

UNCLE SAM in MOROCCO

QUEER FEATURES OF MOORISH BUSINESS AND TRADE WHICH SHOULD BE KNOWN IN AMERICA.

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

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TANGIER, Morocco, Jan. 14.—Uncle Sam should keep his eyes on Morocco. This country is now in a state of anarchy, and the sultan is not able to control his people. He is ruling only a small part of the population, and the empire may be said to have 100 rulers, each boss of his own little principality. In most places there is neither law nor order, and in many both life and property are insecure. The conditions have come to such a point that the great powers of Europe will soon have to step in. The first break will be in the Algerian provinces, but that has been practically a failure. The 2,500 policemen who guard the eight chief ports will be totally insufficient, and sooner or later we must have an army here of 10,000 and upward. It would take 5,000 to guard Tangier alone, and several thousand for each of the ports along the Atlantic.

MOROCCO'S BIG POSSIBILITIES.

As soon as the powers determine to take hold of the country every nation will be sending its trade representatives here. The Germans and French have already done so, and the English have a man at court in the person of Kaid McLean, who was brought in to reorganize the sultan's army, and has grown fat off the job. He is supposed to be a secret agent of the British government and to keep the English posted as to trade and diplomatic affairs.

As to the Germans, they are gathering trade information in all sorts of ways. I met here a white-faced, blond-headed man, dressed in full Moorish costume, who was talking Arabic, and who I found could read the Koran from beginning to end. He turned out to be a German in the employ of some of the Kaiser's commercial organizations, and his business is to gather data for the Kaiser's German goods. He has traveled as a Moor through all the coast towns, and has gone inland from Mogador to Morocco City and from there to Fez. He has full information about the patterns of the cottons and other goods most desired here, and the Germans will be soon making hats, handkerchiefs, diabolos and the other dresses of these outlandish people.

A TRADE OF TWENTY MILLION DOLLARS.

During my stay I have had a talk with Mr. Johnson, Philip, consul general, as to the trade of Morocco. He has represented our country here very efficiently for the past four years, and has done what he could to push American trade. He has been hampered, however, by the ignorance of our exporters concerning the country and people, and the disadvantage of the United States having no direct steamship connection with this part of the continent. We have several vessels a week which call at Gibraltar, over the way, but none of these stops at Tangier. We are buying a large amount of goat skins of Morocco, but about the only thing which she is using directly from us is coal oil. Her people dress largely in cottons, and their goods are made of our raw materials, which are shipped in the bale to England and there manufactured for this trade.

During some years we pay as much as \$500,000 to Morocco. In 1905 we bought from her about \$450,000 worth of goat skins, and we take some of her wool and fruits, which go via England.

"The total trade of Morocco," says our consul general, "now amounts to something like \$20,000,000 a year, and of this England gets more than half, France comes next, and then Spain and Germany. The German

trade is still small, but it is rapidly gaining."

COAL, MILK, CORNED BEEF, CORN MEAL AND COCKTAILS.

I made a hunt through the bazaar here today for American goods, and among other places visited the largest fancy grocery store in Tangier. I told the Jew clerk to show me samples of all the American articles he had, and he brought out coal oil, corned beef, corn meal and cocktails. The bottles of cocktails came from New York, the corn meal was in a pasteboard package labeled Chicago, and the coal oil in a square can from Philadelphia, while the corned beef was in a flat tin box from a packing house in Kansas City. At another store I saw canned salmon from Boston and chickens from Boston. All of these goods came via London.

WHAT THE MOORS DO NOT WANT.

It is useless for our exporters to attempt to make a market in Morocco without sending men here to study the people. This country is as different from the United States as would be the hands of the Arabian Nights. Drummers who speak Spanish or French should be sent to travel among the people and report the kinds and patterns of goods desired. They can hire guides who will interpret for them with the Moorish merchants, and they will find many Jewish traders who speak French and Spanish.

Let me tell you, for instance, of a few things which it would be ridiculous to send to Morocco. The American shoe is popular almost everywhere, and it is fast capturing Europe. It could do nothing here. These men want a loose slipper of soft leather with a heel that can be bent over. They take their shoes off as a usual thing, when they enter their homes, and they never wear them inside the churches or mosques. The black of the American shoe would look out of place, for every Moorish gentleman likes a delicate pale yellow. As to the women, they wear red slippers of soft Morocco leather, and the better classes of them have their feet embroidered with gold and silver. In the house most of the girls go barefooted, and no one wears a French heel. Indeed, heels are worn on no shoes here, and even fine Morocco boots are heelless. All the footwear is hand-made, and that made in Fez is sent to different parts of the country.

NO DEMAND FOR SOCKS OR STOCKINGS.

The Moors do not want stockings. Of the 10,000,000 inhabitants of this country 9,500,000 have never heard of them, and I venture there are not 10,000 women in the whole empire who clothe their legs in that way. Only the very well-to-do put them on upon occasions, and such persons are the Moors who have been affected by foreign influences.

Our hat makers need not send their wares. These people use turbans, with skull caps under them to cover their smoothly shaved scalps, and they sometimes pull the hoods of their gowns over their heads in addition. The Jews wear caps of black felt which fit close, and the Jewish women wrap their heads in silk handkerchiefs.

LITTLE CHANCE FOR AMERICAN FLOUR.

At present there might be a small sale for American flour if it were shipped here in such packages that it could be carried by mules over the country. Morocco has some of the best wheat soil of the world, and if it had a government like ours with Secy. Wilson at the head of its agricultural department, it would be competing with our country in the bread markets of England. At present most of the grain is consumed in the localities where it is raised, and the agricultural methods are so rude that it is high-priced, notwithstanding the low wages. Farm hands

A Talk with our Consul General—Morocco's Big Possibilities and How the Germans are Working it—Coal Oil, Corned Beef and Cocktails—What the Moors do not Want—No American Shoes or Barber Pole Stockings—How They Make Flour and Bake Bread—Mint Juleps of Tea—We Must Trade with the Jews—How the Latter do Business—in the Jewish Quarter and a Word About the Pretty Jewesses.



get about 10 cents a day and they board themselves. The plowing is done with a crooked stick by means of oxen, mules, donkeys or camels. The pitchforks are crooked sticks, sharpened at the ends. Shovels and spades are unknown. A Moorish plow costs about 50 cents, an ox yoke 15 cents and the rude hoe which is commonly employed 12 cents. The plow is carried from many localities on the backs of camels in long bags made of palm-leaf leaves. One such bag will hold 10 bushels and forms a fair load for a camel. Here in Tangier the grain is transported by donkeys from one part of the town to the other in four-bushel bags. Two bags are a good load for a donkey.

QUEER MILLS AND BAKERIES.

The ordinary Moroccan stomach would be surprised at American flour. The bread of the country is made of meal ground at home. Every family has its own mill, consisting of two rude

grind stones one on top of the other, the grain being poured through a hole in the top stone. These stones are turned by the women of the family and as they are fragile, bits of them come off and mix with the flour, leading to broken teeth and bad digestion.

I wish I could show you a Moroccan bakery. There are scores of them in every town, and baking is a regular profession. Very few people do any baking at home. They make their flour up into dough for bread and cakes, and send it to the nearest bakery to be cooked. Often a baker will take a regular customer and will send out his boys, little long gowned dark-faced urchins, to bring in the dough. They usually carry it upon boards which rest upon their heads, and a few hours later take back the baked article. The baker gets 10 per cent of the amount of dough sent and a loaf of that proportion is always put in for his pay.

These bake ovens look like caves. They are found here and there along the main streets of the cities. One steps first into a dark cellar-like room, where the proprietor, a white-gowned, turbaned Moor, sitting cross-legged, watches the count and bosses the laborer who has charge of the oven. This man is none too clean. He has a long paddle upon which he puts the loaves of dough and places them upon the oven floor. This is on about the level of the floor of the room, and the baker stands in a pit at the front of it. The ovens are long. They have a fire of twigs in one end of them, so arranged that by means of drafts the smoke is carried away. The loaves are usually of the size of a tea plate and about two inches thick. They taste good. The baker sells the extra loaves, which he takes in trade, and there are bread peddlers in every market. They are usually women, shrouded in white blankets, who hide their faces from the men as they sell, but nevertheless keep a sharp

watch with one eye through a hole in their head shawls for their change.

AMERICAN MACHINERY.

The Moors of today offer but few opportunities for the sale of American machinery. As to farm implements, the people are too poor to buy anything that costs much. The country is divided up into an infinite number of small holdings, and all outside the officials and chiefs and merchants live from hand to mouth. The tax gatherers also attempt to collect one-tenth of all crops. Labor here is backward as in the days of the Middle Ages. All over Morocco logs are sawed into boards by hand, and thrashing is done upon well-pounded floors with flails or by treading the grain out with horses, cattle or mules. It would be impossible to carry a thrashing machine through the country for the lack of roads, and in many localities it would be difficult to supply the fuel to run it.

MINT JULEPS MADE OF TEA.

Most of the other Mohammedan nations drink coffee. These people drink tea, and are especially fond of it when flavored with mint. The way to make it, I am told, is to put a good lot of sugar into the teapot and a spoonful or so of green tea, together with some mint leaves. Now pour on boiling water and let the stuff steep. If you make it right you will have a drink for the gods, and at the same time free from the intoxicating properties of the mint julep of the Kentucky colonel. Such liquor is furnished in tumblers at tea houses all over this country, and the Moors drink it boiling hot sitting cross-legged on the ground as they do so. The most of the tea used comes from England, London alone sending as many as 20,000 chests in one year. In 1904 Morocco bought of England more than \$700,000 worth of tea, and its sugar purchases then amounted to considerably over \$2,000,000 in value. These people are fond of sweets, and their consumption of sugar is so great that it has almost ruined their teeth. This any one can see whenever a Moor opens his mouth.

BEDS, TABLES, STOOLS AND CANDLESTICKS.

It will be a long time before the ordinary Moroccan will want American furniture. The poorer classes sleep on the floor, and they are so hardy that a man will work in his gown and lie down anywhere for a snooze. There are men sleeping on the stones out in the streets here every night, and that by the hundreds. Many houses are guarded in this way.

Spring beds are unknown to such people, and they seldom have chairs. When they sit they do not hang their legs down, but double them up under them or lean back against the wall with their long beards resting on their knees. If they use a bench or divan it is to sit cross-legged upon it. The tables are rude, and are often simply low round brass pans upon legs. Some such are beautifully carved. Candles are in demand, and the British are now sending almost a quarter of a million dollars' worth of them here every year.

The American drummer who comes to Morocco must expect to carry on his business largely through the Jews. They are by far the best business men of the country, and they have the bulk of the wholesale and retail trade. There are Moorish bazars, it is true, in all of the cities, and there are Moorish commercial houses with large capital in Fez, but the Jews are everywhere, and

they deal with all classes. They are as business men the equals of any of their race, and although noted for sharp trading, as a rule they stand well.

The Jews came to this country along about the thirteenth century to do business with the Moors and they have been here ever since. They are despised and at times ill-treated by the other races and are still compelled to do certain menial things. When they first came they were required to wear black clothes and shoes, and they had to go on foot as they passed through the cities. Today they wear black skull caps, black slippers and long black coats, belted in at the waist. In the Jewish districts the Jews have curls hanging down in front of their ears, but otherwise they dress like the Berbers.

THE JEWESSES OF MOROCCO.

About the only women's faces one sees in this country are those of the Jewesses. The Moors and the Berbers wear their beauty behind the cotton sheets or woolen blankets, which they drape about their heads and they go out. The younger Jewesses are often good looking. They have fine dark tinged, with the hue of a dark rose. The older women run to much flesh and seem coarse.

The dress of the Jewish women is much like that worn by the men in our country, save that the richest ones use gold embroidery for trimming. They wear silk handkerchiefs tied about the head, half concealing the forehead and covering most of the hair. These Jews marry young. Girls are often betrothed at six or eight years, and are sometimes married at ten, and have children at fourteen. The marriage tie is no strong and divorces are common.

IN THE JEWISH QUARTERS.

In all the Moroccan cities, not Tangier, the Jews are still confined to their own section, and in some they are shut off at night from the rest of the town. These quarters are known as mellahs, and they are among the most squalid parts of every city. Their streets are narrow and dirty. The front doors are little more than holes in the walls, and most of the houses consist of many small rooms in which the people are herded. The homes of the rich are much better.

The mellahs are governed by the Jews themselves. They elect a council and a judiciary, and they have the right of appeal from the latter to the Moorish government. The rabbis are about the most influential of the Jews. The people are religious and attend their synagogues regularly. They do no business on Saturday, which is the Jewish Sabbath, and on that day many of them will not even open a business letter. I attended one of their synagogues here. It was a dark little room, surrounded by dwellings.

The Jews now have their own schools in Morocco and a great deal of work has been done among them lately by the Universal Jewish alliance. This alliance is now carrying on schools at Tangier, Tetuan, Mogador, Marrakech and Fez, in which there are more than 2,500 children. They are giving the young Jews a sort of modern education, although much of the time is devoted to teaching of Hebrew, Spanish. They also teach French and English, geography and other studies. In the reorganization of Morocco, which is bound to come about sooner or later, these children, with their knowledge of the modern languages and of Arabic, as well, may form an important factor.

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DUCHESS AFTER A LONDON HOUSE

(Continued from page thirteen.)

Dublin when her husband was quarantined there some years ago. She has never lost sight of this pet charity of her and stands by her friend.

She is a woman of quite exceptional business capacity. Some years ago, when visiting North Berwick, she realized that there was a great future before the place had anticipation which proved correct, as it is now the smartest golfing center in all Scotland. It occurred to her to build a house there which is called Chessmore lodge, and which she now lets for "fancy" prices. She possesses a delightful villa at Cannes, which also has tenants when she does not care to occupy it herself.

A KEEN SOLDIER.

Lord Chessmore is a keen soldier and commanded the Grenadier Guards in Bermuda, where he met his future wife. He is one of the greatest living authorities on certain kinds of bric-a-brac. No one knows so much about medals as he does, and he is the fortunate possessor of a genuine Demidoff dinner service of silver gilt, valued at \$75,000, which he secured for \$25,000.

Lady Monson has just taken Lord Burghclere's house in Charles street, Berkeley square, for three months. She was the widow of Mr. Turnure of New York, an immensely rich man, and married Lord Monson about three years ago. Last season she rented Lady Stirling's flat in Mount street, but the rooms were too small to admit of entertaining. Although Lord Monson has never had a town house, he owns two very fine country seats, Burton Hall, Lincoln, and Chart Lodge, a delightful house, picturesquely situated near Sevenoaks.

LADY MARY.

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❑ Special opportunity to obtain boys' and girls' school shoes at way-below prices.



J. P. MORGAN JR.

GREAT BANKING BUSINESS DESCENDS TO SON.

A banking business which is generally conceded to be the greatest private enterprise of its kind in America is that of J. P. Morgan & Co., the head of which is soon to retire, leaving in complete charge his son, J. Pierpont, Jr. With a private fortune variously estimated at from \$100,000,000 to \$150,000,000, one of the shrewdest of living American financiers believes that he has earned a rest for the remainder of his days. His health is still vigorous and his crowning business achievement—the formation of the United States Steel Corporation—was accomplished after he had passed the "Oster age limit." He is now nearing 70 years.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., is 35 years of age and has been so thoroughly trained in the banking business immediately under the eye of his father that those who are most familiar with the work of the great banking institution assert that Wall street financiers will find in the son a worthy successor to the father, whose brilliant methods they have for years been forced to respect. In young "Jack" Morgan they will meet such a fighter as they have found in the father, for the son is clearly "a chip off the old block." He is a graduate of Harvard, has also studied in Europe, and has none of the bad habits of many rich men's sons. He will be in practical charge of both the New York and London houses of the Morgan interests.

Ardent Words of Truth

"I Was Given Up"

writes Mrs. Eva Bashore, of Wapakoneta, O., "by ten (10) doctors, and the only hope they offered was an operation, for an abscess of four (4) months growth, measuring about six inches long, on my ovary. I weighed only 90 pounds and was so weak I could hardly walk across the floor. The trouble began by my taking cold at my period, which stopped the flow. I doctored for nearly a year without obtaining relief, until, as I dreaded an operation, I began to take

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