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



IN A KABYLE TOWN.

(Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter.) breakdown in the mountains, and I con- of broken stone, showing that the repairs AILLOT, Algeria, March 21 cluded to hire a carriage instead. This I are going on all the time, and there are (Special Correspondence of The got for \$15 per day. It had an Arab driver guard houses at every few miles, where Hee.)-Have you ever heard of and three horses hitched up abreast, and the men who take care of the road are the white race of the Atlas it enabled me to make my way leisurely stationed. This pass is, in fact, a military mountains? Its people have from point to point, now stopping at a highway, and it enables France to control features like ours, and some of them have village and now at the little fields where the whole region about, the Kabyles were working.

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 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 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 tes 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 flerce brigands of the Sahara, who wear black vells night and day and scour the desert on camels robbing the caravans, are of Berber origin, and so are the Biskris 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 Raisuli, which kidnaped Ion Perdignris, is one of them, and they are the main cause of the danger to foreigners in that country today.

Oldest, White Bace 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.

Indeed, the Berbers were here when Athwas in its infancy and when Roma was yet to be born. There are records in the Egyptian temples dating as far back as 1,300 years before Christ which speak of them as having rosy cheeks, blue eyes and red hair, and we find them fighting with the Phoenicians, the Carthagenians, the Romans, the Goths and the Vandals. They were conquered again and again, but they fied to their fastness in the Atlas and have kept their individuality to this

When the Arabs came, the Berbers were again overcome, and they adopted the Mohammedan religion, but they have modified it to suit themselves, and they have still their own ways and customs, as they had in the past. The Kabyle women do not well their faces, and the men are satisfied to have but one wife. A large number, however, have intermarried with the alien races, and there are now among them as many brown skins as fair skins. The flerce African sun darkens the lighter-hued Kabyles in the summer, and they take on the brown, reseate complexions of Italy, Spain and south France.

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-Ourou, the capital of Kabylia, by way of Fort National and Michelet, over a pass almost as high as fount Washington, and then coming down this little town of Maillet, in the rich lley of the Tell, where I now am.

The road we took over the mountains covered a distance of about 179 kilometers. It was built by the French as a military highway to held these people in order, and It is so smooth that one could go over it ferior tobsoco. The men eagerly halled \$55 per day, but I found that I should have and utter monotony of their lives. o pay one day's return fare for every day. In still earlier days amacks run out



THE PEOPLE SIT ON THE FLOOR AT THEIR MEALS.

other places we met droves of donkeys. They were defeated by the French, and that on the high plateau of Helivia. One again companies of Kabyle natives, with to have arms.

through a deep cut which had been made for the road. All along the way are piles

Dangerous People, The Kabyles are among the most insur-

This road over the Atlas is a wonderful rectionary of the population of Algeria. plece of civil engineering. It goes along Like the Swiss, they live in the mountains, the sides of the cliffs and has been fairly and they have the same love of freedom. cut out of the rocks. In places the drop They submit to the French and work for about these mighty mountains which form to the valley below is something like 2,000 them; but I am told that they hate them their homes. I have traveled through the feet, and at times, when a caravan of cam- at heart, and that if France should have Alps, the Himalayas, the Andes and the els passed by us, each beast londed with a great war with any other nation they Rockies. Each has its own grandeur, and mountains of northwestern Africa. It is true of these mighty two great, long bags of barley which would again break out into rebellion. This the same is true of these mighty African composed of the Berbers or Kabyles, who we might be crowded over the rocks and with Germany. At that time an army of scenery surpassing that of any other range dashed to pieces in the valley below. At these mountaineers marched on Algiers, of the world. The air here is as clear as there are branches every year in order that the of the pass, which will remain in my mem-

which their Kabyle owners had to bring since then no Kabyle or other native, ex- can see as far as on Lake Titicaca, and down to single file in order to pass, and cept in certain wild districts, is allowed the sun is so bright that where it strikes

loads on their backs, who walked the same At Port National I found a battalion of of navy blue velvet on the mountains begouaves, about eight hundred strong; and low. These high Atlas peaks rise from the The road is a limestone pike, with fre- the town itself is fortified in such a way plain in rugged grandeur. They roll over quent stone culverts and now and then that its guns command the many villages each other, with great canyons and gorges; bridges of stone and iron. Away up on on the neighboring peaks. The road is so and they may be seen an hundred miles or the top of the Atlas there is a tunnel made that guns can be easily taken over more away, cutiling the blue sky of the which has been blasted through the rock, it, and the many Kabyle towns, in view horizon. They are of as many colors as and on the very top of the pass we went everywhere, can be shelled. On my way to the mountains of Colorado, and in places Tini-Ouzou L passed soveral regiments of are quite as ragged and rocky. Almost French seidlers who were on the march, everywhere they are cultivated high above and I could easily see how an army of the line of fertility of the hills of other people in order.

accompanied by soldiers.

Through the Atlas Mountains,

Before I describe my visit to the Kabyle villages I want to tell you something

the fleecy white clouds it paints patches

to piece out their incomes.



KABYLE WATER CARRIER

allowed to go into the mountains unless in them, but more often they are only high up in the neuntains, are groves of great part of Algeria is baked with them, accompanied by soldiers.

bunches of scrub, amongst which the grain wild olive trees, and now and then a forhas been planted. Each of these little est of the evergreen oak, whose bark fur-

them with a road like this could keep the countries. Their slopes are cut up into owned mostly by the French. They are twigs and ilmbs may be used for fuel. I am patches of all shapes, some of which are walled off from the road by hedges of cac- told that it is against the law to cut the I found most of the Kabyles friendly, and not bigger than bed quilts. About these tus, in which dried thorn bushes have been trees down to the ground, and that most the contrast between them and their broth- patches are stone walls or hedges; some- twined, making a barrier impassable for of the charckal and firewood of Algeria ers in Morocco was striking. In Morocco times they are marked by furrows or man or heast. There are also olive or- are made from these switches. They are every one carried a gun, and I was not ditches. Some have fruit trees growing chards, and almost everywhere, even to used by the bakers, and the bread of a

patches is a Kabyle farm. Nearly every nishes our cork.

As one climbs up the Atlas mountains appeared by the views widen so that the whole world family owns some land, to which it clims Others of the mountains, especially the the views widen so that the whole world out below. One can see so as its dearest possession. The men culti- slopes facing the valley of the Tell, are seems spread out below. One can see so vate their little crops and make what they covered with scrubby oaks, with leaves an far that such mountains as the Alps are can from them, and then go down into the inch long and of much the shape as those dwarfed by the mighty panoramas. The lowlands to work for the French farmers of a rose bush; they are light green in ragged hills stretch away for hundreds of color. The trees are nothing like the grand miles on every side, and in the winter, caks of America, but nevertheless they bear when the Atlas is covered with snow, the acorns and furnish food for numerous hogs, views must be, beyond expression, mag-Along the lower slopes of the Atlas Many of the trees are trimmed of their nificent. I saw one sunset at the very top ory as among the most wonderful of the cloud paintings of my life. During the day den. When it set the sky was full of clouds, and it gilded them in a hundred rosento hues. We were high up in the H AD it not been for the panicky pendent markets. By this system every ters were employed to carry their catch attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's week or two found the men at home living back to market.

And when steam carriers, the Ensign was fitted out with decent literships on the trawlers of the like Christians.

And when steam came the fleets inwhich might be seen plowing their way ature, surgical instruments, a competent into and shades, and their sides became the fleets inwhich might be seen plowing their way ature, surgical instruments, a competent into an attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's week or two found the men at home living back to market.

And when steam came the fleets inwhich might be seen plowing their way ature, surgical instruments, a competent into an attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's week or two found the men at home living back to market.

And when steam came the fleets inwhich might be seen plowing their way ature, surgical instruments, a competent into an attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's week or two found the men at home living back to market.

And when steam came the fleets inwhich might be seen plowing their way ature, surgical instruments, a competent into an attack of Admiral Rojestvensky's week or two found the men at home living back to market.

And when steam came the fleets inthrough a thin veil of gold. On other hills the veil was a delicate lavender, and on others a snow white tinged with rose pink, The it was that the fleets maybe fifty tons of ice for preserving, as Sundays not excepted, so long as a good ular hospital ship, called the Queen Vic- As the sun disappeared a band of royal toria, and fitted up with a perfectly purple ran around these mountain peaks. "villages" made up of the fishing fleets. for weeks at a time and smart sailing cut- requisite for the double run, out and home. The pught of these fellows soon became equipped hospital of eight beds and two resting below them, while there were bands of burning copper above and below.

In the Kabyle Vilinges. The most striking feature of the whole of these Atlas scenes is the human interest which alines out of their every pictura. The Kabyle villages are everywhere. There are thousands of them in the Algerian mountains. Every great hillton is spotted with them, and they cap all the lower peaks. The people build right on the tops of the hills. Their little huts are of stone and plaster, with roofs of red tile. The walls are whitewashed, and every town

makes a great patch of white and red on

The villages are usually far off the read and are reached only by mule paths. I climbed up and visited some of them. One was entered by a gate forming a sort of loafing place for the gowned, bronze faced, turbaned citizens. Passing through this, I was right in the settlement. The houses stand close together, built along narrow streets with no pavements of any kind. They are all of one story, and lock more like stables than homes. The doors are rude, although some have carving upon them. They enter into a court upon which are sometimes two houses, the walls of both facing the street. The average house is about fifteen feet square; it has a ridge roof, which is seldom more than twelve feet in height at the comb. Here in the Atlas these roofs are of red tile, and in other places they are of thatch.

The houses are entered from the court by doors as rough as those which face the street. They are absolutely without ornamentation. They have no windows, and, with the exception of a little hole about a foot square under the roof at one end, no light but that which comes in at

In a Berber Home. Let me give you a picture of one of these Borber homes which I visited yesterday. My dragoman, Emmanuel Zammit, who speaks the Kabyle language, acted as my interpreter, and through him the owner until today the North Sea is patrolled by 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 liberal than most of his 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 get

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 famfly were sitting around a pile of figs, which they were sorting as we entered. They sit on the floor and eat squatting about the main dish of each meal. They eat with They eat most things with their fingers, and often break up bread and sonk it in the soup or stew. They have meat about selves, sometimes in the family mill and sometimes in one belonging to the village

rki

In a little home like this the winter supplies of the family are stored. One of the outrage by the Russian Baltic fleet. The receptacles I noticed was a stone jar for

## coast, and run from southwest to northeast for a distance of more than 1,600 Ships That Minister to Dogger Bank Fishermen land of Sicily, They are longer than

French Military Road.

The wild waste of stormy waters known and flares.

But as the trade developed fleets were creased immensely and the fish carriers back to London often with 3,000 boxes of doctor, a magic lantern alone has an army of 100,600 men and boys central smack instructions were issued in market grew into steamers, capable of car- Soon the men would be eight weeks at a appreciated by men. daylight by flags and at night by rockets rying out 2,000 empty fish trunks, and stretch at sea, laboring in all weathers, as the North sea is dotted with floating began to stay out on the fishing grounds well as the fifty or sixty tons of coal fishing breeze held.

have realized that Great Britain formed, with regular admirals, from whose that plied between the North sea and the fish, each weighing perhaps eighty pounds, and one minor comforts, such as would be

The Ensign was soon followed by a reg-

THE PLOATING HOSPITAL TOWN LONG FILE OF BECAMED FISHING SMACKS. THE NORTH SEA HOSPITAL STEAMS QUEEN ALEKANDRA WHICK IS ALSO CHURCK AND THEATRETO THE PLOATING TOWN

Here 12,000 men and lads earr a perflous and precarious livelihood. Some of them spend but a bare fortnight out of the en-

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 villagesperhaps 200 or 300 smacks, ranging in size from forty-five to eighty tone, with a crow of from five to seven hands. These villages have their churches, stores, canteens, hospitals, portoffices 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 100-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 "copers." These were sturdy little sailing boats, out from Dutch ports, laden mainly with fiery aniseed brandy, doubtful literature and inin an automobile. Indeed, I was offered these fellows, and would get roaring drunk an automobile for the trip at a cost of out of sheer desperation at the loneliness

sed the machine, making the cost really singly, carrying enough ice to preserve Dow diesn; there was also danger of a their catch, and selecting their own inde-



ME HAS BEEN BADE CRUSKED WHILE CONVEYING THURKS OF FISH TO LECT CARRIER.

swing cots. The staff consisted of a fully the requisite servants.

qualified surgeon and a surgeon's mate, with Others of similar design eleven floating hospitals, which are never idle for a moment, for they are ready to carry fish, tow a line of smacks in a calm, carry out mails or hold a service or entertalament on the shortest notice. For the hospital is at once church, temperance hall, library, club and institute on the high seas. Each steamer bears upon its bow the watchword "Heal the sick," and this she certainly does, for everything that skill and money can provide, from X-ray installation to trained hospital nurses, are

The vessels also carry good tobacco, for sale at cost price, thus checkmating and starving out the vicious "coper" who made the men's craving for cheap tobacco a means of inducing them to purchase also the most villainous kind of liquor, often with tragic results. Indeed matters became so bad at one time that a special act of the British Parliament was passed in 1894 making the sale of alcohol to fishermen at sea illegal.

The floating hospitals also carry toan libraries and games. They distribute wooden spoons, using a common kulfe. bundles of magazines and newspapers, and offer woolen comforts for sale at low prices. And in summer volunteer evangelists, vaudeville artists and other entertainers once a week, but their chief diet consists go out in these ships and amuse the hard of fruit and of bread made of wheat or working fishermen, who appreciate the other grain. They grind their meni themleast brightening up of their dreary lives.

It was in one of these little floating hospitals, helped by Skipper Joseph William in common. White and his crew, that the surgeon plied his knife and needle immediately after the

(Continued on Page Five.)

(Continued on Page Five.)