

CAIRO IN 1907

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)
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CAIRO, Aug. 25.—Stand with me on the Hill of the Citadel and take a look over Cairo. We are high above the River Nile, and far above the minarets of mosques which rise out of the vast plain of houses below. We are at the same time, and I venture the name of the city is apt to be more frequently than in any other part of the world. It is through this custom of religious pretext that I am able to get free of the beggars of the city. "Allah yalli," which means "May God give thee enough and to spare." When a beggar pester me I say these words, and he looks upon me in astonishment and then touches his forehead in a polite Mohammedan salute and goes away.

It Has Now More Than a Million People, and is Leading the Mohammedan World—A Look at its Mosques and Their Pious Worshippers—The Bazaars and Their Queer Customers—How Cairo women Dress—The New European Section Where Land is Bringing \$30 a Square Yard—The Big Hotels and What it Costs to Stay at Them—Thirty Thousand Tourists Who Spend \$10,000,000 a Year.

ALL ABOUT THE BIG CITY AT THE HEAD OF THE NILE DELTA.



A CAIRO NEWSBOY.
Photographed for the "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

high up as the tops of the pyramids, which stand out upon the yellow desert away off at the left. The sun is blazing, and there is a smoky haze over the Nile valley, but the city, which lies right under us, is the fairest on this continent, and one of the mightiest of the world. It now contains 1,000,000 inhabitants, and in size is far approximating Philadelphia and Memphis in the height of their glory.

Of all the Mohammedan cities of the world, Cairo is now growing the fastest. It already has only 100,000 less people than Constantinople. It is four times as big as Damascus, eight times as big as Baghdad and 15 or 20 times the size of either Mecca or Medina, where the Prophet Mohammed was born and died. It has more than doubled its population since I last visited it, and with my glass I can now see the scaffolding about the new buildings which are rising here and there over the pyramids. The town now covers an area equal to 50 quarters, and its buildings are so crowded together that they form an almost continuous structure. The only trees to be seen are those in the French quarter, which lies on the outskirts.

MOHAMMEDAN CAIRO.

The most of the city is of Arabian architecture. It is flat-roofed, and is made up of yellowish-white buildings crowded along narrow streets, and they can hardly be seen at this distance. Here and there, out of the field of white, rise tall, round stone towers with galleries running about them. They dominate the whole city, and under each is a mosque. These mosques are the Mohammedan churches. There are hundreds of them in Cairo, and not a few have recently erected. Every one has its worshippers, and upon every tower, five times a day, the shrill voiced Arab call comes out for the people to come to prayer. There is a mosque now rising from the minaret of the mosque of Sultan Hassan, which is just under us. The mosque itself covers more than two acres and the minaret is about half as high as the Washington monument. The priest is standing on a gallery, with scaffolding above and below him. His mosque is being repaired, and \$200,000 will be spent upon it when the present plans are completed. Just next to it is another mosque, recently begun, and all about us we can see evidence that Mohammedanism is by no means dead, and that these people worship God with their pocket as well as with their tongue.

In the Al-Bab mosque, which stands at my back, 50 men are now praying, and in the courtyard a group of others are washing themselves before they go in to make their vows of repentance to God and the prophet. Not far below me I can see the mosque el-Ashur, which has been a Mohammedan university for more than 1,300 years, and where something like 500 students are now learning the Koran and Koranic law.

During my stay in Tunis the Mohammedans were celebrating their feast of Ramadan, and not a day in the population of Tunisia, who believe in the prophet, would take a step out from under to desert, and the more devout would not even swallow their spittle. Here at Cairo I have seen the people preparing to observe their pilgrimages to Mecca, rich and poor, starting out on that long journey into the Arabian desert. At present the ships leaving Alexandria and Mecca are crowded with pilgrims, but there is a regular exodus from Mecca and other places on this side of the Red Sea. They go across to Jeddah and there lay off their costly clothing and make their way inland, clad only in a simple and a piece of cloth over the left shoulder. This is so of the rich and the poor. Many of the former carry gifts and other offerings for the sacred city, and each with one of the Egyptian government along \$25,000 a year. Not only the Mohammedans but the Mohammedan rulers of the Sudan, and even the British, understand that the law of the land has been recently completed from far up the Nile to the Red Sea is now giving special care to pilgrimages parties. It is by no means a dead religion, and Mohammedanism is a dead religion.

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A CITY OF THE EGYPTIANS.

The tourist who passes through Cairo and stays at the big hotels is apt to think that the city is fast becoming a Christian one. He is told that the British are its real governors, and as he drives over asphalt streets lined with the buildings of the European quarter, any city of Europe or of the United States. He does his shopping in modern stores, and gradually comes to the conclusion that the Arab city is fast passing away. This is not so. Cairo is a city of the Egyptians. Not one-tenth of its inhabitants are Christians, and it is the eight or nine hundred thousand natives who make up the life blood of the city. They are people of a different world from ours, as we can see if we go down and stroll through the city. They do business in different ways, and they trade much the same now as they have been trading for generations back. Their stores are crowded along narrow streets which wind this way and that, so that one might lose himself in them. Every branch of business has its own section. In one place there are nothing but saddlers, in another shoe makers, and in another the workers in copper, silver and brass. The book sellers and bookbinders have a street of their own, and so have the clothiers and tailors. Nearly every store is a factory as well, and most of the goods offered you are made in the shops.

I have been in most of the great bazaars of the world, and I know of none more interesting than those of Cairo. In these thousands are buying and selling, and each narrow street has a stream of color which flows back and forth all day long. From the top of one's donkey this stream is red and white upon a bed of black and blue. The red is the fez caps and the white the turbans, while the blacks and blues are the gowns of the people below them. The sides of the streets are bright with the goods hanging out of each little shop, and the whole is like wandering through a world's fair in which the exhibitors are dark-faced, turbaned, long-gowned men, who sit cross-legged in carpets with all the treasures of the Orient piled about them.

Although the foreigner and his inno-

centious are almost everywhere in evidence, native Cairo is much the same now as it was in the days of the Arabian Nights. These people believe the same as they did then, they wear the same costumes, the women are as closely veiled, and all the characters of the days of Haroun Al Raschid are to be seen. Here the visionary Alchemist squats in his narrow, collar-like store, with his basket of glass before him. He has a long water pipe in his mouth and is musing on the profits he will make from peddling his glass, growing rich, until the Khedive will be glad to offer him his daughter in marriage, and he will spurn her as she kneels before him. We almost expect to see the glass turned over as it was in the story, and his castles in the air shattered with his kick. Next to him is a turbaned Mohammedan who reminds us of Sinbad the Sailor, and a little further on is a Dervise, washing his hands with invisible soap in invisible water, and apparently inviting his friends to come and have a great feast with him. Here two long-gowned, gray-headed men are sitting on a bench drinking coffee together, and there a straight, tall maiden, robed in a gown which falls from her head to her feet and with a long black veil covering all of her face but her eyes, looks over the wares of a handsome young Syrian, reminding us of how the hours slipped in the days of the past.

DONKEYS AND CAMELS.

Oriental Cairo is a city of donkeys and camels. In the French quarter you may have a modern cab for 15 cents a ride, or you may jump on the electric street cars and go a long distance for from 25 to 50 cents, or you may even hire an automobile to carry you over the asphalt. The streets of the native city are too narrow for such things, and you are crowded to the wall again and again for fear that the sponge feet of the camels may tread upon you. You are grazed by loaded donkeys, carrying grain, bricks or bags on their backs; and the donkey boy who is trotting behind an animal ridden by some rich Egyptian or his wife calls upon you to get out of the way. The donkey is the best means of getting around through the native city and the cheapest. You may hire one for two hours for 20 cents, for a half day for 50 or 60 cents, and for a day for a dollar. Every riding animal is numbered. My donkey of today was named "California," and the number on his saddle was 27.

SOME QUEER CITIZENS.

The characters of the bazaar are odd to an extreme and one must have an educated eye to know who they are. Take that man in a green turban he is looked up to by his fellows. Your dragoman will tell you that he has a sure passport to heaven, and that the turban is a sign that he has made the pilgrimage to Mecca and thus earned the right to the colors of the prophet. Behind him comes a fine-feathered, yellow-

faced man in a blue gown wearing a turban of blue. You ask your guide who he may be and are told, with a sneer that he is a Copt. He is one of the Christians of modern Egypt, and has descended from the fanatical band which Charles Kingsley described in his novel "Hyppatia." Like all of his class he is intelligent and like most of them well dressed. The Copts are among the shrewdest of the business Egyptians, and with the prosperity now common in the valley of the Nile, they are growing in wealth. They are money lenders and are also hard speculators. Many of them have offices under the government, and not a few have amassed fortunes. Some of them are very religious, and some can recite the Bible by heart. They are different from their neighbors in that they believe in having only one wife.

THE GIRLS OF CAIRO.

But the crowd in these streets is by no means all men. There are women scattered here and there though it, and such women! Talk about your peep-a-boo waists! The Cairo girls have peep-a-boo waists. All their bodies with the exception of their eyes are hidden, and one has to look close through the slits in their veils to see whether their skins are white, black or brown. They are by no means good looking as they walk through the streets. Those of the better classes are clad in cloaks of black benharine, made so full that they hide every outline of the person. Some have their cloaks tied at the waist, and they look like black bed ticks walking off upon legs. Here one raises her skirts, and you see that she has on zouave bloomers, which fall to her ankles; they make me think of the H-yard breeches worn by the girls of Algiers. The poorer women wear gowns of blue cotton, and a single gown and veil make up a whole costume. Some of them carry babies strapped to their hips on their shoulders, and the babies are often as naked as when they were born. Not a few of the ladies have camels to go about with them. The latter are as black as my hat, and as sure as the Sphinx. They are to keep the young women from flirting, as they shop in the bazaars.

Nearly all of the women have their faces covered. In the oriental quarters you will not meet any, except the very lowest of the persons, who has not a long veil of black crepe six inches wide reaching from just below her eyes to her ankles. This is stitched at the corners to her headpiece, and fastened in the center by a brass spoon four inches long, which covers the bridge of the nose. The eyelids of most of the women are blackened with kohl; they have thick black eyelashes, and one often imagines them beautiful until the wind blows away a veil and you find out the contrary.

THE NEW CAIRO.

In striking contrast with Egyptian Cairo is the new European section which has grown up on its edge. That

part of the city is having a boom, and lots which sold for \$10 a square yard two years ago are now bringing \$30. There are instances where ground is selling for 15 times as much as it did in 1905. Property is going up all over this section, and an enormous amount of building is being done. Rents are so rising that the poorer Europeans are moving out into the suburbs, and this city promises to have a suburban development just as we have about our American towns.

European Cairo is a city of wide streets, paved with asphalt. It is a city of electric lights and sanitary improvements. It has fine residences, surrounded by gardens filled with tropical plants and trees; and its better stores carry goods which would sell readily in Paris or New York. One can buy almost anything from anywhere in the world at these stores. This is especially so of such wares as are in demand by the tourists and the rich, discounting class. The pedler of antiquities and fine china, of jewelry and of oriental rugs is also here in all his glory, and during the season he does a big business.

Cairo has many doctors and dentists. The doctors charge \$5 a visit whether you see them at their offices or at your hotel. The dentists are mostly Americans, and they are not here for the health. The town is one of newspapers, libraries and clubs. It has its daily journals, in which you can read the telegrams in French, English and Arabic; and it has its loudmouthed newsmen, who cry the papers on the streets. My shoes are blacked every morning by a boy wearing a turban and his charge is two cents a shine. Cairo has a good postal system, with a letter delivery several times a day, and it has hundreds of policemen, both on foot and on horseback. A policeman stands in the center of every street crossing to see that all carriages go to the left instead of the right; and there are enough police in every section to make life and property safe.

CAIRO'S BIG HOTELS.

Cairo is one of the winter resorts of the world. It is thronged during the season with Europeans and Americans. There are thousands of our rich citizens here every year, and they leave hundreds of dollars in Egypt. Thirty thousand tourists visited the valley of the Nile last winter, and it is safe to say that they left upwards of \$10,000,000.

The hotels of Cairo increase in size and number every year. They are run by syndicates with large capital, and they pay big dividends. Shepheard's, which is so well known everywhere, has 400 beds. The Savoy has 150. The Hotel Continental 300. The Ghezireh palace can accommodate 400 guests at one time, and the Meina hotel, right under the Pyramids, has 150 rooms. All these hotels have modern improvements and they charge you roundly for them. At Shepheard's I pay \$8 a day for a double-bedded room for myself and son, and in addition there is a charge of 10 cents a day for electric lights. If I have my breakfast in my room that is an extra, and if I am not in the dining room, at just the moment when dinner begins, I find the doors closed, and have to go to the grill room and pay extra for whatever I order. Four or five dollars per person per day for room and board is the usual price at the first-class Egyptian hotels, and this is so at Alexandria and all up and down the Nile valley. The prices are somewhat less during the summer and fall;

but at such times many of the hotels are closed, the most of them running only during December, January, February and March. Many people come here to spend the winter, and many find it so cold that they have to leave. It seems to me that the advantages of Cairo as a health resort have been greatly overrated. For the last year or so the city has had an epidemic of dengue, or breakbone fever during the winter, and there is scarcely a man, woman or child who has escaped. The climate is better farther up the Nile valley.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



OIL KING'S BITTEREST FOE.

Frank Rockefeller brands his brother John D. a "monster," but not until his suit against the Standard Oil king is begun will the public learn the details of what Frank claims has been an inhuman scheme on the part of his brother to ruin him in every attempt he has made to engage in legitimate trade.

HOW TO AVOID APPENDICITIS.

Most victims of appendicitis are those who are habitually constipated. Orinaxative Fruit Syrup cures chronic constipation by stimulating the liver and bowels, and restores the natural action of the bowels. Orinaxative Fruit Syrup does not nauseate or gripe and is mild and pleasant to take. Refuse substitutes. For sale by F. J. Hill Drug Co., "The Never Substitutors."

Ask your grocer to send you Royal Bread. It is made in a clean bakery and the crown label is on every loaf.

MONDAY MORNING USHERS IN A GREAT MONEY SAVING SALE OF BLACK SILKS!



- 19 inch Pure Taffeta Silk with colored selvedge, regular 75c quality offered in this sale at, per yard..... 49c
- 19 inch All Silk Taffeta, colored selvedge, special dress finish, regular 85c quality offered in this sale at, per yard..... 59c
- 19 inch all silk Taffeta Chiffon finish, regular 90c grade, offered in this sale at, per yard..... 63c
- 19 inch guaranteed quality black Taffeta Silk, regular \$1.00 grade, offered in this sale at, per yard..... 69c
- 21 inch guaranteed heavy quality black Taffeta Silk, soft finish, regular \$1.35 quality in this sale..... 89c
- 26 inch all silk Taffeta, a grade that always sells at \$1.15 per yard, now offered at, per yard..... 85c
- 26 inch black silk Taffeta Chiffon finish, regular \$1.25 quality, now offered at, per yard..... 95c
- 26 inch guaranteed black silk Taffeta colored selvedge special finish regular \$1.49 grade, now offered at, per yard..... \$1.10
- 26 inch heavy rustling or soft finished black Taffetas—guaranteed qualities, regular \$1.65 grades, now offered at, per yard..... \$1.19



Thousands of Yards
BLACK TAFFETAS, BLACK PEAU DE SOIES, BLACK INDIAS, BLACK FAILLES, ETC., ETC.

PRICED AT WONDERFUL SAVINGS!

At regular prices silks are as staple as gold dollars—raw silk is at the top notch price and scarce at that, but we prepared many months ago for this EARLY FALL BLACK SILK EVENT and gathered in only the bargain values as fast as they presented themselves—thus we can assure our patrons that every yard of silk offered in this sale is under priced and as for quality, we stand back of every yard that we handle as our reputation is founded on selling only strictly dependable merchandise.

- 34 inch black silk Taffeta—almost a yard wide—a sterling \$1.50 black taffeta silk now offered at..... \$1.15
- 34 inch all silk black Taffeta, colored selvedge, special finish, regular \$1.65 quality now offer at..... \$1.19
- 34 inch guaranteed quality black Taffeta silk, regular \$1.75 quality in this special sale, per yard..... \$1.33
- 35 inch guaranteed quality, pure dye black Taffeta Silks, either chiffon, dress or rustling finish, regular \$2.50 quality, for, per yard..... \$1.75
- 19 inch Peau De Soie, an excellent black coat or waisting silk, that sells regularly for \$1.19, offered in this sale at, per yard..... 85c
- 36 inch Peau De Soie, a rich heavy quality, double faced, reversible and adapted to hard wear, regular \$25 grade in this sale, per yard..... \$1.98
- 20 inch black silk Failles, soft Messaline finish, regular \$1.50 quality in this sale, per yard..... 98c
- 20 inch black India Silks, specially priced in this sale, per yard..... 25c
- 27 inch black India Silk, regular 85c grade in this sale, per yard..... 69c

A RELIGION OF THE LIPS.
And still I sometimes wonder what-