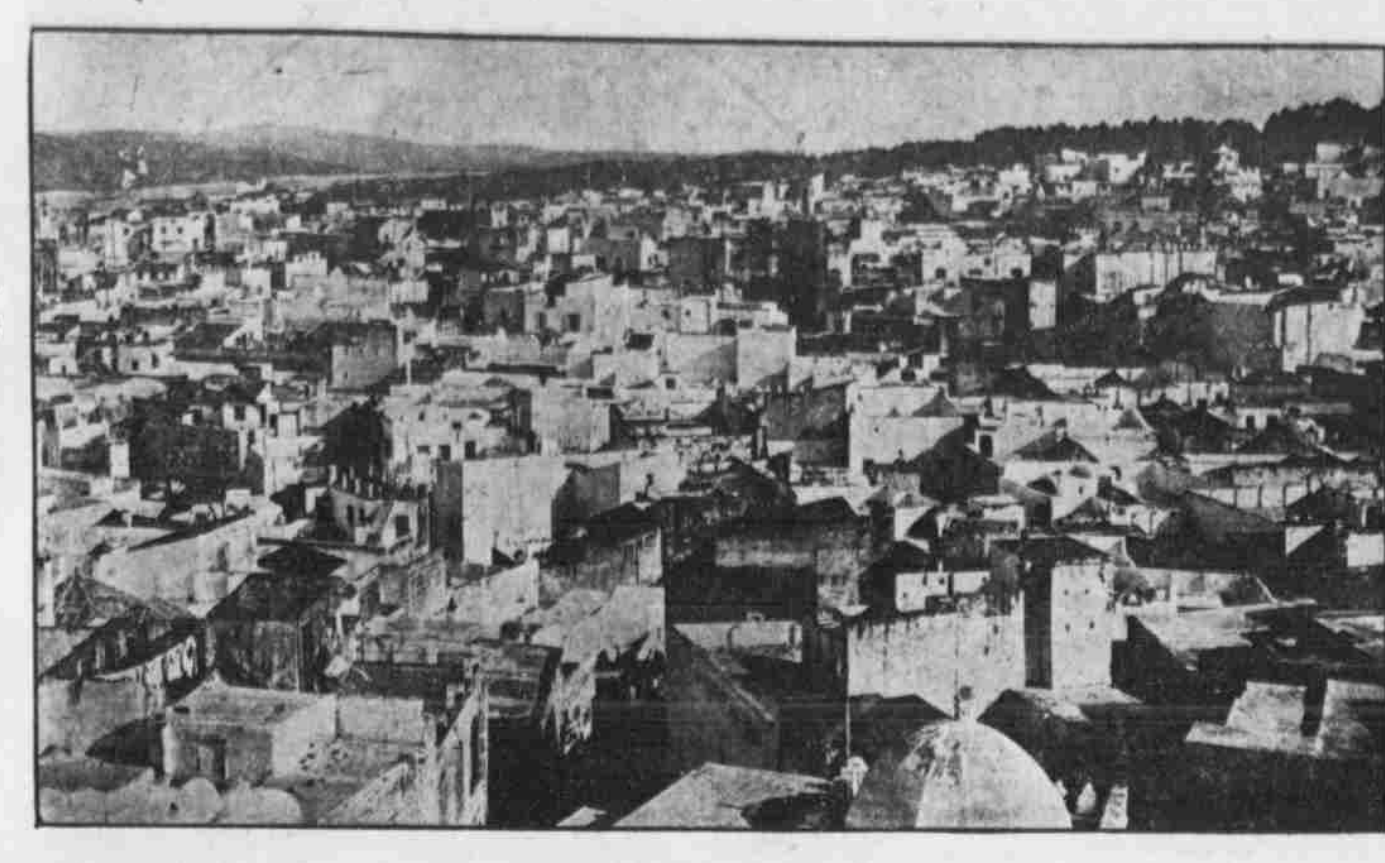


Glimpse Behind the Scenes With the Young Sultan of Morocco



TANGIER FROM THE ROOFS.



THE SULTAN'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH.



MOORISH DELEGATES OF THE SULTAN TO THE ALGERIANS CONFERENCE.

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.)
TANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 24.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Come behind the scenes and take a look at Mulai Abd-el-Aziz, the sultan of Morocco. He is the ruler of the best part of northwest Africa, and his empire is almost one-twelfth the size of the whole United States. More than 10,000,000 Berbers and Moors look upon him with reverence, and the great powers of Europe are courting him with a desire to get hold of his country and trade.

The latest photograph of the young monarch now lies before me. It represents a tall athletic young man, clad in a long white burnous, the garment worn by the gentlemen of Morocco. By talks with his officials and some Europeans I can piece out the picture. The sultan is just 23 years of age, and he has all the strength of full-blooded youth. He has a muddied white complexion, and his face, which is slightly bloated, bears the marks of smallpox, which he had years ago. He has a straight nose, a large mouth, a long upper lip and a chin which slightly recedes. Like all his people, he never shaves his face, but his full beard of curly black hair is so thin that it does not show much in the picture. He has rather a bland air, and in ordinary conversation wears a bored look. He seems to have sucked the orange of power and luxury dry and to care more to take things easy and have a good time than to rule. Indeed, I understand that he would be glad to leave the throne and that he thinks the game of governing a country as turbulent as this is not worth the candle. He is fast losing prestige with his own people by consorting with foreigners, and were it not for his position as regards the Mohammedan religion he would have to step down and out.

So-called son of the She-Ass, who falsely claimed to be an elder brother of the sultan, and who, by sleight-of-hand tricks, made the people think he was performing miracles. He got up a revolution, and the soldiers broke out into an insurrection, notwithstanding their officers gave them a flogging and dusted out their mouths with red pepper for speaking against his majesty. This Bu Hammar was eventually put down. I understand, however, that the rebellion was quelled by a compromise, and that the son of the She-Ass has since returned to his office, and that he is now ruling a large section of Morocco. This would seem to be a premium on a second rebellion.

In the meantime the sultan's foreign friends who have ordered these things for him are making fat fortunes, and they are working the young man for all he is worth. Every foreign thing he subscribes to costs him ten times what it is worth, and his ministers and foreign friends absorb the profits. They are already rolling in luxury, and everyone about him steals both from him and his people. I am told that the whole income of Morocco has gone into extravagant expenditures. The empire pays something like \$5,000,000 a year and is now several hundred thousand dollars in debt.

In Debt on Millions a Year.
 One of the Europeans here tells me he thinks that the sultan has sold down a London hansom and a coach of state. There are no roads in this country, and these things are practically useless. His gold coach, which cost many thousands of dollars, now lies outside the palace at the mercy of the weather.

Moorish home life is not supposed to be known outside of his immediate family, and no European has ever seen the sultan's harem. I doubt whether any Mohammedan man except his own eunuchs has ever crossed its threshold, and it would be very improper to ask his majesty as to the health of the multitudinous women of his household. Nevertheless, gossip gets out in one way or another and I am able to give you some pictures of Mulai's harem. By the Mohammedan religion he has the right to four wives, and no end of concubines. His palaces are large and the sultan himself lives on the first floor, in a suite of big rooms, at the four corners of which his wives have their apartments. Each wife has her own establishment, but all are subject to the rule of certain slave women called ahras, negro concubines who were especially favored by Mulai Hassan, the sultan's father.

Hard Worked Young Man.
 As far as can be learned the sultan has a soft snap. He works only in the morning and devotes the afternoon to his foreign friends, to playing polo, billiards, bicycling or in any other amusement which may suit him, while his evenings are spent with his numerous family. He rises early, drinks a cup of coffee and then says his prayers. In doing the latter he faces Mecca and goes through all the motions, according to the most rigid Mohammedan rules. He has a mosque in his palace grounds, and goes to church every Friday, his majesty going from his palace to the great buildings where he holds his court, and where the various officials have their offices. Here he enters a small room which is off by itself and sends for such of his ministers as he desires to see. He leaves his work largely to his officials and does no more than he can help. At noon he stops and has dinner, after which he takes a smoke and a sleep, rising about 2 o'clock. He frequently has music in his palace, and is said to play well on the violin and guitar. He has more than 100 musicians and all sorts of instruments. He has a piano and he drums upon this at times, his mother having taught him to play.

Related to Mohammed.
 All the rest of the Mohammedans of the world acknowledge some kind of allegiance to the sultan of Turkey. This is so of our Morocco and of the fifty odd million Mussulmans of India, and also of the lesser number in Turkey and Egypt. These Moors will not let that sultan send a representative here. They acknowledge no allegiance to him, and they consider that only the family of this young man has the right to the title of commander and ruler of the faithful. Indeed, Mulai Abd-el-Aziz is about the most blue-blooded monarch on earth. He is the thirty-sixth lineal descendant of Ali, the uncle and son-in-law of the prophet Mohammed, and he is the fifteenth monarch in his own dynasty. His father was the famed Mulai Hassan, who was sultan for twenty-one years, during which he ruled with an iron hand. When about to die he chose his son to be his successor, although he had other and older brothers. Mulai's mother was a Circassian slave imported from Turkey.

Sacrifices for His People.
 The emperor of China has a number of days when he goes out in Peking to the Altar of Heaven and performs sacrifices for the whole Chinese nation. This young sultan does the same by killing a sheep on every Bairam, or Mohammed Easter. At this time every good Moorish family is supposed to offer up sacrifices and it is estimated that as many as 30,000 sheep are killed on that day in the city of Fez. The sheep are brought in from the surrounding country and mutton rises in places to such an extent that a good fat ram or ewe will bring \$30. If it were so in America the market would surely be cornered.

Permits granted by the sultan.
 The sheep killing is started by the sultan, surrounded by a large concourse of people. One of the holy preachers first sings out a sermon, after which the sheep is handed over to his majesty. He cuts its throat and, as the blood gushes forth, the bands play and the cannons thunder. The news is sent out all over the city and thereupon the sacrificing begins, extending to all parts of Morocco. Bairam is the great festival occasion of all the year. The Moors then come out in their good clothes, the soldiers have new uniforms and the people, who, like good Mohammedans, have been fasting throughout the Ramadan, which in their Law, give themselves up to rejoicing. The chiefs of the various tribes are then supposed to send presents to the sultan, and in the past vast sums have been so received. Some tribes bring money often running into the thousands of dollars, some horses and some slaves, a negro being a common gift.

Advances in Electric Lighting.
 It has long been known that for the degree of illumination which it affords the incandescent lamp consumes more current than any other device for lighting with electricity. Many attempts have been made to remedy the fault without abandoning the principle of incandescence. In some of these ventures, reports the New York Tribune, an entirely new substance has been employed in the filament. With magnesia and the rare metals, tantalum, osmium and tungsten, a fair degree of success has been attained, though in one case the original simplicity of the mechanism has been sacrificed and in the others the material of which the thread is composed is more costly than the one for which it is substituted.

Electricity on French Farms.
 The use of electric energy for the operations of the farmer is shown in La Nature, which describes the work at Vu Nature, in the department of Alsace. A company was formed in 1904 under the auspices of M. Gentilini to take power from three small waterfalls and to generate about 30-horse power by this means for distribution throughout the district. In addition to the hydraulic power, the company have a steam engine of 100-horse power. By reference to a plan the main lines of transmission are described. The current is generated in three power stations, and is applied to thirteen villages. Turbines are used to drive alternators which furnish triphase current at 2,500 volts, with fifty periods per second. Current is employed both for light and power, and its use on the farms for grinding, threshing, cake crushing and other like purposes, are shown by means of photographs. A graphic diagram indicates the total consumption of electric energy in kilowatt hours for each month from the start in June, 1905, onwards, and the highest amount of electricity is reduced at the points it is used to, 110 volts by transformers placed in boxes mounted on four poles.

Inside the Palace.
 The sultan has many palaces. He has quarters in nearly every town in his dominion and the governor's establishment here in Tangier belongs to him. He has three different capitals; one in southern Morocco, one in central Morocco and another at Fez. The latter is the largest, and everything there is managed on a vast scale. The palace is surrounded by walls. It is in the Dar-el-Makhez, where all the government officials live. The buildings contain no end of bed rooms and living rooms, as well as a large kitchen and dairy. They swarm with servants, both male and female. The kitchens are managed by negro cooks and among the other men servants are the "men of the bath," "men of the tea" and "men of the water." There are also "men of the bed" and "men of the imperial chamber, the tea men make the imperial tea, using the best of the green leaves and scented them with mint. The bed men have charge of the sultan's tent when he camps, and the mat men bring his prayer rug and spread it out for him when his times for prayer come. In addition to these there are negro slaves who take charge of the sultan's horses and mules; there are others who walk behind him when he goes out for an airing to flick off the flies, and a third set who carry the imperial parasol to shut out the rays of the sun.

Fast Losing His Power.
 The sultan has a cabinet, consisting of a grand vizier, a secretary of state, a secretary of the interior and a secretary of war. He has also a chief chamberlain, a chief treasurer and a chief administrator of customs. He has had an army of 10,000 or 15,000 men, and at times as many as 20,000 troops in different parts of Morocco. I understand that the soldiers are armed with good weapons and that they have few batteries of field guns. Within the last year the army seems to have grown weaker and weaker. The rebellion of Bu Hammar, the capture of Fez, and the enforced ransom on the part of the sultan by Raisuli, together with the foreign complications, have made his majesty so unpopular that his support is drifting away from him. His power is, indeed, on the wane; and it remains to be seen whether in time he will not have a successor. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Sultan and the Christians.
 Indeed, the sultan's tastes seem to be Christian rather than Mohammedan. He is fond of western methods, and he would if he could, introduce them into his empire. He has made some attempts to do so, but his people object, and this is one cause of his unpopularity. He is, notwithstanding, an independent young man and persists in courting the favor of the foreigners. I am told that he spends a part of every day with Europeans, and that he is not at all exclusive in his selection of them. One high-class Moor complains to me that his majesty allows common merchants and other tradesmen to come to the palace, and others tell me that he has spent millions of dollars on all sorts of foreign nicknacks which some of his Christian friends have begged him to buy.

Recent Progress in the Field of Electricity.
Niagara Falls Power.
 THE DECISION of Secretary of War Taft on the question of importing electrical power from the Canada side of Niagara falls and the diversion of water for power purposes on the American side of the river is in the nature of a compromise. He did not grant all the power companies asked and granted more than the scenic defenders of the great cataract considered the maximum for its preservation.

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Judge Slabaugh and His Late Office Force

THE outgoing of Judge W. W. Slabaugh and his assistants completes an administration marked by great achievements in the county attorney's office. Two hundred and twenty-five convictions in one term, including fourteen murder cases and one case for unlawful restraint of trade, are in the high water mark for criminal prosecutions in Douglas county. Fourteen civil cases were tried in the supreme court, among them being the direct primary law, the sheriff's fee and the inheritance tax case, which latter case was prosecuted by Judge Slabaugh in his own name and upon

Under former county attorney the fee offices of Douglas county were permitted to run loose and to collect or credit as they might dictate to the official. By this system Douglas county has been deprived of the use of thousands of dollars which should have been paid into the county treasury. Judge Slabaugh's office righted this nagrant wrong and during the last year the county profited by thousands of dollars from the fee offices. Under direction of the county board he started several suits against former officials to collect unreported and earned fees, which cases are now pending in the district court.

The office did much to bring about a good government for Douglas county, and all this was accomplished without extra cost to the county for counsel. Judge Slabaugh attributes his success in a large measure to his method of conducting the office. He marshalled his forces together in one suite of rooms, and at great personal expense in the way of office rent kept them in readiness to answer the needs of the office and to work for the people. By this system he and his deputies were always in touch and in council upon every important case. Mooted questions were threshed out in the office rooms, and at great personal expense and weighed before action was taken in a case.

The force consisted of Arthur H. Murdock, Fred W. Fitch, Charles E. Foster and Franklin A. Shotwell, deputies; Lewis Grebe, messenger, and Blanche Zimman, stenographer.

JUDGE SLABAUGH AND HIS ASSISTANTS WHILE IN THE COUNTY ATTORNEY'S OFFICE OF DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Three Veterans of Iowa Stage Coach Days

IOWA FALLS, Ia., Jan. 18.—(Special.)—Few cities or towns of the country have living within their confines three veterans of the old stage days in Iowa. In this city, however, are found three men, well advanced in years, yet hale and hearty, who were associated with the stage service in this part of the state before the advent of the railroads.

These three men are Thomas I. McChesney, William Burgess and George W. Payne. Mr. McChesney was probably the best known over the state, as he was in charge of various routes from time to time, and from Iowa City to Fort Dodge and from Cedar Falls and Dubuque to Des Moines he was known by the traveling public. Many are the tales he tells of his experiences in blazing new routes across the prairies of Iowa in those early days. Mr. McChesney is now living in retirement in this city and enjoying his latter days free from the turmoil of business life. After quitting the stage company he engaged in farming and for years was engaged in tilling the soil and stock raising on the South Fork, in this county.

William Burgess, who is well known to the traveling public of later days, as well as in the earlier times, is conducting a feed stable in this city. "Billy" Burgess, as he is familiarly and well known, seems as hale and hearty as twenty years ago. When the Central completed its line to this city in 1863 he decided to engage in the bus and transfer business, and for years he handled passenger, freight and mail and express between the depot and town. All over Iowa are men and women who remember "Billy" Burgess and his brusque manner, large-hearted nature and jovial disposition.

The third of this trio of pioneers of the old stage days is George W. Payne, who probably holds the record of welding the razor longer than any other tonsorial artist in the state. When the railroads put

the stages out of business Mr. Payne decided to return to the trade he had learned in his old home in Saratoga Springs, N. Y., before he came west to rough it on the broad expanse of Iowa's prairie land. Mr. Payne opened the first barber shop in Iowa Falls and has been continuously at it ever since. He is still active and each day finds him at work. Like his associates of the early days, he is full of reminiscences of the good old times when they "staged it" from Cedar Falls to Fort Dodge.

All three of these men have lived to see a veritable transformation in Central Iowa, and as the sun of life nears the western horizon many are the dreams of the past that come to them as they look back over the last forty years and contrast the changes from the days when they drew reins over some of the finest horse-drawn stage coaches that ever trotted across the state and transported passengers from outpost to outpost of early Iowa civilization, to these latter days of steam cars and interurbans. The change is a marked one and few are able to look back and view them in the light that is vouchsafed the trio of these good old stage days of long ago.

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T. A. McChesney, Billy Burgess, George W. Payne. THREE VETERANS OF STAGE COACH DAYS IN IOWA