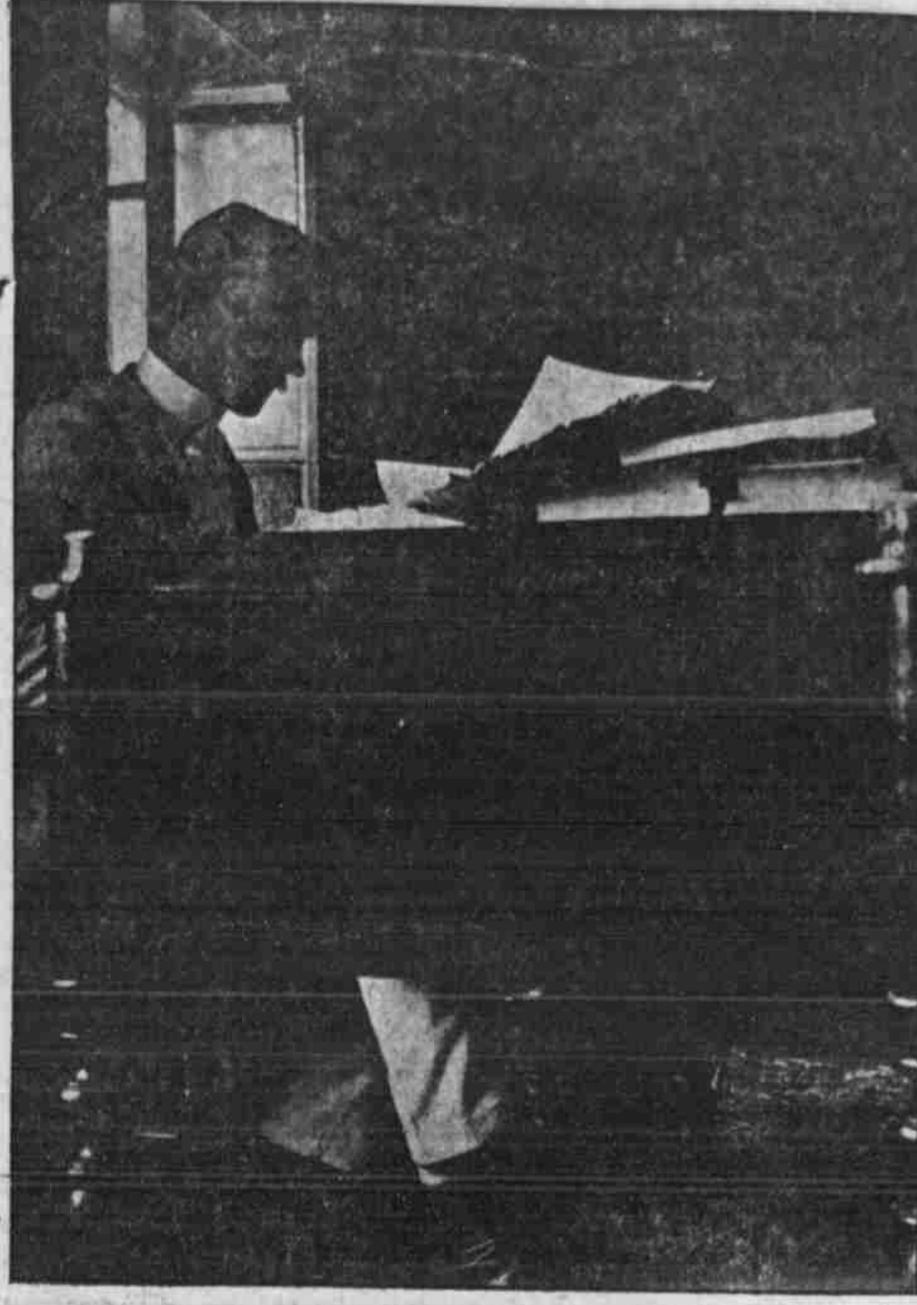


Queer Features of Moorish Business Ways Americans Should Know



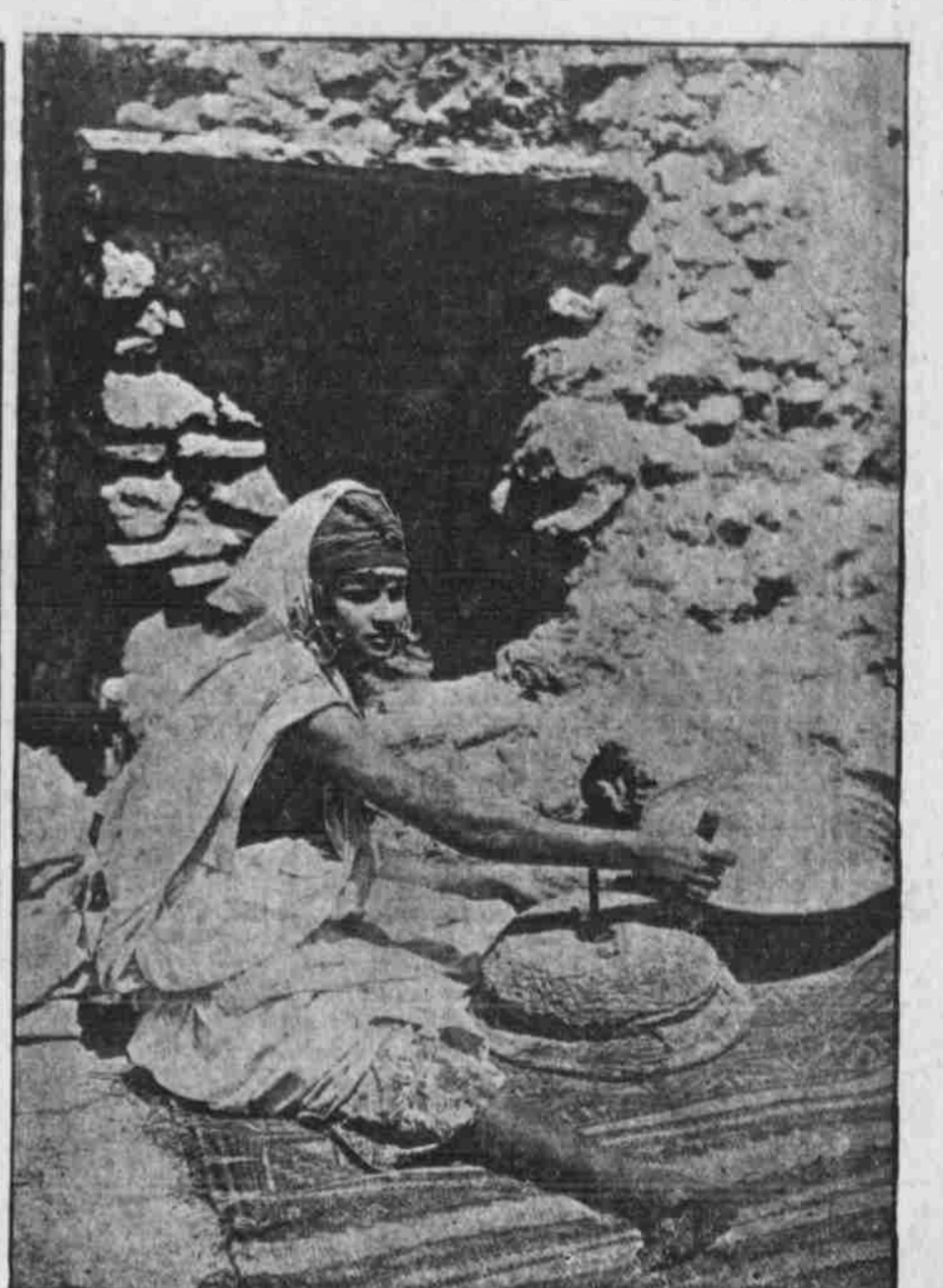
HOFFMAN PHILIP, AMERICAN CONSUL GENERAL.



CUSTOMER FOR AMERICAN COTTONS.



BEAUTIFUL JEWESS OF TANGIER.



MOORISH WOMAN GRINDING MEAL.

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.) He is supposed to be a secret agent of the British government and to keep the English posted as to trade and diplomatic affairs.

As to the Germans, they are gathering trade information in all sorts of ways. I met here a white-faced, blond-bearded man, dressed in full Moorish costume, who was talking Arabic and who I found could recite the Koran from beginning to end. He turned out to be a German in the employ of the Kaiser's commercial organizations, and his business is to gather data for the pushing of German goods. He has traveled as a Moor through all the coast towns, and has gone inland from Mogador to Morocco City and from there to Fes. He has full information about the patterns of the cottons and other goods most desired here, and the Germans will be soon making halcks, burnouses, djellabas and the other dresses of these outlandish people.

Trade of Twenty Million Dollars.
During my stay I have had a talk with Mr. Hoffman Philip, our consul general, as to the trade of Morocco. He has represented our country here very efficiently for the last four years and has done what he could to push American trade. He has been hampered, however, by the ignorance of our exporters concerning the country and people, and the disadvantage

of the United States having no direct steamship connection with this part of the continent. We have several vessels a week which call at Gibraltar, over the way, but none of these stop at Tangier. We are buying a large amount of goat skins of Morocco, but about the only thing which it is using directly from us is coal oil. Its people dress largely in cottons, and their goods are made of our raw materials, which are shipped in the bale to England and there manufactured for this trade.

During some years we pay as much as \$500,000 to Morocco. In 1905 we bought from it \$400,000 worth of goat skins, and we take some of its wool and fruits, which go via England.

"The total trade of Morocco," says our consul general, "now amounts to something like \$20,000,000 a year, and of this England gets more than half. France comes next and then Spain and Germany. The German trade is still small, but it is rapidly gaining."

I made a hunt through the bazars here today for American goods, and amongst other places visited the largest fancy grocery store in Tangier. I told the Jew clerk to show me samples of all the American articles he had, and he brought out coal oil, corned beef, cornmeal and cocktails. The bottles of cocktails came from New

York, the cornmeal was in a pasteboard package labeled Chicago, and the coal oil in a square can from Philadelphia, while the corned beef was in a flat tin box from a packing house in Kansas City. At another store I saw canned salmon from Seattle and pickles from Boston. All of these goods came via London.

What the Moors Do Not Want.
It is useless for our exporters to attempt to make a market in Morocco without sending men here to study the people. This country is as different from the Arabian States as would be the lands of the Arabian Nights. Drummers who speak Spanish or French should be sent to travel among the people and report the kinds and patterns of goods desired. They can hire guides who will interpret for them with the Moorish merchants, and they will find many Jewish traders who speak French and Spanish.

Let me tell you, for instance, of a few things which it would be ridiculous to send to Morocco. The American shoe is popular almost everywhere, and it is fast capturing Europe. It could do nothing here. These men want a loose slipper of soft leather with a heel that can be bent over. They take their shoes off, as a usual thing, when they enter their homes, and they never wear them inside the churches or mosques. The black of the American shoe would look out of place, for every Moorish gentleman likes a delicate pale yellow. As to the women, they wear red slippers of soft Morocco leather, and the better classes of them have their footwear embroidered with gold and silver. In the house most of the girls go barefooted, and no one wears a French heel. Indeed, heels are worn on no shoes here, and even fine Morocco boots are heelless. All the footwear is handmade, and that made in Fes is sent to different parts of the country.

No Demand for Socks or Stockings.
The Moors do not want stockings. Of the 10,000,000 inhabitants of this country 9,500,000 have never heard of them, and I venture there are not 10,000 women in the whole empire who clothe their legs in that way. Only the very well-to-do put them on upon occasions, and such persons are the Moors who have been affected by foreign influences.

Our hat makers need not send their skull caps under them to cover their smoothly shaved scalps, and they sometimes pull the hoods of their gowns over their heads in addition. The Jews wear caps of black felt which fit close, and the Jewish women wrap their heads in silk handkerchiefs.

Little Chance for American Flour.
At present there might be a small sale for American flour if it were shipped here in much packages that it could be carried by mules over the country. Morocco has some of the best wheat soil in the world, and if it had a government like ours, Secretary Wilson at the head of its agricultural department. It would be competing with our country in the bread markets of England. At present most of the grain is consumed in the localities where it is raised, and the agricultural methods are so rude that it is high-priced, notwithstanding the low wages. Farm hands get about 10 cents a day and they board themselves. The plowing is done with a crooked stick by means of oxen, mules, donkeys or camels. The pitchforks are crooked sticks, sharpened at the ends. Shovels and spades are unknown. A Moorish plow costs about 50 cents, an ox yoke 10 cents and the rude hoe, which is commonly employed, 12 cents. The grain is carried from many localities on the backs of camels in long bags made of palm-leaf. One such bag will hold ten bushels and form a fair load for a camel. Here in Tangier the grain is transported by donkeys from one part of the town to the other in four-bushel bags. Two bags are a good load for a donkey.

Queer Mills and Bakeries.
The ordinary Moroccan stomach would be surprised at American flour. The bread of the country is made of meal ground at home. Every family has its own mill, consisting of two rude grindstones, one on top of the other, the grain being poured through a hole in the top stone. The stones are turned by the women of the family, and as they are fragile, bits of them come off and mix with the flour, leading to broken teeth and bad digestion.

I wish I could show you a Moroccan bakery. There are scores of them in every town and baking is a regular profession. Very few people do any baking at home. They make their flour up into dough far-bread and cakes and send it to the nearest bakery to be baked. Often a baker will have his regular customers and will send out his boys, little long-gowned, dark-faced urchins, to bring in the dough. They usually carry it upon boards which rest upon their heads, and a few hours later take back the baked article. The baker gets 10 per cent of the amount of dough sent, and a loaf of that proportion is always put in for his pay.

These bake ovens look like ovens. They

are found here and there along the main streets of the cities. One steps first into a dark cellar-like room, where the proprietor, a white-gowned, turbaned Moor, sitting cross-legged, watches the count and bosses the laborer who has charge of the oven. This man is more too clean. He has a long paddle upon which he puts the leaves of dough and places them upon the oven floor. This is on about the level of the floor of the room, and the baker stands in a pit at the front of it. The ovens are long. They have a fire of twigs in one side of them, so arranged that by means of draughts the smoke is carried away. The leaves are usually of the size of a tea plate and about two inches thick. They taste good. The baker sells the extra loaves, which he takes in trade, and there are bread peddlers in every market. They are usually worn, shrouded in white blankets, who hide their faces from the men as they sell, but nevertheless keep a sharp watch with one eye through a hole in their head shawls for their change.

American Machinery.
The Morocco of today offers but few opportunities for the sale of American machinery. As to farm implements, the people are too poor to buy anything that costs much. The country is divided up into an infinite number of small holdings, and all outside the officials and chiefs and merchants live from hand to mouth. The tax gatherers also attempt to collect one-tenth of all crops.

Labor here is backward as in the days of the middle ages. All over Morocco logs are sawed into boards by hand, and threshing is done upon well pounded floors with falls or by treading the grain out with horses, cattle or mules. It would be impossible to carry a threshing machine through the country for the lack of roads, and in many localities it would be difficult to supply the fuel to run it.

Saddles and harness, such as we have, are in no demand, and the hardware used is of the cheapest home-made variety. There are some sewing machines in use, but the favorite ones are those run by hand. There is some sale for mirrors, darning needles and sewing needles. These, as well as nails and wire, are now sent in by the Germans.

Much of the Moroccan earthenware is home-made. Some china is imported, and also many drinking glasses in which tea is served.

Most of the other Mohammedan nations drink coffee. These people drink tea, and are especially fond of it when flavored with mint. The way to make it I am told, is to put a good lot of sugar into the teapot and a spoonful or so of green tea, together with some mint leaves. Now pour on boiling water and let the stuff steep. If you make it right you will have a drink for the gods, and at the same time free from the intoxicating properties of the mint julep of the Kentucky colonel. Such liquor is furnished in tumblers at tea houses all over the country, and the Moors drink it boiling hot sitting cross-legged on the ground as they do so. The most of the tea used comes from England. London alone sends as many as 20,000 chests in one year. In 1904 Morocco bought of England more than \$700,000 worth of tea, and its sugar purchases than amounted to considerably over \$2,000,000 in value. These people are fond of sweets, and their consumption of sugar is so great that it has almost ruined their teeth. This any one can see whenever a Moor opens his mouth.

Beds, Tables, Stools and Candlesticks.
It will be a long time before the ordinary Moroccan will want American furniture. The poorer classes sleep on the floor, and they are so hazy that a man will wrap himself in his gown and lie down anywhere for a snooze. There are men sleeping on the stones out in the streets here every night, and that by the hundreds. Many houses are guarded in this way.

Spring beds are unknown to such people and they seldom have chairs. When they sit they do not hang their legs down, but double them up under them or lean back against the wall with their long beards resting on their knees. If they use a bench or divan it is to sit cross-legged upon it. The tables are rude, and are often simply low round brass pans upon legs. Some such are beautifully carved. Candles are in demand, and the British are now sending almost a quarter of a million dollars' worth of them here every year.

The American drummer who comes to Morocco must expect to carry on his business largely through the Jews. They are by far the best business men of the country, and they have the bulk of the wholesale and retail trade. There are Moorish bankers. It is true, in all other cities, and there are Moorish commercial houses with large capital in Fes, but the Jews are everywhere, and they deal with all classes. They are as business men the equals of any of their race, and although noted for sharp trading, as a rule they stand well.

The Jews came to this country along about the thirteenth century to do business with the Moors and they have been here ever since. They are despised and at

quarters are known as mellahs, and they are among the most squalid parts of every city. Their streets are narrow and dirty. The front doors are little more than holes in the walls, and most of the houses contain many small rooms, in which the people are herded. The homes of the rich are much better.

The mellahs are governed by the Jews themselves. They elect a council and a judiciary, and they have the right of appeal from the latter to the Moorish government. The rabbis are about the most influential of the Jews. The people are religious and attend their synagogues regularly. They do no business on Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath, and on that day many of them will not even open a business letter. I attended one of their synagogues here. It was a dark little room, surrounded by dwellings.

The Jews now have their own schools in Morocco and a great deal of work has been done among them lately by the Universal Jewish alliance. This alliance is now carrying on schools at Tangier, Tetuan, Marrakech and Fes, in which there are more than 2,500 children. They are giving the young Jews a sort of modern education, although much of the time is devoted to teaching of Hebrew and Spanish. They also teach French and English, geography and other studies. In the reorganization of Morocco, which is bound to come about sooner or later, these children, with their knowledge of the modern languages and of Arabic, as well, may form an important factor.

In the Jewish Quarters.
In all the Moroccan cities except Tangier the Jews are still confined to their own section, and in some they are shut off at night from the rest of the town. These

He has always been interested in medical society work and for twenty years has been a member of the State Medical association, of which organization he is at this time president.

Dr. Long is essentially a self-made man, "a plodding country doctor" as he calls himself, who by patience and perseverance has attained a prominent place in the profession, as evidenced by the official position he now holds, and has accumulated considerable property in his home county, consisting of valuable farm lands, bank stocks, and a nice home. Dr. Long was married to Miss Maggie Miller at West Point, Neb., and the family consists of three interesting daughters, Frances Louise, science teacher in the high school of North Platte, Harrisburg at the University of Nebraska and Margaret at home.



F. A. LONG, M. D., MADISON, NEB.

How Poell Lost a Leg and Won a Medal

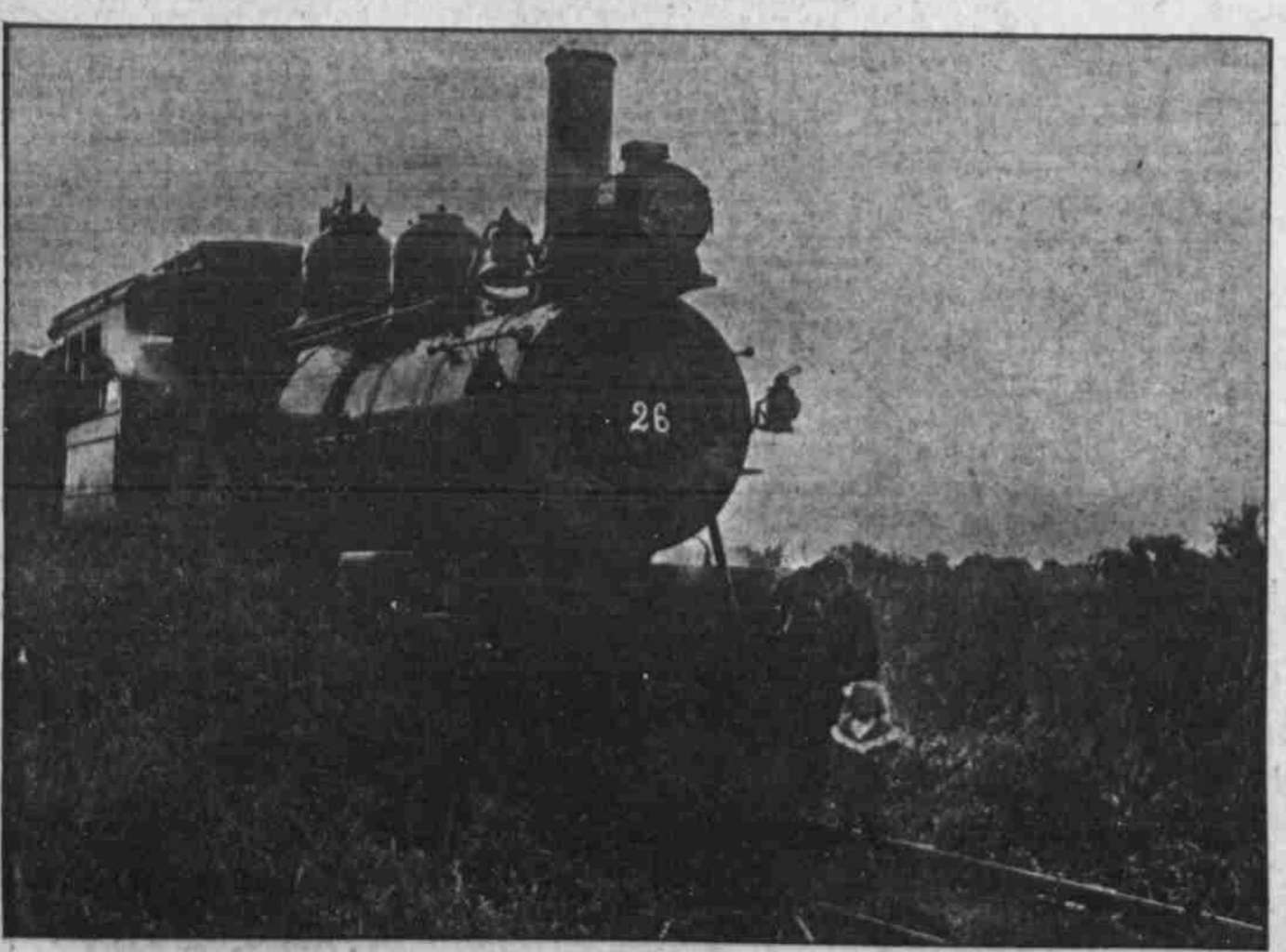
EARLY in June, 1906, while a fireman on the St. Joseph & Grand Island railway, George Poell, at present county clerk of Hall county, saved the life of the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Usary of Powell, Neb., but lost a leg and barely escaped death. For this act of heroism he has since been awarded a medal of honor from congress, under the act of February of that year, and has just received formal notice from the Carnegie Hero commission of an award of a medal and of \$500 in cash to pay off the remaining mortgage on his modest little cottage home in Grand Island.

It was a bright day in June. Poell was firing for a freight train that was pulling for Hanover from Grand Island. It was nearing midday when the train approached Powell, near the Kansas-Nebraska line. The train was heavier than usual that morning. The engine was just rounding a curve and had struck a down grade when the fireman saw, some distance ahead, a child on the track. The whistle was blown. The child's attention was attracted. But, in its innocence, it merely looked and then, as if somewhat alarmed, yet not knowing which way to turn, it began running down the track away from the engine. The freight train was in full speed. Poell realized at once that, though the brakes were at once applied, the long string of cars could by no manner of means be brought to a stop before the locomotive overtook the little child, whom

above the ankle was literally torn off. His right arm was broken. It was upon this side that he had been dragged over the ties and the entire side was lacerated and bruised. He was taken on to St. Joseph and there taken to a hospital. The attending physicians tried to save as much of the leg as possible and amputated half way between the ankle and knee. But the ligaments were so badly torn that it was later necessary to amputate once more and this time just below the knee. The fracture of his arm was reduced, but later a second operation for this member was also necessary, this being performed after his return some months later to Grand Island.

Poell gradually recovered and late in the summer of 1906 was able by the use of crutches occasionally to come downtown. The democrats placed him in nomination for county clerk, and, though he ran against an excellent candidate on the republican ticket, a man with an unimpeachable record in every respect, who had been nominated several weeks previous, he was elected and has since been conducting the office. He has secured an artificial leg and walks without the use of cane or crutch, though a defect in the walk is noticeable. He received much aid from the father of the child he saved, a station agent at Powell, who did all he possibly could by the sale of the pictures of Poell and the boy and a picture showing the position the fireman was in when he hurled the little one from the track.

It was in a pitiful condition that Poell was found. His left foot from a little



GEORGE POELL AND THE CHILD HE SAVED.