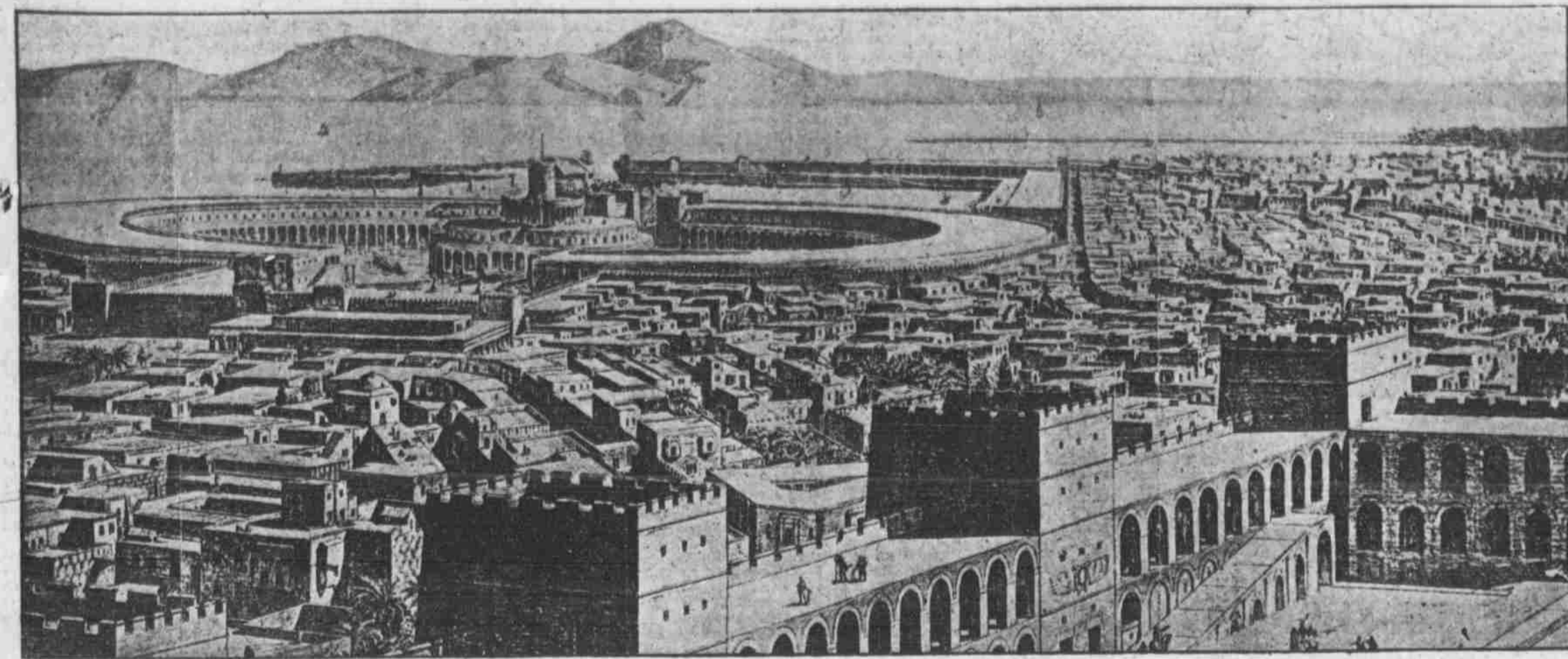


Recent Discoveries Through Excavation in Ancient City of Carthage



"CARTHAGE THE MIGHTY"—THE ANCIENT CITY AS SKETCHED BY M. PAUL ANKLER, A FRENCH ANTIQUARIAN.

Copyright, 1907, by Frank G. Carpenter. UNIA, June 6.—(Special Correspondence of The Bee.)—I have spent the whole of today among the ruins of Carthage. The French have been excavating there, and are making many discoveries. The ruins lie on the shore of the Mediterranean sea beyond the lake on which Tunis is situated, and cover some thousands of acres. The center of old Carthage was about twelve miles from the city, and the Phoenician capital reached even to Tunis itself. The city had a wall twenty-three miles long to defend that part of it, which was back from the sea; and it is said to have had more than 1,000,000 inhabitants in the height of its glory. When it was destroyed, after its long war with Rome, it contained more than 700,000 people, and during that war it furnished armies of enormous size. When Hannibal went from Spain to invade Italy he took 90,000 men and forty elephants with him over the Pyrenees and the Alps; and during the first Punic war he started out from Carthage with 300 ships of a capacity of 100,000 troops. Each of the ships had an iron beak to ram the boats of the enemy, and the sailors were the best of their world.

Carthage the Mighty.
That was during the closing days of Carthage the Mighty. A short time later the Romans destroyed and plowed up the ground upon which it stood. Later still they founded a city upon its site, and made it their capital of Africa, and it was for a long time the third city of the world. Further on in this letter I shall tell you how the ruins of Carthage are still to be seen here.

Far more interesting to me in Carthage is the story of the Jewish princess, Dido, who was favored by Juno, Jupiter's pecking wife, and founded by Dido, the Jewish princess of Tyre. Dido's husband had been assassinated by her own brother, Pygmalion, and Dido had fled and come to this part of North Africa. Like that other Jewish princess, Jael, she did not go away empty handed, but loaded her ship with the treasures of the royal palaces of herself and brother and took enough people along with her to start a new empire.

Queen Dido's Big Bargain.
When she first set foot on African soil Queen Dido bought some land of the natives and by a real estate trick obtained this big tract upon which Carthage stood for a long time. When our forefathers purchased the site of New York of the Indians the price was a peck of glass beads and brass buttons; it is said that all Chicago was once offered for a pair of old boots, and that the ground upon which Melbourne, one of the richest cities of Australia, now stands was sold for two old wooden blankets. The thrifty Dido bought the location of this greatest city of antiquity at a somewhat similar price. According to tradition, she told the natives that she only wanted a patch of land big enough to be enclosed in a bull's hide and they made a contract of sale on those terms. But Queen Dido cut the bull's hide into leather shoestrings and, tying them together, took in what seemed to the natives all out of doors. The tract ran around a beautiful harbor, including the whole peninsula between the lake and the sea. It was gently sloping, with a little hill here and there and with great rocky mountains in sight in the rear. The land itself was exceedingly rich and the country about it produced so abundantly that it was for centuries one of the granaries of the world.

A Great Business City.
As I drove out to Carthage today I saw several American windmills on great towers of steel, and I thought of the windmills of the old Carthaginians. The windmills came from Chicago and the city on whose site they now stand once ranked far greater than Chicago does. It was the chief business center of the old world and it had

its captains of industry and trust magnates just as Chicago has now. Founded by Dido 2,787 years before Christ, it was prominent when Athens was young and long before Rome had begun to be. For centuries thereafter their colonies throughout the known world. They owned the greater part of Sicily and many other Mediterranean islands, and had large settlements on the Spanish peninsula. More than 2,000 years before Bartholomew Diaz or Vasco da Gama started out to explore Africa, the Carthaginians had sailed out of the Strait of Gibraltar with sixty ships and something like 30,000 men. He had made his way down around the west coast of this continent to the Gulf of Guinea, and had brought back stories of ebony negroes, mighty elephants and gorillas. For centuries thereafter many of his tales were thought to be lies, but they have since been proved to be true. The Carthaginians established colonies on the west coast of Africa. They sent their ships to Great Britain and they had commercial centers everywhere. They were allowed to pick up and carry away what they pleased. This is so today, although the French have established two museums, one on the site of old Carthage and the other at the Bardo, in the palace of the bey, and are trying to preserve what is left.

Carthage in B. C. 500.
Lying before me as I write is a picture of old Carthage as it was recently reproduced by a French antiquarian. The city was of vast extent, and its character was somewhat like that of the great oriental capitals of today. The buildings were white and flat roofed. It had a wall about it, and this wall was higher than the great wall of China. It was over fifty-five feet high, and the towers, which were found at regular intervals upon the wall, were many feet higher. The walls were used for a defense and for a barracks to contain the army as well. In them were stables for 200 elephants, 4,000 war horses, and storage sufficient to supply all with food. There were quarters in the walls for a larger army than the United States had at the breaking out of the Spanish war, and this wall, as I have said, was over twenty miles long.

Word About Roman Carthage.
The Carthage I have described was utterly destroyed 146 B. C. and it was almost a half century before another city began to rise on its ruins. This was the Carthage fostered by Julius Caesar and Augustus, which in time became the Roman capital of north Africa, and which once almost rivaled Rome itself. That Carthage was a city of theaters, the remains of which still stand upon the ruins of the Phoenician city. It was a city of gladiatorial shows where Christians were eaten by lions, gored to death by wild bulls and slaughtered by gladiators. On the hill of the museum I saw the tombs of Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, two young women who were killed in the arena, when I describe farther on.

Later still, when Rome was converted, Carthage became the chief Christian city of Africa, while still holding its place as one of the great ports of the world. Here it was impossible for him to reach the telephone and notify the police without attracting the attention of the intruder. Wakeland decided upon another plan. He slipped down the front of the building, and back window to the ground. He went to the next house to telephone. Officers Hayes, Breen and others of the Hyde Park station soon surrounded the house.

"You will pardon me for being inquisitive, I am sure; but would you mind telling me how you got in there?"

"Sir, this is an outrage. I demand an explanation."

"Raffles" was being led toward the door. Outside awaited the patrol wagon.

"I have no objection in the world to going to the station," continued the society burglar, "other than the gross indignity of the thing, don't you know. Now let's settle this thing right now. Say, call up some of my friends."

At this the man made a break. He loosed himself from the officers, and, throwing cane and stick to the wind, ran down the street.

Three shots were fired before the man pursuing him were able to bring him to a halt. Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Quarry for the World.
Since then Carthage has been a quarry for the artistic building material of all the palaces along the Mediterranean sea. In the great mosque of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople, I saw marble columns which came from here; many of the wonders of architectural Rome originated in Carthage, and shiploads of its ruins have gone to Palermo and other Italian cities. The palaces of the bey of Tunis are built of Punic marble, and the basars of Tunis are flanked with marble columns, which the Arabs have painted over in red, yellow and green stripes, so that they now look more like barber poles than anything else.

Many of the houses of Tunis contain materials from the same source, and the ruins here have been furnishing building stones of one kind or another for more than 1,000 years.

Exploring the Ruins.
The books about Africa tell you that there is nothing of Carthage now to be seen except a few broken-down cisterns



THE ELDER MME. POULARD.

PARIS, June 7.—Mont Saint Michel, said Victor Hugo, is to France what the Pyramids are to Egypt. To this comparison may be added another, that the omelet of Mont Saint Michel is to France what the omelet of Poulard is to the world.

But now, alas! sad news comes from the tourist-haunted island. No longer will the hundred thousand visitors who arrive each year by the little railway which runs from the mainland along the mile and a quarter of raised roadway longer will the thousands who pedal thither, or the hundreds who come in motor cars be met by the representatives of the rival house of Poulard.

No longer will those signs be needed which hitherto have warned the newcomer not to confound the house of "Poulard the elder" with others of a similar name, nor those that told him that "the Widow Poulard" was the one and only original, while yet a third notice advanced similar claims on behalf of "Poulard the younger."

For now twentieth century methods have thrust themselves upon the rocky island where St. Aubrey built a chapel about the end of the seventh century, and a limited liability company has bought out the Poulard family, elder, younger, widow and all, and henceforth the tourist will be at the mercy of a soulless trust.

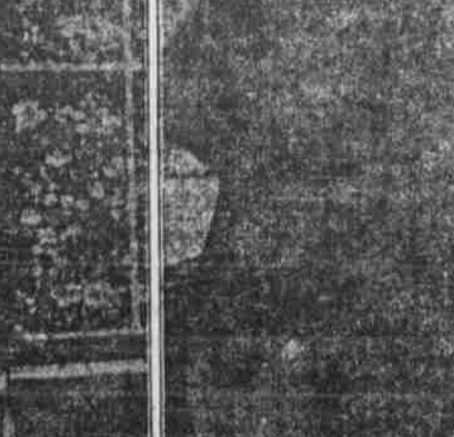
There have been those who have visited Mont Saint Michel without seeing, except from the level of the sea, the glories of the Merveille, or entering the Salle des Chevaliers, which has been called the finest gothic chamber in the world, because to do so they must climb innumerable steps and be taken round by a guide. But there are few, if any, who have not watched the cooking of the omelet which has made out no bills.

At the end of his visit the guest recounted

which once supplied the city with water. This is not so. The French have been making excavations ever since they have had Tunisia under their control. This is so not only here, but in all parts of the country and they have unearthed ruins which will compare with those of Athens and Rome. They are anxious to increase their work along these lines, and the remains are such that it might well pay our rich American colleges to establish schools of exploration here, as they have done in old Greece.

In the Theaters.
My way to Carthage was over an excellent road which runs around the bay. The scenery is beautiful and the buildings fly over the water, showing their pink plumage as they probably did in the past. All along the roads we saw Arabs plowing their farms. Here and there was a little camp of Bedouins watching their flocks; and when we left the road and drove across the plowed fields we passed through a flock of fat-tailed sheep and black goats driven by natives.

Nearly all our way was over the ruins of Carthage, and we were now in what was almost the heart of the ancient city. The ground was so covered with marble and pottery that we felt like getting out and looking for relics, and, indeed, during the whole day my eyes have been moving about among the stones with the hope to find treasure. I have picked up many beautiful pieces of marble, I have clawed out bits of mosaic from the stone floors, and have had opportunity to purchase all sorts of coins and clay lamps, some of the work of the Romans and some dating back to the days of the Phoenicians.



M. POULARD, THE OMELET MAKER.

These cisterns, as used by the Carthaginians, were first filled with rain water. Later on they were supplied by an enormous aqueduct erected by the Roman emperor Hadrian. This brought the water from Deugga, about eighty miles away. It carried 6,000,000 gallons a day, and the water passed through underground canals and over valleys on magnificent arches to

ably worn in the rings of those Punic maidens when all the world was young. I can't begin to describe the extent of the ruins. By this I do not mean the remains of great temples and palaces, of theaters and tombs. These are comparatively few; but there are vast tracts covered with bits of pottery, pieces of broken marble, half ground up bricks and bits of mosaic. Such remains cover the ground. The sheep and goats feed among them, and they are plowed and harrowed and pulverized by cultivation to fertilize the crops of the present.

Great Cisterns of Carthage.
The oldest and best known of the Carthaginian ruins are the great cisterns which were built to supply the city with water. There were two sets of them, one at each side of the town. They were of vast dimensions, enormous barrel-shaped caverns, 43 feet long and more than 50 feet in diameter. They were surmounted by cupolas and were connected with pipes for distributing the water. The largest of these cisterns are near an Arab village, and they are now used as stables and dwellings by the Arabs. They number twenty-four and cover many acres. I went down into some of them. In one I found a tiny gray donkey with a little Arab girl standing beside it, and in another an old hen with a flock of little chickens feeding about her. A part of one cistern has been walled off as a hay mow; another is now an Arab house, and in a third I saw a Bedouin woman grinding meal upon two stones which rested upon the floor.

The dust of ages has half filled these great caverns and they make an excellent protection from the weather. As I made my notes within them I saw the cry of prayer from a Mohammedan tomb nearby. The cry was, "There is no God but God and Mohammed is his prophet!" As I listened I could not but think of the people who drank from these cisterns 500 years before the Christian era, and more than 1,000 years before Mohammed first saw the light of day in the deserts of Arabia.

2,500 Years Old and Still in Use.
Later in the day I visited the cisterns on the other side of the town. They are 2,500 years old, but the French have repaired them and they now supply water to the villages and towns about. The water comes from Tunisia, and it is pumped in by steam engines. The cisterns are thirty feet deep, and something like 600 feet long. The engineer told me that he had about 6,000,000 gallons in them at the time of my visit.

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MONT SAINT-MICHEL.

Thanks to the position of her hotel in the Barbican, and even more to the fame of the omelet, Mme. Poulard has carried off the bulk of the trade and confuses also has made her fortune, but without the exact figure. She will, however, not leave the island and has promised to come from time to time to see that the omelet is still made in the traditional manner.

Thus the silver age departs and the iron age arrives. The golden age ended with the original Poulard, who was the sole keeper of the island. He kept no books, made out no bills.

At the end of his visit the guest recounted



BEDOUIN WOMAN GRINDING MEAL IN CISTERN OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE.

the gladiatorial shows were held. It lies near an Arab village and, as I stood on it, I heard the shrieking of a spanked baby filling the air which once resounded with the cries of Christian martyrs. The amphitheater has been only partially excavated. The cages for the wild beasts can be plainly seen and the great vaults below in which the martyrs waited. The arena was elliptical in shape and its area is more than an acre. I paced it from one end to the other, and according to my estimate it is about 300 feet long and 200 feet wide. It contains marble columns broken and battered. Some of the seats and a few of the arches are still to be seen.

This theater was described by an Arab historian who was here about 800 years ago. He says that there were five galleries and that the building was the most beautiful of its kind ever known. Today I saw the steps and the great vaults below the edge of which must have been at one time the second gallery, and a donkey brayed while I paced the arena.

Amongst the Tombs.
I have spent considerable time wandering through the old Carthaginian cemeteries. Many tombs have been excavated, and the dead of a dozen generations have been taken from their graves to be shown to us, the heathen tourists of the present. Some of the tombs were far below ground, and others almost on the surface. From one cemetery they have taken 29 epitaphs, and the names of librarians, schoolmasters, doctors, soldiers, nurses, dancers and slaves. Some of the oldest tombs are triangular in shape; others contained marble sarcophagi, and in some were men and women loaded with jewels.

During my visit to the museum I saw many little stone boxes which were found full of charred ashes and bones. They date back to the days of Carthage the Mighty, and are supposed to have contained the ashes of children who were sacrificed to Moloch. This brazen god was made red-hot at the times of sacrifice, and the children were placed in his arms. It was the custom to give him not only little children, but also young men and maidens. The victims were thrown into his red-hot arms, and from there they rolled down into the blazing furnace below.

Gay Girls in Old Carthage.
The museum at Carthage is filled with treasures which have been found in the ruins. There are dice, razors, spectacles, surgical instruments and thousands of clay lamps and caskets of all kinds. As far as the Phoenicians are concerned, it is, I doubt not, the greatest museum in the world; and in its relics of the Roman period it compares favorably with many others more famous. I was especially interested in the exhibits of jewelry and other things which once belonged to the gay girls of the Carthage of 2,500 years ago. There are a lock of hair which decorated the head of a fair Punic maiden, a box of rouge with some of the paint still in the bottom, alabaster cases holding perfume and also pins, mirrors, trinkets and other gewgaws.

There are golden necklaces of beautiful workmanship, and hundreds of gold rings of all sizes, from one large enough for a 2-year-old baby to some which may have been wedding rings for 15-year-old brides. Many of these rings are set with carnelians and emeralds. They are gold earrings by the hundreds, and beautiful they are. As I looked at them I asked the white father beside me about the maidens who wore them 2,500 years ago, mentioning the mortality of all things earthly. In reply he pointed to the shelves under the cases. I looked and saw skulls and bones in great quantities; men, women and children were all mixed together. He then took me to a marble sarcophagus nearby, and showed me the bones of a young Punic beau who lived many centuries since. I measured his skeleton and it was six feet two inches in length. On the finger of one hand there was a beautiful ring, evidencing the vanity of its owner. He may have been a friend of Hanno or Hannibal, or perhaps only some new rich man of the time! Who knows? and over valleys on magnificent arches to

Pluto not only seems to have nine lives, but a scent of unparalleled keenness. At first Frank could not believe that the cat of his home was the one he found moving at the door of the restaurant after an absence of three days. But he identified Pluto by three things—his size, his utter blackness save for a white spot under the chin, and his clipped tail.

Cat Makes Trip of Thirty Miles.
REMEMBER for the murder he had committed led him to journey thirty miles over a road he never had traversed before to whimper out his sorrow against the knees of the man he loved, and that remarkable feat of travel by Pluto, biggest, blackest and sometimes baddest of cats, led to his forgiveness by Franz Frank. Franz is boss cook of a Nassau street (New York) restaurant and he is known as much for his truth as for his skill with pots and pans. So when he says that Pluto journeyed to Nassau street from a point fifteen miles beyond Massapeh, Franz's friends believe him. And, mind you, Pluto never had been to the restaurant before.

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Cats have returned long distances to their homes, but the records do not tell of a cat who when lost has gone to a strange place far away in search of his master. That is what Pluto did. When Frank reached the restaurant he saw Pluto standing penitently at the door waiting for him. The cat waved his stubby tail and set up a howl that made Frank fall and shout with delight. The cook placed Pluto in a bag and took him home. No sooner had Pluto got inside the house than he darted for the bird cage.

She feared her husband would shoot Pluto and so she sent her two sons to carry the cat fifteen miles away and leave him in the woods. They say they did so. When Frank reached home that night he was grieved sorely. The longing was greater next day, when Pluto did not follow his master to the sa face car, as usual.

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