

American Colleges Are Arousing the Mohammedans



20th CENTURY EGYPTIAN COLLEGE FOOT-BALL TEAM - ASSIOUT



GROUP OF BEIRUT STUDENTS DR. HOWARD BLISS AT FRONT IN CENTER



down to the sea. Standing upon the campus, which contains about fifty acres, one faces the glorious Mediterranean and at his back are the snow-capped mountains of Lebanon with the rich vegetation climbing their slopes. The institution has a gymnasium, tennis courts and good athletic grounds. Its students play foot ball, base ball and cricket. They are full of college spirit and have their college papers and college songs. Their college yell is as follows:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rip! Rah! Ree!
Boom! Ah! Boom! Ah!
S. P. C.

The boys have a silver cup which is contended for by the various athletic teams, and these Persians, Greeks, Syrians, Arabs, Egyptians, Armenians and Turks are being welded into one brotherhood by the hard knocks of foot ball and the track.



THREE NEW BUILDINGS - AMERICAN COLLEGE, AT ASSIOUT, EGYPT - 1000 STUDENTS

the best we believe that the knowledge you have of our religion will make you better and broader Moslems. Religion is for man, not man for religion, and we want you to have the training which will make each one of you the best man, whether he be Christian or Moslem."

at the same time the college students tell what they have learned and as a result the twentieth century spirit of modern progress is stirring the Mohammedan world.

Today the Mohammedan students, attending the services, look upon them as largely educational, and they study the Bible as such.

The influence of colleges like this goes far and wide. The students come from villages all over the Turkish empire and from those of India and Persia as well. Going home, each forms a little hotbed for the growth of independent thought, and civilized ideas are spread in other ways. One of the great means of such distribution is the annual pilgrimage to Mecca, which is attended by about half a million of Mohammedans from all parts of the orient. At that time Mecca becomes a great camp meeting or bush meeting, such as we farmers have in Virginia. The people come together and gossip. They discuss the crops and ask one another how they are getting along. Hassan Ali of Egypt says to Mohammed of Turkey: "How is business? Are you making money, and how does your government treat you?" Mohammed replies that the Turks are taxed to death, but they hope for much under the new sultan. Thereupon Hassan says that the English have cut down the taxes and that the church has plenty of money in its treasury. He tells how he has been able to send his boy to college, and that he hopes he will some day be an official. The Turk thereupon longs for a better government. At

The Work of the Missions. In addition to the collegiate work great advances in our civilization are being made by the Protestant missions. There are now thousands of native Christians in Syria, and from 75,000 to 100,000 native Christians in the empire of Turkey. The American missionaries alone have over 100 schools, with 5,000 or 6,000 pupils, and the English have many more. Right here in Beirut is the largest and most up-to-date publishing plant in the orient. It belongs to the American mission, and it annually turns out tens of thousands of volumes of the Bible, of school text books and of others on religious and scientific subjects. Altogether it has published more than 700 different works in Arabic, and it is estimated that it has printed approximately 1,000,000,000 pages of one kind or other. It issues in the neighborhood of 100,000 volumes a year, containing altogether something like 30,000,000 pages. Its Bibles published in Arabic are sold throughout the Mohammedan world.

Tuberculosis in Syria. The medical missionaries are doing a great deal in all parts of the orient. I have seen their hospitals everywhere on this trip around the world. They are to be found in all parts of India, far up the Nile valley and in the leading centers of the Holy Land. One of the best I have visited is situated at Thlorias, on the Sea of Galilee, being headed by Dr. Torrance, who has been treating the Bedouins and others there for the last thirty years. In talking with him the question of tuberculosis came up, and he described the evils of the great white plague as they are found in his region on the very edge of the desert. He says tuberculosis is rife among the Bedouins, although they live out of doors and are in the purest of air all the time. He thinks that the disease is largely distributed by the cattle. About 50 per cent of the cows have tuberculosis, and the people live chiefly on milk. Another doctor connected with that hospital tells me that Syria had no consumption until about twenty-five years ago, when the disease was brought in from the United States by natives who had emigrated to our country, contracted consumption and brought it back home. The Syrians had no idea what it meant, and it rapidly spread. The sanitary conditions of this part of the world are bad, the bacteria breed rapidly and the disease is sweeping the country.

An American Hospital for Consumptives. And this brings me to a great work which has just been started at Juneau within a few miles of Beirut. I refer to the tuberculosis hospital, which is being built there by the Church of the Covenant of Washington city, and which is under the care of Dr. Mary Eddy, a young woman physician, who has become famous for her work as a medical missionary throughout the near east. Miss Eddy is the daughter of the Rev. William W. Eddy, who came to Syria about sixty years ago and remained here until his death. She is a woman of fine education and great medical skill, and moreover an expert upon all matters connected with tuberculosis and its treatment. She is the only woman who has ever been granted an trade or certificate of protection from the sultan authorizing her to practice as a doctor anywhere throughout his dominion and directing that all good Turks shall give her assistance as she goes on her way.

Miss Eddy has been working in Syria for years and has been fighting the spread of consumption as best she could with no place for her patients. The people have come and camped in tents near her house waiting treatments and the tents of the Bedouins may be seen dotting the plains near where the hospital now is. It is only a year or so ago that the movement to erect this hospital began, and the buildings are now approaching completion. Among the largest givers to it have been Mrs. John Hay, the wife of the late secretary of state, and the late Mrs. Gardner Hubbard, the mother-in-law of Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. So far the contributions are not equal to the needs of the institution, and much more money could be profitably used. I do not know any place where charitable contributions will bring a greater return.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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BEURUT—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Do you realize how American education is revolutionizing the orient? It has been one of the chief forces which have modernized Egypt. It has much to do with the great revolution in Persia and it is the basis of the reorganization now going on throughout the whole Turkish empire. The first schools of Egypt were started by United Presbyterian missionaries and their educational institutions now cover the Nile valley. They have schools in Sudan and a great American college at Assiout, several hundred miles above Cairo. The college was started in a donkey stable about forty years ago, and it has been turning out graduates ever since. It has now more than 1,000 students, who are housed in ten large two-story buildings, and it has recently completed three of the finest halls to be found in the far east. These are situated just outside Assiout, at the junction of the Nile with the great canal north of that city, and by the time this letter is published they will be finished and in active operation. The college has about 300 women, and it is associated with the new girls' academy which was dedicated at Cairo during the stay of President Roosevelt.

cluding Mohammedans, Jews, Armenians and Russians, as well as representatives of the other nations about. The teaching is non-sectarian, although all are required to attend daily prayers and go to services Sunday. I understand that this college is now highly approved by the new government, but that the latter would like to have it incorporated as a Turkish institution, subject to the laws of Turkey and with Turkish directors. To this the Americans naturally object. They say that they are organized under the laws of New York, and they expect to stand by the rights which the foreign ownership gives them.

The Censorship of the Turks.

There is no doubt but that the Americans are sensible in preferring the protection of Uncle Sam to that of the sultan. Conditions are bound to be unsettled in this part of the world for years to come. There will be revolutions and counter-revolutions before the Turks come down to a solid, substantial, modern government; and no one can tell when the old conditions of censorship may not be resumed. As it is now, the students can read what books they like, and there is little trouble as to the newspapers. They can go where they please without passports, and the new government is doing all it can to promote education.

It was far different under the regime of Abdul Hamid. In his time every newspaper was carefully looked over, and all sentences or words objectionable to the governmental critics were cut out. This was so of papers coming in through the mail as well as of the native papers. Here in Beirut a Sunday weekly is published devoted largely to the life and sayings of our Savior. The censors objected to it, saying, "The paper is a bad one, for in it they kill a King of Jews every week. This might suggest the assassination of the sultan, and we cannot permit it." Dr. Bliss, the president of the college at Beirut, not long ago imported an old copy of Shakespeare. It was kept at the customs house, the censor objecting. Said the latter: "Shakespeare is a bad book for the Turks. It is in it the story of a man named Macbeth who killed a king. It would be a bad example for us."

Dr. Bliss succeeded in getting his Shakespeare in by saying he had another copy of the same book, which, as it was already in the country, could not be taken out, and he would be glad to trade this for the new copy. The censor consented, and he accepted the Shakespeare which cost \$1 and admitted the fine old edition instead. At another time some New Testaments sent to Constantinople were held back by one of the censors because of the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians. Galata is one of the divisions of Constantinople, and the censor asked: "Who is this man Paul, and why is he writing to our people in Galata?" He was, with difficulty, persuaded that St. Paul was dead, and that his letter was not the part of a plot. I am told that a chemistry was once kept out because a censor objected to the term H-O, saying that it seemed to mean that Hamid II (the sultan, Abdul Hamid) amounted to nothing.

The Syrian College at Beirut.

In addition to Robert college and the institution at Assiout, there is one here at Beirut which is quite as important as either of the others. I refer to the Syrian Protestant college, established by Americans in 1856, which since then has been the Harvard and Yale of the far east. It has had thousands of graduates, and its doctors and lawyers stand at the heads of their profession in Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Persia and India. It has 900 students, all orientals, representing every part of the Levant.

This institution was founded by Presbyterians, but the instruction is non-sectarian. The faculty has about thirty-five professors, the most of them Americans, and it is a thoroughly up-to-date university. It has a medical department which, with its hospitals, treats something like 10,000 patients a year. It has physical, chemical and other laboratories, a large library, and ethnological and industrial museums devoted to Syria and Turkey.

During my stay here I have visited the college. It is beautifully located, the buildings being situated on the bluffs south of Beirut and running from them

"Jim" Bridger, Western Pathfinder

IN THE Missouri Republican of March 20, 1822, appeared a notice advertising for "enterprising young men" who would engage to "ascend the Missouri river to its source, there to be employed—for one, two or three years." Among the enterprising young men who responded to this advertisement—which emanated from the Missouri Fur company—was a young blacksmith apprentice named James Bridger, whose unguessed destiny it was to become almost a legendary figure in the pioneer history of the new west. The bare facts of his story are thus summarized upon a monument to his memory in Mount Washington cemetery, Kansas City:

1804—JAMES BRIDGER—1881. Celebrated as a hunter, trapper, fur trader and guide. Discovered Great Salt Lake, 1824; the South pass, 1827. Visited Yellowstone lake and geysers, 1830. Founded Fort Bridger, 1843. Opened overland route by Bridger's pass to Great Salt Lake. Was guide for United States exploring expeditions, Albert Sydney Johnston's army in 1857, and G. M. Dodge in U. P. surveys and Indian campaigns, 1856-66.

Piquant glimpses of the man himself, however, are captured for us by Edwin L. Rabin, writing in Recreation, New York. We learn that, while still a young man, Bridger's qualities won him the honorary appellation, "Old Jim"; that when he discovered Great Salt Lake and tasted its water he concluded that it was an arm of the Pacific ocean; and that while not the discoverer of the Yellowstone National park, he and his companion, Joe Meek, were the first to explore that marvelous region. For a long time their accounts of the wonders of the Yellowstone were received incredulously as trappers' tales.

Bridger, in his earnestness, tried too hard to describe the sights, and failed because over-vivid. Joe Meek, his comrade for many a busy year, was more prosaic. He rather suspected that he had discovered hell; but being near frozen at the time welcomed the "change in climate," and luxuriated in the hot ground beneath his moccasins. It took a good deal to feaze a mountain man in his own country.

When the trade in beaver fur declined at the advent of the silk hat, "Old Jim" Bridger established a general trading post, known as "Bridger's Fort," on a fork of the trails that led to Oregon and Salt Lake. Here he made the acquaintance of Sir George Gore, of whom Mr. Sabiu writes:

"It was in 1854 that Sir George Gore, real Irish nobleman and thorough Irish sportsman, passed up the Missouri from St. Louis on the vastly-executed

hunting expedition which has been compared to the exploits of Gordon Cumming in Africa, and certainly surpasses the late feat of Mr. Roosevelt. With forty retainers—secretaries, stewards, cooks, flymakers, dog tenders, hunters, servants, etc.—112 horses, twelve yoke of oxen, fourteen dogs, Sir George plunged into the absolute wilderness of the mountain northwest, and did not come out for two years. He traversed the ranges from Routt county, northwestern Colorado, up through Wyoming and Montana; and wisely he engaged, as the best of guides, 'old' Jim Bridger. Gore must have been one of those royal good fellows, such as the Britisher so often proves when tried out, for he and Bridger became fast friends.

"The nobleman's custom was to lie abed until near noon, then to arise, bathe, eat and set out, by himself or with Bridger, upon a hunt. And what hunting there must have been! While Bridger may have had hard work to diagnose the late sleeping and the bathing, he could appreciate the man and his enthusiasm. Sir George Gore delighted to read aloud to him out of Shakespeare and Munchausen (who 'war a darned liar'), and hear his comments.

"Bridger declared that 'that Mr. Fullstuf (Falstaff) war a leetle too fond o' lager beer'; but Shakespeare, withal, so enthused him that he waylaid an emigrant train and bought a copy for a yoke of oxen. He hired a boy at \$40 a month to read to him; only to quit in a rage at Richard III—he 'wouldn't listen to any more talk of any man who war mean enough to kill his mother!'

"He has been called 'the Daniel Boone of the west.' And it pleases one to think it was something more than a coincidence that he should make his 'last camp' (even though he did not remain) in the very same house in which that other great Virginian had passed over the range fifty years before.

"Quaint, honest old Bridger. Men today in their prime recall him with a smile and a word of praise. He lived to hear his Yellowstone yarns vindicated, to see a railroad using his particular pass and trail, and to realize that his mountain days had not been wasted. His post has crumbled into a shapeless mass; but over the mountain man's dust, removed, after twenty years, by a friend, from the farm burial place to the Kansas City cemetery, arises a noble granite monument, the deed of another friend; and Jim Bridger knows, also, that he is not forgotten."