

Africa's Great White City

MOHAMMEDAN TUNIS AND ITS LABYRINTHINE BAZAARS.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

TUNIS.—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 flight to set you down beside me on the top of the Kasbah, in this snow-white city of Tunis, and let us travel together through this, one of the oldest populations of the oriental world. Before we start our quest 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 mosque or Mohammedan saint, and the square marble-faced towers of a mosque rising above them. That red, dusty 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-

so high up above the street that a field glass would not enable one to look in. They are also covered with roofs so small that a lead pencil would not go through them. The doors are kept closed, and outside the business section there are nothing but blank white walls on both sides. Many of the houses are built over the streets, and one goes through vaulted passages from one part of the town to the other.

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. They are stranger than those of Constantinople or Cairo, and of greater extent than the bazars of Damascus or Fez. There is an entrance right near the Kasbah, and a three minutes' walk will take us out of the city and into a woman's souk, stranger than that of Kentucky. This Tunisian souk is composed of a labyrinthine covered passageways lined with stores and filled with Arabs buying and selling. We shall meet all the characters of the Arabian Nights and

The Habous, or the Great Arabian Trust—Queer Business Methods—Among the Oriental Tailors, Shoemakers and Saddlers—Perfumes Worth Their Weight in Gold—How French Tunis Grows—Its New Casino, Where the Audience Gambles Between the Acts—A Theater of Old Carthage Excavated and Phoenician Plays to be Performed There.

The Mohammedans have some of the best seats of the world. You can buy a case of jewelry, or a vase or a vase, that is worth its weight in gold, and a quart of oil, for the price of a King's ransom. Some of the perfumery is so valuable that the merchant insists that it be paid for in gold, and he will not take a cent of silver or copper which he takes from his own.

As we enter the bazaar several Arab boys come to us and try to induce us to purchase at certain shops for which they are waiting. We select one in which a gray-headed old Arabian in a costly raincoat is sitting. He is in a little pen surrounded by bottles and boxes, with a great string of sandals 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 south. After we have drained his beards to show his perfume. 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 rubbing it on our sleeves (to show how thick is his perfume). 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 rubbing it on our sleeves (to show how thick is his perfume). He takes out a cork and touches it gently to the backs of our hands.



AN ARAB SHOEMAKER.

Taken for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

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 next day I visited old Tunis I took along a mistress named Gouchik, 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 few shops were entered had some magnificent rugs, for each of which the man asked about \$100, but Gouchik'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 Gouchik. 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.

A GREAT ARABIAN TRUST.

Many of these bazaars are now run by corporations. One of the great semi-religious trust company that owns and runs out a large part of the shops. This is called the Habous. I think that the hey of Tunis is connected with it, and also many of the chief shops. This institution has been in existence for a long time, and its funds amount to millions. It has had great success, 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 it with instructions that it is to handle them in the interest of their wives and children, and in short, it does much the same business as our American trust companies.

HOW THE ARABS DO BUSINESS.

All trading among these Mohammedans is by bargaining. There are no fixed prices, and the merchants always ask more than they expect to take. I usually offer one-half or one-third, and 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 druggman, and the first thing your guide does when you enter the bazaar is to lead you into one of these shops. He pretends that he



AN ARAB PERFUMERY SHOP.

"We Select a Gray Bearded Old Abraham."

steamers right up to the town. There are blue mountains on one 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 25 centuries ago, but this town, above which we are standing, was founded even before Carthage, and it thrives, and 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, it has 50,000 Jews, far different in costume and appearance from the Israelites of our country, and also thousands of Maltese, Sicilians, and Spaniards. The 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 100,000, 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 marble 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 go daily for prayers; he must 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 oriental world; I have traveled through India, Turkey and Egypt, and 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, turbaned Mohammedan crowd and take a look at it. We are in a covered street, about 12 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 15 or 20 feet back on each side.

WEAK KIDNEYS MAKE WEAK BODIES.

Kidney Diseases Cause Half the Common Aches and Pains of Salt Lake City People. As one weak link weakens a chain, so weak kidneys weaken the whole body and hasten the final breaking-down. Overwork, strains, colds and other causes injure the kidneys, and when their activity is lessened the whole body suffers from the excess of uric poison circulated in the blood. Aches and pains and languor and urinary ills come, and there is an ever-increasing tendency towards diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. There is no real help for the sufferer except kidney help. Doan's Kidney Pills act directly on the kidneys and cure every kind of ills. Salt Lake City cures are the proof. Mrs. M. Kelley, of 462 South First West St., Salt Lake City, Utah, says: "Doan's Kidney Pills have been used in our family for kidney troubles again and again. We have great faith in this remedy and it has never once failed us. It is hardly necessary to go into any further particulars, but my advice to anyone suffering from kidney complaint would be to get Doan's Kidney Pills, the J. Hill Drug Co.'s store and give the remedy a fair test." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., Sole agents for the United States. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

OLD CARTHAGE IN TUNIS.

Before I go on with my description of the bazaar, let us look at their construction. The pillars and stones of old Carthage have been everywhere used. At the sides of each little shop are marble columns. 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 the old Phoenician city.

THE BAZAR OF THE TAILORS.

The bazar of the tailors is not far from the Kasbah. 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 12 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 15 or 20 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 burlesque of the finest white wool for some Arab gentleman, and at my left is a man making a pair of \$10 trousers for some fat Jewish lady. Other 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.

THE SOUK OF THE PERFUMES.

But let us go on to the souk of the perfumery. The word souk is used as a term for the bazaar; and when you ask to be shown the Mohammedan business center, you tell them to take you not to the bazaar, but to the souks. The Mohammedans are fond of perfumery. Their great prophet once said that there were two things which especially delighted him—oil and water. The society of a beautiful woman, and the other was sweet perfume.



June Wedding Notes

THIS IS THE STORE WHERE CUPID DOES HIS SHOPPING.

CUPID is a wise young fellow in more ways than one. Maybe you think he isn't quick to catch on when the love germ gets in the heart. He works quietly and skilfully until he succeeds in carrying out his plans. Now Cupid having done his work well, whispers to the young couples; when you furnish your home be sure to make no mistake about getting the right furnishings at the right place, and that place is Dinwoodey's. Their stock of goods contains everything wanted and is large enough, and good enough and prices are reasonable enough for anyone. "Says he; "If you want to furnish the parlor, they have some of the cutest small pieces and some of the finest large pieces you ever saw. Their leather goods are excellent. The leather is real leather. Their upholstered furniture is high class because every bit of the work is done properly."

Says Cupid: "I know what I am talking about," "for I've had a great deal of experience along these lines—as well as matrimony—and never yet had any of my subjects disappointed—at Dinwoodey's.

If you want to furnish a bedroom, they have Mahogany Bed Room Sets, Walnut, Birds Eye Maple, and Golden Oak sets, stylish and pretty.

They have the finest lot of Dining Room pieces you ever looked at. The old mission line, known to dealers as Arts and Crafts, is one of their features. Then they have complete sets in Early English, Mahogany, Golden or Weathered Oak, Quarter Sawed, all in the latest designs.

They can furnish the kitchen complete. If you have in your kitchen a Universal Range and an Alaska Refrigerator, you can depend upon there being no disappointment with the biscuits—and other food as tempting. There is a thought for young wives.

They can furnish you with Rugs or Carpets of the very best quality, guaranteed to be as represented.

They can furnish you with your window and wall drapes, for better than any other in the city. You have the additional advantage of getting helpful suggestions on interior decoration from their experts. They will even visit your home and make suggestions as to harmony and arrangement.

In fact, you can get anything you wish at Dinwoodey's to furnish the home. And when through buying, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not only furnished your home with the very best obtainable, but that you have done it at a saving in price, sufficient therefore to pay the expenses of that trip to "Anywhere Junction." And a well furnished home will greet you on your return—a pretty little home to which you can invite your friends.

H. DINWOODEY FURNITURE COMPANY.