

# Bird's-Eye View of the Empire Which Foreign Powers Are Coveting

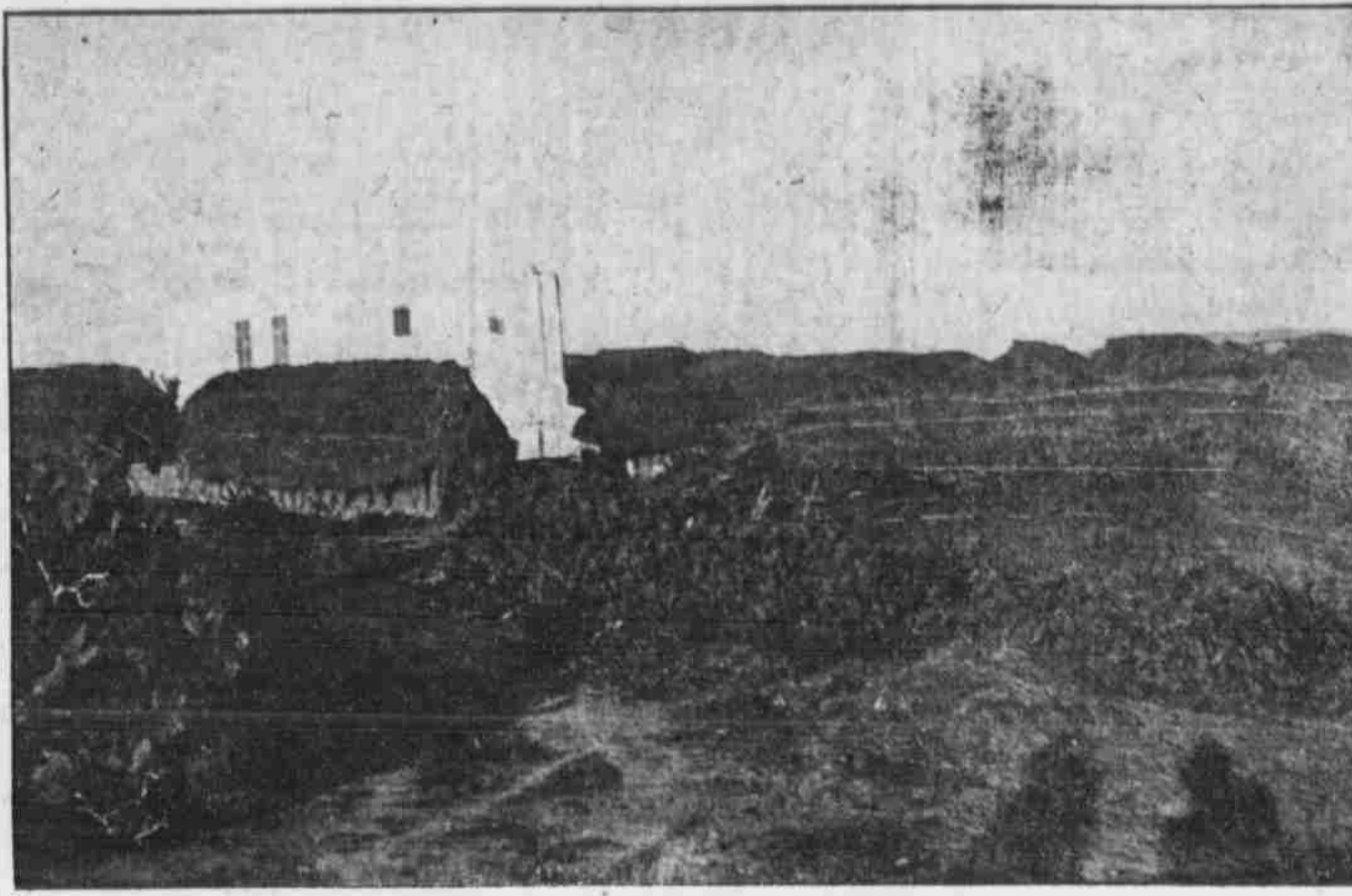


BERBERS FROM THE COUNTRY.

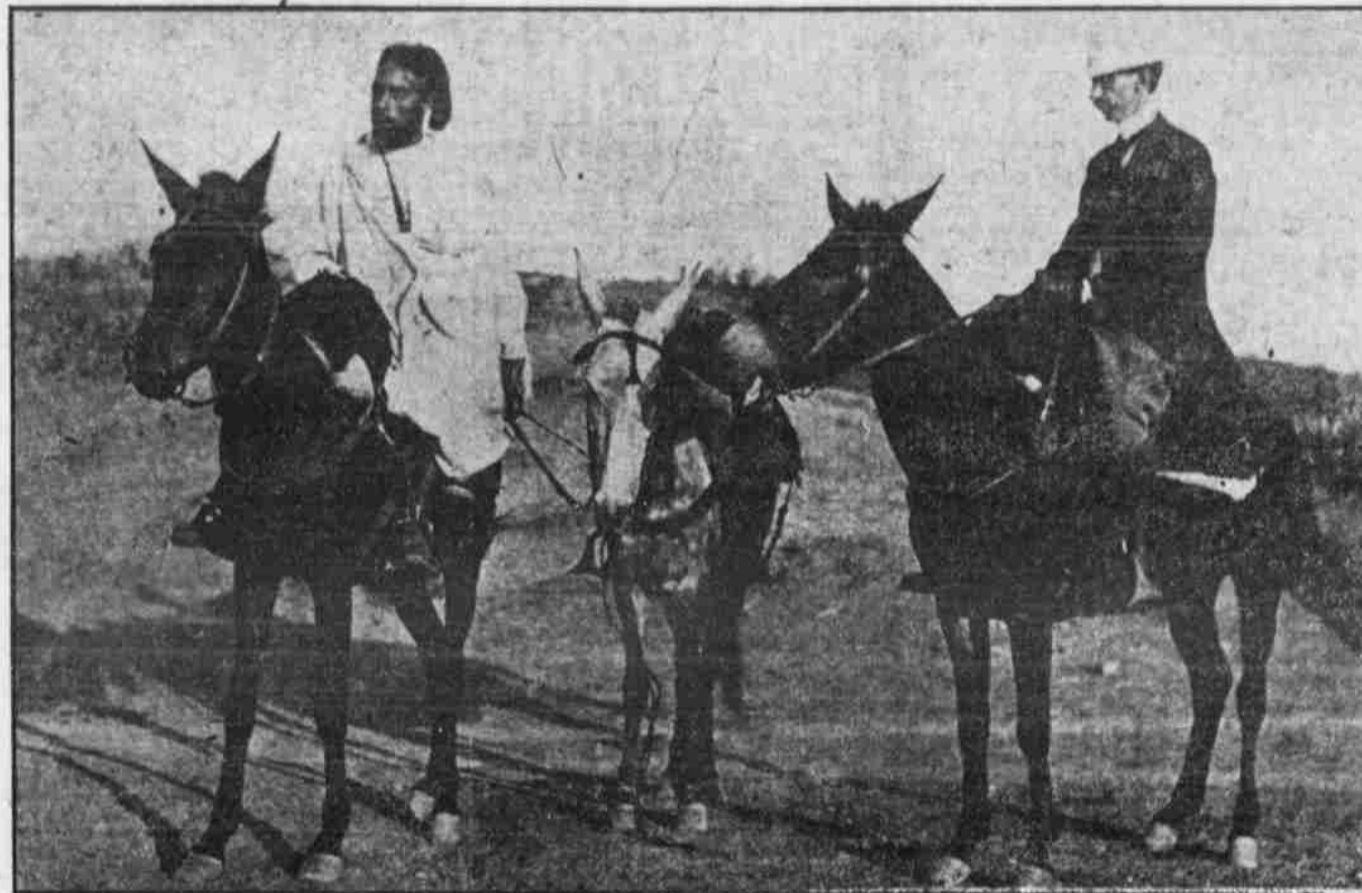
(Copyright, 1906, by Frank G. Carpenter.)  
**T**ANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 10.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Stand with me at this, the chief gate of Morocco, and take a bird's-eye view of the country. We are on the Atlantic coast, at the northwest corner of the African continent and only fifteen miles from Europe. The Strait of Gibraltar begins just east of here, and the Pillars of Hercules are almost in view. I can see the hills of Spain over the way, and I know that the seat of the world's civilization is not far beyond.

This country is on the very edge of Europe. It is fat with natural resources, and the great powers would like to gobble it up. France, Germany and England covet it, and it is only the jealousy of each which keeps off the others. On my way here I called at Algiers, Spain, where the conference of the powers was held, and I find in Tangier the representatives of all the nations which formed a part of it. Our own American minister is now at Fez to have an audience with the sultan and to officially welcome Morocco into our family of nations. He went there with a large caravan, guarded by soldiers sent by the sultan, the Moorish government paying all bills.

the situation until you consider the people. These Moors are not like our negroes, whose ancestors came from below here across the Sahara in the lands bordering the Gulf of Guinea. These people are as black as your boots, and as barbarous as any tribes on the face of the earth. They are low in intelligence and are terribly debased. These have brains which will compare with our own. They are Mohammedans, who believe in Allah and the prophet. They are white and they wear clothes. Some of them are as well dressed as any Christian gentleman, and their clothes cost more than ours. They have gowns of the finest wool, undergarments of beautiful cloth, sashes of silk and shoes of fine yellow leather. Their hands are soft and their faces often handsome. There are many red-haired and red-bearded men among them. Their features sparkle with intelligence and they have most of the characteristics of the Caucasian race. About the only black Africans here are those who have been brought across the desert from the Sudan to be sold as slaves. There are, however, many mulattoes, the offspring of these negroes and the Moors.



A LAND OF TEN THOUSAND STRAW VILLAGES.



MR. CARPENTER AND HIS MOHAMMEDAN DRAGOMAN.

of the mountain tribes today are of this old Berber race, and the same is true of the Tuaregs or the Sahara brigands. These Berber people have a language of their own and they once had their own religion. Today they are about all Mohammedans and they resent the foreign invasion. They do not like to pay taxes, and not long ago, when one of the sultan's officials demanded the tenth of the crop of a certain tribe, the chief replied: "If the sultan wants taxes let him come himself for them. We will mold them in silver bullets and deposit them in his person." That tax has not yet been collected. There are about 5,000,000 of these Berbers in Morocco.

Modammedan invasion, many centuries ago, and they have mixed more or less with the Berbers. There are 3,000,000 or 4,000,000 of them. Some are nomadic Bedouins, living in the oases of the Sahara or on the edge of that desert and a large number are farmers on the rich plains of Morocco. Arabs are also found in the cities. The Jews number something like 200,000. They live in all cities, and here and there in the villages. They are the real business men of the country, doing most of the banking, and having the chief wholesale and retail shops. Many of the chiefs of the large tribes have Jews to finance them and they also lend money to the Moorish officials. The most of these Jews belong to families which have lived hundreds of

years in Morocco. As a class they are despised by the Moors and in the cities are compelled to live in their own quarters. In most places it is against the law for them to live anywhere else and they are not allowed to buy lands. The Jews dress in their own costume wearing caps with little curls hanging down each side the face and long black coats or gowns. They are sometimes stoned by the Moorish boys and are forced to do certain menial work. In Europe the Jewish quarter is known as the Ghetto. Here it is called the Mellah, which I am told means salt and may come from an special job which the Jews have, and that is the pickling of the heads of rebels before they are fated to be put up over the gates of the cities as a



JEW DO THE BUSINESS.

warning to traitors. Every Moroccan city has three parts, one belonging to the government, where the officials live; another containing the stores and homes of the Moors, and the third the quarters of these despised Jews. There are but few large towns in the country, but all are of about the same character, being made up of box-like flat-roofed buildings and surrounded by walls. The most important city is Fez, which lies 170 miles south of here. It contains 140,000 people and is the chief capital. Another capital is Marrakech which contains 80,000 and a third is Mekinez, which is of about the same size. The sultan lives in all of these places during the year. He is now at Fez and will probably be there for some months. He carries his court with him, but leaves a relative in charge of a capital when he leaves it. I understand that he also has a palace in each of the ports. I have seen the one at Tangier. It is shabby.

### Ports of Morocco.

The chief ports of Morocco are eight in number. They run along the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts. The town of Tangier is about the largest. It has 50,000 or 60,000 people. Tetuan, farther eastward on the Mediterranean, covers more space, but it has a smaller population. Along the Atlantic farther south are Larache, Rabat, Casablanca, Agadiz, Safi and Mogador. All of these are white towns, surrounded by walls and made of box-shaped white houses of brick and stucco.

Mogador has about 25,000 population and of these 10,000 are Jews. The Jews have been making a great deal of money there and some of them have been gradually moving out of the Mellah and renting houses in the Moorish section of the town. This, I am told, was the cause of the rebellion which broke out in that quarter a few months ago. The chief of one of the Mohammedan tribes near by was called in and he drove the Jews back to their own quarter, telling them they should know their

place and keep it. Mogador is the port for Marrakech, the southern capital, and it formerly had a great caravan trade with Timbuktu. The camels were loaded there and made their long march across the Sahara to the upper Niger. The place is now shipping goat skins to the United States and many an American woman pulls being made up of box-like flat-roofed buildings and surrounded by walls. There are 300 Europeans living at that port, consisting of English, Germans, Italians, Swiss, French and Spaniards.

Magazan has 15,000 inhabitants, one-third of whom are Jews. Larache has 4,000, of whom 2,000 are Jews, and here in Tangier the Jews are more in number than anywhere else and they have the right to live wherever they please, which is so in no other city of Morocco.

### Ten Thousand Straw Villages.

The cities, however, contain but a small part of the population of Morocco. The masses live in villages made up of huts of stone, clinked with mud and thatched with straw, or in movable tents. Many of the huts are altogether of straw, and not a few of them are sun-dried brick. Roughly speaking, there are about 10,000 people housed in these ways, and that is more than one-tenth as many as the population of the United States. The city population could, I venture, be placed within the limits of Baltimore and have room to spare.

How squallid these people live one can see by riding a few miles out into the country. The average village is like a collection of falling straw stacks, each surrounded by a hedge of green cactus, the leaves of which have thorns as sharp as fine needles. Each house stands alone and so man dashes peep in through the gate or look over the walls. The cactus hedge usually incloses a small bare yard, in which the cattle, sheep, goats, horses, pigs, camels and chickens belonging to the family are driven at night.

Such villages have no streets and no public buildings. After sunset they become as dark as a pocket, except where the houses are lighted by candle or perhaps by American coal oil. The villagers are farmers who own lands near by. No one lives on his farm, and in looking over the landscape one sees no horses, barns nor fences. There are only bare fields or the crops.

In the pasture lands the sheep, goats, pigs and other animals are herded, watched by a shepherd, who is often employed by several farmers at so much for each animal, the flocks thus feeding together. At night he drives them all to the village, and as a rule makes a bare line for his own individual house. No one would think of leaving even a goat outside the town after dark for fear of thieves.

These are the conditions within a mile of Tangier, the chief seaport of Morocco. The interior they must be far worse. There are many of the families live in tents, but all are on the constant lookout against the Arab and brigand, and nearly every tribe is at war with its neighbors.

### Country of Mohammedan Tribes.

Often a half dozen or more of the villages make up the home of one tribe. They are governed by a chief, who collects certain taxes, and who acts as their leader in their wars with other tribes. This is the condition throughout the whole country, which is rather an aggregation of wild pastoral and agricultural tribes than a kingdom or empire, in our sense of the word. Each tribe cares only for itself and its own particular country, and there is, I am told, no such thing as regards Morocco as a whole. The only binding cords among the tribes are those of religion. They are fanatical Mohammedans who hate the Christian and all that belongs to him. The want nothing to do with him and resent his presence here.

### They Died for Love.

Speaking of the hatred of these people for foreigners and especially of that which exists among the mountain tribes, I heard the story today of a young Spaniard who "loved not wisely but too well." This young man was spending some time in the neighboring town of Tetuan, when he happened to spy in the market one day a beautiful Berber girl of one of the Anier tribes of the Rif mountains near by. As he looked he loved, and by carefully prosecuting his attentions form market day to market day he was able to make the girl enter into a flirtation with him. At last his passion grew to such an extent that he followed her to her village and there proposed marriage. The tribe answered him by taking possession of both him and the girl and stripping them almost to the skin. Each was then gagged and securely tied to one of two trees, one on either side of a bridge path at a place not far from Tetuan, and left there until they started to die. As the story goes they were so placed that their "eyes could look love to eyes that spoke again," but as hunger came on their love turned to anger and they miserably perished.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

## What Sort of a Nose Should a Good Ship Have

**N**EW YORK, Jan. 10.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—The curving outwater, or as the shellback knows it the clipper bow, of the royal mail steamship Orinoco, which recently ran the New York German Lloyd Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse off the French coast, was instructive in saving the German ship, the experts say, from more serious injury. If the Orinoco had had the straight stem it doubtless would have wounded the Kaiser below the water line, flooding at least one compartment, but probably no more, as their bows were closed from the bridge immediately after the impact.

The accident has inspired the advocates of the graceful, old fashioned bows to rhapodies over their advantages, aesthetic and otherwise. The Kaiser itself, they say, was not only saved from worse disaster but the Orinoco actually owes its salvation to its bows. Its overhang halted its way as it smashed through the heavy plates of the German and prevented it from being hurt below the danger line.

The Orinoco is one of a very small fleet of ocean crossing passenger carriers that the stem that once added beauty to the most of the great steamships and all the clippers of the past, when America had a merchant marine of which it was proud. Two of the handsomest of modern liners, the American steamships New York and Philadelphia, have clipper bows with what the nautical utilitarian would call the added anachronism of figureheads. These ships are among the steadiest afloat and take on less water forward in a heavy sea than the straight stemmed liners, but they are not in the greyhound class.

Believers in the straight stem say that it is the natural evolution from the mere picturesque, and is more economical in construction. It is true that the seas break under curving bows, but they incidentally ruin the features of a figurehead once in a while and not infrequently start a plate. The knechigh steel breakwaters on the main deck forward of the eight-storied liners usually take care of seas that topple over the bows, and bow seas, anyhow, are not to be considered so much as those that smash over the sides or quarters. These the curved stemmed ships cannot avoid any better than the straight-bowed craft. Why not go back to square sails, the utilitarians say, if it is an object to have beauty and symmetry rather than strength, speed and cargo and passenger capacity? The Philadelphia, have clipper bows with what the nautical utilitarian would call the added anachronism of figureheads. These ships are among the steadiest afloat and take on less water forward in a heavy sea than the straight stemmed liners, but they are not in the greyhound class.

By the wrecking of the Hamburg-American line's steamship Prinzessin Victoria Luise, off Port Royal, Jamaica, the clipper stemmed fleet lost one of its noblest models. It had all the advantages of an up to date liner with most of the comeliness of the real clipper of the past. It had seen much rough weather in Atlantic passages and had come through it all without mishap. The consideration of expense did not enter into its construction. It was built to be a perfect excursion ship, to carry a limited number of passengers, and its designer was instructed to make it beautiful inside and out. Apparently he thought the curving outwater more becoming to a great

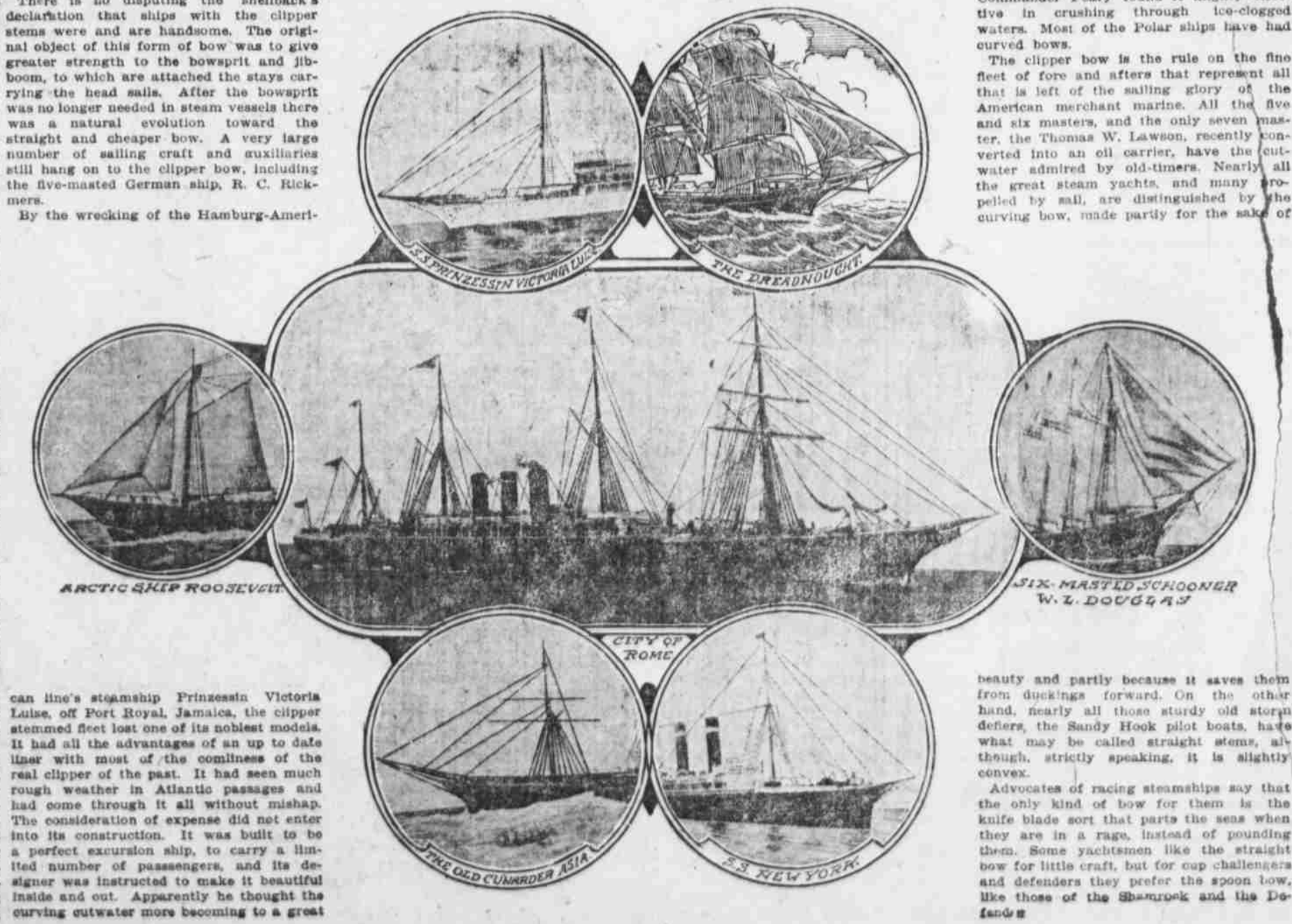
ship should be. With the eye satisfying, tradition fulfilling element of rakishness gone, and mere steel poles without a shred of muell in place of shapely masts, yards, booms and gaffs, the big record holder seems to the retrospective old salt nothing more than a floating hotel. But it is solid, and that is what counts with the average passenger. And when one gets used to the levitations he rather likes them, provided he is unhampered with traditions.

There is no disputing the shellback's declaration that ships with the clipper stems were and are handsome. The original object of this form of bow was to give greater strength to the bowsprit and jibboom, to which are attached the stays carrying the head sails. After the bowsprit was no longer needed in steam vessels there came a natural evolution toward the straight and cheaper bow. A very large number of sailing craft and auxiliaries still hang on to the clipper bow, including the five-masted German ship, R. C. Rickmers.

who are not in the pessimistic veteran class, was the old bark rigged sidewheeler Asia, launched in 1850. What the clipper bowed Yankee ship looked like under a press of canvas may be imagined from the accompanying sketch of the famous packet Dreadnought, which, under command of Captain Samuels, covered the distance between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in nine days and seven hours. Its ideal sheer and the steeve of its bowsprit and jibboom made it look a "sweet ship" indeed to eyes that never more will see so smart a sailing craft in any part of this ultra practical world. Commander Robert E. Peary found the clipper bow desirable in his Arctic steamer, the Roosevelt, not from the standpoint of aestheticism, but because of its serviceability. The Roosevelt is not a pretty bow, as it lacks the true clipper sweep, but Commander Peary found it mighty effective in crushing through ice-clogged waters. Most of the polar ships have had curved bows.

The clipper bow is the rule on the fine fleet of fore and afters that represent all that is left of the sailing glory of the American merchant marine. There are five and six masted, and the only seven masted, the Thomas W. Lawson, recently converted into an oil carrier, have the outwater admitted by old-timers. Nearly all the great steam yachts, and many propelled by sail, are distinguished by the curving bow, made partly for the sake of

beauty and partly because it saves them from duckings forward. On the other hand, nearly all those sturdy old storn defiers, the Sandy Hook pilot boats, have what may be called straight stems, although, strictly speaking, it is slightly convex. Advocates of racing steamships say that the only kind of bow for them is the knife blade sort that parts the seas when they are in a rage, instead of pounding them. Some yachtmen like the straight bow for little craft, but for cup challengers and defenders they prefer the spoon bow, like those of the Shamrock and the Defender.



**New Sister is Coy.**  
 But what kind of a creature is this our new international sister?  
 In the first place, she is coy. She would rather be let alone, and her reason is nagging over her international adoption. Nevertheless, the powers want her and her trade; for she is rich and her country is one of the best parts of this continent. It extends from this point down the Atlantic coast for a distance as great as from New York to Pittsburgh, and eastward for several hundred miles along the Mediterranean from Gibraltar to Algeria. It is bigger than any country in Europe, excepting Russia, and bigger than all New England, added to the combined areas of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and West Virginia.

Morocco is a part of what was once called "Little Africa," the great section at the northwestern end of that continent which embraces Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia, reaching from west to east as far as from New York to Omaha, and everywhere wider than from Philadelphia to Boston. This land was named by the Arabs of the past the Western Islands. It is bounded on two sides by the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and on the other by that sea of sand, the Desert of Sahara. Of this Algeria and Tunisia belong to the French and are rapidly changing under the new civilization. The people are prosperous and the exports increasing. Morocco is an independent empire, and is still in the throes of the dark ages.

**A Country Going to Waste.**  
 How backward Morocco is we shall never realize until the foreign powers step in and begin to develop it. The soil is rich and deep and a large part of it will raise the same crops as California. These foot hills at the Atlas mountains might be the chief fruit garden of Europe, and there are great plains in the south, which will raise the best of wheat, barley and corn. Even the mountainous parts, and they are many, are covered with pastures and the people now rear thousands of sheep, cattle and goats.

Spain gets most of her meat from Morocco, and as I look out of my window I can see them unloading boatloads of beaves which will be carried across to Gibraltar. The cattle are taken out of the boats in a curious way. The water is so shallow that lighters cannot come to the shore and the beasts have to wade. There are no landing arrangements and each animal is pried out by a long beam which is thrust under its belly, while it is held fast by two sailors head and tail and stretched taut. At just the right moment four other Moors standing outside the boat in the water press down on the opposite end of the beam, raising the steer into the air and letting it slide down into the sea. It goes in with a splash, comes up gasping, and is led out to the shore by a rope tied to its horns.

The sheep here are as fine as any in Spain, and this might be one of the great wool-producing countries of the world. I am told that the hills are rich in minerals and that it has gold, silver, copper and coal. Geologically it is a part of the Spanish peninsula, which has long been furnishing minerals in great quantities. Morocco has, however, never been prospected and no one knows what it contains.

Think of a country six times as big as Ohio which has not one road fit for a wagon or any wheeled vehicle, to say nothing of railroads or other means of communication. Let it have not one thrashing machine, reaper or mower, and no farming implements but those which scratch the soil; let it have no markets worthy of mention in our sense of the word; and let its people be robbed and oppressed by their officials, so that there is almost no incentive to labor, and you have some idea of the conditions in Morocco.

**Among the White Africans.**  
 You can know nothing, however, about