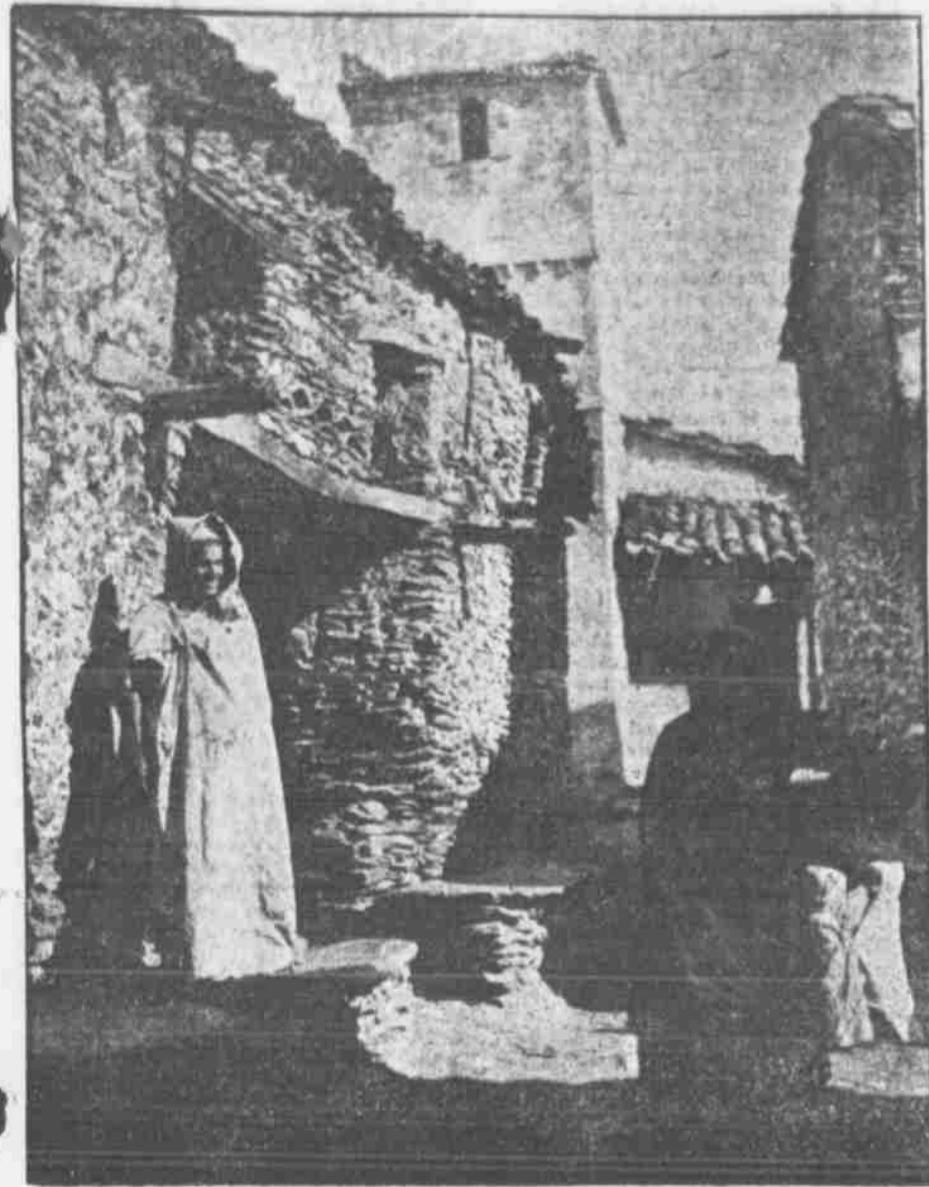


Oldest White Race in the World and Its Home in the Atlas Mountains



IN A KABYLE TOWN.

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MATILOT, Algeria, March 21.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Have you ever heard of the white race of the Atlas mountains? Its people have features like ours, and some of them have blue eyes and red hair. Many have rosy skins and complexions so fair that if dressed in European clothes they would not be out of place in London, Paris or New York. Others are darker, from their admixture with the Arabs and Moors, but they are still a people of their own kind, and strong enough to impress their brand on their offspring.

This race is scattered through the mighty mountains of northwestern Africa. It is composed of the Berbers or Kabyles, who are numbered by millions and are found everywhere in these hills.

The Atlas mountains begin opposite the Canary Islands, well down the Atlantic coast, and run from southwest to northeast for a distance of more than 1,500 miles, ending near Cape Bon, below the island of Sicily. They are longer than from Philadelphia to Omaha and wider than the distance between Washington and New York. The region altogether is more than one-seventh the size of the United States proper, and including the valleys has a population of 15,000,000 or more.

Berbers of Morocco.

Fully one-half of these people are made up of the descendants of this white race, and if we take the tribes which have left the mountains and gone down into the lowlands and desert they will number still more. The Tuaregs, the fierce brigands of the Sahara, who wear black veils night and day and scour the desert on camels robbing the caravans, are of Berber origin, and so are the Baskris and others who come from far down in the Sahara to do the heavy work about the wharves of the Algerian ports. There are several million Berbers in Morocco, where they have divided up into hundreds of tribes. They live in the mountains and are lawless and wild. The band of Hissul, which kidnaped Ion Perdicaris, is one of them, and they are the main cause of the danger to foreigners in that country today.

Oldest White Race on Record.

The Berbers are the oldest white race upon record, and if we could trace our own forefathers back into the dark ages we should probably find that they are our cousins. They are supposed to have come here from southern Europe, but, if so, it was when Europe was savage and when our ancestors were still eating with their fingers and sleeping on skins in the wilds of the forests.

Kabyles of the Grand Atlas.

I have seen many of these fair-skinned Berbers or Kabyles since I came to the black continent some months ago. I met them first in Morocco and again in Spanish Africa, and I have found them everywhere during my travels in Algeria. I have spent the last week in Grand Kabylia, where they are almost the sole inhabitants, and have gone from village to village investigating their customs and photographing them at work and in their homes. Within the last three days I have ridden for more than 100 miles through the wildest of these African mountains, crossing the Grand Atlas chain from Tizi-Ouzou, the capital of Kabylia, by way of Fort National and Michel, over a pass almost as high as Mount Washington, and then coming down to this little town of Matilot, in the rich valley of the Tell, where I now am.

The road we took over the mountains covered a distance of about 120 kilometers. It was built by the French as a military highway to hold these people in order, and it is so smooth that one could go over it in an automobile. Indeed, I was offered an automobile for the trip at a cost of \$2 per day, but I found that I should have to pay one day's return fare for every day we drove, making the cost really very dear. There was also danger of

breakdown in the mountains, and I concluded to hire a carriage instead. This I got for \$15 per day. It had an Arab driver and three horses hitched up abreast, and it enabled me to make my way leisurely from point to point, now stopping at a village and now at the little fields where the Kabyles were working.

Dangerous People.

The Kabyles are among the most insurrectionary of the population of Algeria. Like the Swiss, they live in the mountains, and they have the same love of freedom. They submit to the French and work for them; but I am told that they hate them at heart, and that if France should have a great war with any other nation they would again break out into rebellion. This they did in 1871, when France had its war with Germany. At that time an army of these mountaineers marched on Algiers.

French Military Road.

This road over the Atlas is a wonderful piece of civil engineering. It goes along the sides of the cliffs and has been fairly cut out of the rocks. In places the drop to the valley below is something like 2,000 feet, and at times, when a caravan of camels passed by us, each beast loaded with two great long bags of barley which tripled its width, we had to stop for fear we might be crowded over the rocks and dashed to pieces in the valley below. At



THE PEOPLE SIT ON THE FLOOR AT THEIR MEALS.

other places we met droves of donkeys, which their Kabyle owners had to bring down to single file in order to pass, and again companies of Kabyle natives, with loads on their backs, who walked the same way.

The road is a limestone pike, with frequent stone culverts and now and then bridges of stone and iron. Away up on the top of the Atlas there is a tunnel which has been blasted through the rock, and on the very top of the pass we went through a deep cut which had been made for the road. All along the way are piles of broken stone, showing that the repairs are going on all the time, and there are guard houses at every few miles, where the men who take care of the road are stationed. This pass is, in fact, a military highway, and it enables France to control the whole region about.

Through the Atlas Mountains.

Before I describe my visit to the Kabyle villages I want to tell you something about these mighty mountains which form their homes. I have traveled through the Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes and the Rockies. Each has its own grandeur, and the same is true of these mighty African mountains, which in many respects have scenery surpassing that of any other range of the world. The air here is as clear as

that on the high plateau of Bolivia. One can see as far as on Lake Titicaca, and the sun is so bright that where it strikes the fleecy white clouds it paints patches of navy blue velvet on the mountains below. These high Atlas peaks rise from the plain in rugged grandeur. They roll over each other, with great canyons and gorges; and they may be seen a hundred miles or more away, cutting the blue sky of the horizon. They are of as many colors as the mountains of Colorado, and in places are quite as ragged and rocky. Almost everywhere they are cultivated high above the line of fertility of the hills of other countries. Their slopes are cut up into patches of all shapes, some of which are not bigger than bed quilts. About these patches are stone walls or hedges; sometimes they are marked by furrows or ditches. Some have fruit trees growing in them, but more often they are only bunches of scrub, amongst which the grain has been planted. Each of these little patches is a Kabyle farm. Nearly every family owns some land, to which it clings as its dearest possession. The men cultivate their little crops and make what they can from them, and then go down into the lowlands to work for the French farmers to piece out their incomes.

Others of the mountains, especially the slopes facing the valley of the Tell, are covered with scrubby oaks, with leaves an inch long and of much the shape as those of a rose bush; they are light green in color. The trees are nothing like the grand oaks of America, but nevertheless they bear acorns and furnish food for numerous hogs. Many of the trees are trimmed of their branches every year in order that the

Woods of the Atlas.

Along the lower slopes of the Atlas there are many big oaks, but these are

owned mostly by the French. They are walled off from the road by hedges of cactus, in which dried thorn bushes have been twined, making a barrier impassable for man or beast. There are also olive orchards, and almost everywhere, even to high up in the mountains, are groves of wild olive trees, and now and then a forest of the evergreen oak, whose bark furnishes our cork.

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KABYLE WATER CARRIER.

twigs and limbs may be used for fuel. I am told that it is against the law to cut the trees down to the ground, and that most of the charcoal and firewood of Algeria are made from these switches. They are used by the bakers, and the bread of a great part of Algeria is baked with them.

Sunset in the Atlas.

As one climbs up the Atlas mountains the views widen so that the whole world seems spread out below. One can see so far that such mountains as the Alps are dwarfed by the mighty panoramas. The rugged hills stretch away for hundreds of miles on every side, and in the winter, when the Atlas is covered with snow, the views must be beyond expression, magnificent. I saw one sunset at the very top of the pass, which will remain in my memory as among the most wonderful of the cloud paintings of my life. During the day, the strocco had been blowing its hot blast from the desert and the sun had been hidden. When it set the sky was full of clouds, and it glided them in a hundred rosy hues. We were high up in the sky, with great masses of fleecy gold above and below us. The mountains took on all tints and shades, and their sides became a patchwork of many colors, which we saw through a thin veil of gold. On other hills the veil was a delicate lavender, and on others a snow white tinged with rose pink. As the sun disappeared a band of royal purple ran around these mountain peaks, resting below them, while there were bands of burning copper above and below.

Ships That Minister to Dogger Bank Fishermen

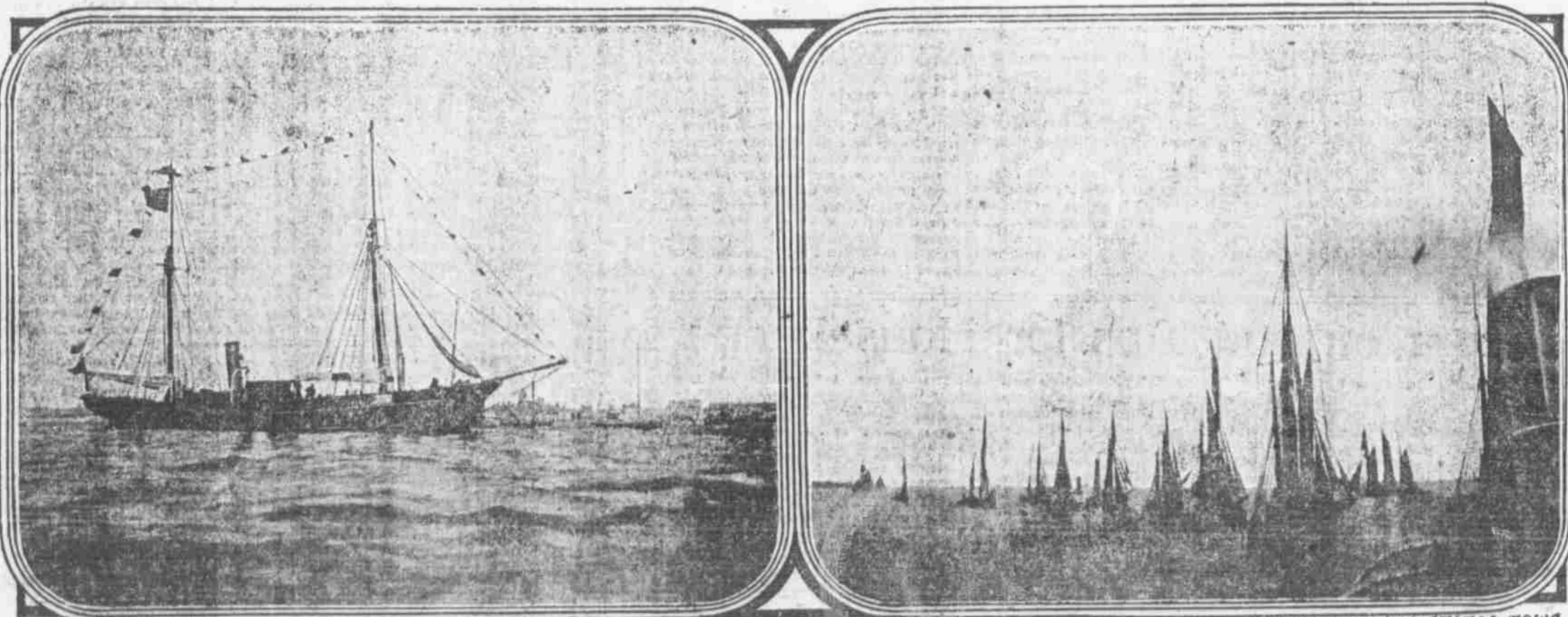
HAD it not been for the panic attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's ships on the trawlers of the North sea, many would never have realized that Great Britain alone has an army of 100,000 men and boys employed in catching fish for it.

The wild waste of stormy waters known as the North sea is dotted with floating "villages" made up of the fishing fleets.

pendent markets. By this system every week or two found the men at home living like Christians. But as the trade developed fleets were formed, with regular admiral, from whose central smack instructions were issued in daylight by flags and at night by rockets and fares. This it was that the fleets began to stay out on the fishing grounds for weeks at a time and smart sailing out-

ers were employed to carry their catch back to market. And when steam came the fleets increased immensely and the fish carriers that plied between the North sea and the market grew into steamers, capable of carrying out 5,000 empty fish trunks, and maybe fifty tons of ice for preserving, as well as the fifty or sixty tons of coal requisite for the double run, out and home

known, and a second hand smack called the Ensign was fitted out with decent literature, surgical instruments, a competent doctor, a magic lantern and a hundred and one minor comforts, such as would be appreciated by men. The Ensign was soon followed by a regular hospital ship, called the Queen Victoria, and fitted up with a perfectly equipped hospital of eight beds and two



THE FLEET OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA VISITING ISLANDS, CHURCH AND THEATRE TO THE FLOATING TOWNS.

THE FLOATING HOSPITAL TOWNS A LONG FILE OF BECALMED FISHING SMACKS.

Here 12,000 men and lads earn a perilous and precarious livelihood. Some of them spend but a bare fortnight out of the entire year at home with their wives and families.

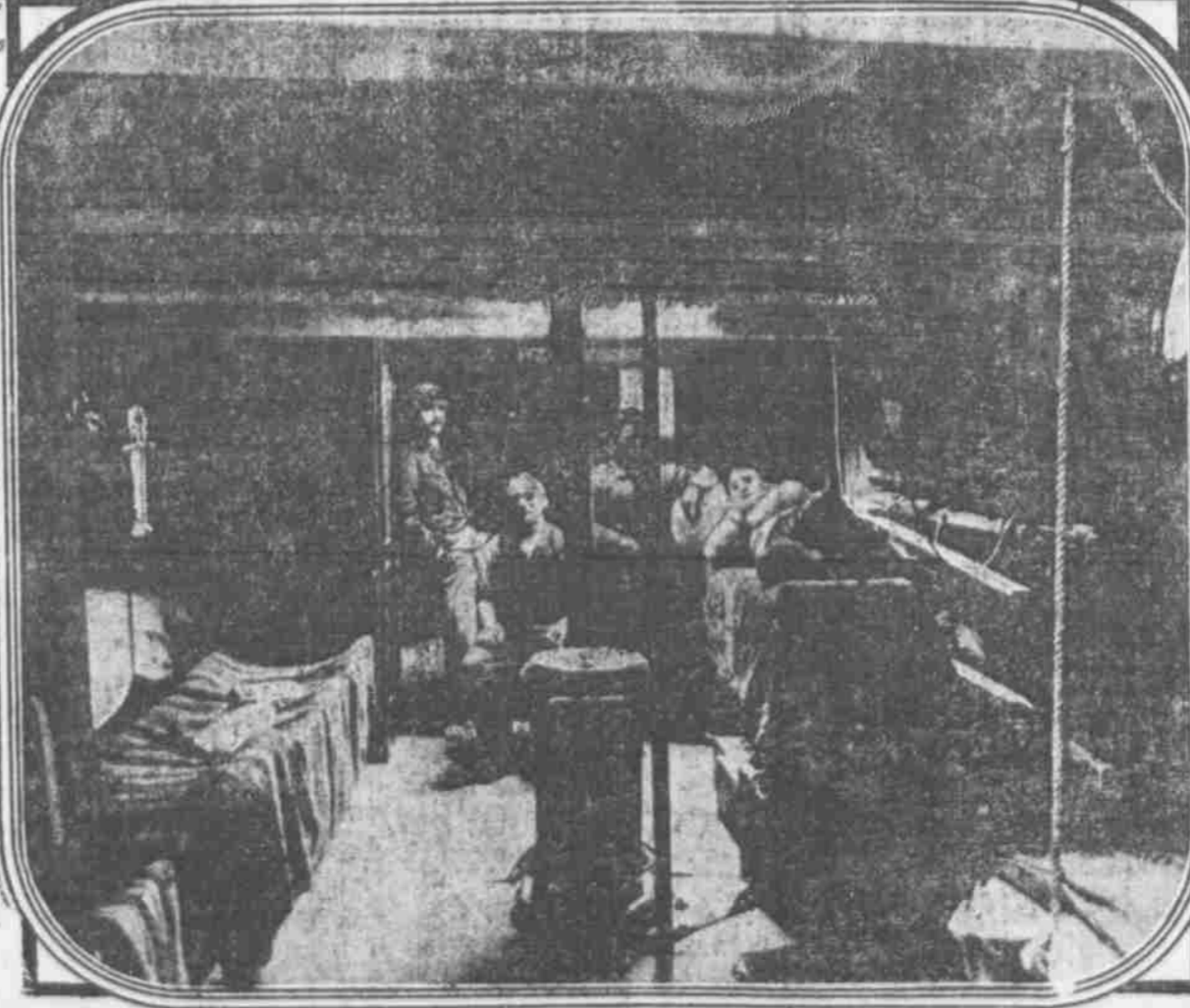
The far-famed Dogger Bank is one of the principal fishing grounds. If the North sea's floor were raised about 100 feet the Dogger Bank would form a third member of the British islands, about half the size of Scotland.

Year in and year out, by night as well as day, these shallow waters are ploughed by thousands of fishing boats. The fishing fleets dwell here as permanent villages—perhaps 200 or 300 smacks, ranging in size from forty-five to eighty tons, with a crew from five to seven hands. These villages have their churches, stores, canteens, hospitals, postoffices and fish carriers.

Twenty years or so ago a London philanthropist, who had heard stories of distress among the fishermen, took a run out on a steam carrier from Billingsgate to the Dogger, a 200-mile trip. He found the men in a pretty bad way. They were utterly cut off from the world, just as though they lived on Tristan d'Acunha.

Some of the sick were without even the most elementary medical aid. Broken limbs and wounds were roughly treated by the skipper, often with serious results; and last, but by no means least, all the men were at the mercy of the Dutch "coopers." These were sturdy little sailing boats, out from Dutch ports, laden mainly with fery anised brandy, doubtful literature and inferior tobacco. The men eagerly hailed these fellows, and would get roaring drunk out of sheer desperation at the loneliness and utter monotony of their lives.

In still earlier days smacks ran out singly, carrying enough ice to preserve their catch, and selecting their own inde-



PAINTING IN THE HOSPITAL OF THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA HAS BEEN HADLY CROSKED WHILE CONVEYING WOUNDS OF FISH TO THE CARRIER.

In a Berber Home.

Let me give you a picture of one of these Berber homes which I visited yesterday. My dragoman, Emmanuel Zammit, who speaks the Kabyle language, acted as my interpreter, and through him the owner gave us permission to enter. We had tried at several other houses, but the women ran from us as though we had the plague, and the boys slammed the court doors in single bowl, which usually contains the jealous, and their women will have nothing to do with strange men. In this case both husband and wife were at home, and the man was more than ready to show us the kind. He did not introduce us to his wife, but she was with him in the hut, and as usual, unveiled. She had a baby at her breast, and there were half a dozen small children sprawling over the floor. Indeed, we had to step carefully at first for fear of trampling a baby, but as our eyes became accustomed to the darkness we got along very well.

In this house there was no sign of what we call furniture. There were neither chairs nor tables. The members of the family were sitting around a pile of figs, which they were sorting as we entered. They sat on the floor and eat squatting about the main dish of each meal. They eat with wooden spoons, using a common knife. They eat most things with their fingers, and often break up bread and soak it in the soup or stew. They have meat about once a week, but their chief diet consists of fruit and of bread made of wheat or other grain. They grind their meal themselves, sometimes in the family mill and sometimes in one belonging to the village in common.

In a little home like this the winter supplies of the family are stored. One of the receptacles I noticed was a stone jar for

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