

JEW IN MOROCCO

How They Are Made to Suffer, and How They Punish Their Oppressors.

The Jews of Morocco are to my mind at once the most interesting and the most trying race of people I ever met. Subject to restrictions in their life and business which would exterminate an ordinary race of people in two generations, they have grown, prospered and in many places are masters of their masters. It would take more room than I could give to tell you the story of the Jews in Morocco, so I must be content with the shortest sketch possible. No one knows just where the Moorish Jews came from, but of course they have been connected with the lost tribes and all that. The main facts are that they are in Morocco without knowing themselves just how they got there. Among the anomalies connected with them is that they are hated and despised by the Moors, subjected to every insult and degradation that can be imagined; yet they are recognized as such necessary members of society that there is a law, which is actively enforced, forbidding Jews to leave the country under any circumstances. The Jews, outside of one or two coast towns, are treated worse than the meanest and lowest animals; and, whether in the way of retaliation or the means which in the first place secured them this brutal treatment I am not competent to say they in return treat the Moors with fairly devilish cruelty when they get them in their power, as they often do through money transactions; for, as in other lands, the superior cunning of the Jews makes them the bankers of the country, and, with a debtor's law which allows the imprisonment of a man until his debt is discharged, there are ample opportunities for the Jews to act as fiends incarnate.

In return for this a Moor thinks no more of killing a Jew, if he can do it quietly, than of killing a rat. The Jews are not allowed to carry arms of any kind, nor to ride upon a horse, mule, donkey or bullock, but must make all journeys on foot; neither are they allowed to wear any foot covering outside of their own quarter, where they are herded together like animals, their dress being regulated and restricted so they may always be known from the believers at a glance, and they are forbidden to build any places of worship or to hold religious services of any kind—which command is religiously disregarded, services being held regularly in their houses, with, in some cities, a guard posted to inform of the approach of strangers. If there is any nasty work to be done, as for instance the embalming of heads of executed rebels, so that they may hang the longer at the traitor's gate, the Jews are pressed into service; if the Sultan, or one of the officers, wishes a few thousand dollars to meet a sudden demand, some wealthy Jew who has paid the least for protection, is seized without notice and thrown into a dungeon until he has been squeezed out of a proper sum.

If a Jew meets a Moor, no matter how low the position of the latter, he is obliged to step barefooted into the filth of the middle of the street so as not to touch the garments of a follower of the Prophet, and he is not allowed under any circumstances to enter the street upon which a mosque is situated. The punishment for the disregard of any of these laws is simply terrific, ranging from burning to death to bastinadoing. Of the peculiar marriage arrangements of the Jews I shall have more to say later, as well as of their household arrangements, and in changing the subject I may add that the use of the bath, either for the face or the body, is totally unknown among the Jews, except the hand bath before eating, at other times the face being simply rubbed with a dry cloth when it becomes unrepresentable. The Jews of Morocco look upon themselves as a persecuted race, but from my own observation I think I had rather be a Jew than a Moor, as far as persecution is concerned, for his deadly hatred of the Moor, coupled with his own superior cunning, gives him in the course of his life-time a chance to return oppression for oppression, and to my certain knowledge the dungeons of Morocco are filled with Moors rotting to death in payment of debts owed to this same persecuted race.

—Put down the day of the month in which you were born, multiply by 2, add 7, multiply by 50, add your age in years only, subtract 365, multiply by 100, add the number of the month you were born in, add 1500. The result will be the first (one or) two figures will give you the day of the month of your birth, the next two your age in years, and the last two the number of the month in which you were born, if no mistake is made.

—A Georgia man has a three-legged chicken which, it is said, grows tired of walking on two legs, corkscrews itself over and hops along on the third in a highly entertaining and original manner.

—Sir Morell Mackenzie is afflicted with asthma and smokes stramonium cigarettes to obtain relief therefrom.

A DAY IN JOPPA.

Sights and Scenes in One of the World's Oldest Cities.

Landing at Joppa, Dr. Geikie begins his observations at once. Joppa is one of the oldest cities in the world, and the first possible landing place as one sails northward from Egypt. Yet there is difficulty in landing. Reefs of rocks defend the shore, the bay is shallow, sharks are not unknown, and the coast is much exposed. Your vessel anchors half a mile out at sea, and a throng of flattish-bottomed galleys soon surround the ship to carry passengers through the opening in the reefs to land. A babel of cries, unintelligible to Western ears, fills the air; but by degrees the motley crew of deck passengers, of the most varied nationalities, veiled women, shawl-covered Arabs, black Nubians with their red fezes, brown Levantines, turbaned Syrians, or Egyptians with their flowing robes of all shades, all drift by degrees into the boats, and for a time at least you see the last of their red or yellow slippers, and hear their noisy jargon no more. They, you, who have shrunk / possibly from this crushing crowd of Orientals, have your turn, and the skillful and strong-armed oarsmen whisk you through the opening in the reefs across the shallow harbor, and then suddenly, when you are twenty or thirty yards off shore, you are seized and carried in the bare arms or on the back of a boatman, through the shallow water to the tumbled-down old quay built of stones from the ruins of Caesarea, and at last you find yourself treading on the soil of the Holy Land.

Not a very dignified entrance, perhaps, but the boats could not approach closer, and you have fared no worse than the bead-eyed Greeks or the hook-nosed Romans did thousands of years ago. At one period Venice organized a spring and autumn packet-service (how strangely modern that sounds) to Joppa and built a mole to protect the shipping; but since the reign of the "unspeakable Turk," every thing has relapsed into a state of nature. And so from the earliest times Phœnician and Egyptian, Roman and Crusader, English and American, all have to acknowledge the power of the treacherous waters.

Pursuing our way through the street, we find it rough enough. Once paved, the stones have long since risen or sunk above or below their proper level. Dust-bins and sewers being apparently alike unknown to the idle oriental, every kind of foulness bestrews the way. The buildings are of stone, with little or no wood anywhere, timber being scarce in Palestine. The arch is, hence, universal. As you ramble on you see that no light enters the shops except from the front—that they are, in fact, something like miniatures of the gloomy holes sometimes made out of railway arches in England.

Tables of cakes or sweetmeats line the narrow streets. Rough awnings of mats, often sorely dilapidated, or tent-cloths, or loose boards resting on a rickety structure of poles, partially shade the roadway. Now we meet a turbaned water-carrier with a huge skin bottle on his back. The bottle is, in fact, a defunct calf, with water instead of veal within, and without legs, head or tail, and offering a most forcible illustration of the reference to the placing of new wine in old bottles.

Further on we see a bare-armed and bare-legged individual in ragged skull-cap, cotton jacket, and cotton knickerbockers, chaffing with some roadside huckster for some delicacy, costing a farthing or two, from some of the mat baskets on the table; the bearded vendor, also bare-armed and bare-legged, sits as he tries to sell, his head swathed in a white and red turban, and his body in pink and white cotton. Of course there is a lounge at his side looking on.

Then again we see an Arab in "keffiyeh" or head shawl, with a band of camel's-hair rope, very soft, around his head to keep the flowing gear in its place, and a brown and white-striped "abba" for his outer dress; he is bargaining for a bridle at a saddler's, and trying to cheapen it; and the saddler sits cross-legged on a counter and under a shady projection of wood and reeds, which gives him much-needed shade. And thus we see glimpses of ordinary every-day life in the old town of Joppa. —*Queer.*

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Robert Grant, the story writer, is a Boston lawyer with a country residence at Nahant.

—About the hardest-worked man on the *Century Magazine* is the reading editor—the Master of Manuscripts, as it were. His name is C. C. Buel, and he holds the fate of many literary aspirants in his hands.

—Mr. Alcott's grave is in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery, at Concord, between the graves of Thoreau and Emerson, and not far from that of Hawthorne. His oldest and only surviving daughter is Mrs. Pratt, who has two sons. His youngest daughter, May, died in 1879, leaving a daughter who still lives. Mr. Alcott had no sons.

MORAL COWARDICE.

An Incident Connected with the Introduction of Life Jackets.

A man often illustrates by his own behavior the difference between moral and physical courage. He is brave enough calmly to face dangers that threaten his life, and yet has not sufficient courage to encounter the ridicule of his comrades.

An illustration is given by the deep-sea fishermen who supply London with fresh fish. They trawl on the Bogger bank, a shoal in the German ocean between England and Denmark. It is about one hundred and seventy miles north and south by sixty-five miles east and west. About twelve thousand men are employed in this fishery, and each smack stays eight weeks on the bank, and then returns to port to refill.

The catch of fish, packed in one hundred pound boxes, is sent every two or three days to Billingsgate by steamers. The boxes are transferred from the smacks to the steamer in small boats, and in rough weather the transshipment is such dangerous work that many lives are lost in the ferrying.

A benevolent gentleman who saw the process was so much impressed with its perils that he spoke to the owner of a large fleet about lessening the danger.

"We lose, on an average, thirty-five men every year in ferrying fish," said the owner.

"But don't you think many lives could be saved if life-belts were worn," asked the gentleman.

"No doubt, but the men won't wear them; they are afraid of being laughed at and called cowards."

"In other words, they won't wear them because they are cowards," suggested the gentleman.

"Yes, I suppose that is the truth," said the owner, with a smile.

It was the truth. The brave fishermen were wanting in the moral courage which could face ridicule. The gentleman made a note of the fact, and when, at a later day, fishing vessels came under his control, he made it a rule not to engage a man unless he agreed to wear a life-jacket while ferrying fish. His action prompted other owners to provide life-jackets for their men and to insist that they should be worn. —*Christian of Work.*

SPREADING MANURE.

Old-Fashioned Opinions Which Are Not Founded on Careful Tests.

The practice which is becoming more common, of spreading fresh manure on land and allowing it to remain through winter till the rains and melting snows carry the soluble portions down into the thawing soil early in spring, is still opposed by some on the ground that the enriching portions are thus washed away from the land and wasted. This opinion appears to be founded on theory, and not from careful test. In one case heaps of fresh manure were placed on steep hill-sides covered with grass. The rains washed the heaps, and carried the liquid manure about five feet at the furthest down the hill, and by that distance it was all absorbed by the earth. A part of the liquid was washed away from the heaps before the ground was thawed and while it was yet in the condition of ice. But as soon as there was enough water to dissolve the soluble manure, there was at the same time quite enough soil thawed to absorb and hold it. There was no difficulty whatever in the process, for the rain did not come down like a running brook over the whole broad surface, but the rain drops sprayed it gently, and the thawing earth could easily absorb all the fertilizing parts, which constituted but a small portion of the liquids. If the heaps had been thrown into the bottom of a brook, the result would have been different, but farmers would not make such mistakes unless they did so on purpose.

This question was discussed last winter at the annual meeting of the Western New York Horticultural Society, when, in answer to this objection, Mr. J. A. Root said he had found a great benefit to have land covered in winter, and that it was better to place the manure on the ground than to allow it to waste. Mr. Rupert said that a farmer near him draws out manure and spreads it on a steep hill-side, with a descent of forty-five degrees, and he could see no effect of the manure two or three feet below. A strong soil would, however, retain it much better than a light gravelly or porous one. —*Country Gentlemen.*

—Doctor, I hear that Briggsby has started a new paper. "So I am told, but I haven't seen a copy." "He told me the other day that it would be bold and aggressive. I wonder if it's that kind of a sheet?" "I guess it is. I sewed up a scalp wound for him this morning." —*Lincoln Journal.*

—War will be possible at long range hereafter. A cannon has been invented which throws a 500 pound ball twelve miles.

THE RUBBER INDUSTRY.

How the Raw Caoutchouc Is Made Into Neat and Useful Shoes.

Supplementary to the great shoe-making business here is the rubber industry, for which Boston is the great center in this country. Forty million dollars' worth of rubber shoes and boots is sold in the modern Athens annually. The chief manufacturing towns in this line are Bristol and Woonsocket, R. I., Melville and Framingham, Mass. All the rubber goods made in these places are brought hither to market. The raw material comes from Para, Brazil, in huge lumps, which the natives make by dipping sticks in the sap of the caoutchouc tree and turning them around with frequent plunges into the heated rubber, over a hot fire. These lumps, upon reaching the factory, are cut in slices, which are run through heavy rollers and pressed out thin and flat, like pancakes. The sheets thus obtained are next put through other rollers, heated to a high temperature, and incidentally amalgamated with a composition of lampblack, sulphur, and litharge, which reduces them to a soft and putty-like consistency. Finally, in this soft condition, they are passed over steel rollers bigger than any that have gone before, and actually incorporated with the tissue of a woolen cloth which is destined to serve as the lining of the eventual boot or shoe. If you will try to pull apart the lining and outer coat of a rubber sandal, you will obtain a notion of the thoroughness with which this part of the manufacture is performed. The rubber sheets, thus prepared, are passed through a last set of rollers, on which are engraved all the markings and corrugations of sole and upper that appear in the completed article. The rubber sheets are now ready for the cutter, who turns out the various pieces by hand, with the aid of a knife, and patterns. The parts are then put together by other workmen with rubber tape. When this much has been accomplished, the shoe or boot is lasted in the usual way, and, after being varnished, is allowed to remain for eight hours in a room heated to the temperature of 235 degrees. The heat sets the varnish and tempers the rubber, which is then termed "vulcanized." The stamping of the firm name on the sole is the concluding operation, and then the rubber shoe is ready for sale. A good rubber boot has twenty-six pieces, the putting together of which, when the caoutchouc is warm and readily made adhesive with tape along the joining edges, requires a small skill. —*Boston Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

GOURDS AND POTTERY.

The Probable Origin of a Most Important Art Industry.

Every man, no doubt, used his gourd as a gourd alone. But as time went on he began at last, apparently, to employ it as a model for pottery also. In all probability his earliest lessons in the fictile art were purely accidental. It is a common trick with savages to put water to warm on the camp-fire in a calabash or gourd with wet clay smeared over the bottom to keep it from burning. Wherever the clay thus employed was fine enough to form a mold and bake hard in shape, it would cling to the gourd, and be used time and again in the same way without renewal, till at last it came to be regarded almost as a component part of the compound vessel. Traces of this stage in the evolution of pottery still exist in various outlying corners of the world. Savages have been noted who smear their dishes with clay; and bowls may be found in various museums which still contain more or less intact the relics of the natural object on which they were modeled. In one case the thing imbedded in the clay bowl is a human skull, presumably an enemy's.

In most cases, however, the inner gourd or calabash, in proportion as it was well coated up to the very top with a good protective layer of clay, would tend to get burned out by the heat of the fire in the course of time, until at last the idea would arise that the natural form was nothing more than a mere mold or model, and that the earthenware dish which grew up around it was the substantive vessel. As soon as this stage of pot-making was arrived at, the process of firing would become deliberate, instead of accidental, and the vessel would only be considered complete as soon as it had been subjected to a great heat which would effectually burn out the gourd or calabash imbedded in the center. —*Grant Allen, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—Race-Horse—"What a humdrum life you carriage-horses lead. Why, I am greeted by cheers whenever I appear, and my pedigree has been printed in all the papers." Carriage-Horse—"Pooh! Any fool of a horse with long enough legs can run fast. My glory is not in my speed but in my brains." "Brains, eh?" "Yes, I've been driven by a woman for five years, and haven't let her run me into any thing yet." —*Omaha World.*

MAKING ENGLISH-GUNS.

How Mighty War Engines Are Constructed in Woolwich Arsenal.

Passing on to the gun factory proper, which is the great center of attraction to all visitors, whether military or civilian, we find ourselves surrounded by huge masses of glowing metal, in process of forging, welding, or shrinking, or undergoing a curious process of disemboweling by means of a powerfully-constructed borer. Guns of workmen were busily engaged heating, sawing and planing sections of guns of all sizes and shapes, which are intended for the navy, the field occasion may require, and harbor home defense. The great object in view here at the present time is to provide, as soon as possible, for the security of which so much would depend in time of war. The guns are shipped off from the arsenal pier as they are turned out, but the work of constructing a "Woolwich infant" by no means as expeditious as could be desired. This new form of weapon, not made out of one solid casting, of several distinct hoops or rings, solid and carefully-prepared steel, the base of the gun is up-ended and ring after another is fitted upon, while the metal is in a red-hot state, each hoop slightly overlapping the other, and shrinking as it cools. Careful preparation of the metal, the construction of the splendid machinery for the adjustment of the gun, of which the gun is built up, are matters about which the arsenal authorities are wisely reticent—in fact, to no information is given in these departments to visitors, and it is scarcely to be expected in these days of international competition for the possession of the best weapon which can be made at any cost. The specialty Woolwich is its big guns—now famous and historic. This particular class of gun is nowhere else, and in fact, is a production altogether of the hands and sinews of the arsenal hands themselves, the inventor of the most important process connected with manufacture being a foreman in works. In the welding of these monsters of destruction, which carry a ball of a ton weight over a distance of seven and a half miles, means of which Trafalgar could be bombarded from a base placed a long way below Greenwich on Sydenham hill, the largest hammer in the world, with a striking force of a thousand tons, is employed. This mammoth tool was set in motion by the Prince of Wales some years ago in the presence of a distinguished company of scientists, who had assembled to witness the effect of its titanic blow upon the masses of molten metal which were placed beneath it.

The bullet-machine is always a attraction to visitors. It is working the simplest way by a lad, who, turning a handle, hour after hour produces on unending stream these glittering messengers of death, which drop from the lips of clever contrivance without ceasing from morning till night. I had a curious fact in connection with English bullets—namely, that one in every 174 "finds its billet" in the body of the unfortunate enemy. German average is even lower, somewhat comforting, therefore, to think, as one gazes on the silver shower raining from the lips of hundreds of bullet machines in an arsenal, that after all every bullet saw gleaming so viciously in the before us did not represent the life of a human being, be he German, the Kaffir. It is a striking sight to see the manipulation of the tiny bits of metal by the iron fingers and hands of the deft machinery in the and cartridge-making shops. In these delicately-constructed tools, turn out, it is said, 4,000,000 per week. The minutest portion of cap and cartridge is carefully examined (as, indeed, is detail of the output of the arsenal) so that nothing imperfect may way into the pouches or hands of brave soldiers in the moment of when face to face with the enemy the deadly breach" or on the battle. The cartridges which beat in and the bayonets which beat in terrible struggles in the Southern arsenal. We had only a few minutes to spare for a glance at the department, where saddles and collars and traces, bits and harnesses, always kept stacked and ready for instant dispatch to the of the empire. The wheel works of the carriage works were turning large supplies of beautiful constructed gun carriages for mountain service. —*Full Mail.*

—The word bandanna (band Hindustani. Band hnu (hand the), a mode of dyeing in which fabrics is tied in knots so as to the color from the knotted parts, and thus produce white spots. —*can Notes and Queries.*