

ITALIAN WAR SHIP BENEDETTO BRIN, WHICH SHELLLED TRIPOLI.

THE BENEDETTO SPAIN

PICTURESQUE TRIPOLI IS

Tripoli are irrigated solely with
drawn from wells in great skin
etc. raised by cows. In the old
tive method evolved when the
was young.

A CITY OF MANY TONGUES

Geographic Description of Trip to Centre of Turco-Italian Difficulty — Its Population Embraces Representatives of All Peoples Along the Mediterranean — Rug and Silk Weaving Its Chief Industries.

Tripoli, over which Italy and Turkey are but faintly illuminated and the shadows in the narrow thoroughfares loom black and fearsome after the sun has set, is a suffering, distressed city. The streets are fairly clean and the few shops are brightly lit, but the air is frequently swept, by hand, with a broom at one time or another dominates the seacoast and extended into the interior; there are the Arabs, who have been driven from the islands to the Jews, who in the century past have repopulated the devastated city.

ish Vilayet of Tripoli, situated on a promontory which stretches into the Mediterranean on the African coast. The town of Haifa, forming a crescent-shaped bay, with water from fifteen to twenty feet deep. Reeds make out for

Native Police Fine Body.

During the past winter the gendarmie were being reorganized under the supervision of a young Englishman, Mr. J. H. B. Smith, a Scot-
lander, who had spent part of his training at the police school at London.

on the west and south, but in the east stretches the great oasis of a million date palms, to which, and to harbor the city owes its location. Soil formerly independent is now under the governing of the Ottoman Empire, administered by functionaries of the Turkish authorities to superintend the work. These native police are a fine looking lot of men, soldierly and capable appearing in the uniform of the British army, with high boots and brownish caps resembling the shape of a fez. Two of them had been de-

The Porte, the chief bugle of the "fall," or Governor.

The Italians for years have striven to bring about the establishment of commercial enterprises and they now practically control the general trade of the country.

Turkish officials are more or less friendly to the foreigners who failed to accompany two women tourists in the city during the time the Turkish Government was closed and their duty of keeping the curious crowd at a distance more or less pleasing.

Carriages, though restricted in use by the Porte, since the introduction of French. Since the introduction

port. The great Banca di Roma, which has been the backbone of governmental status, engages in banking, commerce and trade of every kind, apparently less with an eye to immediate profit than to ultimate control. Its Tripolitan business, however, is not so extensive as that of the streets, are many in the town, some very comfortable, and generally on the victoria order with two horses. Everyone drives and the carriage one has to be stuck with, and is pulled by any of the strange desert people. The drivers encounter their horses

own a large financial debt. The sports, excepting asparto grass which goes mainly to England, are passing over and more into Italian control. The question but that Italian interests for outweigh those of any other nation.

With an expressive grunt of apparent disgust, the equivalent of the sound of an active naphtha lamp, he said, "The Arab renderings of the Yankee, 'Git up, thar.' The trappings of the carriage horses are fairly sombre, in contrast to the

The native population of the area was once prosperous, but there are cases of distressing poverty, especially the Lomads straggling in from the wastes of the desert.

Three Hotels in City.

Reached by Water. The Province of Tripoli comprises, beside the city, a water-locked area, the Town of Benghazi to the east of the capital, and Mourzouk to the south, a total population probably

There are two ways of reaching ripoli, each by water—by boat from arreselles, via Agliers or by train, via Saviglioglio. The latter is more preponderant.

The Germans are now running occasional excursions to the city, but so far, with that exception, it is rare to meet a tourist in the town. The town is a most picturesque, the city lying white on the edge of the desert, the line of

to the two-storey houses built by the massive Turkish fortress and are the only ones with domes and minarets. One finds queer passengers and the ships are usually clean and are also fairly comfortable with an abundant and well-served lunch. Tripoli having a large export trade in sponges, the "Souks," as the little shops are called, are so situated in kind, the leather workers being in the same district as the shoemakers and the goldsmiths and Marcus Aurelius in another, and rug merchants in a lower course of this arch are filling. Each shop is very tiny, some in the accretions of the century

times a mere hole in the wall, hardly more than 9 by 6 feet, and some even smaller. The workmen devote themselves to their tasks during the morning until the breakfast at 12, which usually consists of "kouskous" or an allied stew with still give evidence of former

one should always arm oneself with two comforts in travel—in powder and a knowledge of French. The handsome Frenchman, who is found in small boats, which warm about as the ship comes to anchor, does not enter the town by sea save when work begins again. The silver-smiths, whose shops are also their workrooms, do really beautiful work in their tiny places, but a stranger is heralded from afar, and a great throng of people, headed by a clamorous crowd, offer

ough the Customs House, where, it is said, the examining officials are of the Turkish officials, are ordinarily most rigorous.

Passing from the Customs one enters at once the narrow, illpaved streets of the city, winding, during the day, between the dense, overhanging Roman coinsilver bangles, necklaces, plus—everything one can imagine in the way of jewelry. Some of the necklaces are protected from the rays of the sun by heavy tressed carapines whose leaves and tendrils extend quite across the narrow street

people that go to make up it of the desert. It is a fascinating place, and one never tires of visiting it. There are many interesting and queer articles offered for sale. It is a place of exchange for all the products of the region—fruits, wax,

men, they donkeys almost buried
thrust their burdens, Arabs, Berbers,
Sudanese, Turkish soldiers and many
others with tight white trousers and
sleeved tunics, some of them
borne by Arabs clad in loose tunics
dyed brown, with bare legs, and arms,
The workers on ivory are not many,
but produce exquisite results.
Tripoli is the focus of three great
caravan routes from the Sudan and
from Timbuctoo and Lake Tchad
to the coast. The large caravans
are laden with ivory, ostrich feathers,
bearing ivory and feathers and car-
peting, furs, skins and blankets, and
wool, riding and pack animals, and
the Arabs, sheep, donkeys, horses, camels—all
hands at this busy place.
Tripoli was, perhaps in the last
century, the slave trade on the coast
of the Mediterranean.

supporting poles on the shoulders from which the burdens are hung. The women are dressed in colorful saris and are seldom more than two colors high and give but little idea of the comfort one sometimes finds with them. The larger and more pretentious of the houses are made of mud and brick and built back to those remote regions the products of Europe: cutlery, cotton, cloth, etc. The round trip occupies about a month, and the goods are highly important parts of the exports harvested near the town. It is a straggling growth, growing in clumps and in the open spaces, and is exposed to be suppressed, but it is difficult to determine whether it still can be carried on surreptitiously on a small scale.

It is not clear how it appears to be bent in Tripoli, but the country is stranger to the scenes of the

It is gathered largely by nomads and by the natives of the oases, in the dull times when their crops of dates and olives, oranges, lemons and har-does do not demand their attention. The days of Tinnah, the day of the har-bour, is the day of the nomads, and the day of the natives of the oases. The days of Tinnah, the day of the har-bour, is the day of the nomads, and the day of the natives of the oases.

On a low bench, and in his house the same fashion is followed. Among the few Europeans of wealth in the country, and of course the same refinement of living that exists elsewhere. Lights are good—old-fashioned kerosene lamps, and some

times one hundred candles. The streets' palm gardens and the little fields at | ing bricklayers.
