

# IN THE WORLD OF CURRENT COMMENT

## AMERICANS THE CAUSE OF THE SOUDAN WAR

An Englishman Says the Egyptians at Cairo Were Incited to Re-conquer Their Country By Visiting Americans.

## THEY HAD BECOME BRITISH SUBJECTS AND SOLDIERS

Want to Join with British to Get Back the Diamond Country Held By the Dervishes in Middle Africa.

## GOLD ENOUGH TO MAKE EVERY WHITE MAN WEALTHY

If They Can Kill the Mahdi and Destroy His Flag They Will Deprive the Soudanese of Nerve.

## MUST MEET MEN WITH PICKLED SKINS AND BEAST INSTINCTS

(Copyright, 1896.)

The charge that America has caused the Soudan war was made by a British statesman. When told to retract he refused to do so, but said he would explain. His explanation, like the Earl of Dunraven's explanation, was made by reiterating what he had said at first. When told that he must be more explicit, he said:

"You did it with your accursed money-making. If you had stayed away from the Nile, away from Cairo, and away from the Egyptians they would never have become imbued with the ideas of gain and greed which have made them crazy to bring on this war and get possession of their former treasure. The Soudanese are better for war than the English. 'Taka Souda' is their watchword. This city, with its treasure, was formerly theirs before they allied themselves with the British."

For years past, and the custom has increased each season, Americans of wealth have gone to the Nile in the winter instead of to their native warm States, Florida. Egypt in winter has a climate similar to the Gulf States. But the Gulf States have no pyramids, no natives to dress in quaint costumes, no Korosko nor Wady Halfa to send up odd products to be bought for a song of sixpence. Americans have gone to Egypt year by year in ever-increasing numbers.

The richness of the country of Africa has attracted the attention of every country that has ever visited it. America is the only civilized nation that does not now hold possessions in either North or South Africa.

South Africa, be it known, is that portion of Africa that lies below the equator. North Africa is above the equator. There is more of Africa above the equatorial belt than below it. Most of Africa is as pleasant as any of our Southern States. Its climate is salubrious, healthful, full of vigor.

The equatorial line runs through British Africa and through the Congo Free State, which is known by the name of the Mahdi. It is an immense region and is what is understood as "the Soudan." It is as large across as our continent.

South of this and south of the equator is German Africa. Still further south are the Matabels, now ready to march north to the Congo Free State and join the army of the Mahdi, and farther south yet are the Boers. These people are apparently quiet now. But they are no under-sufferance. Their property touches British South Africa, and they do not want to be raided again or crowded in their country. They, too, are full of fight, and if the Matabels, savages though they are, give the word, the Boers, President Kruger and all, will join the Matabels, and, marching up, become one with the Mahdi and in a vast body march up the Nile.

The term "Soudanese" is given to all those fighting African people, and applies to all who are in Central Africa holding the Nile from encroachment by the English.

The Belgians and the Danes have each valuable little bits of country, but none are hardy enough, except the British, to try to hold it by any but peaceful terms, except the Italians, who are fighting with Menelik about their gold spot.

The fighting in the "Soudan," or in the whole of Africa, except in the little place at the north, Cairo, where the British hold property beyond dispute, is not caused by any sectional difficulty. No question of ethics, no question of long-established custom, no flag, no ancestry, no inalienable God-given rights have stirred it up. It is a question of gold. A question of

gold and silver and diamonds, of metals, of rare stones, of fertile fruit fields, of ore thicker and purer than any that ever showed along the pierced side of a mountain.

Here in the ground, lying upon it in places, so rich that you have only to stamp the dirt away to get it, is gold—gold! And there in caves, in the sides of mountains, in the beds of roadways are mines, diamonds, mines; and while you are gleaning upon them, you see the dull of the silver vein and the priceless iron. Yes, and there is ivory. Elephants are in the jungles in Africa. The great country is large enough to give them an unmoisted playground; and so Africa has the ivory of the world. It is for these precious products that all the Soudan is fighting.

When the American Indians fought, they battled for their homesteads. But there were no precious metals for them that they then knew about. If there were, they did not know it. And for years the Soudanese did not know of the treasure that lay at their door. They were peaceful then, and willing to sell the lands since found so valuable.

Very easily, by simplest of conquest, the British took away from the Africans the upper territory of Africa. Cairo and the northern part of the Nile was largely bought by them from the Soudanese for considerations so small that the British territory rapidly extended. They built hotels. They put steamers upon the Nile. They made a pleasant winter resort, and they, of course, stationed troops there. They owned as far as Khartoum.

When Lord Wolsey, in '85, was driven back up the Nile he had to abandon Khartoum, but up to that time the British had owned it for many years, and virtually had the whole eastern coast of Africa.

And what did they do with it? They established a British South African Company, for the taking of the gold out of the country. The clever Britishers knew as soon as they saw the rusty-looking rocks along the Nile that there was gold there. They sent their statesmen out. The statesmen formed private companies. The Duke of Fife belonged to one. Barnato has several under his name. Cecil Rhodes, the ex-governor of the town, owned the diamond mines of the place, a holding mighty enough to flood the world with diamonds, were they all sent out, so that diamonds would be as plentiful as glass.

The Soudanese, the "natives," the incumbers patronizingly called them, were allowed the privilege of being servants. They waited upon the lords in their mansions, saw pieces of land made into parks and named after the strangers, and they saw the money come flowing in, enough to buy all things to drink and eat and the great houses to live in. Where did they get it? Out of the ground—the ground the natives had given away.

This lay smoldering in their minds. Meanwhile all went merry in the upper part of Egypt. Cairo is a beautiful city. The people further down the Nile became allied to it by bringing their curios and baskets and rashes and odd stones up to Cairo to sell. Soon they found they were not so friendly with their cousins down the river. They began to call them the "Soudanese," also. They hated them.

Lord Wolsey, thinking these natives would be of great value in case of a war, formed them into troops and drilled them, so that he could have them in case of trouble with the Soudanese. They are big fellows, and it looks strange to see them in British uniform, marching under



The Dervish, with Matted Hair, His Body Pickled with Salt, Is an Armor-Proof Devil.

the Union Jack. They are invincible in warfare and can only be beaten by being outnumbered. Hunter Pacha is now their commander. They march with the British troops, but they are "dervishes" in blood just the same. They are considered great in warfare, but they must be under a commander as hard as themselves or they will break away from all rank and rush upon their cousins, the Soudanese, to pursue them to their homes, getting lost in the deserts and marshes. Many were lost in the conflict last week in this way.

Until a few months ago all was quiet along the Nile. The upper part of it was held by the British and the friendly natives. The middle and lower part by the dervishes. Each avoided the other as though the devil. The ripple of trouble arose through the Americans visiting the Nile—to believe the English statesmen. Cairo was only a place of winter resort. Americans, with their inborn sense of traffic, talked about the gold mines, inquired if any were there, about, speculated about the presence of diamond fields, and informed the natives of their value. They told the Korosko people what a pity it was that traffic with Becker had been stopped so many years. They openly spoke of the richness of Khartoum and deplored the ignorance that allowed the mahdi to hold it with his great horde of Soudanese. "But the mahdi is all powerful; he is supernatural; his flag, the Khalifa, will kill the enemy who ventures under its folds." "Nonsense," was the American reply. "You can kill the mahdi with your Maxim guns."

That, says the Englishman, was the turning point with upper Africa. The Egyptians

are slow to think but set in deep. When the British talked of retaking Khartoum and establishing a direct railroad communication between Cairo and the British South African Company, they were delighted. Their activity was unparalleled. They knew the country. They would not be sickened by the climate. They would carry the white troops through the torrid days. Only the British white man supply the guns and go along, and they would turn the country by the power of smoke and spear. Without their success the British could have done little.

But the Mahdi and King Merelik, though far separated, were not idle. The king and his princes entertained themselves one pleasant evening experimenting with a dynamite bomb. Where they got their ammunition is not known. But one of the countries that hate the English would supply it. Rumor has it that the Boers, through the Germans, supplied Menelik with all the ammunition he wanted. There are enough guns in Central Africa now to face those 10,000 troops Sir Hercules Robinson has sent for.

In warfare the dervish is as invincible as human flesh can be. With matted hair and salted holly he is a devil incarnate. His body is pickled from youth to endure the weather, and the wars of the country. He has a hide tanned with acids and herbs and toughened with salt and vinegar. He is a fiend in human shape when bound upon destruction. When leaping he can outdistance the run of a horse, and when attacking he can dance and jump and fly over spaces that are supposed wide enough to protect

an army from men that have only spears to fight with.

The dervish has ammunition now and rifles, but in the excess of warfare he throws away his gun. His bloody, passionate soul cannot restrain itself within the bounds of gun practice. Hand to hand and spear to spear he wants to meet his enemy. Any dervish can fight ten white men single handed, and with guns levelled against him, he can crawl along the ground, entirely covered by his shield, until within striking distance of his enemy.

The British talk of lying quiet until September. Last week an attack waked them. It was only a handful of dervishes. But the Union Jack had to call all its troops out to meet them. Sir Hercules Robinson asks for 10,000 to be sent north, while with the other 10,000 he marches up the Nile to meet them.

What will be the outcome of this struggle for gold? How many stalwart souls will like Henry of Batteberg, have the privilege, not of "dying for England," but for the gold that is the root of all evil in the whole world, but especially in South Africa?

**Vicious Knowledge.**  
Woman of the World (to youthful admirer)—You seem to know a great deal about married life. Are you married?  
Youthful Admirer (with a blase air)—No—but my father is.—Exchange.

**His Scapgoat.**  
"Why do you always prefix the word 'deafened' to your letter? I see you don't keep a secretary."  
"No, but, to tell the truth, old chap, my spelling's rather rocky."—Exchange.

## VOTES, LIKE BUTTERFLIES, CAUGHT WITH HATS

McKinley's Sweep Embraces Everybody, from the Boy in the Office to the Office-seeker in the Hall.

## MORTON BOWS WITH THE SAME SWEET SMILE TO ALL

Reed's Salute Is in Three Parts—a Pause, a Spring and a Tear-bringing Hand-shake.

## PLATT, MAKER OF MEN, LIFTS HIS DERBY TO NONE

Crisp Bows Like Cleveland, Without Taking Off His Hat, but Has a Pleasanter Smile.

## BOWS OF GREAT MEN READ BY A "PHRENOLOGIST OF ACTIONS."

(Copyright, 1896.)

A seedy-looking individual approached the private office of Mark Hanna, McKinley's manager.

"What d'yer want?" asked the custodian of the ante-room.

"I want to sell him," with a jerk of the thumb toward Hanna's room, "a book for McKinley. It is the book of the age, boy, and you want to let me in to explain it to the boss. If you don't you'll lose your job. I tell you, young fellow, that this book is the book of the century, the invaluable assistant of every man running for office, and the sine qua non of the man who wants to be elected."

"What's the name of it?" queried the youth, doubtfully, being used to running up against the wonders of the age.

"It is the 'Book of Bows for Political Boomers.' Tells just how every man should recognize his acquaintances and how he should salute his friends. Ought to be in every household where there's a man running for office."

At this minute a stockily built gentleman with a pleasing face approached with a brisk air. "What, what, how's this?" he exclaimed, taking off his hat and waving a bow to the man and boy at his office door, a sweeping bow that took in the outsiders in the hall.

"That's the boss," said the office boy, "and I guess he don't need no aid to bowin'. But there's some as does. Good-bye! So long! Come again when you've got something to sell."

The brief words of the McKinley hat meant good nature. "Glad to see you all. Sun-shining! So am I! And I hope I am bowing to everybody who knows me." McKinley is one of the very few who can wear a derby to good effect. Naturally less imposing than a silk hat, it requires more skill to wield it so that it "tells," as a ceremonial.

A sweep of the hat like this is the best personal attribute a political character can have. And the man with the handbook doubtless thought the same, for he did not stop to talk up his wares longer.

In this city there lives a black-haired gentleman of fine height and fairly good style, who needs tutoring in the gentle art of campaign bowing as much as ever any man needed a lesson in the art of salute. His name is John G. Carlisle, and his daily walk takes him from his home to the Treasury over a much-frequented thoroughfare. From the time he sets out until he lands where he is to stay for the day, he is kept busy lifting his hat and he always does it in the same methodical, mechanical, unobtrusive way.

The Carlisle bow is the one culminated mainly by Gladstone for years, but he gave offense to some by treating others better. It is a polite lift, without sign of recognition, other than bearing the head. The hat is taken off the head and carried to the side of the face, and there held still for thirty seconds, as in a military salute. It is then put back and without lifting his eyes the walker keeps his pace.

A bow like this has certain advantages over the fustian one. All get the same bow, share and share alike. But it is not a salute that ever wins friends. It is not the hearty, so-glad-to-see-you bow that some people demand of a man before they will cast a vote for him.

Crisp and Cleveland have another characteristic in common besides the same ritual and the same politics. That is the same trick of not tipping the hat when it should be

tipped and merely saluting when a wave of the entire head covering is called for.

Not long ago Mr. Cleveland gave mortal offense to the friends of Sir Julian Pauncefote by lifting a finger to his hat in the presence of ladies instead of giving the regulation American bow. Sir Julian, on the contrary, lifted his hat with cordial ceremony, putting the President in the awkward position of being out-diplomated in his own capital city.

The Crisp bow has a curious wave that is only relieved by the cordial smile that goes with it. It isn't much of a bow. It is more "I'm looking at you. Glad to see you. Hope you feel the same." That is not the implied feeling of reverence that is extended with certain very effective hat tipplings.

No one needs the "Book of Bows" less than T. C. Reed, whose bow is the most substantial thing to be seen in a trip to Washington. It is in three parts, each divided from the other by abrupt pauses.

The first is a standstill. Reed has spied a friend. He stops and looks him in the face. The friend stops, too. Both begin to smile—Reed spontaneously. The friend because he is delighted and awed by the man.

Part second—A spring forward and a hand grasp. Long pause. Both look each other in the eye, and Reed seems about to do something decisive. Will he embrace in good Blumenshank style, or will he be contented with a fine old hand-shake?

Third—A wringing of the hand, a cordial shaking, a friendly twisting, a heavy pumping of the arm, and, finally, a drop that sets both handshakers free, but leaves them thinking of the handshaker for the next hour. This "bow" Reed repeats twenty times each block. During the bowing operation the Reed hat disappears in a mysterious way and is only fished out when time to move on.

The Morton bow is the one that tells in a campaign. The owner of the bow is not gifted with a memory as phenomenal as some of his political friends, but no one ever bowed as well to all who bow to him as Levi P. Morton.

As Mr. Morton drives from the executive mansion across Eagle street, Albany, to the capitol, he gazes to the right and to the left, and wherever he sees a smiling face he salutes with one of his bows. As he enters the capitol it is bow, bow, right and left. The sleek file is kept waving and the stave face has around the mouth the impenetrable dignity that was the admiration of Carnot and the envy of other foreign diplomats. No man who looks at a man may be in his own estimation, he faces with the ease of the Morton bow.

That maker of men, T. C. Platt, is not a bowler at all. He takes off his hat to no man and to few women. Yet his bow is such an absent-minded one that you forgive him and think he is busy making a slate or breaking one. He points to his round-topped hat and says not a word. His lips do not move, his eyes do not sparkle, his cheeks do not wrinkle. There is an impenetrable gravity about the Platt bow that is either inspiring or depressing, according as you are comforted or cast down by the deepest or abstracted looks.

In a political campaign the ability to bow well is considered part of the battle. In old Roman days it was the accomplishment of remembering names, and Julius Caesar, the greatest Roman of them all, employed a man of great memory to walk by his side and pronounce the name of every man who approached.



Reed Shaking Hands. "How's this?" said McKinley. Carlisle's Dignified Awkwardness. Crisp and Cleveland Bow Alike. The Morton Salute Tells. Platt Takes Off His Hat to No Man.