of pitiful heroism. The Japanese press reports admit

Russians First Tried It.
The Russians first undertook to drum the Korean into at least the picture of a soldier. That was during the period of greatest Russian influence just after the murder of the queen in 1895 and 1896. Russian drill masters, imported for the purpose, replaced their old blue and flintlocks with modern rifles, though of a discarded pattern, and gave them a few disabled machine guns and field pieces.

When Japanese influence in a measure supplanted the Russian power at Seoul, the Korean regiments received another veneer of military education from Japanese

at several barracks were killed the wonder is that there were any, considering that all on the Japanese side during the slaughter of the Koreans.

obeyed in Japanese courts for three years without a murmur, there suddenly came to the simple men of the Seoul regiments some flicker of the spirit that made their forefathers conquerors in the dim ages, and they died fighting.

Reports from Seoul have it that the Japanese have followed up the outbreak by

the boy's grass. With a yell of pain the dog dropped the wire.

The unconscious boy hurried to Mount Sinai hospital, where the current. Besides being badly shocked, young Greenberg's back, head, chest and arms were badly burned.

Boy's Life Saved by Dog.
The timely intervention of a little dog saved the life of 10-year-old Nathan Greenberg of Philadelphia. A number of boys were teasing the dog by means of a cord tied to a piece of braid, containing copper wire, such as is used in the framework of women's hats, when it was suggested that they throw the string over the trolley wire. Greenberg did so and the next moment uttered a cry of pain and fell to the street unconscious.

Hyman Donin, 12 years old, snatched the cord and the current slightly stunned him, out, leaping to his feet, he ran off. Lillian Greenberg, a sister of the unconscious boy, also went to his aid, but the current was communicated to her as soon as her hand came in contact with the body's clothing. At that juncture the dog jumped and with its teeth snatched the wire from