

EN ROUTE TO AGADIR



A DOZEN guineas (\$60) would bring one in comfort from the Morocco wharf, London, to Mogador, but it costs quite as much in money and a thousand times as much in nervous force to traverse the short distance from Mogador to Agadir. If Agadir is opened up these cities will only be five or six hours apart by sea. By railway they will be still nearer, and in both cases a few shillings will pay one's fare from one city to the other, writes Francis McCullach in the Chicago Daily News.

At present this journey requires four days of the most toilsome and uncomfortable travelling. At least three mules are necessary—two for the baggage and one for yourself. Your guide sits on one baggage mule, your interpreter on another, while an assistant muleteer belabors your mount in an almost hopeless endeavor to keep it moving at a fair pace.

Mules Lack Vitality.
The mules and horses to be hired in Mogador are a very sorry collection. If we were nearer Spain I should be inclined to imagine that they had been rejected by the Spanish bull fighters as too much lacking in vitality to figure even as passive victims in the bull ring.

"When traveling in most parts of Europe we assume that many things can be bought or hired on the way. When traveling in Morocco we must bring as many things as if we were going to visit an uninhabited island. Pots, pans, kettles, corkscrews, spoons, a tent, beds, soap, tinned meats—it would take pages to exhaust the list. A tent might be dispensed with in the dry season, although even then the dew is very heavy, and one might perhaps do without a mattress, but a camp bed is necessary to raise one above the floor of an Arab patio, which is sometimes a moving mass of fleas.

Another necessary nuisance is an interpreter. All he can do is to tell you how much you have got to pay for fodder and corn, which, as you afterward discover, was not bought at all, but sent to you as a present by the local caid. Your journey is a continuous running fight with your interpreter plus your mule drivers, the latter combination thirsting for

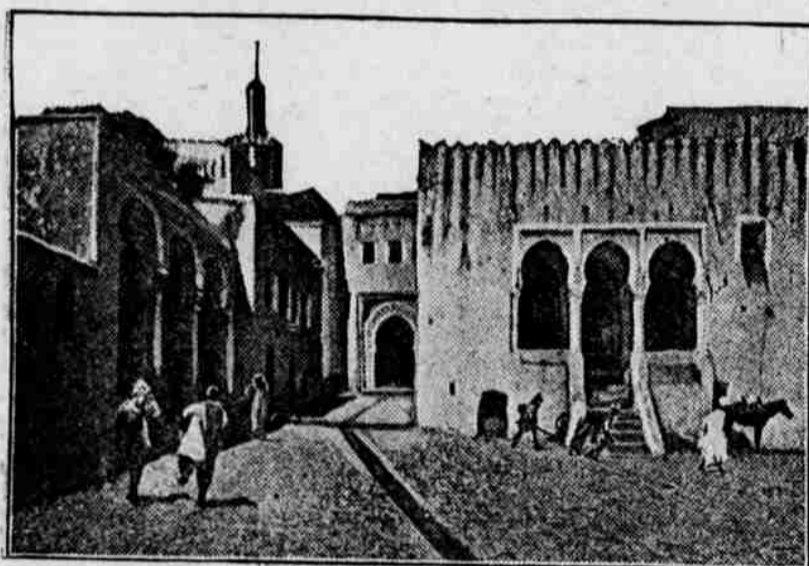
to be uninhabited. Even at Dar-Gilull, however, there is no attempt to create a town. All the houses are apart, generally on hilltops, and the effect of this ascetic aloofness is increased by the severe lines of the houses themselves.

They are all structures of straight lines and fortress-like appearance. They generally take the shape of a long, low rectangle, built of yellowish age-stained stone, with one monastic-looking door, which never seems to be opened, and with no windows at all, or else narrow, infrequent ones, mere slits like those in the tower of London.

Naturally the population of the country is scanty. Most of the people one meets are camel drivers, who have come with their camels sometimes from places four or five days to the south of Agadir. There are only three or four wells on the road, and wherever there is a well there is generally some animation, some signs of local life. At the first well which I passed half a dozen young women were working at a windlass so long and so hard that I suspect there was no water in the well at all, or very little.

A Curious Laundry.
The second well, near Caid Anfluss, was an oblong platform of masonry. It reminded me of a music hall stage, and the resemblance was heightened by the fact that a native gentleman in a Maud Allen costume was dancing on it. On coming closer I found that he was dancing on his week's washing, which consisted of a white garment about as large as a waistcoat, which he had first of all washed in the well. At this point the flocks of sheep and goats, a score of camels and several fine-looking bullocks and the shouts of two young goatherds at play echoing down the valley imparted some animation to the scene. As a general rule a funereal silence hangs over all the country, especially at midday. One hears no village song, no shepherd's pipe.

The most interesting place at which I stopped was the house of the Sheikh Hammuch, a poor caid whose lonely home was built on some sand hills facing the Atlantic, close to the place where the River Eitamer enters the sea. Here I was well received by the



TYPICAL BUILDINGS

your money and you feebly trying to keep down expenditures.

Oh, for a little Arabic, a very little Arabic! Twenty well-chosen words would enable one to dispense with that egregious fraud, the interpreter, a few hundred would enable one to get some inkling into the life of those silent, spidery, light-framed Arabs leading or riding the solemn, spare and spidery camels to which they are so well suited. Without Arabic one is at the mercy of a ring of clerks, translators and go-betweens.

Ordinarily there are three stopping places between Mogador and Agadir—Caid Anfluss, Caid Gilull's and the Sheikh Hammuch's. The first named and the last named are ordinary Arab houses, with great courtyards for cattle and a few stables for men to sleep in. Caid Gilull's is, however, a large fortress-like house surrounded by mud walls loopholed for rifles. It contains, I believe, the tomb of some Mohammedan saint, for no Jew or Christian is as a rule allowed to enter it.

Around Dar-Gilull the land is comparatively fertile, though it is surprising how the harvest manages to grow up between the stones with which the ground is covered. It also supports some scores of Arab families, while the rest of the road seems

master, a spare and elderly Moor, who invited me to sleep in one of his inner rooms looking out on a small patio with a well in the center. He offered me curdled milk, honey and tea, and seemed well disposed toward Europeans. His son, Hadj Mahomet, a tall, lank man of about forty years of age, moving with the peculiar stately movement of the mountain Moor accustomed to riding and habituated to loose, flowing robes instead of trousers, was not very cordial in his welcome. My interpreter told me that he dislikes Europeans and upbraided his father for extending hospitality to me.

Some miles outside Gilull and at another point a few miles outside Agadir is a market, or "soko," where grain, fodder, bread and food of various kinds are sold. A fair is held in these places at stated intervals, when there is much animation and many camels, mules and natives. Ordinarily, however, the score or so of rude stone huts which constitute the soko are quite deserted and uninhabited.

The mountains to the south of Mogador really constitute a natural frontier on the south of Morocco. The absence of roads, of water and of people makes Agadir difficult of approach and may lead to its eventually falling away from Morocco.

BEST OF OUTDOOR FUN

HAPPY THE MAN WHO FINDS DELIGHT IN FISHING.

Enjoyment Not Given to All, and Hard to Cultivate—Health, Strength, Courage and Fortitude in the Sport.

There are in this world two sorts of men, those who fish and those who don't.

The don'ts are divided into those who would if they could, but can't, and those who could if they would, but won't.

The won'ts are still further divided into those who are quite contented that they don't want to, and those who are dissatisfied with themselves because they lack the taste.

When we get as far as this we reach the man who could if he would but won't, and would if he could but can't.

Talk to him about it, and he will tell you something like this:

"Yes; I know that it is a great thing to go fishing. There is my partner. He is a fisherman, says it's fun, and by the way he sticks to it and leaves me here to take care of things, I guess likely it is fun—for him. But as for me, I can't fish. I've tried it, faithfully; have sat in a boat half a day at a time; have tramped miles of stream; have gone through the motions and caught fish, too, but that is not fishing; it does not give me the enjoyment it does others. I am not a fisherman, when I see how others like it, how much good it seems to do them, and how it brightens up the world for them; I often wish I did like fishing. But I don't, and never shall."

That is what the woulds say. Just such cases have come under the notice of almost every fisherman. For there is this about field sports, that while most people are quite ready to recognize what they do for those who follow them, the taste for their true enjoyment is born in one, and is with difficulty acquired in mature years. It may lie long latent, and one may take to fishing or to shooting late in life, but he must have had in him, though dormant and unsuspected, the capacity of enjoyment with the rod or the gun. Not infrequently people take up in late life the fishing rod which has been idle for years, or go shooting once more after a decade of forgetfulness of the field. They renew the sports of their early days, and with them awaken again the youthful spirit, and restore health and strength and courage and fortitude. To be possessed of such tastes is a blessing often too lightly esteemed. The father who endows his son in the care-free days of boyhood with a liking for these sports of the field is equipping him for life with resources of healthful enjoyment.—Forest and Stream.

Largest Novel.

The largest novel in the world has just been finished by a Japanese writer, Klong Te Bakin. It was commenced in 1852, and the author found a publisher willing to publish the novel in volumes as the writer finished them, the last volume being turned over to the publisher this year.

There are no fewer than 106 volumes all told, each one containing 1,000 pages, and each page has about thirty lines each containing an average of ten words, so that the work consists of 106 volumes, 106,000 pages, 3,180,000 lines, and 38,100,000 words, and it weighs about 130 pounds. So far it has not been suggested that this work should be translated and published in England.

It would just be the thing for the library of a convict prison, so that when a man was sentenced to "ten years' hard" he could calmly start at volume one and plod on without interruption till "Finis" was reached. Only some of the poor fellows might be asking for five years more if they were "let off" reading the book.

Loss by Disease.

"From sickness alone our mere money loss each year is \$750,000,000. Conservative American authorities declare that at least one-fourth of this annual loss, approximately, \$200,000,000, can be prevented," said Dr. John B. Andrews of New York, secretary of the American Association for Labor Legislation, before the American Public Health association.

"Recently," he continued, "there has been a remarkable development of interest in occupational diseases, of which 'phossy jaw,' lead colic, miners' asthma, hatters' shakes, potters' rot, boiler makers' deafness, and the brass workers' chills are merely suggestive. "The prevention of occupational disease is too great an undertaking to be left entirely to individual action."

To Whiten Ivory.

To whiten ivory rub it well with unsalted butter and places it in the sunshine. If it is discolored it may be whitened by rubbing it with a paste composed of burned pumice stone and water and putting it in the sun under glass.

CHANGE IN LOVE LETTERS

Typewriter of Today Is Held Responsible for the Curt Notes of Cupid.

With the coming of the typewriter the art of writing love letters, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, seems to have gone out of fashion, and, instead of the ornate missives our grandmothers treasure, the modern love letter reads something like this:

"Dr. Em.: Yrs. recd. It was a daisy. Wish I cd. write as you do. Am very busy, but you know—same as ever. Phone me tomorrow. Will try to catch 3.29 Sat. Meet me at station. If it doesn't rain, we'll have a good game.

"You know what I think of you. So long. A.E. JACK."

Thirty years ago, if Jack's father had been writing to Emma's mother, this same letter would have read thus:

"Dearest Emmeline: Your dear letter this moment reached me, and the beauty of its expression afflicts me with a sense of my incompetency to reply in kind. But you know that my heart beats for you alone.

"Although my time is not my own, I feel that I must snatch a few sweet moments in which to assure you that in this letter I repeat all I ever said or wrote to you, and that I love you better than my life.

"If you could write to me every day in the same strain my work would fairly fly under my accelerated efforts. Such is the influence of your inspiring devotion.

"On Saturday I will be in the train which reaches S— at half after 3. If your dear face were there to welcome me, you know how happy I should be. Whatever plans you may make for our brief holiday I will gladly carry out. My own love, how can I tell you what you are to me?"

"I am yours devotedly and faithfully. JOHN W. WATSON."

Material for Composers.

Modern composers who lack the faculty of creating original melodies sometimes try to console themselves with the reflection that the melodic possibilities have been exhausted. How far this is from being true Dr. Ralph Dunstan has shown: "Even with such a short musical form as the Anglican single chant, which consists in its simple statement of the notes, no less than 60,000,000 different melodies are possible, without regarding the multitudinous differences formed by passing and auxiliary notes, harmonies and rhythmical accentuation. Supposing only one in a hundred of these tones to be musically interesting, we have a possible repertory of 600,000 single chants. And if this be true of such a simple and restricted form of melody, with what overwhelming force does it apply to longer and more important compositions!" The chromatic scale yields over 6,000,000,000 possibilities in the construction of melodies.

Twelfth Century Football.

In the twelfth century football was a game for the streets. The chronicler of that period tells how after dinner the city youths "addressed themselves to football," and how the scholars of each school and the apprentices of particular trades would each have their peculiar ball. There were spectators, too, in those days—enthusiastic spectators. Fathers would come to watch their sons and "become as youthful as the youngest, their natural heat seeming to be revived at the sight of so much ability."

In later years one recalls a famous ball game played in Hyde Park. In 1654, then, "there was a hurling of a great ball by fifty Cornish gentlemen of one side and fifty on the other; one party played in red caps, the other in white." And—here the historical value of the contest—Cromwell was a spectator and applauded the "great agility of body" displayed.

Different Ways of Doing It.

Mrs. Touchley—"I hated to do it, but I had to take some money out of my husband's pockets while he was asleep last night to pay for his birthday present." Mrs. Chargely—"Mercy! I wouldn't dare do such a thing. I used the market money and then had things charged to him.—Kansas City Star.

Maturing Cheese Electrically.

A British trade paper reports that an electrician of Rotterdam has discovered a method of maturing cheese by electricity. The method consists in subjecting fresh cheese to an alternating current for 24 hours, which treatment results in giving to the cheese all the properties hitherto acquired by aging.

Must Have Stimulant.

Where there is neither love nor hatred in the game woman's play is mediocre.—F. Nietzsche.

True Fortitude.

It is easy in adversity to despise death; he has real fortitude who dares to live and be wretched.—Martial.

ADMITTED DEBTS TO WIVES

Statesmen Acknowledge Benefits of Better Halves.

Compliments have frequently been paid by famous statesmen to their wives. It will be remembered how Disraeli dedicated "Sybil" "to the most severe of critics, but a perfect wife," and when a certain wit, who never allowed good taste to wait on his humor, was rallying Disraeli on his marriage he received the cutting reply:

"I married for a motive which I do not expect you to understand—gratitude."

Mr. Gladstone, in old age, said to a friend: "My wife has known every political secret I have ever had, and has never betrayed my confidence," and others have borne tribute to "the tender vigilance which sustained and prolonged his years."

Lady Salisbury, with no aptitude or inclination for public life, was the stay, confidante and social helpmeet of her husband.

At a dinner to Mrs. Lloyd George in London, at which she was presented with a replica of a portrait of her husband, a letter was read from Mr. Lloyd George expressing deep appreciation of the "great kindness which prompts my friends to present to the brave little woman who is my wife a portrait of the troublesome person whom she has stood by through good and evil report."

Housing School Teachers.

The cities of Ulm and Frankfurt, in Germany, are trying a novel plan for housing their teachers. They are selling to their teachers good municipal land at a low price and accepting a mortgage on it at low interest. In Frankfurt this mortgage may amount to 90 per cent of the value, so that the applicant has to provide but 10 per cent from his own funds. The tax and mortgage payments together, it is said, do not amount to any more than reasonable rent, and with his regular "house money," which is always allowed him besides his salary, the teacher is soon the owner of his own home.—London Standard.

Lower Class.

Bobby—There was a new boy in our school today.
Bingo—In your class?
Bobby—I guess not! I licked him with one hand.—Puck.

Impure Blood Gets Good Bath

Wonderful How Quickly Your Entire System Awakens When the Blood is Cleansed.

If you are down with rheumatism; if you sneeze, feel chilled, are choked with catarrh, have a cough, or your skin is pimply and irritated with rash, eczema, or any other blood disorder, just remember that almost all the ills of life come from impure blood. And you can easily give your blood a good, thorough cleansing, a bath, by using S. S. S. There is no need for anyone to be despondent over the illness of blood impurities. No matter how badly they attack the system, or how unsightly becomes the skin, just remember there is one ingredient in S. S. S. that so stimulates the cellular tissues throughout the body that each part selects its own essential nutriment from the blood.

This means that all decay, all breaking down of the tissues, is checked and repair work begins. S. S. S. has such a specific influence on all local cells as to preserve their mutual welfare and afford a proper relative assistance to each other. More attention is being given to constructive medicine than ever before and S. S. S. is the highest achievement in this line. For many years people relied upon mercury, iodide of potash, arsenic, physics, cathartics and "dope" as remedies for blood sickness, but now the pure botanical S. S. S. is their safeguard. You can get S. S. S. in any drug store, but insist upon having it. The great Swift Laboratory in Atlanta, Ga., prepares this famous blood purifier, and you should take no chance by permitting any one to recommend a substitute.

And if your blood condition is such that you would like to consult a specialist freely and confidentially, address the Medical Department, The Swift Specific Company, 149 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Health of Married Men.

A bulletin issued by the New York board of health shows that the death rate among married men is much lower than that among single men. From 20 to 30 the death rate among the married is 4.2, while among the bachelors it is 6.6. From 30 to 40 the rate is, the married, about 6; the single, nearly 13. From 40 to 50 the rate among the married is 9.5; among the single, 19.5.—Kansas City Star.

Good Guess.

The class was discussing animals—how they walked, got up, etc. After she explained the cow's method of rising to her feet, the teacher said: "Do you know any other animal that gets up like a cow?" Silence reigned for a moment, then one little girl timidly raised her hand. "What is it?" asked the teacher. "A calf," was the reply.