

MODERN ALGIERS

HOW THE CAPITAL OF AFRICAN FRANCE IS BOOMING.

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

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ALGIERS, Algeria.—I am in the blazing white, many-terraced city of Algiers, the capital of African France. My hotel is the de la République, on the Place du Gouvernement, next the mosque of Djama el Djedid, within a stone's throw of the great palace which holds the government offices, and just off the Boulevard de la République, in the very heart of the city.

THE BAY OF ALGIERS.

From my window I can look out over the bay of Algiers and the wide Mediterranean, with its ships going out and coming in. The foothills of the Atlas mountains line the opposite side of the harbor and the queer African capitis rises up from it, in terrace above terrace, until it reaches the great white citadel, which formed the residence and chief fortification of the pirate days of the past.

Down at the wharves, where the city begins, are mighty breakwaters which extend out like arms at each end, embracing steamers and sailing vessels

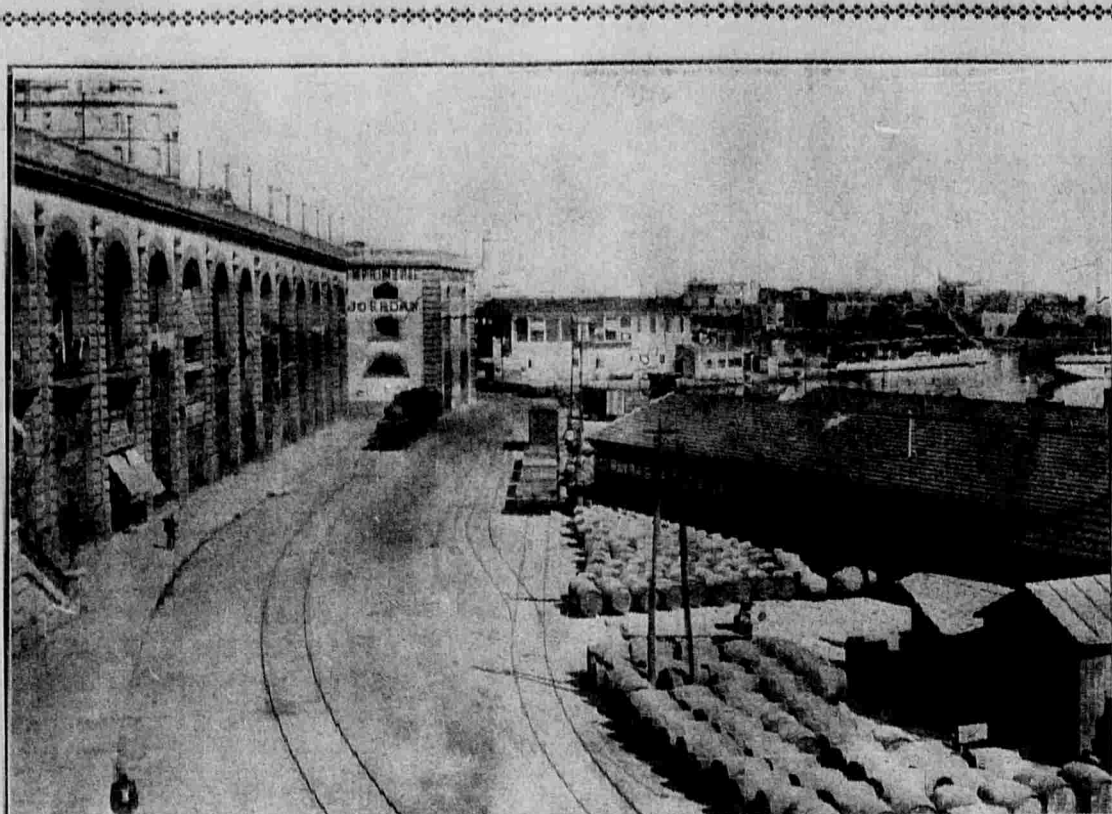
These boats give Algiers a daily communication with its mother country, and they are always loaded with passengers and freight. Their rates are so low that French laborers and mechanics go over by hundreds. A steamer passenger pays only \$2.25 and the third-class travelers pay less than \$5.

A RICH COUNTRY.

Come with me down to the wharves and see something of the enormous trade that Algeria does with all parts of the world. Its commerce is worth having, for it amounts to more than \$125,000,000 a year. Four-fifths of this is with France. Algeria buys from \$50,000,000 to \$60,000,000 worth of goods of her mother country every year, and her sales to France are only about \$10,000,000 less. So far the balance of trade is with France, but the resources of the colony are being rapidly developed and in time Algeria will be in the lead.

Running back from the harbor for a distance of perhaps 500 feet is a level space covered with acres of warehouses. We reach this by stone steps and make our way in and out through mountains of cargo. Enormous wagons, hauled by from three to six horses, are moving about, directed by drivers in urban and bowtie, the railroad engines are shunting cars this way and that, and an army of bareheaded, big-towered Hiskris are loading and unloading all

It Has a Forty-Million-Dollar Boulevard and Many Striking Improvements—One Cent Car Fares, Ten-cent Telegrams and Three-Cent Telephones—Algeria's Commerce—Education Among the Arabs—The old City of the Dey and how his Soldiers Played Foot Ball with the Heads of Christians.



ON THE WHARVES OF ALGIERS.

Back of which, far up, is the Boulevard de la République, constructed at a cost of \$40,000—Photographed for The "News" by Frank G. Carpenter.

harbor are immense loads of coal. Algiers is one of the chief coaling stations of the Mediterranean and nearly all the ships which call here take on fuel. The shipping arrangements are of the best. The harbor has steam cranes and the trains from the interior come right down to the sea so that freight can be taken on board the ships almost direct from the cars.

A \$40,000,000 BOULEVARD.

Now turn your back to the sea, and take a look at the city as it climbs the hills all about you. You must throw your head back and rest it well on your shoulders or you can't see it at all. The city begins with a wall about 100 feet high, it consists of vaults and warehouses, with one of the finest streets of the world over them. The pavement of the street jumps the roofs of the buildings and back and above it rises the rest of the city. The street is the Boulevard de la République. With the warehouses below, its cost was more than \$40,000,000. It was constructed on a long time concession by an English company, and I understand that it pays big dividends today. It is a wide avenue facing the busiest part of the harbor with a stone balustrade running along it. On the other side of the boulevard there are buildings which contain some of the chief banks, shops and business establishments of the city. The stores are on the ground floor and above them are apartments with iron balconies along the front. The buildings are of yellow stucco of the even height of six stories, and they are so constructed that the ground floors open upon an arcade, like that of the Rue de Rivoli in Paris.

Foot passengers climb this boulevard from the wharves by stone steps which wind their way up, and at each end of it are long inclined roadways, up and down which the stream of wagons and carriages steadily moves. On the boulevard itself gayly dressed Europeans, mixed with stately Arabs in turbans and gowns, walk to and fro. Street cars filled with passengers are continually passing, and for 1 cent a man may ride in them and have a magnificent view of the harbor and shipping.

MODERN ALGIERS.

Beginning with the Boulevard de la République is the French quarter, or what might be called modern Algiers; the white extenuated buildings of the Moors and Arabs are on the hill higher up. Indeed, the streets near the harbor would not be out of place in Paris nor in any other city of France. They are smooth and paved with wood blocks. They are walled with French buildings, nearly all of which extend out over the sidewalk, so that the shoppers are protected from the fierce rays of the African sun. This is the case with the Rue Bab-Azoun, which runs just behind and parallel with the Boulevard de la République. It is the fashionable promenade of the business section, and from 4 to 6 o'clock every day it is filled with people buying and selling. The best shops are only along the north side of the street. They have plate glass show windows, filled with beautiful goods, and the avenue walled in by pillars, looks like a museum.

ON THE RUE BAB-AZOUN.

The promenaders are stranger than any to be found at any national exposition on earth. They comprise men and women of all classes from the islands and shores of the Mediterranean sea, as well as the oriental characters of the Desert of Sahara and the Atlas mountains. Europe is well represented. There are French officers, in their gay uniforms, jaunty French soldiers, in high red caps, blue jackets and fat zouave pantaloons the color of brick dust; and French ladies, wearing the latest costumes from Paris. The French dandy is here, also the grisette.

The Mohammedan world walks along with the Christian. Veiled and turbaned ladies who have just left the harem of some rich Arab pass by, wearing white pantaloons, each leg of which is as big as a barrel, and their pantaloons hang in folds, and I am told that it takes 14 yards of cloth to make an ordinary pair. They are clad in at the calves or the ankles, and are sometimes loaded with shot to keep them in shape. Barefaced Jewesses, dressed in gay colors, with bright shawls, and with their black handkerchiefs glued to their foreheads, walk along in couples, and Kabyle women, bronzed and tattooed, ragged and dirty-gowned, come close behind. As the hour of 5 o'clock approaches the Rue Bab-Azoun is packed, and it then looks like a great cave, with a stream of all colors flowing through it.

LIKE EUROPE.

The stores here are like those of Europe. The windows are well displayed, and the goods are usually French. Most of the water here is marked and as a rule they cost no more

than in France.

Another fine business street is the Rue d'Isly. This is the main road to Mustapha Superior, the fashionable villa center, on the hills high above the city. It has many new buildings, the old structures have been torn down, the fortified wall which once girdled Algiers has been removed and many improvements are now being made. The city is rapidly growing, and it has now, with its suburbs, about 150,000 people.

THREE-CENT TELEPHONES.

It is down in the French quarter that the city postoffice is situated. The French have given their colony the best postal facilities, and at rates much lower than we have given Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Philippines or even our own islands. All kinds of goods can be sent by mail at low rates, and there is an enormous mail order business with the mother country.

The telegraph and telephone lines are under the government and the rates show the benefit of government management. They are as low as in France and less than half of our charges either at home or in our colonies. One can telegraph between any two cities of Algeria, which is a country more than five times as large as the state of Indiana, for one cent a word, the minimum telegram costing 10 cents. He can send a telegram to any part of France from any part of Algeria at the same rate. Cables to Great Britain and Germany cost only 5 cents a word, to Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland and Belgium only 6 cents, and to Gibraltar but 7. These are rates for from any part of Algeria to any part of the countries mentioned. They are, I venture, about the lowest telegraph rates of the world.

As to telephones, all the chief Alger-

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THE STORES HERE ARE LIKE THOSE OF EUROPE. THE WINDOWS ARE WELL DISPLAYED, AND THE GOODS ARE USUALLY FRENCH. MOST OF THE WATER HERE IS MARKED AND AS A RULE THEY COST NO MORE

than in France. The rate for business houses in Algiers is \$40 per year, and one can have a three-minute conversation to any part of the city, or to anywhere 15 miles outside it, for 3 cents. And all this is in this black, far behind-the-times continent of Africa!

THEATERS, LIBRARIES AND CHEAP STREET CARS.

Algiers is a city of amusement halls, libraries and schools. There is a city theater, which is subsidized by the government to the extent of \$100,000 a year, a casino which is a kind of second-class mill, and regular concerts by the military bands in the Place du Gouvernement and at Mustapha Superior. It has many clubs and in the winter there are fashionable society gatherings. The governor general then gives balls and receptions, and the French army adds to the gaiety. Mustapha Superior has magnificent villas with tropical gardens situated on the hills 800 feet above the harbor, which are occupied at that time by rich Europeans, and there are also large winter hotels which are then filled with Americans and English.

HOW FRANCE EDUCATES THE ARABS.

African France is doing much along educational lines. Algiers has a university, the children of French citizens, and science and letters. This institution is magnificently situated on the hills overlooking the harbor. It has about 1,500 students and is patronized not only by the French but by the Arabs and Moors. There are also agricultural schools and technical schools of various kinds throughout the colony and Mohammedan high schools, where Arab pupils are prepared for native employment. There is a normal college in Algiers, and not far from it a military school like that at West Point. All the children of French citizens, and indeed, all children except those of the Arabs, are compelled to attend school between the ages of 8 and 14, and there are common schools everywhere. I have found them on the edge of Morocco, far down in the Desert of Sahara, and also in Grand Kabylia, high up in the Atlas mountains. In most of the native schools both French and Arabic are taught, and in many places the little ones write texts from the Koran on their wooden slates and commit them to memory.

As to foreign and native religious houses, these are found in all of the large settlements. There are Moslem shrines and mosques everywhere. The French have a cathedral in Algiers, and the Roman Catholic church has an archbishop. There is a Scotch Presbyterian church in Mustapha Superior, and there are 21 Protestant pastors who share in the government grants for religious support. There are a number of libraries and museums in Algeria. Higher in this city the university has one of each and there is also a national library supported by the French.

OLD ALGIERS.

One might think that these modern innovations would change the character of the Arabs, and that they would throw off the customs and costumes of the Arabian past and adopt those of our modern world, but they do not. Come with me into the native quarter, which adjoins the French section as closely as a patch on a quilt. We climb to it by stone steps. We go up a staircase and enter another world.

Here the streets are too narrow for carriages or horses. The exception of a few cross roads, the walls are so close together that I can stand in the middle and reach them on both sides. Some are so small that the fat Jewesses are squeezed as they go through. In places such as the Rue de Diabla, or street of the devil, the houses are built over the streets, and one climbs through dark pines, as it were, from one level to another. It makes me think of the cave dwellers or the catacombs.

The French city was gay and noisy. This old quarter is sullen and silent. Sober-faced men in turbans and gowns, and women with sheets of white linen fastened up tightly over their faces that they seem to be pasted on, go along in slippers in their voluminous breeches. The city is all up hill and the most of the streets consist of staircases which climb from level to level. The shops are in striking contrast with those of the Rue Bab-Azoun. On each side of the narrow holes in the walls, in which somber Arabs sit surrounded by goods or work away at their trades. Here is a shoe-maker

with four helpers in a boxlike cell not more than eight feet square; just above is a carpenter in a space hardly big enough for his bench, and farther on are men in similar quarters, making jewelry of horns, using their toes as we use our fingers.

How strange the crowd looks! There are bare-legged Hiskris, who have come here from the desert to act as porters, carrying great loads on their backs. There are Kabyles with turbans and big hats in from the farms and there are many fat Mozabites; the Jews of the Sahara, who have come here to make fortunes by trading with the Arabs. Now and then a Christian and Arab. Now and then a native soldier makes his way through the crowd, and a Jewish woman, unveiled, waddles along climbing from level to level. Indeed, old Algiers is the same old, same old, century to century far back into the time of the days, when these people had Christian slaves and their pirates and bands of the terror of Europe. The scenes here are those of the Scriptures. We pass a man who might be an Abraham or an Isaac at every few steps, and are crowded against the wall by others who remind us of the forty thieves. The pious Mohammedan is also in evidence. Turbanned men are praying in business hours, and merchants are to be seen reading their Koran in their shops between sales.

WHERE THE DEY RULED.

Through scenes like this we climbed up to the citadel, which was both the palace and the fortification of the deys of the past. This rises high over the rest of the town, and is now occupied by French troops. There are soldiers at the gates, and we are watched by them as we pass through.

The citadel is surrounded by walls, with great portholes, through which were thrust 200 guns, commanding

the city and harbor. There is one building which the dey devoted to his harem and in which he kept his numerous wives. Another was his mosque, which has been turned into a French church; and a third is a tower which was built right over the entrance gate, and contained his throne room where the dey held court. Carved into the tower above, which hangs down over the entrance gate. Upon it the heads of Christians and criminals, who were beheaded according to orders from the court above, were strung. I am told that the heads were usually shown for 24 hours, and were then taken down and given to the Mohammedan soldiers for foot balls.

A COSTLY BLOW WITH A FAN.

Such were the antics these Moslems were cutting before high heaven when John Quincy Adams was president of the United States. They did not "monkey" with the Yankees, however, for Commodore Desautel had taught them better. Nevertheless, they were still hounding Europe and preying upon the shipping of the Mediterranean sea. They enslaved and murdered the Christians, and insulted the powers when they objected. One morning, along late in the twenties, the dey held an interview with the French consul, during which he was feeling especially bad. He may have been having trouble with his numerous wives; his breakfast may not have agreed with him, or he may have been dissatisfied with the number of Christian heads hung upon the chain below his judgment seat. At any rate, he grew angry during the interview and struck the French consul in the face with his fan. The blow was not heavy, but it cost him his kingdom. France immediately declared war. It conquered the army of the dey, and since then Algeria has been a dependency of France. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

TIRED AND SICK YET MUST WORK

"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done." In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo and often suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

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