in what they saw that they did not have another sense than sight. My
uncle, being in good condition, had the Sunny morning. He turned to be quite
uncomfortable, the place did not smell
nearly as loud as I had expected,
and I was quite surprised sexual times
when I entered the handkerchief.
I found the air really breathable.
Once we were picking our
way through a very narrow street
so narrow that only three people
could walk abreast, and orth-
head the narrow sides of the houses
or go down sides of the street actually
 touched each other forming a kind
of arch way — once I got the shock
of my life. The quick went up to a
door and opened it telling me to
follow him in. I thought the
dirty shoes were enough for me
with our actually touching one of
these buildings for I had been
lodging Algiers all afternoon so
that none of them should actually
ouch me. Well in we went -
and up my handkerchief tight

Mediterranean
March 24, 1925
Two o'clock P.M.

Dear Mother,

This is going to be a terrible ordeal.
Algiers is a large city and has many
beautiful interesting things in it. It is
to whether it had Interesting things in it
about or not is quite a different matter.

In the first place, en route to Algiers
I'd about 10:15 o'clock. As soon as we
fired a carriage first thing thing and began
riding through the streets. We drove through a beautiful, residential section,
filled with gardens and orchards and
then we began climbing. Up and up
the houses pulled until we had come
out to the edge of a great high hill
from which we could view the whole
city. It was my minaret. The
high white buildings with their tiles
were and many of them with domes, the
Mohammedan minarets with their tall
miracles, the gardens and parks
scattered here and there over the city
all with the harbor in the background.
was indeed a pretty sight. Beautiful and
attractive to the eye, it was also a delightful
place to be. The gardens were well-maintained, with
flowers and trees of all kinds. The air was fresh and
inviting, and the sound of waterfalls and birds
added to the peaceful atmosphere.

Perhaps more interesting than the gardens,
however, was the political situation in the city.
After leaving the gardens, we walked through
a bustling market area. The people were busy,
trading goods and services. The city was a
vibrant place, full of life.

The buildings were impressive, with
colored tiles and intricate designs. The streets
were narrow and winding, making the
city feel almost like a labyrinth. The
colorful crowds added to the
electric atmosphere.

As we walked through the city, we
noticed a group of people gathered around
a fountain. They were enjoying the
warmth of the sun, chatting and
generating a sense of community.
The fountain was a focal point of the
garden, with water flowing gently
from the basin.

The gardens were not just a place
for relaxation, but also a place for
thought and reflection. The
scenery was beautiful, and
the atmosphere was serene.

In the end, the gardens
were more than just a
place to visit; they were
a reminder of the
beauty and magic of the
city. The gardens
were a testament to
the hard work and
passion of the people
who created them.
all go in the narrow space which is called 
the housetop. The housetop is the main 
language of the people, but many others speak 
Arabic. There are the loveliest little 
rooms in this place you could ever 
see. They are usually called 
corridors, but they themselves. 

We'll see the next thing we come 
to is the most interesting of 
the whole trip in Algiers. We 
entered through a tiny narrow door in side 
of the buildings and found inside 
a dark, damp, dirty, smelly 
room filled with little boys sitting 
around on the floor and chanting 
the Koran. This was very much the 
same as the little boys I was reminded of the little boy in the Bible School. 
They were sitting there with some men 
and girls. Well, that's exactly 
what they little kids (just a few 
years old) will be doing—just 
ifying from room 
room to room. I think the rachis lasts about 
sixteen years old and nine months. 
Boy, the next around with a leg (why 
and get after any who were not chanting 
their lesson night.

These children are all Mohammedans 
and the funny little red cap, just like 
the one on that little celluloid doll 
that I bought for me and called the 
Teheran Trunk. Everywhere through 
out the city, you see men and boys 
with little blue and red caps or turbans 
made of blue wound about their head. 
They all wear a large winding robe 
like you see in the Bible pictures. 
All the boys usually have nothing 
but their lap over the plus a few 
old pieces of rag for pantaloons. 
The women don't wear much as 
though they had dressed up in a 
shirt for St. Valentine. The shirt 
usually comes down to their eyes 
and the front and back draped around 
their chin hanging all 
around them in folds. They 
wear long bloomers always white 
but usually dirty. Each foot leg 
is leg enough to make a couple 
glimpsed on belt. These reach mid-
A veil is fastened across the top of their noses and hangs down about an inch below their chin. I don't know how they keep their noses out of their mouths but I know that it is a big help to business for I don't imagine there are very many of them that would be at all pleased to look upon. The little you can see of them has a very haggard appearance and you are glad. What the veil so fastened affords. There is a touch of prettiness about their eyes that looked youthful and I would like to have seen them under the veil but only twice the whole day.

The children are mostly dirty but always cute. They are taught to come from babyhood to learn and believe me one of them made very good singers. When they stand up at noon it is all you can do to keep from bankrupting yourself. They smile with their lips closed. So sweet a look which they all have seems to charm their infantile charm.

Then one night having safely passed the dark宣讲 I found myself in a beautiful Moorish court. There was a fountain in the center, the floor and walls were all of white marble to sweet order of soap filled the place and I might add was very welcome. Everything was perfectly clean. At one corner of the court there was a stair way that wound up and up for four or five stories. At each story was a balcony. We climbed up to the top. Here we could overlook the city. It looked from here just a mass of buildings. The walls so close together that you could not see a single street. We came to a long deep cleft of the pink air and then returned instantly to the dingy street. Again we started down the middle of the way. This are no wide walks in this part of the city because there is no room for them. The cobble stones are laid right up to the house and the doorkeepers and beggars the children and turn...
The description of a letter I will begin to write you a letter. In the first place, I hope this finds you well—
all of you. I am in splendid health. I do my daily chore when I get up in the morning, but I've mixed a day
and play schuffleboard for outdoor exercise every day. I'm getting far
for our new routine isn't as
much yet but my husband.

We've been having a great
time together, and gradually I've
degreed as it were. I am getting
acquainted with Daniel. She
told me yesterday to call her Maia.
She likes it. Daniel has more
fun in her than I thought she had
at first. But once in a while she
gets a cranky streak and when she
does she reminds me for all the
world of Aunt Mary.

I'm going to visit you at the
mosque in the afternoon where the
Mohammedan men will be kneeling
in prayer and bouncing their heads
on the floor while the priest yelled
out in a shrill meaningless monotone
(we can't understand) the words of the
Koran.

We stood in the old slave
market where the pirates bought
and sold Christians and the
visited museum where old relics
from the pirate days are kept. It
was thrilling to see the whole city
with all its beauty, with all its
equatorial is fascinating because
of the Arabs from the desert
that you see in the market in a
coffee house and because of the
sticking contracts you find
everywhere. In one shop you
will see a show window that is
absolutely modern American and
on the other door step sits an
old Mohammedan with his turban.
and flowing water that looks like
the surface of rest above Christ. The
city is filled with anomalies of
this nature. Little ragged boys
with their heads tied up showing
some order of Mohammedans playing
trumpets with the same skill with
that our little American boys and
girls use.

The most pathetic thing in all
of our journey is the fact that these folk
lead. The men always lying,
arguing, licking, screaming, the
women always working. Little
boys and little girls
in my shop learning a trade.

Mother, if you think any of the
description I send you could enable my
son to see it makes me sad to think
I wish you would help him for me. I

send you the orange that I have eaten so many
at home. It is a very juicy one so

much better than the others. It is as
ripened or ripe as you can find.

Don't you worry, the orange is
not as good as I'm afraid.