

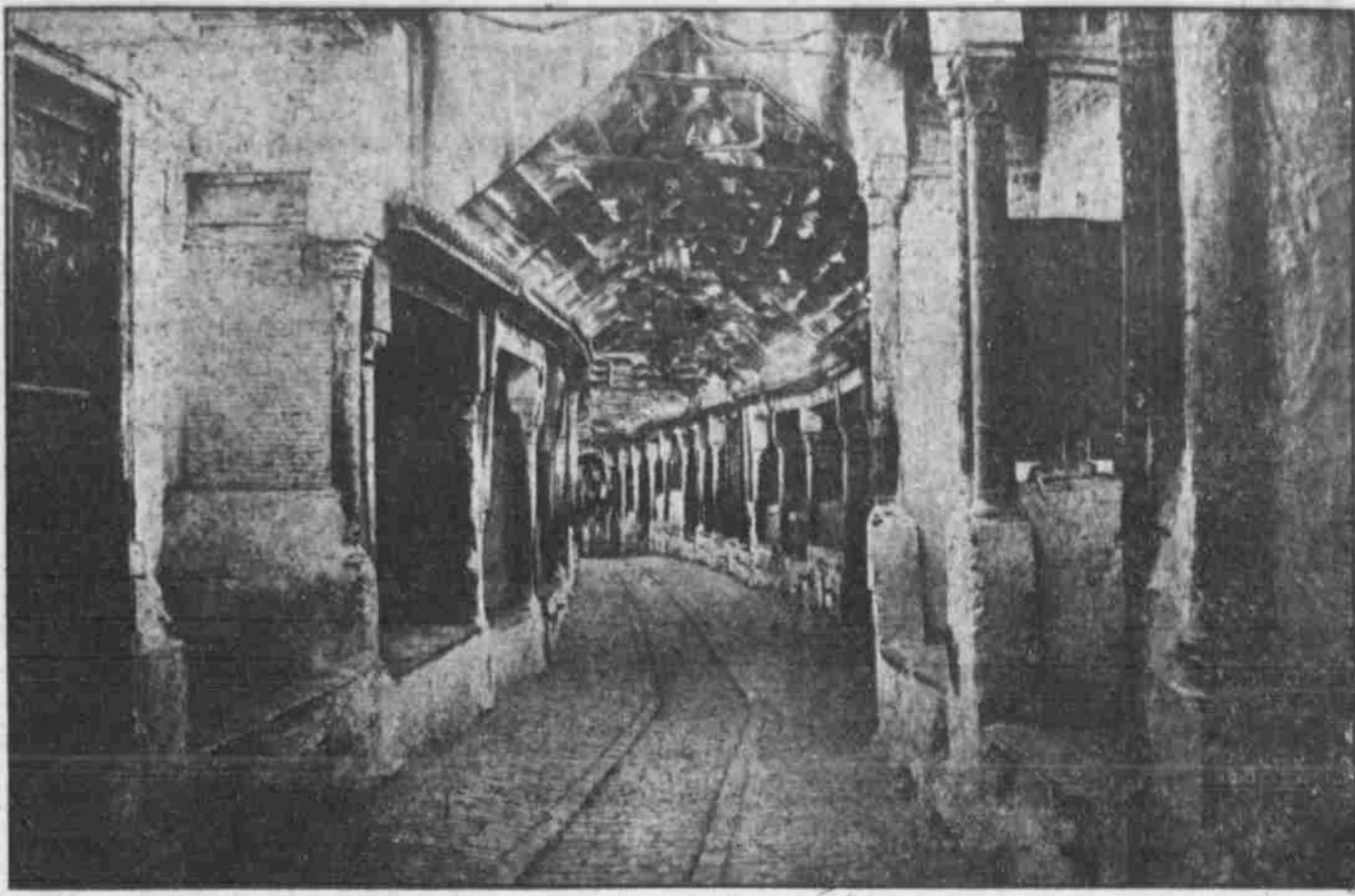
Africa's Great Mohammedan White City and Its Labyrinthine Bazaars



THE WHITE CITY OF TUNIS.



SHOEMAKER OF TUNIS AT WORK.



IN THE BAZAARS.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank O. Carpenter. UNIS, May 30. — (Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—Take a seat upon one of the magic carpets of the Arabian Nights and fly across the Atlantic ocean and over the Mediterranean to the shores of North Africa. Direct your gaze to set you down beside me on the top of the Kaabah, in this snow white city of Tunis and let us travel together through this, one of the oddest populations of the orient world. Before we start cast your eyes over the vast expanse of buildings below you. We are high above the city and it stretches about on all sides, looking like great blocks of ice, with here and there the white dome of a marabout or Mohammedan saint, and the square minaret-towers of a mosque rising above them. That red-dish-brown section of buildings lying beyond on the edge of the water, is the new French quarter, and that wide, glossy avenue running across Lake Tunis is the canal which has been recently built to bring the great ocean steamers right up to the town. There are blue mountains on our right with white buildings upon them, and away off at the left over the lake we see the snowy houses of Sidi Bou Said and the white cathedral which marks the site where old Carthage once stood. That was a mighty city more than twice as large as Tunis, but this town, above which we are standing, was founded even before Carthage, and it thrived until it was supplanted by its Phoenician rival.

Cosmopolitan Tunis.
The Tunis of today is rapidly growing and it is now one of the most cosmopolitan towns of the world. It contains, with its suburbs, in the neighborhood of 300,000 souls. It has something like 50,000 Italians, 25,000 Jews, far different in costume and appearance from the Israelites of our country, and also thousands of Maltese, Sicilians and Spaniards. Its French are somewhat fewer than the Italians, but they include a large garrison of soldiers, dressed in gay uniforms, who form striking figures wherever they go.

The most important part of the Tunisian population is the Mohammedan element. This numbers at least 200,000 and its members form the chief inhabitants of old Tunis, the great snowy town under our feet. They are orientals of the orientals and they live in a world of their own. They do not like Christians and tolerate us only because they must. Their town is shut off from the rest of the city by an enormous wall and the French rule is such that they are allowed to have their own customs and do about as they please. One dare not enter any one of the hundred old mosques, where they pray daily, and I have yet not visit their schools and he who would attempt to go into one of their houses without permission might be killed, and I doubt if the French would object.

I have visited most of the great cities of the orient world; I have traveled through India, Turkey and Egypt, and I have yet to find a section so strictly eastern as the streets of old Tunis. They are narrow and winding. In some of them you can touch the walls on both sides, and others are so narrow that the fat Tunisian Jewesses have to suck in their breath in order to pass. The white houses which wall these streets are almost without windows, and the few windows which exist are so high up above the street that a field glass would not enable one to look in. They are also covered with meshes, so small that a lead pencil would not go through them. The doors are kept closed, and outside the business section there are no signs of life. The white houses which wall these streets are almost without windows, and the few windows which exist are so high up above the street that a field glass would not enable one to look in. They are also covered with meshes, so small that a lead pencil would not go through them. The doors are kept closed, and outside the business section there are no signs of life.

In the Bazaars.
But let us step down into the city and see for ourselves. We shall spend most of the time in the bazaars, and these are stranger than those of Constantinople or Cairo and of greater extent than the bazaars of Damascus or Fez. There is an entrance right near the Kaabah, and a three minutes' walk will take us out of the sun and into a mammoth cave, far stranger than that of Kentucky. This Tunisian cave is composed of a labyrinth of covered passageways lined with stores and filled with Arabs buying and selling. We shall meet all the characters of the Arabian Nights and shall see them doing business in the same way as in the past. The streets of the bazaars are so roofed that they look like mighty canyons extending on and on until the eye is lost in following them. The roofs are of stone, coated with whitewash. The bazaars are lighted only by grates holes which have been cut here and there through the roof, but the sun is so bright that there is plenty of light, and the white roof itself shines like the snow of the cave of Luray. Some of the passageways are roofed with boards. They remind one of the old covered bridges of Venice or Florence, which had shops upon them, save that the Tunisian bazaars extend for long distances and their shops are like nothing to be found outside the orient. In addition there are smaller bazaars running off in every direction, and the whole is a sort of a business Rosamond's bower in which I lose myself again and again in trying to find my way out.

Old Carthage in Tunis.
Before I go on with my description of the bazaars, let us look at their construction. The pillars and stones of old Carthage have been everywhere used. At the apex of each little shop are marble columns, some of which have been beautiful capitals. There are hundreds—yes, I venture, thousands—of these columns here to be seen, and, strange to say, the Arabs

have painted the snowy marble with stripes of red, green and black. Many are in green, and some in bright yellow. Similar columns are to be found in the residence quarters, and it is true that a large part of Mohammedan Tunis has been built from the ruins of that old Punic city.

In the bazaars each trade has its own quarter. There are long streets, filled with cells, where the Arabs make nothing but shoes, and others in which the shops are devoted to weavers. In some silk thread is sold, and in others only perfumery of groceries. There are also bazaars of copper-smiths, booksellers and tailors.

Bazaar of the Tailors.
The bazaar of the tailors is not far from the Kaabah. We push our way through the white-gowned, fez-capped, turbaned Mohammedan crowd and take a look at it. We are in a covered street, about twelve feet in width, which is paved with Belgian blocks, worn smooth by the bare feet and slippers of thousands. It is walled with shops which extend fifteen or twenty feet back on each side.

The average shop is not more than eight feet in width. Its floor is about two feet above the street, and the tailors sit cross-legged upon it before tables eight inches high, upon which they are cutting and sewing. They wear gowns and voluminous trousers. They have fez caps or turbans. Many of them work away with their goods on their knees and their bare feet and bare calves plainly seen. Here at my right is a shop where they are sewing upon a bur-

noose of the finest white wool for some Arab gentleman, and at my left is a man making a pair of ten-dollar trousers for some fat Jewish lady. Others tailors are working on gorgeous jackets and vests for both men and women. They use silk and gold-embroidered cloths. Indeed, many of the garments are exceedingly costly, as you may see by the richly clad customers who stand in the street outside and bargain for clothes.

At 10 o'clock in the morning there is an auction of second-hand clothing in this tailor street, when gray-bearded men go about holding fine garments high over their heads. They sing out the price and quality of the goods, and beg the people to buy. I found hundreds so engaged this morning, the crowd being so great that I could hardly make my way through.

Souk of the Perfumers.
But let us go on to the souk of the perfumers. The work souk is used as a term for the bazaars, and when you ask to be shown the Mohammedan business center you will tell them to take you not to the bazaars, but to the souks. The Mohammedans are fond of perfumery. Their great prophet once said that there were two things which especially delighted him—the society of a beautiful woman, and the other was a sweet perfume. The Mohammedans have some of the best scents of the world. You can buy essence of jasmine, of violet or yorhena that is worth its weight in gold, and a most frank of the attar of roses, sold in this souk,

would cost a king's ransom. Some of the perfumery is so valuable that the merchant measures it out drop by drop, counting the drops by means of a bit of cotton which he takes from his ear.

As we enter this bazaar several Arab boys come to us and try to induce us to purchase at certain shops for which they are touting. We select one in which a gray-bearded old Abraham in costly raiment is sitting. He is in a little pen surrounded by bottles and boxes, with a great string of candies hanging down from a pole over his head. There is a bench outside his shop, and we sit down and have a cup of coffee with him before he asks us to buy. The coffee is as black as ink, as sweet as molasses and almost as thick as chocolate. It is made of the beans pulverized by pounding them in a mortar, and is brought in hot from the coals. After we have drunken he begins to show his perfumes. He takes out a cork and touches it gently to the backs of our hands. The next bottle is tried on the wrist, and the next by pulling up our sleeves to the elbow and pressing the cork upon the forearm. Indeed he stamps us with so many brands that when we leave we are walking perfume shops and the scents are so pungent they last for hours. The Arabs use perfumery not only on their clothes and in their baths, but also in their food and drink. There is an essence of orange flowers which is sold here with tea, and there are other perfumes for various foods.

I have spent some time today among the shoemakers. There is a long street de-

voted to their shops, and there were hundreds of men and boys working in it when I saw it today. They were cutting out shoes of bright yellow and red leather and sewing them into shape. The yellow shoes were for men and the red ones for the women. They were also making many shoes for children. About all the footwear of the Mohammedan world is made thus by hand, and it might be a good idea for some bright American shoemaker to set up a factory here and supply the trade.

The Tunisian cobbler's bench is nothing like that of the American. These cobbler cut and pound upon a section of a tree like a butcher's block raised upon legs. They do not use hammers, but pound the leather with pieces of brass so moulded that they can be easily held in the hand; they are not unlike a brass paper weight. The leather work of Tunis is famous, and shoes are sold everywhere. A good pair can be bought for 75 cents.

Another street near that of the old shoemakers is devoted to the saddlers, and others to jewelers, to the sellers of cottons and silks. There are also many bazaars filled with old and new carpets, and many which have fine brass work and embroidery and furniture inlaid with mother of pearl.

half or one-third, and I am surprised to find that the dealer often comes after me and gives me the goods. This is especially so with the Jews, who have shops in the souks. They give a commission of 5 or 10 per cent to the dragoman, and the first thing your guide does when you enter the bazaars is to lead you into one of these shops. He pretends that he works in your interest, but he is really a confederate of the shopkeeper, and gets a rake-off from every sale he brings in. The first day I visited old Tunis I took along a Maltese, named Gaouchi, to act as interpreter. He warned me that I must expect the merchants to charge more than they would take, and said that when I saw him draw his handkerchief across his lips I might know the price was too high. The first Jew shop we visited had some magnificent rugs, for each of which the man asked about \$100, but Gaouchi's handkerchief remained in his pocket. In the next room I was shown Tunisian silk dresses for which the man wanted \$12 apiece, and still there was no sign from Gaouchi. Notwithstanding, I found that I could have bought the rug for one-fifth of the price asked, and I did buy a silk dress for a little over \$5.

The Souks fairly swarm with boys and men who beg you to come into the shops. They will say they want you not to buy, but only to see, and gesture to show what they mean. They point to their eyes and catch you by the hand, trying to drag you in. I have since learned the words for "go away and get out" in Arabic, and I now repeat them in that language and in French, German and English whenever one of these pests becomes over persistent.

A Great Arabus Trust.
Many of these bazaars are now run by corporations, and there is a great semi-religious trust company that owns and rents out a large part of the shops. This is called the Habous. I think that the Bey of Tunis is connected with it, and also many of the Arabus. This institution has been in existence for a long time and its funds amount to many millions. It has had great sums dedicated to it with the understanding that the interest from them is to go to certain religious or charitable purposes. One rich Mohammedan, for instance, left his money to the Habous in order that it might supply free drinking water to a certain locality. That was a long time ago, and the water still flows. Men sometimes leave fortunes to this trust with instructions that it is to handle them in the interest of their wives and children, and in short, to run much the same business as our American trust companies.

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In striking contrast with the Arab parts of this city is the new section, in which the French have their residences and chief business houses. This is outside the walls of old Tunis, extending from them down to the harbor. About fifteen years ago the ground there was a swamp, and as it was thought fit for nothing, it now contains the finest buildings in Tunis and is worth hundreds of dollars per front foot. There are large hotels, banks and stores upon it. It has wide and well-paved streets, and were it not for the Arabs, Jews and other women in the crowds which parade if you might think it a part of Paris, Lyons or Marseilles.

French Tunis is growing rapidly. It already goes far out into the country, one of its best avenues reaching to the Belvedere in the very heart of the city. It contains many large rooms surrounding a court walled with marble, and it has so many clerks that it looks like a government department.

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Tunis has also a summer theater at the Belvedere Park, and the military bands give frequent concerts at the public squares.

On the Stage of Old Carthage.
One of the most interesting theatrical representations in this part of the world was the acting of a play containing Phoenician characters and scenes in a ruined theater which has been recently excavated on the site of old Carthage. This occurred last year, and another play of a similar nature is now being written for a well known actress of Paris, whose husband is famous as the translator of a new eleven-volume French edition of the "Arabian Nights." This play will be brought to Tunis and will be acted out in the open, in the same surroundings and upon the same site where the plays of Carthage were acted when it was the capital of Africa, and a rival of Imperial Rome. The play of last year has since been taken to Paris and successfully put upon the stage there. The heroine of the new play takes the part of a beautiful woman whose statue was found in the ruins and is now in the museum of Carthage. FRANK O. CARPENTER.

Iowa's Battle Against the Great White Plague

DES MOINES, Ia., June 1.—Iowa's state government, and a society of some of its patriotic citizens, headed by ex-Governor William Larrabee, have united in an effort to diminish and stamp out tuberculosis and its kindred disease pneumonia, from which about 3,000 people die annually. It is not that Iowa is any more subject to the ravages of the White Plague than other states. It is only that the deaths from tuberculosis and pneumonia are so very much greater than from any other disease that the strenuous efforts are to be made, and are being made.

The vital statistics of Iowa have not been as reliable as they should be because of changes in the law as to the method of gathering such certificates before one method was thoroughly understood. But the figures given by the State Board of Health for 1906 are thought to be fairly accurate. At least, they are not exaggerated. If anything, the figures are too small, as would naturally result from many cases not being reported. It is unlikely that more cases would be reported than actually existed.

The State Board of Health figures on deaths from the causes for the year 1906, for the state of Iowa are as follows:

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|--------------|-------|----------------|-------|
| Epidemic | 1,081 | Appendicitis | 171 |
| Tuberculosis | 1,491 | Scarlet fever | 102 |
| Violence | 1,064 | Whooping cough | 99 |
| Accidents | 1,044 | Paper cuts | 87 |
| Influenza | 217 | Malaria | 35 |
| Meningitis | 209 | Smallpox | 28 |
| Diphtheria | 206 | Total | 6,720 |

Eliminating the deaths due to violence, which have no place in this consideration, there were 5,736 persons died from disease during the year 1906. The statistics for 1906 have not been all turned in yet, but the figures will not vary greatly. Of the 5,736 persons dying from disease in Iowa during 1906, 2,093 died from pneumonia and tuberculosis, which are considered as being somewhat alike. This is considerably more than half of all the deaths in the state, and the proportion is alarming. If the society that has been organized in the state to study the methods for preventing these diseases is successful in educating the people of the state in caring for themselves so as to greatly diminish or eliminate the larger per cent of these cases, it will have done a lasting benefit to Iowa and mankind that will be worthy of perpetuating the memory of the authors of the movement by having statues in bronze erected in some hall of fame.

Effort of Two Years.
The concerted movement against consumption, started about two years ago by Dr. E. Luther Stevens of this city, was probably more instrumental in getting it started than anyone else. The thirtieth general assembly in 1904 passed a resolution instructing the State Board of Control to ascertain how many persons there were in Iowa afflicted with tuberculosis and pulmonary disease and to report to the next general assembly. The board made extensive inquiries of the physicians of the state and made a careful estimate that there was a little over 7,000 persons so afflicted for the year ending June 30, 1904. Of these cases one-third were persons of foreign birth, though the people of foreign birth are but about one-sixth of the population of the state.

The Board of Control was given an appropriation of but \$1,000 and was authorized to make a careful study of the treatment and was authorized to print and distribute circulars informing the public of methods of treatment and care of persons afflicted with tuberculosis. It did not carry out all the instructions because of the limited appropriation. The information was gained from 2,416 out of the 1,923 physicians of the state, or a little over two-thirds of the physicians answered the questions pro-



WILLIAM LARRABEE, EX-GOVERNOR OF IOWA, AND PRESIDENT OF THE IOWA SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY AND PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS.

posed and reported the number of cases under their care.

State Society Formed.
On this information and the showing that so many more persons died from this trouble than from any other that the physicians of the state took up the work at their state convention. It was decided to organize a society and the Iowa Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis was organized, with ex-Governor William Larrabee as president. This society has distributed many circulars and booklets and for one year has



A. E. KEPPFORD, STATE LECTURER FOR THE IOWA SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY AND PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS.

kept in the field a lecturer, who has traveled about the state telling the people of the dangers of the disease, of the care they should use in eradicating it and of the best methods to employ. The association is now starting in the second year with its campaign. Rev. Aretas E. Keppford, who toured the state on a lecture course last year in the employ of the association, has started on his second campaign this year. The association furthermore is making plans for a more systematic campaign of leaflet distribution. And in all its work it is preaching the simple gospel of fresh air.

Quaint Happenings of Every Day Life

A Spinner's Hard Fall.
FOR several years the pious town of Marion, O., has prayed for the conversion of William Salter from the ways of the wicked. Salter lost a leg early in youth as the result of worldly waywardness, since which his watch had been compelled to stalk about with the aid of a wooden leg. A few Sundays ago the good people of one of Marion's churches were rejoiced beyond measure by the spectacle of Salter entering the sacred edifice and reverently bowing his head in prayer while waiting to be shown a seat. As he stepped down the center aisle his peg leg stuck in a furrow between the pews, and he fell. William protested to that jurist that he had gone to the church with the best intentions, he was fined \$5 and costs for disturbing religious worship. Now Mr. Salter swears that never again will he enter a church or pray heed to the prayers of churchgoers.

Lost Teeth in His Throat.
Emmet L. Davis of Westfield, Pa., received a set of false teeth he had unwillingly carried for three months in his pharynx. It was only a little plate, with two or three teeth on it. One day Davis missed it from his accustomed place and was unable to locate it. After waiting for when it should have been ordered a new set. Soon his throat was swollen so that he could not swallow. A tube was introduced into the stomach and he was fed in that manner. A throat specialist concluded that there must be some foreign substance in the pharynx, and, after treating the tissues to reduce the swelling located a hard substance.

He reduced the inflammation, got hold of the hard substance and brought out the missing section of Mr. Davis' false plate and handed it to him. The operation gave the patient instantaneous relief. Mr. Davis had neglected to tell the physician about the missing teeth and was

very much surprised when the doctor passed them to him.

Death Ends Hypnotic Spell.
Andrew E. Simpson, 42 years old, a leading South Bridge (Mass.) man who had been unconscious three weeks with a trouble which physicians say they are unable to diagnose, is dead.

Mr. Simpson was an enthusiast on hypnotism and after reading and commenting upon a book in which the hero is represented as hypnotizing himself, he lapsed into a condition of coma simulating the hypnotic state. Efforts to rouse him were vain during the last twenty-two days.

Since his throat had been paralyzed only a few days, preventing physicians and specialists from forcing even liquid nourishment into his system, they say he cannot have died of starvation.

Mourning Customs in China.
The law requires a man in China to mourn three years for the death of his father and 100 days for the death of his mother, but, strange to say, a man would be ostracized if he gave any signs whatever of grief on the death of his wife. Two intimate friends engaged in conversation would never think of even mentioning the name of any female relative. The most common question of "How's your wife?" is never heard in China, and would be considered a gross and most unpardonable insult, even between most intimate friends. Chinese "gentlemen" never mention, look at or speak to members of the fair sex except those of their own family. In order to prevent the embarrassing chance meetings with the women, the visitor always heralds his approach by coughing as he nears the house, thus giving the objectionable but "eternal feminine" time to escape.

One year ago the legislature, following up its work on the preceding session, made an appropriation of \$50,000 for the purchase of a site and the beginnings of a tuberculosis sanitarium. The State Board of Control bought the site near Iowa City on the Interurban line, and at the season of this year another \$50,000 was appropriated for the erection of buildings. The Board of Control let the contract for these buildings in April and they are to be opened to the public some time in October.

In addition the legislature made an appropriation of \$5,000, which is to be used in a campaign of education, and with the \$5,000 the Board of Control will have pamphlets printed and distributed about the state and sent to all inquirers. The state association will work in harmony with the Board of Control. Sanitation and fresh air is to be the campaign of education and it is to be carried from one end of the state to the other and back again many times.

Actual Loss to the State.
This campaign means more to the state of Iowa than at first thought is comprehended. As said in the opening of this article it is not that Iowa is a worse place in which to live than other states in regard to tuberculosis. It is simply that tuberculosis is the worst disease in Iowa. Every person dying from tuberculosis, it is estimated, infects three others. The state association estimates that 2,000 persons die from tuberculosis annually in Iowa, and it is estimated that there are now 8,000 persons afflicted in the state.

Mr. Keppford in his state lecture estimated that the economic loss to the state is \$4,500,000 annually, to say nothing of the poverty that follows in its wake. He estimates that for the last nine months of the life of the patient he is helpless to work, and what he would have earned est-

imated at \$1 a day is \$40,000 for the 2,000 persons that die annually. Some one must earn a living for him. His care and the expense of doctors, nurses and medicine estimated at \$1.50 a day, is an additional \$30,000. Ninety per cent of the persons die between the ages of 15 and 45, and the average length of life, if they continued to live would be 22 years, and the value of those additional 22 years, estimated at a value of \$1,500 each, is an additional \$3,000,000. Altogether, there is a total loss to the state of \$4,500,000, and the estimate is certainly low and conservative.

But all this is to be changed if the hopes and anticipations of the Iowa Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the legislature of Iowa are materialized. It is believed that by a systematic campaign of education, conducted over a period of some years, the people can be educated to proper moods of living, so that the disease will not only be checked, but that it will diminish and gradually disappear from the state.

What is Known of the Disease.
A few things are known concerning tuberculosis or consumption. It is known that it cannot be cured by simply administering medicines, as most of the other ills of life are cured. It is known that tuberculosis is a germ disease and that it is carried largely through the sputal or excretions. A person afflicted with tuberculosis spits on the floor or sidewalk. It dries and the germ of the disease floats in the air and is thus carried to other persons. To eliminate this habit of spitting on the sidewalk, or anywhere else except where it will be immediately burned, is largely to eliminate the first cause of the spread of the disease. Isolation of the patient as soon as he is known to become afflicted is the next problem in preventing its spread.

For the cure of the disease that does not yield to medicine it is believed that open air is the best remedy, and this is the gospel that will be and is being preached over the state by the Iowa association and the State Board of Health. The sanitarium at Iowa City is to be erected on that plan. It is not to be an institution of big stone buildings with thick walls, such as the penitentiaries and insane hospitals. It is to be a building with long wings, with open sides, to be covered with canvas in times of storm and cold weather. The patients there will be forced to live in the open air, and in time isolated cottages will be erected on the grounds with three or four single rooms, with one central room enclosed, in which the patients can warm themselves in winter and dress. The four rooms will have canvas sides and the patients will, as far as possible, sleep with the canvases up, practically sleeping out doors.

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Tunis has also a summer theater at the Belvedere Park, and the military bands give frequent concerts at the public squares.

On the Stage of Old Carthage.
One of the most interesting theatrical representations in this part of the world was the acting of a play containing Phoenician characters and scenes in a ruined theater which has been recently excavated on the site of old Carthage. This occurred last year, and another play of a similar nature is now being written for a well known actress of Paris, whose husband is famous as the translator of a new eleven-volume French edition of the "Arabian Nights." This play will be brought to Tunis and will be acted out in the open, in the same surroundings and upon the same site where the plays of Carthage were acted when it was the capital of Africa, and a rival of Imperial Rome. The play of last year has since been taken to Paris and successfully put upon the stage there. The heroine of the new play takes the part of a beautiful woman whose statue was found in the ruins and is now in the museum of Carthage. FRANK O. CARPENTER.