

## DELHI OF NORTH AFRICA

TRAVELS THROUGH THE RUINS OF CITIES, WHICH WERE GREAT FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



THE RUINED TOWER OF MANSOURA.

Described for "News" Readers by Mr. Carpenter, as a "Wonder of Beautiful Workmanship."

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TEMESEN, Africa—Come with me and my Mohammedan dragoman, Mustapha, and take a walk this bright Sunday morning through the Delhi of North Africa. We are in a city which was famous when Agra was at the height of its glory, and one which has mosques and tombs containing Moorish decorations which will compare in their beauty with those of the famed cities of India. There are doors of bronze in the Mosque of Sidi Bou-Medhi as beautiful as those at the entrance to the Capitol at Washington, and equal in their fine workmanship to those of Ghiberti at Florence. There are temples of Mohammedan worship hundreds of years old, which have a beauty greater than the mosques of Cairo and Constantinople, and all were constructed when Europe was still semi-civilized and a hundred years or so before the new world of America began to be. Not far from these mosques are the remains of a ruined city, which surpassed Pompeii in extent and glory, and in another direction is the tomb of the man who built that city, with the Arabs praying in and about it today.

All this is not in Italy, Greece or India, the countries to which we look for the monuments of the past. It is in this black continent of Africa, on the edge of savage, turbulent and warring Morocco, 30 miles south of the Mediterranean and about 100 miles from Oran, the chief seaport of western Al-

geria. It is so far out of the line of travel that strangers seldom come here, but it is one of the most interesting places on the continent.

The Temesen of today is a city of perhaps 20,000, situated in a beautiful valley, at an elevation about as high above the sea as the average height of the Alleghenies. It has behind it great bare, rugged mountains, which are capped with huge rocks, making them look like fortifications thrown up by the gods, and their strength as fortifications was probably one of the reasons for the site of these ancient cities.

Another reason was the valley and plains lying below. They are among the richest in Algeria. Standing upon the walls here, as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but vineyards and orchards and rich fields of grain. There are hundreds of thousands of olive trees loaded with fruit. There are rich gardens and fields of potatoes making a patchwork of green of different shades which extends out on all sides below the city until it meets the hills on the horizon. While roads cut here and there through this expanse of green all lead up to the walls of Temesen.

## A FORTIFIED CITY.

The city is entered by gates. It was a fortified town in the past and the French have fortified it today. The high walls have port holes at every few feet, through which rifles and other guns can be thrust, companies of soldiers are always moving to and fro through the streets, and the citadel, where the sultans of the past had their

The Splendors of Tlemcen and its Wonderful Mosques—How a Candy Peddler Became a Saint—The Ruined City of Mansoura and its Mighty Walls—How it was Built in a Night—Among the Natives—A Land of Queer Customs and Customs Where the Men Wear Eight Dollar Hats and the Women Velvet Caps Embroidered with Gold—Arab House Industry—Something About the New French Towns of Algeria.

gorgeous residences, many centuries ago is now a barracks, prison and hospital for the Algerian troops. Its old walls and gateways still stand, and the minaret of its mosque, 90 feet high, overlooks the rest of the city. About 500 years ago this citadel contained some of the wonders of the world. It had a clock which was celebrated two centuries before that on the Strasbourg cathedral was made, and in one of the galleries, which was paved with marble and onyx, stood a solid silver tree upon which were perched and singing birds made of gold and silver.

## THE GRAND MOSQUE.

Within a stone's throw of the citadel, surrounded by buildings which would not look out of place in any country town in France, rises the mighty mosque Djama of Koubir. It was built in A. D. 1135, but it is in as good condition today as when the Moors first worshipped in it 870 years ago. The buildings of the mosque cover about an acre and the roof is supported by a vast number of columns which end in great arches hung with many chandeliers. The buildings run around the court, in the center of which is a fountain of onyx about which, as I passed through, the Mohammedans were sitting and washing themselves before going in to pray. We were allowed to enter the mosque, but had first to put on slippers, and we walked about through the worshippers, who were kneeling on their prayer rugs and bowing again and again as they looked toward Mecca.

When Tlemcen was in the height of its glory it had 70 mosques. One of the most famous was built in honor of a confectioner saint who preached to the children as they gathered around his candy stall and whom, I doubt not, he attracted by giving them sweets. He became so popular that the sultan made him a tutor of his three sons. This angered the grand vizier, and he had the candy saint condemned as a sorcerer and beheaded outside the gates. Shortly after this the ghost of the candy saint appeared before the sultan and made complaint, and the sultan tied up the grand vizier hand and foot and threw him into a vat of cement. As the cement hardened the grand vizier became a statue, and he was thus buried alive in a solid block of stone. After this the sultan built the mosque, which remains to this day. This happened just before Columbus discovered America. I have no doubt it is true, for I saw the mosque here with my own matter-of-fact American eyes.

Another mosque, built in 1295, was in honor of an Arab lawyer. It contains some of the most exquisite Moorish work of the world, and it is perhaps the finest mosque in the city. It has ever had. The lawyer it commemorates is said to have been a man of

## SIDI BOU MEDIN.

One of the most interesting of the mosques is several miles from Temesen, on the ridge of the mountains. It is that of Sidi Bou Medin, one of the most famous scholars of the Moorish civilization of 500 years ago. The man studied at Granada and Fez, and then traveled to Mecca. He lectured at Baghdad, Seville and Cordova, and ended his career by lecturing at Temesen. He is a wonder of fine workmanship. It is floor of mosaic, its doors are of bronze and its decorations are of Moorish lace work of wonderful

patterns. Near it there was a famous Moorish college, and while I walked through the mosque itself I could hear the boys singing out their Koran as they swayed back and forth, going over and over the Arabic sentences written on their wooden slates. I found many turbaned worshippers at prayers inside, and the red-faced keeper grew quite angry when I asked if I might take their photographs.

On my way back to town I stopped at an Arab cafe and drank coffee with a half dozen dark-faced Berbers who had just left the mosque. They were bearded and turbaned. They had taken off their slippers as they sat down to drink, and I observed that their bare feet were clean and the toe nails almost as well cared for as though a manicure, or rather a pedicure, had worked upon them. The men looked strangely at me from under their turbans, and evidently thought me as much a curiosity as I considered them. Nevertheless they were friendly, and we drank our coffee together. The coffee was brought in smoking. It was as black as ink, finely powdered and very sweet. The price was one cent a cup.

I next drove to the ruins of Mansoura, on the other side of Tlemcen. That city was built when Tlemcen was great and when it had a population of 125,000 souls. Tlemcen was then noted as a city of light and genius. Its kings were men of art, science and literature. They had their own armies of disciplined soldiers, and they had a police force, judges and courts. They coined their own money, and had schools and colleges. This was several hundred years before America was discovered.

It was just about that same time that Mansoura sprang up almost in a night on the plains. An Arab general, Abou Yakoub, had besieged Tlemcen and had encamped with his army about three miles from the city. The siege lasted seven years, and Mansoura was constructed during the intervals of fighting by Yakoub. For many years it was a rival of Tlemcen. Its walls and forts inclosed a space of something like three hundred acres, and it had a magnificent mosque, with a minaret 125 feet high. The tower was decorated with green porcelain tiles, and it was a wonder of beautiful workmanship. The ruins of it still stand, the mosque of the tower intact, but the mosque has long since crumbled to dust.

The great walls of Mansoura are still to be seen in some places as solid as when first built, and in others broken down and crumbled. The whole space covered by the city is now a rich vineyard. The vines growing close to the walls and hanging the foot of the great tower. A crowd of Berbers were picking the large white grapes into baskets as I drove through the ruins. The most interesting of the great army and the way through of 600 years ago. It was impossible amid such surroundings to rebuild, even in imagination, the great city of the magnificent palaces, the great houses and the gardens traversed by streamlets as described by the historians; but the verses of Amar Khayyam, the great Persian poet, about the evanescence of all things earthly. Yakoub's soldiers finally conquered Tlemcen, but the city was assassinated just before its surrender. After that the city of Mansoura began to decline, and its greatness was soon swallowed by Tlemcen.

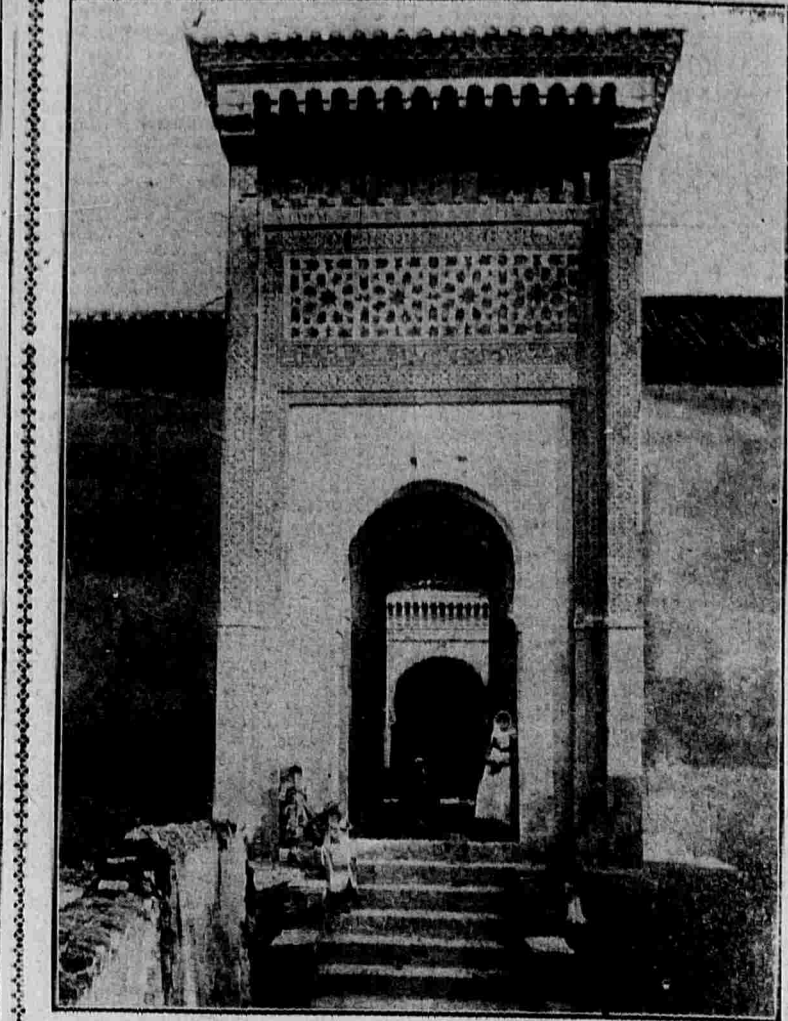
But let me describe the Tlemcen of today. A live dog is better than a dead lion and the Algeria of the present is more interesting than that of the dead centuries of the past. I like the swing and go of this French colony, the jaunty air of the soldiers as they strut about in their fat, red pantaloons and short jackets, and their tall caps of blood red; the stately walk of the Arabs as they go on slippery feet through the streets; and above all the long gowns and tall hats of some of the native gentlemen of Tlemcen. We think \$5 much to pay for a derby and \$8 a big price for a black silk tie, but these Tlemcen natives pay quite as much for straw hats. Their hats are, however, gorgeous beyond description, and they stand from 12 to 18 inches above the crown of the head. They are made of straw as finely woven as a Panama and of several different colors. The brims are covered with silk embroidery, and they extend for six inches out all around the hat. These hats are large enough to be worn over turbans, so big that I was able to put one over my cork helmet, while my photograph was taken with my guide Mustapha standing beside me.

## MANY HOUSE INDUSTRIES.

One of the industries of Tlemcen is making such hats. The town is quite a manufacturing center. The natives—I mean the Berbers and Moors—seem to be all engaged in house industries of one kind or another. I went through streets after streets lined with little shops, lighted only by the doors at the front, containing men and boys weaving cloth, embroidering caps for women and hats for men, sewing on slippers and shoes and working at the various other trades of the country. The weaving is all done with native wool upon rude hand looms. In the dirtiest of shops the most beautiful of white burnouses are made, and little round caps covered with velvet and embroidered with gold and silver are turned out in places no better than dog kennels.

The whole of the native quarter is a mixture of the gorgeous and the squalid. A man will wear an \$8 hat and at the same time have bare feet and legs bare half way to the knee in a dirty white gown. A woman will go along wrapped in a white flannel blanket much the worse for wear and on her head will be one of these old embroidered caps, just about as big around and of the same shape as a tin funnel such as is used in our kitchens. The cap will be hidden by the blanket and she will keep it so tight about her face that only a hole the size of a postage stamp can be seen. Through this hole peeps a liquid black eye, and it is only when she stumbles or when the amorous wind tears open her garments that you see any other part of her person. Even little girls are often so draped, although some of them are old enough to be able to take care of themselves.

I wish I could tell you American girls just how your well-to-do sisters of this side of the world are clothed. If you saw a number of them on the street you would think they had picked up their bed blankets and started out for a great masquerade. If you were a man you could not possibly get near enough to examine them, but one of my lady friends has told me just how they are dressed. Under their long skirts they have baggy trousers which come about half way to the ankle, and above these, jackets of embroidery with one or two vests under them. They wear sashes about



ENTRANCE TO MOSQUE OF CANDY SAINT.

Photographed Specially for the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter, the Famous Correspondent.

the waist and undergarments of fine gauze.

At home the ladies either go barefooted or wear slippers of velvet embroidered with gold. They plait their hair in long braids, and tie it up in knots behind the head. They wear the little gold caps I have already described and tie them on with cords of gold thread under the chin. Those who can afford it are loaded with jewelry. They have bracelets and anklets and some wear gold rings in their ears. Even the children wear jewelry. I see little girls with earrings almost as big around as the bottom of a tin cup, and anklets of silver as thick as their own little fingers. The Arab men have gowns of white woolen material striped with silk bound in by sashes at the waist. Under this they often wear baggy trousers and over it a white woolen burnoose of fine texture. The richer men sometimes have a sort of overcoat of fine navy blue cloth embroidered with silk and made in the shape of a bur-noose. Some of the men wear stockings and some riding horseback have instead long, red boots of the finest Morocco leather, which are almost as soft as wool. Over the foot they have a shoe covering the foot to the ankle, and to this shoe a spur is attached. The poorer Arabs wear hose, some of a neat short shape made of camel's hair and wool in white and black stripes. The Tlemcen of today is largely

composed of new French buildings. The streets are French streets. There is a square in the center of the town where the people meet to walk about, and there is a park outside it filled with great plane trees and wild olive trees which is known as Tlemcen Bois de Boulogne. About six years ago the city was first reached by railroad, and it now has two trains each way every day.

On my way here I stopped at Sidi Bel Abbes, a French settlement of 15,000 people, which has grown up within a few years. Sidi Bel Abbes is named after a Mohammedan saint, and it has its Arab quarter today. The city is built in the shape of a rectangle with great walls about it, and like most of these Algerian towns, it has its military quarter. This is inhabited by several companies of the foreign soldiers employed by the French to defend Algeria. They are composed of Swiss, Poles, Germans and such other riff-raff as can be enlisted at a few cents a day. The troops there vary in number, at times reaching as many as 6,000.

Sidi Bel Abbes has its regular concerts by the military band. It has a theater where they are now playing "Box and Cox" and also a "Cafe Chantant," where the songs and dances are even more wicked than those of Paris itself. Indeed things are moving fast in this French section of the African continent.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



## Give the Creditor A Chance

(Salt Lake Herald Editorial March 3, 1907.)

A good deal of time of the legislature this session has been spent in consideration of measures to abate the practices of the notorious justice's court at Murray which has been used as an annex of a collection agency in this city. Some rational suggestions have been made as to the remedies available, and a good deal of fool nonsense has been put out in behalf of the so-called sufferers at the hands of the court collectors.

No sympathy need be wasted on the justices who have been mixed up in the grievances complained of; they may or may not have followed a legal course; they are not as much above suspicion as a Caesar's wife, and, if they have been violating the law they ought to be reached either by legislation or by court proceedings.

It ought not to be forgotten, however, that most of the complaints have come from people who were trying to defraud their creditors—a class of deadbeats who are entitled to neither sympathy nor maudlin consideration at the hands of legislators. No man who pays his debts promptly has been heard yowling about the injustice of the Murray courts; numerous cases have gone to the district courts from Murray with a uniform record of affirmation for the Murray judgments. Nearly every prominent merchant in Salt Lake will agree that such actions have gone to Lake have been desperate accounts commonly known as dead ducks, the kind of accounts that creditors usually regard as hopeless. While the cases of injustice have been hailed far and wide by the suffering debtor, the thousands of cases where the professional deadbeat has been compelled to settle for what he owed have not been commented upon at all.

While the legislature is spending so much time finding ways and means for the protection of the man who does not and will not pay his bills, it might well spend some time safeguarding the firms and companies that have to bear the losses incident to dishonest debtors. Altogether too much attention has been paid to the woes of the "innocent" debtor. He never pays his share of public taxes or private indebtedness; he dodges and shirks his duty as a citizen and as an individual; he is a burden on the honest men because all credit business has to pay the losses due to his dishonesty. He is entitled to just so much protection as will make him pay what he owes—and no more.

## Growth Of Our Collections

1897	.....	\$ 1,885 57
1898	.....	26,561 65
1899	.....	33,819 24
1900	.....	43,314 92
1901	.....	52,531 00
1902	.....	64,235 44
1903	.....	71,799 00
1904	.....	87,654 98
1905	.....	141,430 48

January 1907, increase over January, 1906..... 5,247 72

February 1907, increase over February, 1906..... 2,042 40

## We Will Collect About \$200,000 This Year

We will collect some for you if you turn in your claims.

## Some of the Clients We Have Collected Good Money For

Client No. 7,324, who does not want name published, claim nine years old.....	\$2,500 00
John Roberts, Cheyenne, Wyo. claim fourteen years old.....	500 00
Augusta L. Scott, Spokane, Wash., claim sixteen years old.....	600 00
Robert Broglieman, formerly Park City, Utah, now Greenwater, Cal., claim.....	550 00
People's Co-op., Lehi, Utah.....	413 20
A. Hatch & Co., Heber City, Utah.....	475 05
Siegel Clothing Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.....	215 00
Dr. W. E. Ferrellee, Murray, Utah.....	239 00
Dr. E. O. Jones, Murray, Utah.....	100 00

## And Thousands of Others

Every dollar collected represented money which was honestly owing, due many months—and often many years ago, The very best Banks, Mercantile Institutions, Merchants, Citizens, Dentists, Doctors, Professional Men and Women received this money after placing their claims with us for collection. Not one dollar of it was paid by any one who did not owe it. Many paid willingly and cheerfully—others are growling about it yet—but generally bright red streaks of honesty exist in everybody. ¶The continued growth of our business requires that we have help. We have a good position to offer to the right business man who wants to invest from three to five thousand dollars, and learn to manage a department of our business. The collection of money due is a science. We have had fourteen years' experience; that many others have failed emphasizes most plainly that it's the "knowing how" that counts. We cannot afford to teach you, even though you would be a valuable employe, unless you are interested in the business. If you or your son wants a fine salaried position with guaranteed interest on the investment, this is a chance which will be open but a short time. ¶We collect more money from hopeless accounts, notes and judgments than any other collection agency in the world. We advertise in every state in the Union, also Mexico and Canada. WRITE OR SEE US AND WE WILL BOTH MAKE MONEY.

## MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION

Fifth Floor Commercial National Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City, Utah.

SCIENTIFIC COLLECTORS OF BAD DEBTS.

Francis G. Luke, General Manager. "Some People Don't Like Us."