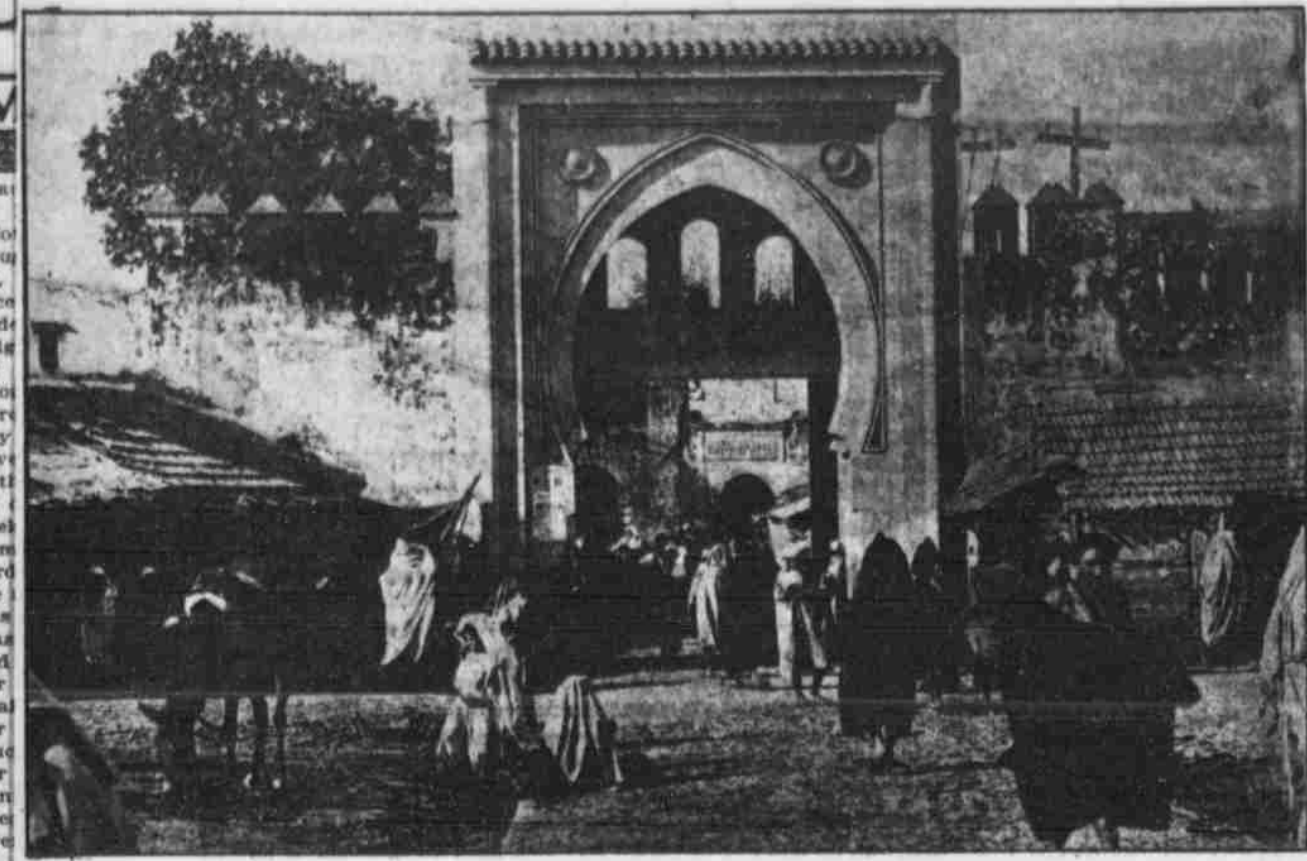


Carpenter Paints Dark Pen Pictures of the Situation in Morocco



SCENE INSIDE THE GATES OF TANGIER.



"THEY WEAR LONG WHITE GOWNS WITH HOODS"



A GROUP IN THE MARKETS.

(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter) I find them in every street, and they are patrolling the chief roads outside the town. I took donkeys yesterday and rode out over the hills to the villa where Mr. Perdicaris lived when he was captured. I was accompanied by my son Jack and my trusted guide, Hadj Mohammed Breck. We found sentries at every few feet and passed through an encampment of troops at the edge of the city. The soldiers wore red fez caps and gray Moroccan uniforms. Most of them were bare legged and bare footed. They were armed with Mauser rifles and their faces looked out of their bearded faces at us without smiling. They were not at all friendly, and when they objected to being photographed I did not insist.

There are soldiers like these all along the main road from here to Fes, the capital of Morocco. That city lies about 100 miles in the interior and the road from Tangier to it is one of the most traveled of all in Morocco. Nevertheless, every foreigner who goes over it has to take a guard, furnished by Raisouli, and to pay for his support on the way.

Religious War.
I expect to be traveling among the Mohammedans for a number of months. After leaving here I shall be with them in Algeria and in Tunisia. There are only Mohammedans in Tripoli, and in the British Sudan I shall be in the land of the mahdi, whose troops fought the English so bravely some years ago. I understand that there is an unsettled feeling just now in the whole Mohammedan world, and that many a sheik who had formed a great friendship for one of our American consuls illustrated his idea of our future by once saying to him in plying tones:

"Indeed, it seems as if that so good a fellow as you must go to hell."

Two Mohammedan Sultans.
There is a radical difference between the Mohammedans here and those of other parts of the world. The 50,000,000 Mohammedans of India bow down to the sultan of Turkey, and our Moros do the same. The Arabians, the Egyptians and the Turks all acknowledge allegiance to him, and this is so of a large part of the other Mohammedans in Africa. The Mohammedans of Morocco think that their sultan is far superior to any other, and they say that he is the only one that has the blood of the prophet in him. They will not allow the Turkish sultan to have a representative here, and they recognize him only as a religiously non-political. They revere their own monarch only because he comes of the family of Mohammed, and for that reason he can give them a blessing. If this were not so he would be detested tomorrow, and as it is, they dislike him because he is favoring the Europeans and modern improvements. This feeling is even stronger in the wild tribes of the mountains than among the people of the city. The Berbers as well as the Moors want to get rid of the Christians, and they would be glad to have them ousted at once and forever.

In the Mohammedan Schools.
This country was once amongst the most advanced of the world along educational lines. Centuries ago its universities were noted all over Europe. Today there is none more backward than the children study, but they devote their days to committing

Religious People.
At the same time one cannot help respecting these Moors for the way they observe their religion. They read their Korans in their stores while at their business, and when the time comes for prayer they drop everything else and attend to that. I am awakened every morning by the shrill, loud voice of the muezzin on the tower of a mosque near my hotel, calling the people to get up and worship. He says in Arabic:

"Prayer is better than sleep! Come to prayer! Come to prayer!"

And adds to it, "God is great, and Mohammed is His prophet." This cry is heard five times a day all over Tangier, and at such times one sees the men preparing for their devotion. Many go to the mosque, carrying prayer rugs under their arms as they walk through the street. They take off their shoes before they enter, and wash their hands, feet and faces before going in. Nearly every mosque has a well or fountain connected with it, and a common sight is to see a long-bearded man sitting over a basin and splashing or priming preparatory to praying.

These Mohammedans think that they have the only true religion on earth. They believe that we are already damned, and a sheik who had formed a great friendship for one of our American consuls illustrated his idea of our future by once saying to him in plying tones:

"Indeed, it seems as if that so good a fellow as you must go to hell."

Face to Face with the Moors.
I almost despair of bringing you face to face with these Moors. They are unlike any Africans we have in America. They are tall, straight, big-boned and broad-shouldered, and they walk with a grace and a dignity not found in our land. They wear long white gowns with hoods at the back. These hoods are often pulled up over their turbans, and make them look taller. The men are all bearded and the razor touches only the hair of their heads. Nearly every other man is white faced, and most of the dark-skinned Moors have features like ours. Their noses are large and straight, their foreheads high and their eyes as fierce as those of Goliath. They walk with a strut, swinging their arms, and they frequently go along hand in hand. The men are great friends and enjoy each other's society. They are very polite, and even the poorer classes and the Berbers in from the country are free from the roughness of such classes elsewhere.

They are great talkers. I see crowds of them gossiping on the street corners, and toward evening the streets are full of these white-gowned, bearded men, sitting down on the stones chatting together. At night the coffee houses are full of men playing dominoes or cards, and groups listening to story tellers or to the musicians.

In the Market of Tangier.
If one would see all these Moors face to face he can do so in the big market on the edge of the city. Not far from the American legation there is a space covering ten or more acres, which on two or three days of each week is filled with people buying and selling. There are hooded men in from the country, motoring about on bare legs. There are dignified Moorish merchants, in turbans and gowns. There are peasant women with great hats and veiled Mohammedan women, all mixed together in one of the queerest crowds to be seen anywhere in the world. You must add Jewish men from the country, long coats, bare-faced Jewish women, their heads bound up in bright colored handkerchiefs, and swagging Moorish soldiers on foot and on horseback. A great ungainly camel moves along here and there, while countless donkeys carrying loads as big as themselves push their way through the people. There are peddlers of all sorts, from those selling water from goatish heads on their shoulders to those with sweet cakes and candies. There are women loaded with fragrant and men toting charcoal. There are bread peddlers and vegetable peddlers and other odd looking men and women peddling almost everything under this African sun. As to just what they sell and their curious methods of trading I shall write more in the future.

How a Robber Keeps Order.
"It takes a thief to catch a thief." This is an old rule, but it is one which holds good here in Morocco. At present the country west of Tangier is quiet, because the sultan has bribed Raisouli to take care of it. This same brigand, who captured an American citizen and made the sultan pay a ransom of \$70,000 before he would let him go, has been appointed by the sultan the governor of the Tangier district. His soldiers are now the only guard of Tangier itself.



MOROCCAN DERVISH, MOST FANATICAL OF ALL MOHAMMEDAN ZEALOTS.

It is against the law of the Koran to have one's picture taken, and I find it dangerous to use the camera. These Mohammedans avoid whenever they see one point that them, and many of them would fight rather than be photographed. Just yesterday, for instance, my son Jack, a husky young fellow of 21, who is making this trip with me, tried to enter a fondak, or Mohammedan hotel and stable combined. The place was near the market, rather obscurely named, open at the time. There was a crowd of Mohammedans within, largely made up of men from the interior. They caught sight of the camera and thought he intended to take their photographs. They rose in a body and jumped for him and our dragoman, Hadj Mohammed. Both fought them back with their sticks, and after a time we made our way off.

It is about the same here. One is safe enough if he does not get into the wrong combination, and there are plenty of wrong ones. These Mohammedans are more fanatical than our Moros. They call all Christians dogs, and the ordinary Moor does not want that species of the human canine in his church, his school or his home. Foreigners dare not enter the mosques of Morocco. A Frenchman tried it at Fes not long ago and was shot at the door.

War of the Tribes.
He is now at war with the tribes on the other side of Tangier, and the fighting goes on right in the city itself. These rival Berbers sometimes pepper one another across the market space, and at such times foreigners are advised to keep out of the way. As Raisouli now holds Tangier this condition makes it difficult for the tribes of the eastern mountains to do their buying and selling here, which is their chief marketing place. They have been hard up for supplies, and only yesterday they sent in their women, knowing that Raisouli would not attack them on account of their sex. The women brought in their wares

Dangerous for Christians.
Indeed, the conditions here make me think of what Col. Pettit said to me during our war with Spain, when I landed at Zamboanga in the Philippines, to see something of the Moros there. I had called at the military headquarters and had asked the commander if it would be safe for me to go through the Moro villages. Col. Pettit replied:

"I think so, my boy, but I would advise you to first tie your head on with a string."

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Strong Light Hurts Eyes

One occasionally meets people whose vision is affected but who speak with pride of the fact that their eyes have been so strong that they could look at the sun for several minutes at a time. Such people have no conception of the danger there is in such a practice, and not only to them, but to all, the following instances may be of benefit.

Prof. Madler, while working in a rather dark corner of his laboratory last year, broke a low resistance circuit in which an electric current at a voltage of 500 was flowing. The arc formed was about a foot from his eye and appeared like a ball of fire more than six inches in diameter. Immediately there was a feeling as if something had given way in his right eye, though no pain was experienced. Shortly afterward he noticed that a part of the retina was permanently affected, the injured portion being in the form of a square, with the center of vision in the lower end. The sharp outlines of the field could be easily distinguished and upon closing the eye flash-shaped flashes of a violet color spread out from one corner at equal intervals of several seconds, the recurrence being entirely involuntary. After being some time in the dark the flashes of light went on.

The oculist who attended to the professor mentions a second case, where an eminent astronomer who had been imprudently observing a partial eclipse of the sun in the east, with his eyes unprotected in any way, found late in the day that on looking over a bridge he saw apparently a flock of white or ten redbirds, whose movements were erratic. Since the birds appeared wherever he looked, he carefully examined the field of vision and discovered that the sun had formed a crescent image on the center of the retina of the left eye. The color of the image was green, with a narrow red border. The injured area seemed to be quite blind and parallel lines diverged around it, this effect being just the opposite of the previous case. The injury is still noticeable and annoying, especially in reading.—Chicago Chronicle.

Nelson's Rise from Messenger to Superintendent

THE career of J. C. Nelson, who was appointed last week to the superintendency of the Western Union Telegraph company for this district to succeed S. E. Leonard, who went to Denver, is one to which any boy who has to make his own way in the world might well point with pride. From a messenger boy at the age of 13 to superintendent of a large territory, after only eighteen years of service, with the same company, is the short life story of Mr. Nelson.

His life has not been marked by any adventurous incidents, he did not attain success by leaps or bounds, but by performing well every duty that came to hand, making the most of his opportunities and by serving well those in command he succeeded until he was placed in command of a large division of the Western Union forces.

Only Thirty-Two Years of Age.
Although Superintendent Nelson today is only 32 years of age his life has been a striking object lesson of what a boy can do if he has pluck and determination, even if he lacks all the education that he probably should have received and might have received under other circumstances. Mr. Nelson carved his way without pull, or without influence other than that which he won by his own spurs and which was fully merited. He proved to his own satisfaction that when a boy is in dead earnest about getting along there are men who will give him a lift along the road. While Mr. Nelson was one of those kind of boys who asked no quarter, although human enough to appreciate the kind offices of those who recognized his worth, yet he managed to gain many quarters, and thus it was he rose to his present position.

May 2, 1883, J. C. Nelson presented himself at the local office of the Western Union Telegraph company for a job. The boy, not quite 13 years of age, said he wanted work. He did not quibble as to the nature of the work or the pay. He was at first assigned as check boy until there was an opening as messenger boy. In a few days he was given a number, a cup and a little oilcloth-covered cook. Messenger Nelson started out to deliver messages and he delivered them in a manner that soon began to bring him to the

notice of the "front office." The boy was novels and cigarettes, neither he watched and the "boss" learned that there Nelson tolerated. For a few months Messenger Nelson received \$15 a month and "extras." That was not the first money he had ever earned, but it was the start of his successful career. About a year after that Colonel Dickey had a talk with Nelson. Mr. Dickey wanted a secretary with knowledge of shorthand. Nelson knew nothing of stenography, but said he could acquire that knowledge and asked to be given an opportunity later on. Nelson started in again within six months time was proficient in shorthand, doing his office work as well. He studied at evenings and studied with a definite purpose. At the end of six months he went to Mr. Dickey and said he could qualify as stenographer. Before another six months had passed Colonel Dickey wanted a secretary and Nelson received the position.

Secretary Nelson remained as Colonel Dickey's right-hand man for twelve years, traveling with the superintendent whenever he was out on official business, and did not dull his ambitions. He just kept on working and working, gradually and patiently learning those things his knowledge of which warranted his appointment May 1, 1902, to the position of assistant superintendent under Superintendent Dickey. It was a far cry from office boy to assistant superintendent in the same office and under the same superior, but Nelson's advancement came so quietly and naturally that he hardly realized the changes himself.



JOHN C. NELSON, NEW DIVISION SUPERINTENDENT WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH COMPANY.

Reaches the Superintendency

While secretary and later assistant superintendent under Colonel Dickey, Mr. Nelson had opportunities to learn the business. He remained assistant superintendent under the late Charles R. Horton, and a week ago, when Superintendent S. E. Leonard went to Denver, Mr. Nelson was called to the superintendency and was ready. He had been preparing for it for eighteen years.

Superintendent Nelson is one of those kind of men who make haste slowly; he is deliberate and thorough. He is pleasing to meet and is extremely modest about talking of his rise from a messenger boy to superintendent. He said he had ambitions when he started in as messenger boy, but when asked how it all came about he was at a loss to answer, more than to say he worked hard and diligently.

Going back to Mr. Nelson's early life, before he was even messenger boy, it was learned that the boy always managed to earn and save something from the time he was 7 years of age. Even at a tender age he became imbued with a high regard for time and money, not in a miserly sense, but in that splendid healthy sense which stood him in stead all along in after years.

He received his grammar school education in the Omaha schools. During the summer vacation he would always earn something, at least enough for a new suit of clothes for the opening of school, and sometimes more than that. One summer vacation he drove cows to and from pasture for neighbors. That money gave him an independence that made his eyes sparkle and his step lighter. Before he was 12 he was beginning his life work.

Superintendent Nelson has another side to his life that is pleasing. He has a son 2 years of age, a son that is the apple of his mamma's and papa's eye. Any modest Mr. Nelson may have about his own achievements he makes up for when talking about Master Nelson. Assistant Superintendent Nelson is the first in command at the Nelson home. Whatever authority Mr. Nelson may have over the Western Union Telegraph company's interests in Omaha and this district, he has to step around when he reaches home and receives his marching orders from Master Nelson. The Nelson home is in the Field club district and was built last season.

Army Expenditures Large

The growing importance of Omaha as a military headquarters and dispersing point for army supplies is no better demonstrated than in the office of the chief quartermaster of the Department of the Missouri at Omaha. In the further view of the fact that practically all of these supplies and payments for transportation are purchased and made in Omaha adds additional interest to the department. The total amount to money expended during the year 1906 up to December 25, was \$1,545,828.04.

These expenditures were extended over the several months of the year as follows: January, \$121,190.48; February, \$129,661.91; March, \$126,238.01; April, \$134,522.96; May, \$127,387.48; June, \$127,321.37; July, \$124,154.37; August, \$123,282.97; September, \$27,484.61; October, \$10,159.88; November, \$130,459.92; December, \$10,925.94.

These expenditures do not include about \$300,000 expended by the constructing quartermasters in the rebuilding of Fort Omaha, and the improvements made at Fort Crook during the year 1906.

The figures above given include the purchase of every character of quartermaster supplies excepting horses, and cover the expenses of turning in the department, transportation, the purchase of clothing and camp and garrison equipage.

During the current year there has been expended also for commissary supplies nearly \$400,000 through the office of the purchasing commissary of subsistence, Captain T. B. Hackler. A very large proportion of these supplies were bought of Omaha jobbers and embrace food purchases not alone for the troops of the department, but for meats and miscellaneous supplies for the United States army in the Philippines.

During the past year the quartermaster department has been in charge of Major M. G. Zalinski as chief quartermaster and Captain David L. Stone as constructing quartermaster. However, Major Zalinski was relieved as chief quartermaster November 1, being succeeded by Major Thomas Cruise, who is now chief quartermaster of the department, Major Zalinski being transferred to Washington as post quartermaster.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.