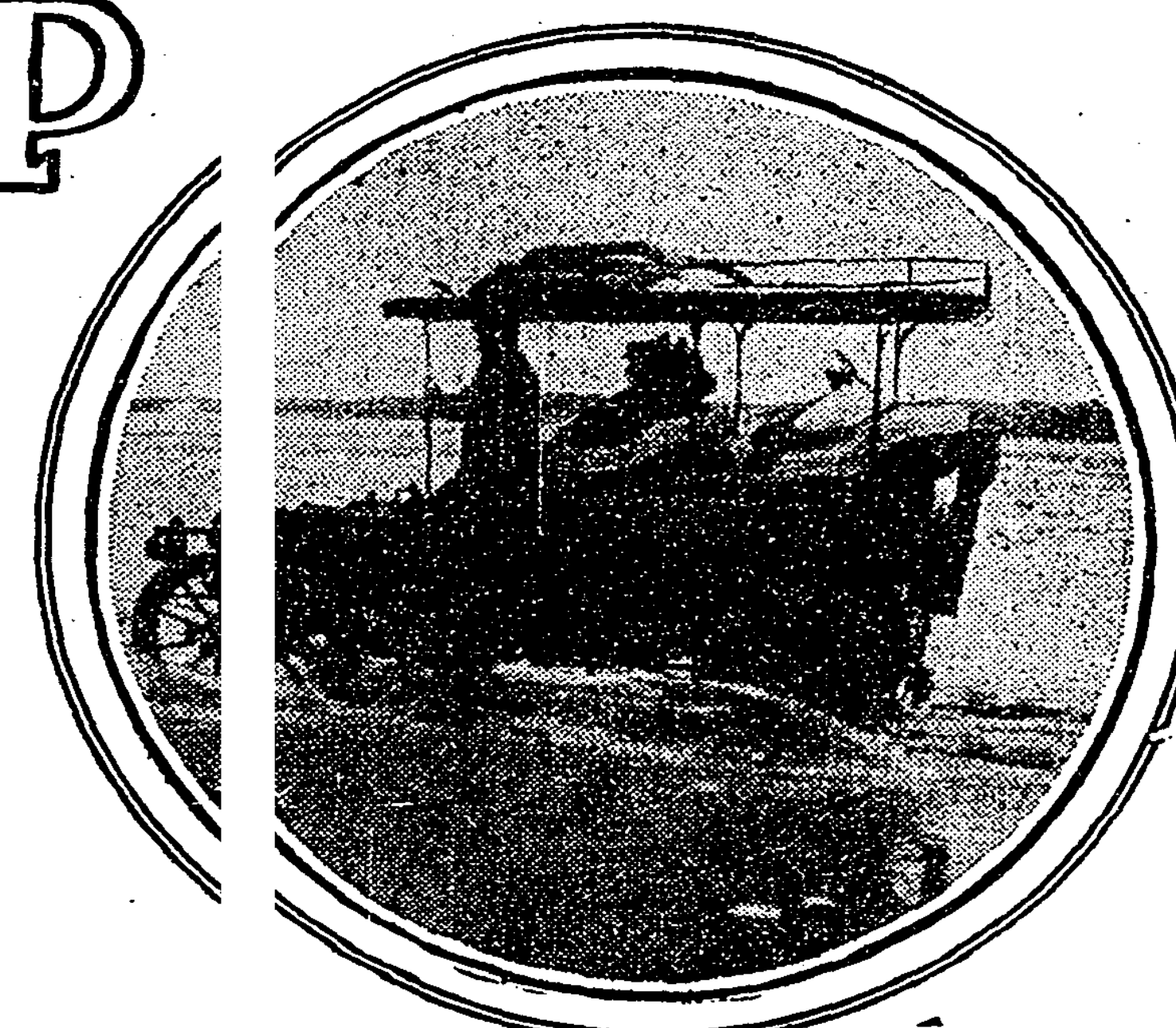
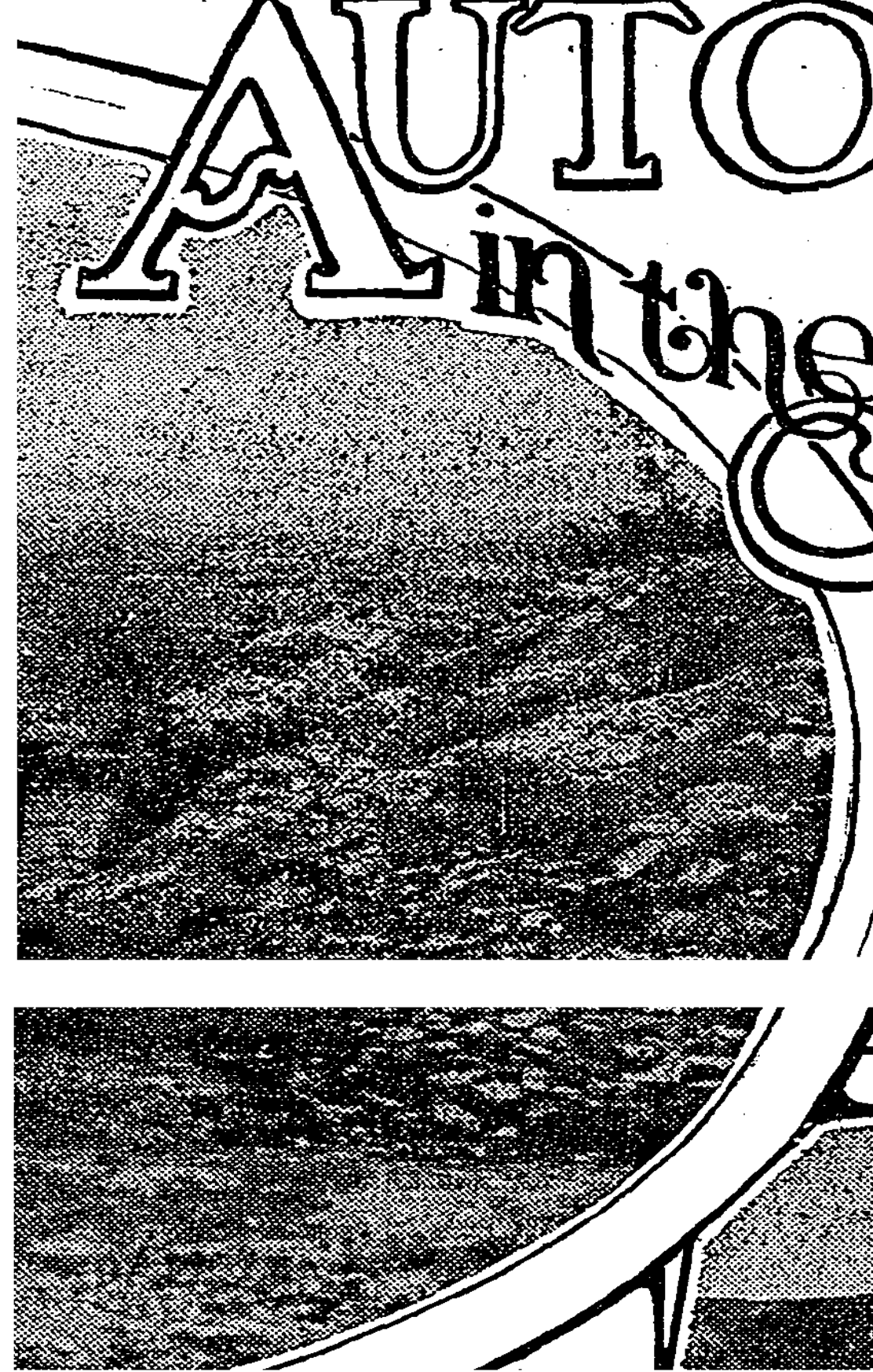
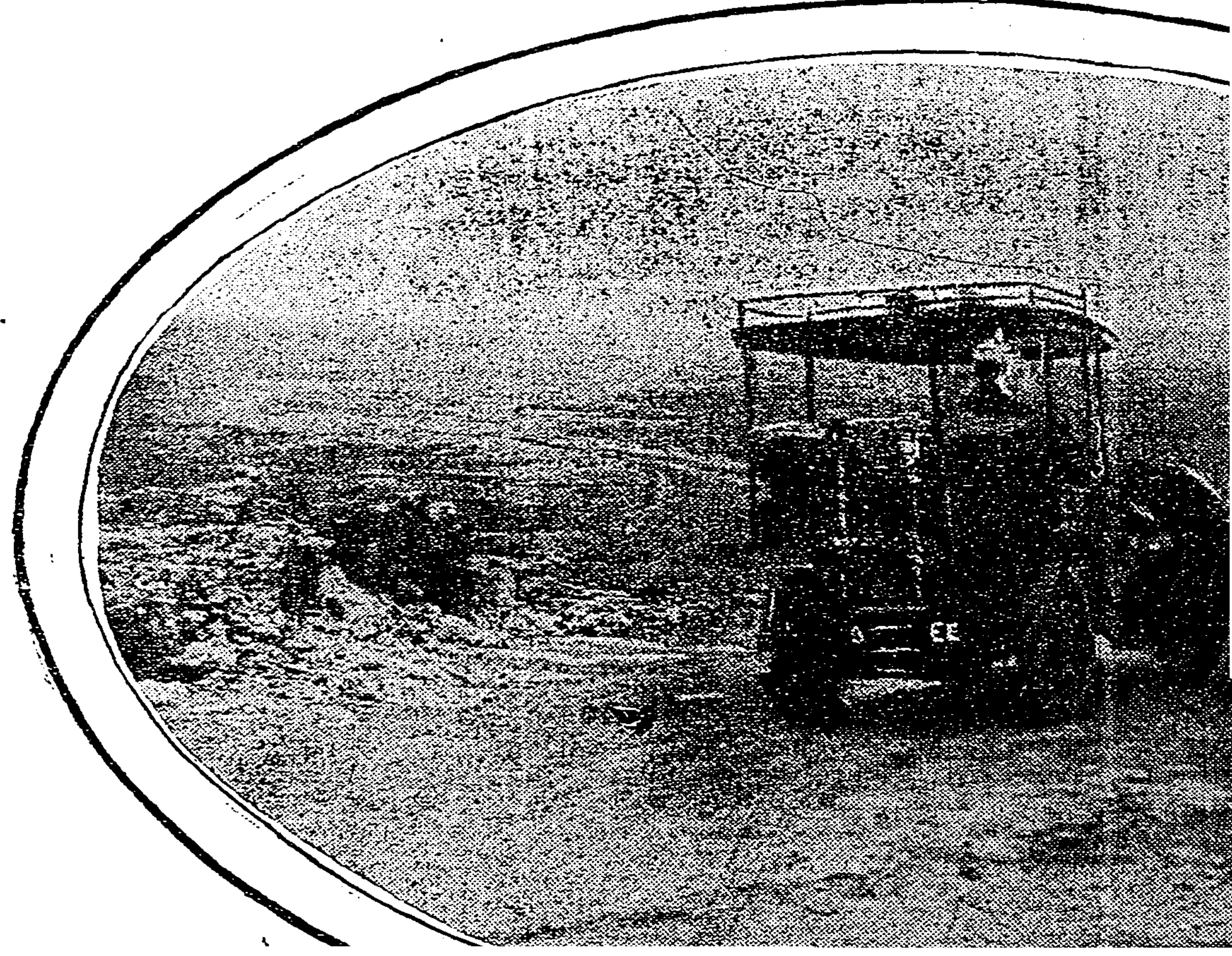
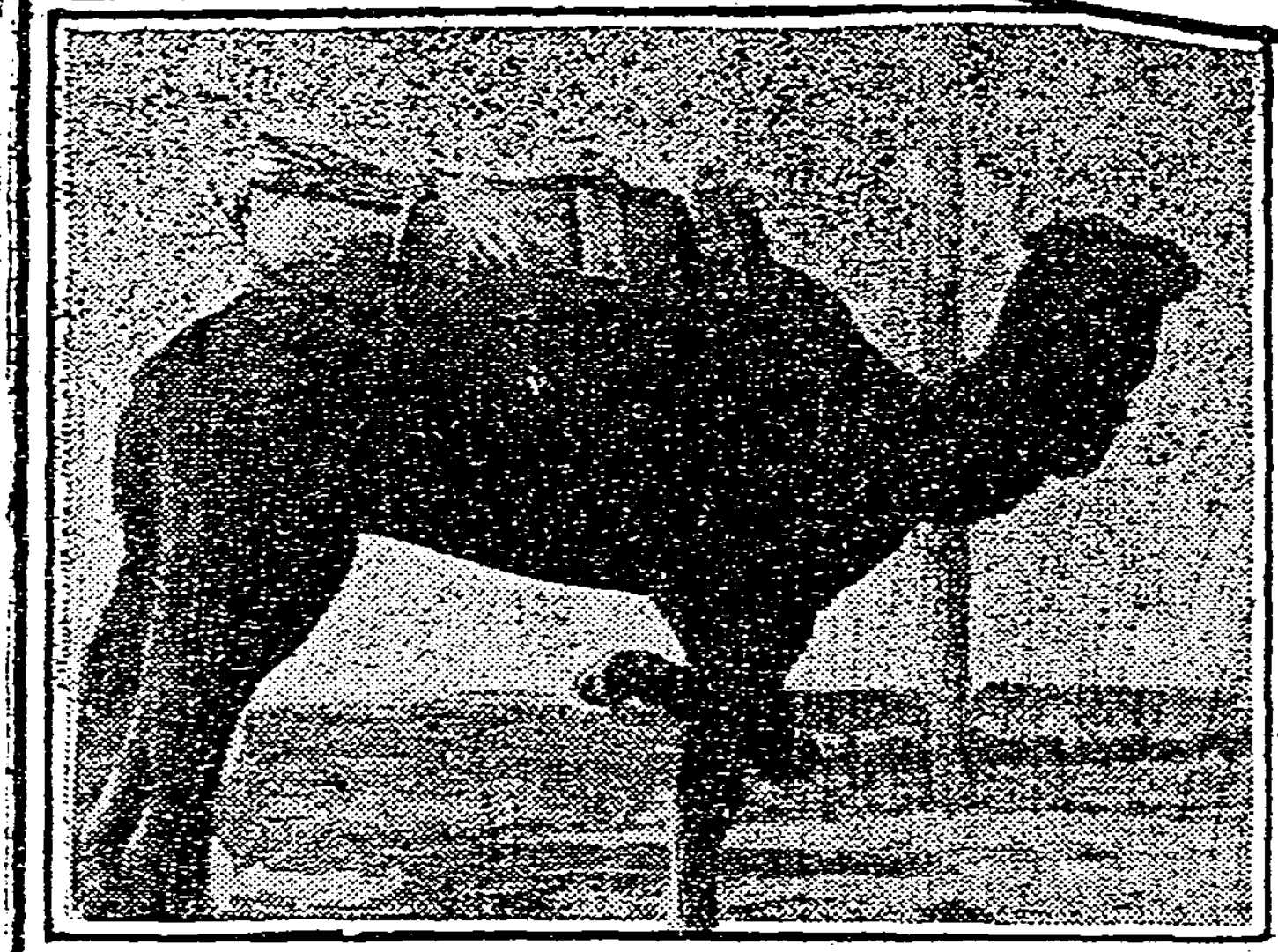


AUTOMOBILE TRIP in the SAHARA DESERT

Cortlandt Field Bishop Tells of His Experiences
Touring Through North Africa--Machine May
Prove Traveling Oasis and Supplant the Camel.



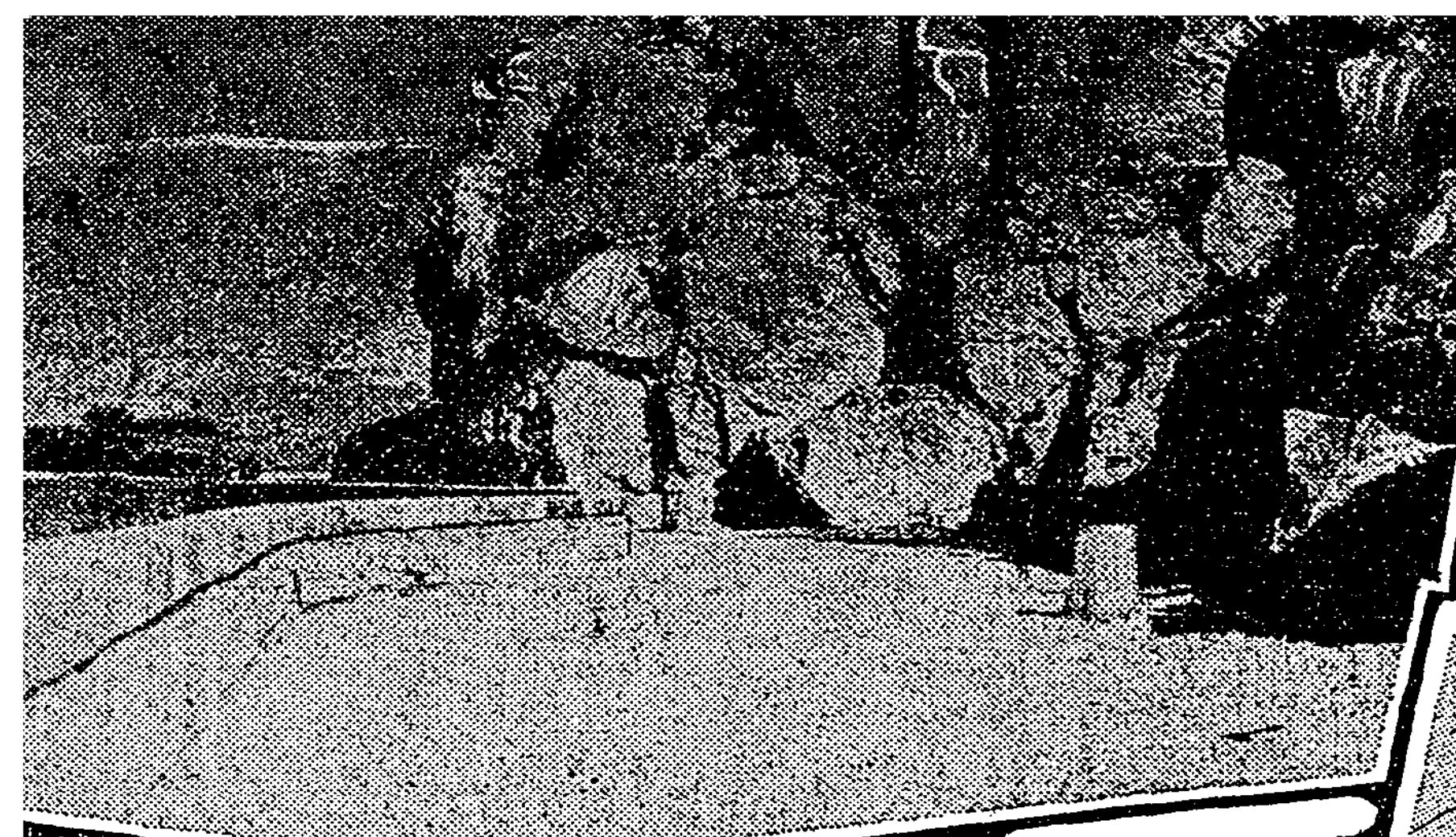
ENTERING SAHARA



CAMEL ROBBED AT AUTO'S APPROACH



ARAB WEDDING, BISKRA.

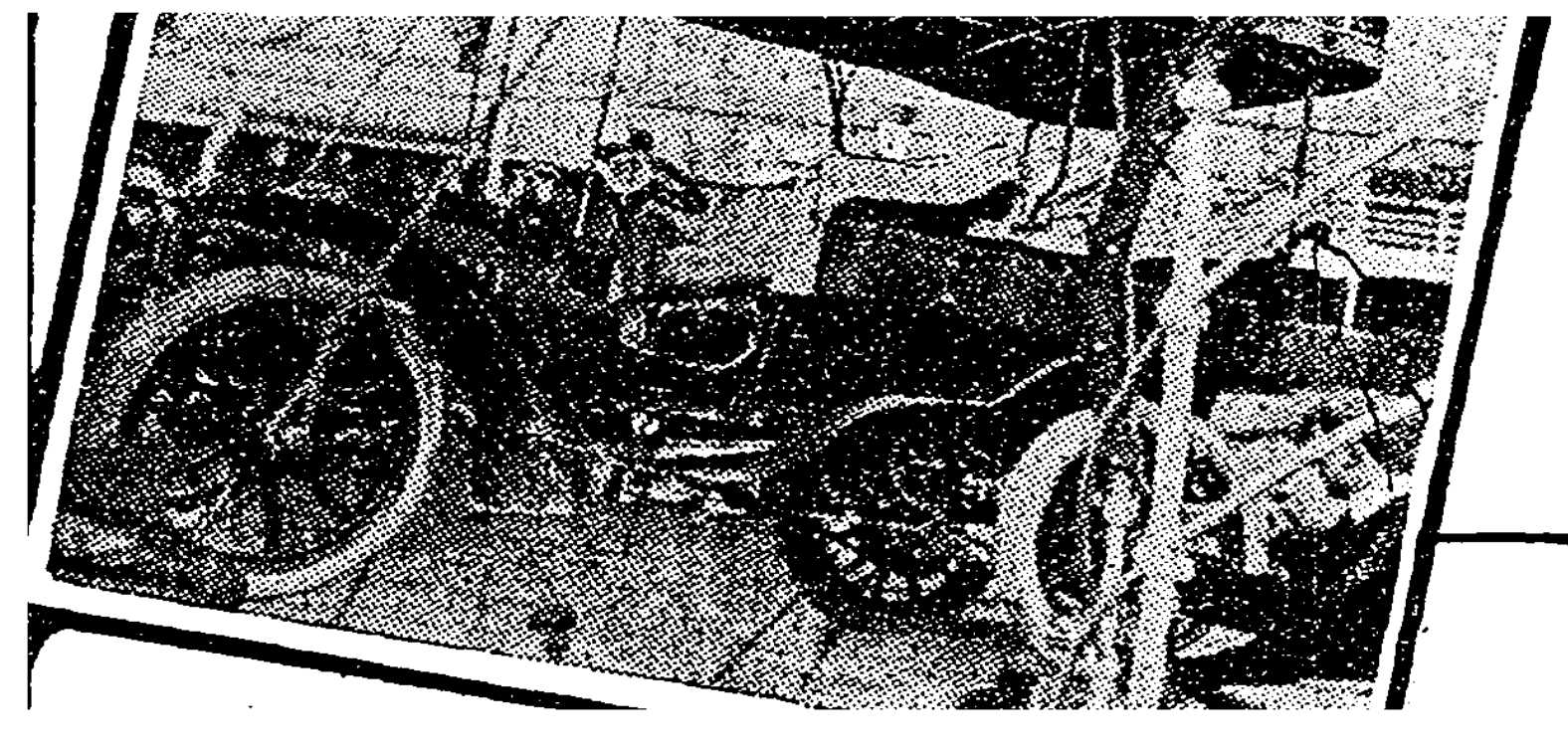
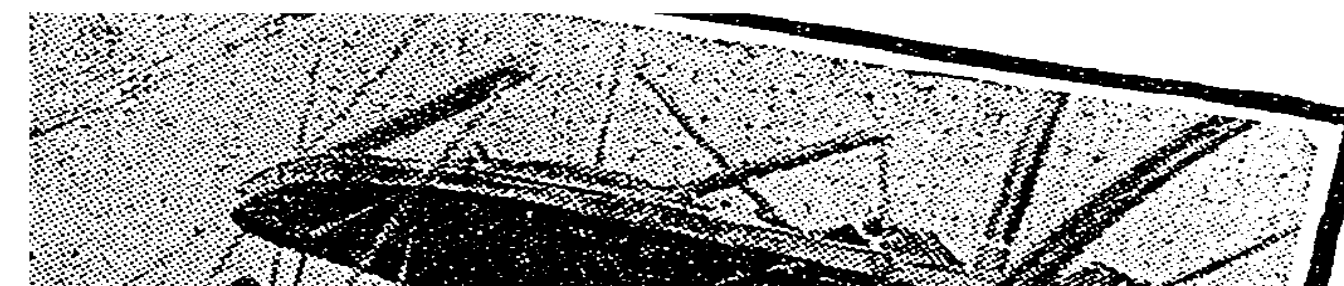


ELKAUTARA, ENTRANCE TO DESERT

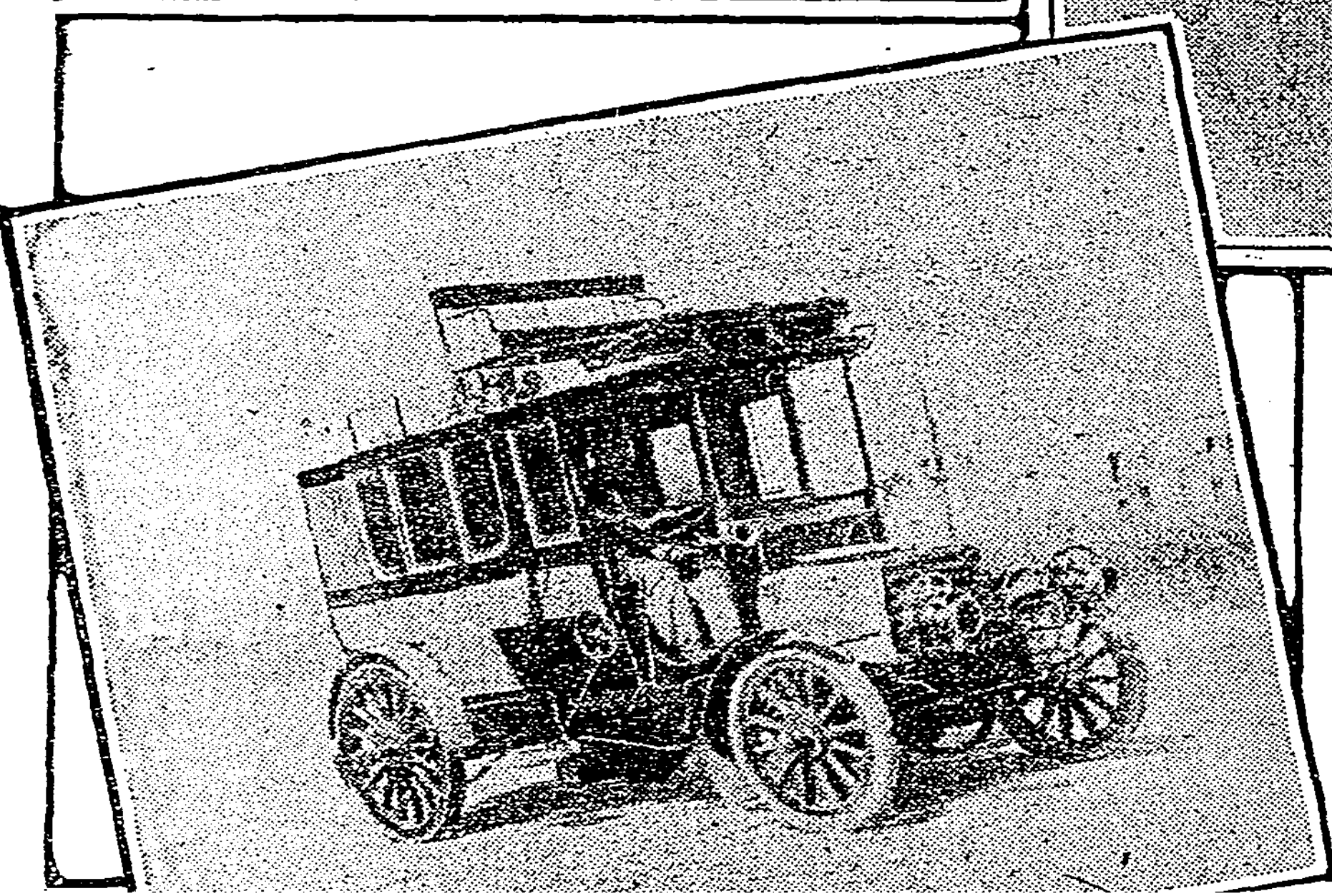
BISKRA, NEAR ONE OF LARGEST OASIS IN SAHARA



JEW NEAR CONSTANTINE



AUTO BEING TAKEN ONBOARD TO CROSS THE MEDITERRANEAN



MAIL CARRIER FROM SOUSA TO SFAX

salt water on every side within a radius of some thousands of miles.

Mr. Bishop's trip into the desert was not the most interesting part of his journey, because his machine sped over the sands with ease. The gasoline did not give out, and there was an abundance of water in the machine after his return. He found the Oasis without trouble. Owing to heavy rains, bridges were swept away, so that it was necessary to ford a stream capable of supplying all the camels and the Arabs of the desert with water. Later he met a gentleman in France who, after their introduction, declared that he had seen him before. It was evident to Mr. Bishop that he was at a disadvantage and he asked where.

"Crossing a ford in North Africa," said the new acquaintance. "I took a snap shot of you. As this will interest you I will send you a proof."

Soon after this Mr. Bishop received the picture here reproduced. Speaking of this to a reporter of THE NEW YORK TIMES, he said:

"It may be trite, but it is true, that this is a very little world. There I was crossing the ford with the idea that I was far from civilization, with a white man close enough to snapshot me, and then, not long after I met the man by chance in France. He was sure of my identity and had the photographic record of how near we were to becoming acquainted far from home."

2,500 Miles in Six Weeks.

In the six weeks of his travels, from Feb. 14 to March 24, Mr. Bishop covered 2,500 miles. As grocery stores are not so near together as they are in America the traveler had to plan in advance for his supplies of gasoline. The fear of the automobile propelling power as an unsafe article of transportation reigns in Africa as it does at the ferry slips in New York, where the machines must extinguish their sparks and be pushed aboard. The fluid has to be forwarded by freight and often by coach, and to insure its proper delivery it is labeled as mineral oil.

In this the automobilist finds the greatest problem of his journeying. He has to carefully map out his campaign and see to it that he or his agents have provided for the future, like a general in charge of the commissary department in a military campaign. The planning takes almost as much time as the traveling, but has its compensation in the pleasure of anticipation.

The reckless automobilist, lacking fore-



A SNAKE-CHARMER LAUGHS AT AUTO.

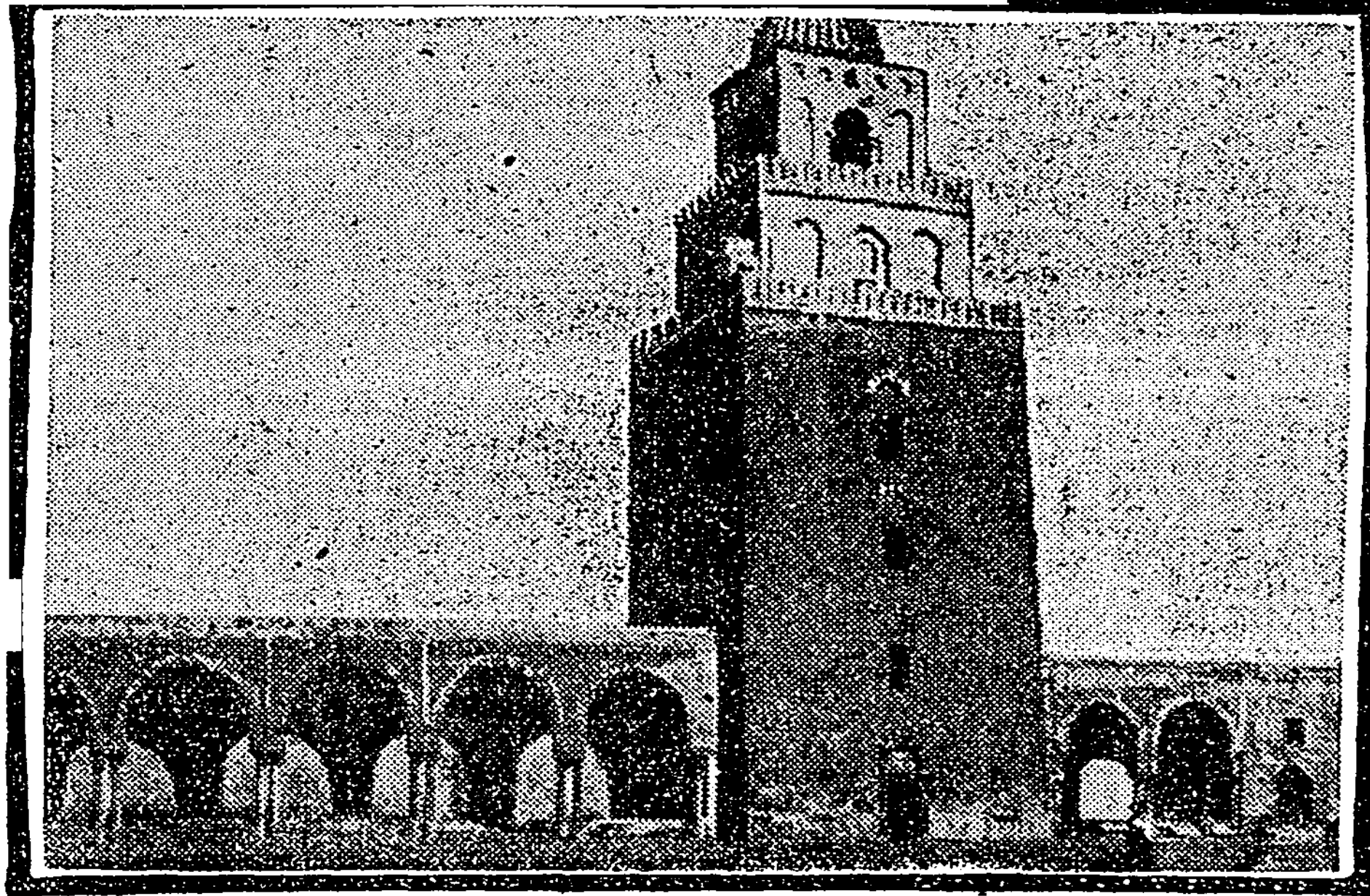
thought, would have about as much chance in North Africa, particularly on a Saharan journey to an oasis, as a butterfly bound for Hawaii from San Francisco. The camel has as much the best of it in a contest with a careless automobile as the contemplative turtle that raced with the stupid rabbit, but it is very possible that some energetic merchant accustomed to the caravan trade may in time have gasoline deposit stations on a direct line that shall not follow the old zig-zag line from oasis to oasis, but American like, disregard the old theory that the longest way round is apt to be the shortest way home. Incidentally he may have placed at desert stations duplicate parts of automobiles which are apt to get out of order.

Mr. Bishop had to wait ten days for the forwarding from France of a broken chain. The delay was not vital, as North Africa is so filled with historic places that with the good roads provided by the French Government the automobilist may turn into a pedestrian without discomfort.

North Africa was the battle ground of the Old World. Lands that were once fertile are barren, as if nature had decided that the blood of heroes should not fertilize fields where they fought and so used the sands of the desert as a shroud. Man



AFRICA'S LARGEST AMPHITHEATRE



KAIROUAN, HOLY CITY OF TUNIS

has done more in the way of wiping out records of the past than nature. The monuments built by the conquered and enslaved to record forever the achievements of the victors are almost gone.

The races following the fall of Rome used the monuments of her glory for quarries, so that the splendid columns have been cut up into foundation stones, or intact are a part of crude structures—the palaces of degenerates.

A broken-down automobile in North Africa, away from the great desert, is not an unmixt evil. On every side there is something new and interesting. This is more, true of one in working order.

There are the people sitting outside the cafes, indolent and self-satisfied; the second-hand markets where people forget the laziness of a land of sunshine and haggle over prices to their mutual excitement and

entertainment. There are on every side the gentle-eyed people of savage instincts, who look upon automobilists with favor because the machine is evidence that they come from "some strange land where streets are paved with gold." It is true that they wonder at the charity of these visitors, confined to giving them copper or small silver change.

When the automobile is at its best along the splendid roads of the north shore, over the highways, blasted from the rock cliffs there are peeps at the sea through the luxuriant cork forests, sparkling and exhilarating; not like foreign scenes where the product of the country brings faraway peoples temporary joy when it pops from the neck of champagne bottles.

Camel Training an Industry.
Of very real interest to the automobilist

in North Africa, accustomed to the care necessary in lands where the horse is the beast of burden, is the fact that the camel is more alarmed at the sight of a red, white, blue, yellow, or other colored self-propelling machine than a colt driven for the first time to harness. The big beasts, even the best trained, are apt to be suddenly stricken with the wildest sort of fear. Even the most docile, who have so often seen automobiles that they ought to look at them with sleepy eyes, are prone to suddenly jump into the air, whirl about in mad circles, and then run with the grace of a calf at the first sight of a reaper.

One little, inoffensive automobile has been known to disorganize a caravan, so that the ships of the desert were sent scurrying to the various points of the compass, jettisoning their cargoes of the wealth of the Orient along with their Arab pilots, like a fleet of merchantmen contraband laden at the sight of a whaleboat bearing the flag of a belligerent nation.

Of the many places of particular interest to the Bishop's party the amphitheatre at El Djem holds first place. It is second in size only to the Coliseum of Rome. More martyrs to the Christian faith suffered there in the triumph of their belief. Its preservation from total annihilation is the more remarkable, because it was a quarry for centuries after the Roman edifice was carefully guarded.

According to the best authorities it was built by the first of the Gordon Emperors. Its sands have not only been bathed with the blood of the Martyrs, but before them beasts and gladiators died there for the entertainment of not less than 80,000 spectators. It has also been a central site and fort in the wars of the Vandals, the Byzantines, and of Barbarossa.

Its greatest axis is 450 feet and its smallest 407. The arena is 295 feet long and 197 wide. The walls are 66 feet thick. It still shows a part of its fourth story. The galleries had 64 Corinthian columns each, but many of them are missing through the Arab custom of using the ruins as a quarry.

There is a subterranean cavity with which there are more legends than there is debris choking it, and it may remain for some automobilist American to excavate it in the hope of finding something of interest in its dark channel.

THOUGH the North Pole is undiscovered and the Antarctic are only superficially guessed at by even the explorers who have braved Winters there, the rest of the world has become so small with crossing the oceans more or less like ferryboat excursions that the chance of finding something new or old under the sun, not perfectly familiar to everybody else, lessens with the years and the improvements of transportation. The instinct of adventure continues and with the advent of the automobile has increased, so that men go speeding over the earth in search of the new or the forgotten old so that the chunk-chunk-honk of the automobile with the smell of gasoline is familiar to the great majorities of peoples.

It took an American automobilist to discover that the French provinces of Algiers and the Protectorate of Tunis make the ideal tour. He recognized that the French Government has made the roads worth while in that they were built with military design. He found that though the highways of Northern Africa must be frequently used by the nation that made them and has been foremost in building the self-propelling touring cars, yet there the chances were large that because of their great extent there would be stretches unfamiliar to even the French autoist, and, above all, the novelty of a dash in the desert of Sahara. There was the charm of real adventure in a vehicle that might get into trouble. Its occupants might be left some-

where far from water in the caravan track with its sign marks of whitened bones and the further chance that even these might be covered by sand storms.

Automobile in Desert.

This venture into the desert in an automobile was first attempted by Courtney Field Bishop and Mrs. Bishop in a Panhard twenty horse power automobile. Every part had been thoroughly tested and was known to be perfect. There were duplicates of the mechanism aboard that in the light of automobile experience might give way, but most important were the supplies of gasoline and water. Of course there was plenty of emergency might be cooked over a gasoline lamp, but the greater part of the cargo stored in the automobile was cans of water.

Some one may say some time tow an ice wagon into the desert behind an automobile, one that must be of a pattern where the change from ice to water is saved by an enormous ice pan, but the experience of Mr. Bishop in his short jaunt would not warrant this sort of caravan. The original automobilist of the Desert Sahara was content with canned water, that might be worth its weight in gold in the event of an accident. Mr. Bishop was bound for Biskra, the largest oasis in the Sahara, but automobiles sometimes get out of order and abundance of water not far away might create the automobilist something like the agony of the sailor in an open boat with