
GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA

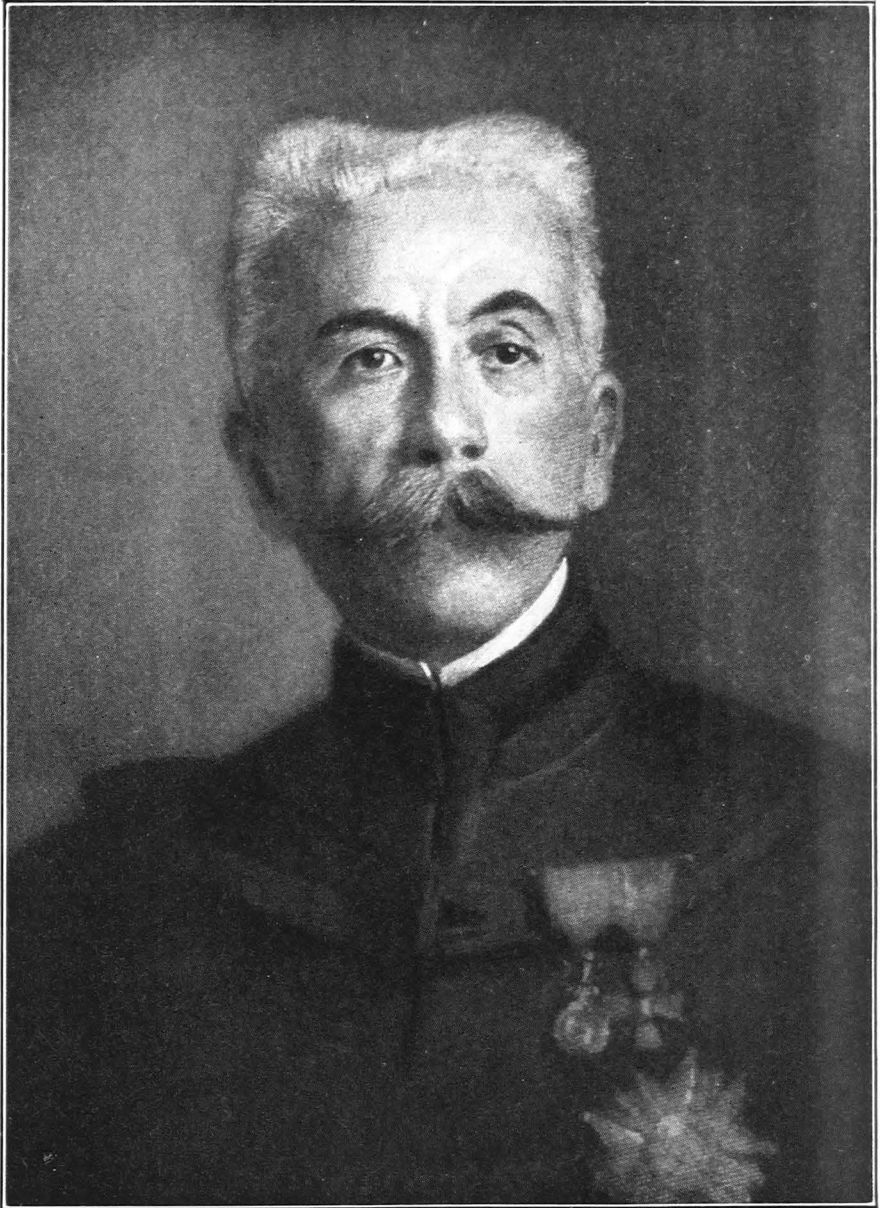
By

WILLIAM M. SLOANE

THIS book is the outgrowth of Dr. Sloane's recent visit to Morocco and Algiers as a member of the group invited by the Committee France-America to make a tour of these parts of greater France. His account of his observations makes a fascinating book of travel with a broad background of history and sociology. His vivid record brings forth much interesting information on the religion, politics, and art of North Africa, on the problems of the French protectorate, on the race and color problem as the French are encountering it—a chapter of extraordinary interest for American readers. The modes, manners, and morals of the ancient Moorish countries are clearly revealed in the progress of a colorful narrative.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

**GREATER FRANCE
IN AFRICA**



MARSHAL LYAUTEY

GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA

BY

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE

MEMBER OF THE
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF ARTS AND LETTERS

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

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PREFACE

IN the following pages the author has attempted a double task: to furnish a brief summary of his visit to Morocco and Algiers, as a member of the group invited by the Committee France-America to make a tour of those parts of Greater France; and also to furnish a certain background for the better comprehension of what was seen and heard. The members of the "American Commission," as it was styled in France and in Africa, were George W. Wickersham, of New York; Samuel H. Church, of Pittsburgh; Edgar A. Bancroft, of Chicago; and the author. The ladies of the party were their respective wives and Miss Church. As an "elder statesman," Mr. Wickersham was the dean and spokesman of the company. It was he who through the columns of a New York newspaper outlined our journey and summarized from his carefully kept journal the observations he had made. These letters have been amplified and published in an admirable volume entitled "Spring in Morocco and Algeria," to which the author hereby acknowledges a debt he could not repay. Compliment and chivalry aside, the remarks of the ladies were invaluable, and the return duties of hospitality could not have been performed without their untiring energy.

To M. Gabriel Louis Jaray, Councillor of State, our personal conductor, the Commission was indebted for

the care and courtesy with which it was conveyed from place to place in comfort and ease, throughout the journey. A man of high birth, of thorough education and responsible position, he thought no detail of traveling too minute for his personal attention. Clothed with the authority of the state, of Marshal Lyautey and M. Steeg, of the large, powerful committee, France-America, which he manages, and of the strong organization which makes a specialty of tourist travel in North Africa, the General Transatlantic Company, he was almost omnipotent in securing everywhere the best for the guests intrusted to his charge. Personally and collectively we have given such poor recognition of his kindness and efficiency as was possible.

Throughout Morocco we were accompanied by Captain de Souzy, Marshal Lyautey's aide-de-camp. A veteran of the Great War, yet under thirty years of age, we quickly came to understand the high position of so young a man. To him both the work of his chief and the entire Moroccan policy of France were an open book in every particular and we were the glad beneficiaries of his accurate knowledge. Such was his personal charm that we benefited by the hearty welcome he received from his fellow officers wherever we came; and when we bade him farewell on the Algerian frontier, it was with a sense of personal affection and esteem, a feeling which the retrospect has only heightened.

The list of those to whom the Commission was indebted for courteous consideration at every turn would

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be identical with that of the officials, civil and military, in every halting-place. But the writer feels obliged to mention by name a few of these as having shown us special attention. There were the stately Moroccan gentlemen named in the text, and Si Nasiri at Rabat; there were also General Daugan at Marrakesh, M. Feyt at Oudjda, Colonel Azan at Tlemcen, the Pashas at Taza and Laghouat, M. Cendellier at Bou Saada, and at Sidi Aïssa, M. Courtin and the great Caïd. The writer hopes that the silent, beautiful influences of the many French homes opened to him and his colleagues and the charming efficiency of the French ladies presiding over them have been sufficiently set forth in the text; but he takes this occasion to emphasize the admiration he feels for them in their most excellent performance of duties interesting but heavy.

Almost exclusively the transliteration of Arabic names in the text is that of the French; whenever the American reader would not be misled by it, in fact. The letters *ou* in such words as Ouad and Zaouia, represent our *w*: Wad and Zawia. Generally also the English word for Oulima is Ulema, as rasool is by us spelled rasul.

WILLIAM MILLIGAN SLOANE.

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**GREATER FRANCE
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

THE enormous colonial empire of France contains settlements which were made before the Revolution of 1789. These are few and rather insignificant. It also contains some which were made under the Restoration: Algeria, for instance, is a possession of the first importance. But the immense expanse of territory in Africa and Asia, over which she exercises a protectorate in one form or another, which she exploits and administers, has been secured to her within the period of the Third Republic. Her latest acquisitions, leaving aside for the moment equatorial Africa, are Tunis and Morocco, constituting with Algeria what is generally known as Roman Africa, that is, Africa north of the Sahara and west of the great Mediterranean bight, the Great Syrtis, where shore and inland are under Italian rule. Both were confirmed to her after the World War. Her claims in both are admitted by all the western powers. Spain struggles in despair to administer her shore strip between Tangier, opposite Gibraltar, and Melilla, to the eastward, about a hundred and fifty miles of mountainous land with a depth southward averaging fifty miles. This is the home of the Rif tribes, wild and intractable in their mountain fastnesses of the northern Atlas range. Long since the Spanish

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used "rufiano," a derivative probably from Rif, as a synonym for brutality, and we use the word ruffian in the same sense. The notorious Raisuli was one of their feudal chieftains: bandits, and reckless robbers ashore, like the sea-robbers of the Barbary States in the days of our great-grandfathers. Great Britain stands firm that Tangier, commanding the south shore of the straits, shall remain internationalized, as it now is, by the latest agreement. The Tangier question has been a friction point of international relations, most difficult to lubricate. The British Empire, France, Spain, and Italy too, as one of the littoral powers of the Mediterranean, all desire a share in the control of what is destined to be a great harbor and a fine city.

Beyond these claims, along the Atlantic coast, southward to the Sahara, eastward to Algeria, France has a free hand. The territory which she has either reduced to possession or hopes to, is very large, about the size of our State of Texas. Much of it is under military and civil control. The vast rugged and inaccessible southern portion, known as the Sous, is fairly peaceful under its feudal chieftains, handsomely subsidized by the French, but there are yet many native populations, tribesmen and nomads, who stand out against the French soldiery, unsubdued. The fairly level pass uniting Algeria with Morocco lies between them and the Riffians. Its principal town is Taza, and within thirty miles on both sides, north and south of that city there is almost continuous, and oftentimes bloody, fighting. Yet the highroad and the railway are open and

safe under military protection. These remarks will make clear the sense in which Morocco is now used.

In no respect has public opinion more radically changed since the eighteenth century than in the formulæ of public law, regarding occupation, possession, and administration, by Europeans of overseas territory, and the treatment of its inhabitants, black, yellow, red, or white. With the expansion of transportation and travel, intercourse is easy and frequent. Contact with humanity in every period of development by European white men has brought to an acute stage appalling problems. The race question and the color line insistently demand attention in every quarter of the globe. To the Americans, north and south, the solution of the multitudinous difficulties perpetually arising from the contiguity of antipodal human stocks, is probably the most vital of all our concerns. Any novelty, therefore, in process of testing, wherever introduced, must have poignant interest for Americans devoted to the larger policies of their own country. This is why the attention of those who care should be directed to Morocco in particular, and in general to the forms of French colonial administration in Roman Africa. Keenly observant of Lord Cromer's work in Egypt, French capital flowed into that country abundantly in his day; now, with lands of their own presenting similar difficulties of management, they have striven to shun the mistakes of far-off days made in Algeria, and are trying out, in Tunisia and Morocco, the British plan evolved in Egypt; with many adroit modi-

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fications. The American tourist and the American capitalist will alike find the observation of what is there going on well worth while; but our statesmen above all will do well to take notice. There are thirteen million negroes and probably a million more of Japanese, Chinese, Hindus, and Malays, even, enumerated in our latest census. Where is there a race question more interrogatory than ours?

Furthermore, the procedure of France serves to confirm two doctrines of public law which if not inaugurated, have at least been sanctioned by ourselves: the right of a nation to abate a public nuisance at its door, and the denial to any nation or people of tenure in perpetual fee simple of valuable land which is not used by them for the general benefit. Our management in Cuba and our attitude regarding Indian lands are instances to the point. France pleaded as justification for the punishment of offenders and the seizure of immense tracts of public land held in the name of church and state, the abatement of an intolerable nuisance, the forays, namely of robber tribes on the western frontier of Algeria; and the intolerable disorders of the shereefian government throughout Morocco, resulting in the massacre of Europeans at Casablanca.

Public, like private, law hardens from precedent to precedent: whether the principle sanctions the action or the reverse is, as ever, matter for debate. Statesmen are compelled to take notice of these two points. And then the second step seems inevitable after the first. In the anxiety of all Frenchmen for the welfare

of France, the question of military man-power takes precedence of all others. In her latest struggle the motherland has had recourse to colored troops, very efficient for certain purposes, and easily acquiring the "furore francese" for battle. It was Disraeli who set the example of introducing Indian soldiery to Mediterranean lands, and in that policy of arraying Turanians against Aryans in warfare both France and America have been, as many regret, only too successful. Dark-skinned peoples vastly outnumber the fair-skinned, and if force is to rule, the former may become lords of the earth.

One of the great diplomatic questions in Europe is the ultimate hegemony on the Mediterranean littoral. Already there are dictators in Spain and Italy who have risen to power largely on that issue: in Spain entirely so, because of military ignominy in Morocco. The two, aghast at the brilliant enterprises of France, exchange courtesies to prove that their combined sea-power far surpasses that of France and endangers the safe ferriage between Roman Africa and Marseilles, a ferriage essential to the food supplies of France. The retort is nothing less than the official adoption at Paris of the long-mooted project for a railway across the Sahara. This is a triumph for the Frenchmen who claim that there can and must not be, as there is not now, any color-line under the tricolor. The very existence of France is at stake, they declare, on that question. The trans-Sahara railway, if built or rather when built, for railway construction is basic to French co-

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lonial policy, will enable the metropolis to call no fewer than two hundred and eighty thousand dark men to the colors every year. Whatever befalls on the sea, French possession of her African granary is thereby rendered as secure as possible. The colored man delights in warfare; it is the breath of his nostrils, the encampment of Senegalese troops in the heart of Algeria is a scene of joyous pomp.

Of all misleading guides, the pleasure tourist is the worst; perhaps the journalist and professional book-writer are even more dangerous. The lure of the city obsesses them. Paris is the city of light for the idle and luxurious of all Europe and America. Even the serious traveller is dazzled by it and by the antics of the immoral French who cater to the equally immoral, extravagant stranger. Yet the heart of a France, which, by the interchange of controlling ideas with England, Germany, and America has been for ages a Gamaliel in religion, philosophy, politics, and science, beats firm and strong on the left bank of the Seine. Its pulses induce like gravity in the provincial towns among the land-owning farmers and the peasantry. France has not one, but three capital cities: the other two are Lyons and Marseilles.

Perhaps even more important in estimating the true character of the Frenchman is the examination of his work over-seas, in Canada and Louisiana, in Indo-China and Tonquin, in Syria and in Egypt, above all in Africa. Later on, these chapters may assemble details of the regeneration of land and people in Roman

Africa; for the moment it is essential to generalize somewhat about the French administrator in his station and work. Who knows the British Empire that only knows London or even England? Who knows America that is familiar only with New York, Chicago, and San Francisco? What historical student knows Rome who has studied only the city, and even Italy? He must examine her remains elsewhere, among other places, in Dalmatia, Tunisia, Algeria, or in Provence and all Gaul, cis- and trans-alpine. Only then can he hope to form even a dim idea of the splendid power of Rome and of the Roman administrator at work. So with the Frenchman.

“After the Kingdom of Heaven, the most beautiful land is France” runs a favorite French saying. Each nation smiles at the exaggerated patriotism of other nations. The comparison of exaggerations is difficult, but one thing is sure: no people outstrips the French in the sincerity of theirs. We believe this is due to the passionate, boundless, local loyalty of every man, woman, and child, as illustrated by the unprecedented phenomenon of return and restoration of agriculture, by those who dwelled in the devastated regions before the World War. Land is scarce in a country so old and the lust for land ownership consumes the Frenchman. So varied is France in soil and climate that each local patriot vaunts the products and landscapes of districts as different as the cold northern uplands and the sunny southern slopes, as bleak Brittany from gay Gascony. There is no end to the charm and poetry of

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each in the minds of those who hail from them. And the resultant of comparison is a glorified and unified and blessed land sufficient unto itself in tradition, history, faith, politics, and a human character molded by successive generations in the same environment. Everywhere within the boundaries of the country the Frenchman refers to himself as a native of that province or a stranger: something of this is found everywhere, of course, but not to the same degree. Abroad all is different: the Frenchman abroad knows only France in its entirety. This is particularly true in the Orient, the nearer and farther East. There seem to be no Lorrainers, or Gascons; no Parisians, nor men of Lyons and Marseilles. In the considerable body of administrators and supervisors, there is personified the spirit of France as a whole. Far and near they have the charming French manner to a higher degree than in France itself, they are happy in their fruitful work, content with their lot, and their homes are typically French, whether in Berber desert, or Moorish towns; among settled folk in the country and even amid the nomads of the high pasture-lands. The French spirit serves for much, though it may not suffice for all. Civil and military alike, the French functionaries in colonies and protectorates are keen to work, ready to endure hardship, and even to die in the service of the France they adore. The local loyalty they feel at home is transferred to the general loyalty they feel for their immediate inferiors, equals, and superiors, in the field of their labors where they are creating a greater France,

as the inexpugnable bulwark of the motherland from which they sprang. Human frailty exists among colonial servants as elsewhere, but the lazy, the dishonest, and the inefficient are so quickly eliminated that the contrast with political placemen elsewhere under the tricolor is very marked. To know the French spirit in private and at home we must study its official work abroad. Americans will be greatly impressed by its enterprise in every direction, commercial and agricultural as well as civil and military.

Into Algeria and Morocco, France came as an avenging conqueror: into the former during the unhappy age when there were only three known methods of dealing with native peoples, extinction, expulsion, and repression. She chose the latter as her Algerian policy and there is still much lurking bitterness among the descendants of outraged sufferers. The European population has increased in a higher proportion than the native; to such an extent that outwardly at least the country is an extension of France, with deputies and senators sitting in the two chambers that assemble in Paris. Its two great cities are French cities, its administration, commerce, and above all its agriculture are French. As in France the military officials are subordinate to the civilian. Its governor-general has been and may again be a minister of state in Paris. There are all the benefits and some of the evils of French political life. The French population, native and naturalized, feels itself distinctly a superior class. The Berber natives enjoy freedom of religion, to some extent liberty

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in all departments of life, but they feel deeply their subordinate rank in the land of their fathers; and while the yoke they carry is light and easy, it is a yoke. Material prosperity they enjoy to the fullest extent, but the pressure of French feeling is so strong that they can scarcely be said to enjoy complete freedom of trade. Official France is keenly alive to every departure from French control in commerce and all departments of agriculture. The natives touch the outside world only through channels opened to them by a government which is not their agent, not working purely for their advantage. Nothing else was possible for France, considering the time, the public opinion, and the warfare by and under which she occupied the land.

The case of Morocco is totally different: she was and is being subdued by force of arms, but with a minimum of dictatorial control. Consideration, tact, and rigid fairness are shown to the natives, to such a degree that the frail tentacles by which conquering France held land and people throughout the World War, never snapped: not only so, her supplies poured into France and her native troops stood firm for the conqueror, alike at home and in Europe. Nor did the march of public improvement pause perceptibly in transportation, in sanitation, above all in the administration of justice and the security of private property. Taking everything into consideration, this sounds like a tale of the Arabian Nights, hard fact as it is. When the French Government, through one of its agencies invited a commission of four, of whom the present writer

was one, to inspect and compare the work accomplished in Algeria and Morocco, it had in mind that some Americans at least should realize the radical departure of its existing colonial system from that of former days. To that end we were made the guests of the Resident-General at Rabat, Marshal Lyautey, and of the Governor-General at Algiers, M. Steeg, ex-minister of state in Paris. Naturally, we saw as we journeyed what we were invited to see, the latest achievements in regeneration; but, aside from unbroken enjoyment of lavish, continuous hospitality, we were free to use such senses as we had in the critical examination of everything we desired to observe; the blots, old and new, as well as the agencies for betterment, which had been at work under the protectorate, now twelve years established. It is the aim of the following pages to outline for those interested, the larger policies adopted and the most striking phases of conquest and pacification, as they overlap.

In a certain sense all the most complicated problems of statesmanship have a simple solution in some plain principle. The almost supreme worldly wisdom of the Resident-General of Morocco was expressed by him in a sentence, while delivering a public address in Paris. He said: "We do not regard the native population of Morocco as an inferior race, but as another race than ourselves." But the unfolding of this principle in conduct and in all the ramifications of administrative detail is a herculean task. Thus far there has been a Hercules, who has found capable, loyal coadjutors to

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perform it. His success is there for all the world to see. It has been a rare opportunity to know the man, to meet him face to face, to talk with him at length about his work and his outlook, to feel the inspiration of a "grand old man," and to understand why a thoughtful, calm, scrutinizing American statesman has styled him "Lyautey Africanus." One of the leaders of our bar, another whose name is mentioned everywhere with high respect, declared on his return that it had been worth the time and expense of his journey to meet the Marshal and look into his clear, inspired eyes.

It is not easy, nor is it a sufficient basis for convincing opinion, to penetrate far beneath the surface in a tour of five weeks, covering about fifteen hundred miles of motor journey. But the route was carefully studied, there was no serious hitch in any of the arrangements, the conductor was a foremost man in one of the grand careers of France, a member of the Council of State, and a courteous, enlightened guide. Conscious of imperfect experience himself, the writer has yet had access to the best information, supplementary to what he himself saw and heard. He ventures, therefore, on a grateful task: that of informing his readers what a tremendous force is at work in Morocco, and throughout North Africa. Its bearing on world politics is self-evident.

CHAPTER II

EL MAGHREB EL AKSA. FARTHEST WEST— OF THE MOSLEM WORLD

MOROCCO is a cold country with a hot sun, being in general, though in a low latitude, mountainous. The high Atlas range, comparable geologically and in scenery with the Alps, wards off the tropical influences of the Sahara on the south. Along the Mediterranean on the north the Rif Mountains hold the sea influences back and give a continental climate of extreme temperatures to the wide expanse of broad, rolling uplands, to all the varieties of hill and dale, of crag and stream. The middle Atlas, a stately range, snow-capped, except in high summer, is a sort of tie, touching the high Atlas to the southwest and the Rif to the northeast within the borders of Morocco. The ranges within Algeria and Tunisia are more broken and diversified and their summits vary in height from seven to ten thousand feet; they likewise have in general an Alpine configuration. As in Morocco, the mountain scenery is superb. The impression is unavoidable that somehow all these three great lands are European, as far as nature is concerned. To the wanderer amid European mountains this impression was heightened by the appearance on the scene of a numerous Alpine Club, largely Alsations, busy exploring and climbing as they might have been in and near their own homes.

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To the outwardly impassive Moslem such activity as that of the Christian tourist, "without are dogs," seems incomprehensible and might be annoying were it not that his peace is safeguarded by numerous devices. Even when he turns from his vast flocks of camels, cattle, goats, and sheep, or from his primitive plough to look indifferently at great motor-vehicles loaded with inquisitive travellers, he preserves his patriarchal calm, while the denizen of the town goes ambling on mule or ass, unmoved and incurious, along his stately way in the narrow street of the bazaar; or else haggles, according to immemorial custom, over trifles in the open market-place. There is restful quiet in the distant lines of jagged peaks visible in fine weather from almost every point, glittering in white under the sunshine or dun in their shroud of clouds as storms arise and pass. Often, too, on the lower sky-lines, long bands of burdened camels make their slow and stately way, or else herds and flocks innumerable, as they seem, browse over enormous pasturelands, carpeted in spring with acres of wild flowers, profuse in color and variety. Each species confines itself to a certain ground, so that there are patches, often acres in extent, of dark blue, yellow, red, or white. From such gorgeous combinations was drawn the inspiration of native art. At intervals you come upon a deep depression, a valley or stream. The Arabic word, ouad, means both in Morocco, and its bottom may perhaps be full and flowing with water from springs, or rain, or melted snow. Sometimes, however, there is the merest

dribble, or none at all, in the stony bed. The slopes of the glen are generally abrupt, and the passage by ford or bridge may require a tremulous caution. Then, again, the traveller passes a waterless plain of considerable extent; of rock and gravel in which grow the usual desert plants in abundance; of driving sand there is comparatively little. Yet even these desert spots are sparsely inhabited by road laborers or poor creatures that eke out an incomprehensible subsistence and dwell in ragged tents or miserable hovels. How they live or what they do, the passer-by has no time to discover; moreover their unkempt, rough, half-desperate appearance does not invite the gratification of humanitarian curiosity. You begin to consider the possibility of tire trouble and the supply of gasolene in the tank, and are relieved when the dreary stretch is behind you. One feature of the landscape everywhere is the lonely shrine, a cubical structure perhaps twenty feet square by fifteen high, surmounted by a dome. These are always white and mark the place, or celebrate the memory, of some Moslem holy man or Marabout. Apparently, though frequently allowed to fall into sad disrepair, they are never desecrated.

Of course it is impossible to generalize regarding the whole of a land so extensive and so varied in altitude. On the shore lands, where the rainfall is not far from nineteen inches, as in the mountains, there are oaks of two varieties, the live and the cork; where the rainfall is less, there are evergreens, pines, and junipers; cypresses and cedars also in mountain valleys. Along

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the watercourses are laurels, willows, and tamarisks; high on the mountainsides are the savory herbs in abundance: wild thyme, mint, sage, and lavender. The difference of an inch or two in the rainfall creates a total change, of course, in vegetation—forest, upland steppe, or desert. Here and there are great expanses of low tangled shrubs of many sorts: palmetto, broom, cytisus, and a dozen other wild bushes. Of low-growing plants there are also many: the acanthus, asphodel, and colchicum with their congeners. From even so scant an enumeration, which might be enlarged into a botanical treatise, it will be understood how completely Mediterranean the country is, how it parallels and repeats the character of southern Europe.

Fifty years since we were told that there were no prehistoric human remains in the whole of northern Africa. But they have been found abundantly in Egypt and infrequently all along the line of Roman Africa. Anthropologists so far fail completely to identify them with any definite type; all they claim to know is that before the dawn of history, men or anthropoids dwelt there and that there are evidences of old stone, new stone, and bronze ages. For practical purposes the roll-call of white nations in Genesis is invaluable. Of Noah's three sons the order is Shem, Ham, and Japheth; they and their descendants comprise the whites of history and do not include the yellow, red, and black folk of the earth. Our ignorance of these last we cloak with the designation Turanian or dark; the others we designate fair or Aryan. It was one branch

of the latter which succeeded the prehistoric denizens, whatever they were. The primitive man, the *homo sapiens*, of northern Africa is the white Berber, who survives yet as the basic element of the population, more or less adulterated by immigrant stocks. In places difficult of approach, enough pure Berbers survive to prove that they were kin to the primitives of northeastern Africa, at least their still-spoken language is; and one branch of them, the Touaregs of the Sahara, retain, along with their spoken Berber, a rude alphabet of their own. The Kabyles of Algeria are much more numerous and are equally pure Berber in language, institutions, and race. The earliest Berbers were, therefore, probably Himyaritic or Hamitic. They had a rude art with which they decorated rock surfaces and were furniture makers of a sort. Yet our knowledge of them and their origins is dim and untrustworthy. What survives and is sure is that they belong to the Mediterranean stock, round-headed, brunette, of medium height, energetic, and nervous. Some, however, are like the Egyptian peasant, with broad shoulders and narrow hips; there is, too, a noticeable element which is blond. The Romans referred to them as Numidians, Getulians, and Moors. Their name for Morocco was Mauretania.

We all know that the Phœnicians, a Shemitic race, were the traders of earliest historic ages; their factories dotted the Mediterranean shores and their barks passed the pillars of Hercules to fetch tin from Cornwall, used as an amalgam to harden copper into bronze.

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Their great achievement was the creation of Carthage, on a site near the modern Tunis. More or less imbued with Greek influences, they founded a great empire along the shore, leaving the interior to its Berber natives and their chiefs, forming with these defensive alliances while they exploited the commerce of their world. Punic civilization thus penetrated the Berber peoples to an extent still traceable. We know the Carthaginians only from the evidence of their embittered foes and successful conquerors, the Romans, but they must have been a virile people. Their language as well as their institutions on land and in distant settlements left, however, only a slight impress on northern Africa.

After her long and hard, but victorious, strife with Carthage, Rome followed with the Berbers a policy identical with that of her predecessor. Satisfied with recruits for her armies and taxes for her treasury, her suzerainty over the Berbers was otherwise nominal; she waged but a single war with them, that with the doughty Jugurtha who wanted no protectorate, demanding complete independence. Another leader Juba I was rash enough to espouse the cause of Pompey against Cæsar and was overwhelmed at Thapsus. His successor, Juba II, saturated with Hellenism, was long permitted to reign at Cæsarea where Cherchel now stands. It was not until the year 40 of our era that under Caligula, the Roman Empire reorganized the old province of Africa, with additions, and formed two new provinces: eastern or Cæsarean Mauretania;

and, with the town of Tingis as its capital, western or Tingitanian Mauretania; the former comprised Tunisia and most of Algeria. All told, the Roman army of occupation was never larger than 25,000 men, and the administration permitted almost complete self-government to the cities, while the native Berbers were ruled under their own traditions by their own chiefs. Moreover, it was only in the east that Roman outposts penetrated to the Sahara, while westward they went no farther than their settlement of Volubilis, more than fifty miles from the Atlantic, and separated from the inland peoples by mountain ranges of wide extent.

There came few Romans or Latin immigrants into these provinces, and there were at first no colonies in the Roman sense. Toward the close of Roman power, Tingis and Lergus were, however, entitled to the designation of Colonia. Nevertheless the cultural conquest was thorough and complete. Both the Punic and the Berber languages were spoken, but Latin became the administrative tongue and its use was wide-spread among the influential classes. In particular, the Greco-Roman civilization in manners, art, and architecture was assimilated to an amazing extent. There are no Roman remains more impressive than those of northern Africa. The country was prosperous and the intellect of its people keen. Christian Rome marched triumphant through the whole region from the third century onward. In ecclesiastical history the names of Tertullian, Cyprian, Arnobius, and Optatus stand forth pre-eminent as Christian apologists, and above

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all it was the bishop of Hippo, Augustine, whose influence in moulding the Western Church was capital and determinative. The heretical Donatists thrived likewise and in the fourth century had turned half the country to their perverted dogma.

We have long since learned that the Germanic invaders of the Roman Empire earnestly strove to maintain the style and forms of Roman administration. Goths, Franks, and Vandals were each, proportionately to the inhabitants of the countries overrun by them, few in number, and the chiefs in their tribal organization simply substituted a new and real sovereignty for an old and effete one. When, therefore, the comparatively few Vandals crossed into Africa toward the second quarter of the fifth century, they met with almost no resistance in the so-called conquest, and applied substitution of headship, the only policy they knew. During their brief career of advance across the country, followed by swift retreat, they passed into Italy and under Genseric thoroughly sacked the city of Rome. On the death of that barbarian, no strong successor appeared and Justinian seized the chance to re-establish his authority in the west. Within the years of 533-534 his general, Belisarius, thoroughly subdued most, but not all, of Roman Africa; and Solomon, his successor, established the Byzantine administration in the subjugated districts; Greek, of course, though wearing the name of Rome. During the century of Byzantine rule, great fortresses were built at strategic points and the towns were enclosed in majestic walls,

many of which still stand. Their churches, however, were insignificant. In general their permanent influence may be considered negligible—except in so far as their conquest, the fourth, completed among the Berbers a weariness of Christian or rather Roman rule.

When, therefore, the Moslem conquests of Arabia, Egypt, and Syria began, and Moslem Arabs appeared from the east with their fanatical zeal and proclaimed under the crescent banner: Accept Islam, pay tribute, or die, many native Berbers were outwardly converted. There was stiff resistance by the Byzantines, and under a legendary queen, Kahena, numerous Berber tribes fought the invaders gallantly—to such effect that the Arab conquest was not completed for about another hundred years. In our time we still reiterate that as a man believes so he behaves. Among the Orientals that was true. With the Donatist example before them, “converted” Moslems imagined a Moslem heresy, which spread even more rapidly than Moslem orthodoxy. The fierce earnestness of contention between orthodox and heretical faiths resulted, we suppose, in a consolidation of Berber nationality. There were the believers and the rude Puritan Wahabites, but Berber organization was now dual at least, and no longer multifarious. Byzantine Christianity fell into desuetude. Throughout northern Africa were formed powerful states, purely Berber, exclusively Wahabite. Islam was checked in the two Mauretaniae for a generation or two by these powers; their founders were styled

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Kharedjites or Separatists. In Tunisia alone was orthodox Islam entirely successful under the Aghlabites.

Of the Kharedjites there are still prosperous remnants in Mzab and Jerba. It was from Tunis that in the ninth century the influences, and populations, later known as Saracen, filtered across the narrow sea into Sicily. Among them, too, was a schism, that of Chiism, which almost overwhelmed the Kharedjites in its turn; the Idrissites of Morocco and the Fatimites of Tunis cherished it. These were they who led the Berbers into Egypt, where the Fatimite dynasty had long been supreme, defiant of the regular caliphs of Damascus. The eleventh and twelfth centuries were marked by the rise and fall of two unimportant dynasties, both in revolt against the Fatimites, and both Berbers. These, in turn, were overthrown by nomads from the Sahara and by wild tribes from the fastnesses of the high Atlas in Morocco. Both lines of these sultans were apostolic in their zeal, consumed with missionary ardor. The former, Almoravides, like the latter, Almohades, under this impulse crossed the Straits of Gibraltar to succor their still few and feeble coreligionists of the Iberian Peninsula against Christian inroads. One of the Almohades, Abd-el-Moumene, who reigned from 1130–1163, was the most eminent of all Berber sultans, and has justly been compared with Charlemagne as conqueror, as administrator, as friend of letters and founder of universities.

Thus far, steady as was the advance of Islam, orthodox or schismatic, the Berbers had either absorbed or

eliminated the invading Arabs. The Arabic stock and language was, as it still is, confined largely to the plains of the Mauretania, the Berbers commanded the mountains, the uplands, and the city of Marrakesh. Already the Moor was recognized as something new, an Arabicized Berber. It is to the Berber dynasties with an Arab culture, to the Almohades, that we owe the chef d'œuvres of Moorish art, the Giralda tower of Seville, the Hassane tower of Rabat, and above all the Koutoubia tower of Marrakesh. It was they, likewise, who received and tolerated the first Christian missionaries, sent out by Francis of Assisi.

The earliest Moorish invasion of Spain had taken place under Okba in 682; then followed that of Musa in 702, and in 710 Tarik crossed with a great force of Berbers and Arabs, burning his ships behind him. These all were lieutenants of the Ommiad caliphs of Damascus. With the Berber element in the ascendant, though there was a strong Syrian element, too, Tarik went from victory to victory, the conquest resulting eventually in the establishment of the western, Ommiad, caliphate at Cordova. While southern Spain is always styled Moorish, it must not be forgotten that the invaders had serious dissension in the many quarrels between the Berber, Syrian, and Arab components of the ruling forces.

That the Arab influence was intensified in northern Africa, is due to a second immigration known as the Hilalian. It occurred in the eleventh century. These Arabs were fierce nomads and greedy robbers. Scour-

ing the plains and some of the valleys, they intimidated the inhabitants; and, by miscegenation with the whites they found on the ground, and some negroes, formed new tribes of mixed stock. For years they put a stop to commerce and degraded agriculture to its lowest terms. They were bigoted Moslems and intensified the faith of Islam, even in Morocco, where their influence was not as great as elsewhere. Destitute of any capacity for organization above the tribal state of development, they left supreme command to the Berber dynasties, serving them at times as mercenaries in the struggles of dynastic warfare. It was with their assistance that Almoravides and Almohades consolidated their power at home and advanced their European rule abroad.

On the death of Mohammed, the headship or caliphate was bestowed on five successive able men; the "perfect" caliphs they have been considered by the faithful. To them succeeded the Ommiad dynasty, whose faith and practice were equally slack. They were secretly indifferent to the stringent rules of their professed religion and equally tolerant to others. For them the main thing was the tribute of those they conquered. This laxity, often extreme, their lieutenants, Arab and Syrian, transplanted to Spain, and the Visigoths were quickly persuaded to accept so easy a yoke, being indifferent as to the blood and faith of the tribute collectors. Liberal and easy-going in their dealings with Christians and Jews, the advance of Musa and Tarik was like a promenade, the popula-

tions fawning and cringing before them. Even when they were both recalled to Damascus, the Moslem forces under subordinate generals found few obstacles to surmount until they met Charles Martel on the plains of Poitiers in 732 and were hurled back across the Pyrenees. Some fifty years later the corrupt Omniads were replaced by the famous Abbasides; and Abdurrahman escaping from the general massacre made a long, successful flight to Spain where at Cordova was established the Caliphate of the West. For five centuries, until 1340, the Moors reigned, though at times precariously, and in the main with the same licentious tolerance as had prevailed in Damascus. Their standing army was composed in part of Slavonic slaves, purchased by their Jewish agents at Verdun, and in part of negroes. Its labors were not severe, so supine were the subject peoples, whose burdens were light.

From the twelfth century onward the history of northern Africa is concerned with the rise and fall of local dynasties, with perpetual warfare, wild forays, religious dissensions and a feudal order comparable to that of Europe. There was no anarchy or chaos, but a variegated, never-ceasing struggle of feudal chieftains for advantage or ascendancy. European feudalism was inherently different, of course, but the personal ties of service and protection, to a certain extent even of land holding, between feudatories, high, middle, and low, and their subordinates, were much the same; an interchange of benefits combined with a pride in kinship.

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With a profound faith and entire unity of ritual among all Moslem believers, it is nevertheless true that sectarianism is the forte and foible of Islam. Not only are there more sects than in Christendom, since its beginning, but many depart farther from orthodoxy. In the Oriental, and particularly the Moslem mind, the line between religious dogma and political doctrine is almost non-existent; except as a stern necessity the demarcation between the duties of a pasha or civil judge and those of a *cadi* or ecclesiastical officer is vague and hazy. Why heresies in turn so completely revolutionized governments, we of to-day comprehend with difficulty. Almost the latest example in European history was the transformation of the European state system by the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Besides, even in European history, it is impossible to determine whether political or spiritual causes are the more efficient in such an upheaval. To write Oriental history in terms of the western record is impossible; only one thing seems clear, that most of the enormous popular and social movements carried banners inscribed with some invented or discovered nicety of religious belief. It would be wearisome and futile to enumerate details. Zirites and Hammadites, Almahades and Almoravides, the three kingdoms erected on the results of the second Arab invasion, Merinides at Fes, Abd-el-Wadites and Zeiyanites at Tlemcen, Hafsides at Tunis, one and all had some religious shibboleth. Among them North Africa was splintered by the dissensions of ambitious upstarts, and this dis-

memberment, lasting until the sixteenth century, resulted in anarchy and the complete ruin of the land. In a way the blending of race stocks through such tumults made possible the equally chaotic conditions of modern times. The two Mediterranean Powers of the day, the Turks to the east, Spain with Portugal to the west, were prompt enough to seize their opportunity. Cross and crescent rivalled each other in what seemed an irresistible advance from opposite directions. For a time it looked as if Roman Africa would be recovered for Christendom, as the Iberian Peninsula had been. By 1510 the Portuguese held the Atlantic ports of Morocco and had advanced their military outposts on many lines into the interior. Spain dominated the Mediterranean shore from Melilla to Tripoli.

But the tide turned. The crescent found a strange and horrible ally in the most brutal piracy ever known to history. It began with Greco-Turkish adventurers, and their successes in looting the merchant fleets of Europe immediately recruited to their aid the renegade dregs of all peoples, Moslems and Christians. The passion for a corsair life raged like the storms of their element. Then as ever sea-power was at least as important as standing armies. Such was the splendor of the booty that a loose but efficient organization was effected. The names of Barberousse, Aruj, and Kheired Din were mentioned with awe after their squadrons had put to flight the fleets of Ferdinand the Catholic and Charles V; and even European armies suffered defeats at the hands of troops fighting under the cres-

cent banner. Their successors, Salah Reis, Dragut, and Eulj, continued to terrorize the Christian world by an equally savage energy and an even greater brutality. Algeria and Tunis were occupied within a half-century by these cosmopolitan rogues and their Moorish rulers were put to the sword.

Incidentally a Barbary pirate created one of the influences which made for Napoleon's decline. The daughter of a Martinique planter, Aimée Dubuc de Rivery, was kidnapped from a French vessel on her way home from school in Paris. Being beautiful, young, and sprightly, her captor sought to curry favor with Abd el Hamid, then Turkish sultan, by sending her to the imperial harem. She became his Majesty's favorite, used her enormous power against the French, probably moved by what she considered the shameful treatment of Josephine, also a daughter of Martinique; and her son Mahmud, destroying the janissaries, ended for the fateful time Napoleon's Oriental policies.

In Morocco the now feeble Merinide dynasty, immortalized by the name they gave the Merino sheep, was overthrown by successful rebellion. The Shereefs, self-styled descendants of Ali, son-in-law of the false prophet, expelled the Portuguese and fitted out corsair vessels and crews for themselves, equalling if not surpassing those of Algiers and Tunis in savage greed. The Turks in these lands were content with the administration, civil and military, of town and country, leaving the shore to the mercies of the pirate leaders or reis. Between two forces—the Turkish militia re-

cruited in Asia Minor and self-ruled like the janissaries, and the armed bands of foreigners, many Christian, in sympathy with the natives—there was some rivalry and there were alternating periods when one or the other of these rank foreigners was supreme in Barbary. Various names were used for the nominal chiefs of state: pasha, agha, dey, and bey. The interior Berbers were controlled by a makhzen, or tribal militia rendering military service in lieu of paying taxes, but there was no consolidated order under Turkish rule and many tribes maintained a harried independence.

The chaos of North Africa was the shame of Europe, for, without exception, every maritime power was tributary to them, paying considerable sums to the corsairs for some degree of immunity from their depredations. The United States was the only western power which, by the gallantry of its navy, was able to cow the pirates and exempt vessels flying the American flag from search, seizure, or the payment of tribute. It was in a dispute between the French consul and the dey of Algiers that the former was physically insulted, had his face slapped, to be precise, and the French began a war of conquest lasting from 1830 to 1847 in western Algeria. By 1848 they were definitely victorious, but the district of the Kabyles, pure Berbers, did not submit until 1857. French colonization was slow and difficult, the European civilians numbered about 100,000 in 1848; in 1870 about 223,000. During the Franco-Prussian War of 1870 there was a dangerous and formid-

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able insurrection in Kabylia and around Constantine, but it was suppressed and the European settlers in Algeria now number about 600,000, largely French; but Spaniards and Italians are a substantial element, while the Greeks virtually monopolize the important fisheries. In 1881 the French declared a protectorate over Tunisia. There was at first no resistance to the military; a few months later there were unimportant turmoils, but since then the beys have been pleasantly submissive. The French have built harbors and roads: colonization there is slow but steady.

The Shereefian sultans of Morocco following the example of the Turks, likewise organized a makhzen or tax-free militia. They also intensified the mysticism of their Moslem subjects, exasperating them to ferocity against the Christians. They established themselves first at Marrakesh in 1523, then at Fes in 1548. One of them, Abd el Mansour of the Saadian line, 1578-1602, checked the Turks, made a far raid to Timbuctoo, returning with untold booty, subjected the oases of Tuat and Gurara, and adorned Marrakesh with magnificent constructions of all kinds. Just as indulgence in luxury and carnal delights were the undoing of Mohammedan caliphs everywhere, so with the Saadians. As the Almohades had succeeded the Almoravides, now another Shereefian line, the Hassanians (called also Filalians and Alauites) replaced the elegant Saadians, living stern and austere lives of piety and devotion. One of them, Moulay Ismail, who reigned from 1672 to 1727, was an able organizer and bold fighter. Recruiting a

force of 15,000 negroes, whose fighting qualities he knew and stimulated, he swooped at their head to the farthest points of his empire, received servile homage from the discontented, contended successfully with the Turks of Algeria, with any recalcitrant Berbers, and with the turbulent Christians who had here and there penetrated his empire. His forces built and occupied well-designed forts in every uneasy neighborhood. Mequinez or Meknes was his favored city, and his adornments are still the pride of the place. With his death chaos claimed the country once again not disorder but literal chaos.

Something of Moulay Ismail's power, however, descended to his grandson, Sidi Mohammed (1757-1789), who restored a degree of order, expelled the last Portuguese remnant from Mazagan, founded Mogador, and restrained the Spaniards within their few remaining places on the Mediterranean, which, including Oran, a little farther east, they held by a most precarious tenure, being constantly besieged by the natives. The eighteenth century saw no improvement in the Shereefian rule of never-ceasing worthlessness and decaying institutions. In the nineteenth, Moulay Abd-er-Rahman (1822-1859) conspired against French authority in Algeria, thought to seize Tlemcen and harbored the arch-patriot of native Algeria, Abd el Kader, a refugee from French vengeance. Under Bugeaud, the conqueror of Algeria, the Shereefians were defeated at Isly while the French fleets bombarded Tangier and Mogador. By the Treaty of Tangier (1845) and the supple-

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mentary convention of Lalla Marnia, Morocco bound itself to banish Abd el Kader and cease all defiance of France. The hunted and gallant enemy surrendered himself to General Lamoricière in 1847. Sidi Mohammed ended his warfare with Spain by the Treaty of Tetuan in 1869.

At the close of the nineteenth century Moulay el Hassan (1878-1894) displayed an energy which promised much for his country but accomplished little, so complete was its demoralization. He confided to a French mission the reconstruction of his artillery service, enlarged his militia with negro troops and with three tribes which had fled from Algeria in fear and hatred of the French, one of them, pure Arab in blood. He was hoping to win the Berbers at least as far south as the Sahara, when he died leaving the sultanate to a worthless son Abd el Aziz who could make no headway amid the numerous intrigues which he was helpless to crush. Moslem bigotry was infuriated by European infiltration and under General Lyautey, at this writing resident-general of France at Rabat, French troops entered Morocco from the side of Oran, occupying one town in 1903 and a second in 1904.

The international conference at Algeciras in 1906 proposed the establishment of economic equality in Morocco and the principle of the open door for all. Its harbors were to be policed by a force under French or Spanish officers. America curiously illustrates the conflict of will and necessity; the will strictly to mind its own troublesome business and the importunate

need to intervene from time to time in that of other nations. Were we to permit Russian czarism to wear away the struggle of Japan toward higher things? Roosevelt thought not, and with popular approval forced the Peace of Portsmouth. Simultaneously he learned that nothing short of our intervention could prevent war between Germany and France in 1905, over the question of an open door for German commerce in Morocco. William II declared he could no longer endure French "bullying" and that we alone could secure from France the willingness to participate in a conference of the Powers at Algeciras to settle the disputed points. The Kaiser was not ready for the effort, neither by land nor by sea, to crush France as he later endeavored to do. Roosevelt accepted the responsibility and he had information that Great Britain, settling her countless little quarrels with France, had promised to support the latter in her Morocco policy. Our own interests were petty enough: we had been pricked by the Raisuli incident into a realization of the utter lawlessness prevalent in the country and we were hoping for some commercial expansion in the Shereefian Empire, but that was all. Some of our gravest sages deplored our appearance at Algeciras but the event was internationally beneficent, because the German Empire had to abandon all aggression in Morocco and the menace of immediate war was removed.

The effort of France at reform of the sultanate was futile. The reigning sultan was menaced by his own brother at Marrakesh. Raisuli threatened Tangier, the

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Caid Anflus rebelled at Mogador, and a Mahdi, or religious adventurer, seized a degree of power in the Sous. Everywhere was open resistance to the precarious authority of Abd el Aziz. The French, considering Morocco as their sphere of influence, were outraged by the assassination of a French physician in Marrakesh and the massacre of Europeans at Casablanca. They occupied the strategic position of Oudjda in eastern Morocco and subdued the tribe of the Beni Snassene, advanced southward on the frontiers of their Oran province, and in 1910 occupied Taourirt. Landing troops at Casablanca from a man-of-war they asserted authority in the district of Chaouia. These facts were the basis among his subjects for the wide-spread conviction that Abd el Aziz had sold his country to foreigners. He was replaced, through the leaders of the makhzen or militia and the enthusiasm of tribes in the Sous, by his brother Moulay Hafid. To no avail; for the infuriated Berbers besieged the capital city of Fes. Then, finally, the representative of the Shereefian line did call on the French for aid. On March 2, 1911, General Moinier entered the holy city of Fes, and proceeded further to occupy Meknes.

For several years German agents had searched Morocco to find openings for trade, and one firm of large enterprise had secured important though very uncertain concessions of mineral rights. The Berlin government was aghast at French activities and a war-ship was sent to Agadir in pursuance of the policy announced by the then Kaiser's visit to Tangier in his

yacht. The great middle empires would not view with equanimity or inactivity the appropriation of all North African power and resources by France. By negotiation and international influences the conflict was postponed, Germany accepting a considerable and valuable slice of the French Congo as the price of quiescence in Morocco. So the French minister, resident like all European consuls and diplomats at Tangier, signed, on March 30, 1912, the Treaty of Fes, yielding to his country a protectorate, which made a French resident-general the sole intermediary of the sultan's government with foreign Powers. Following this example Spain intervened at El Ksar and secured a like protectorate for her strip of shore and mountain. The signatures to the Treaty of Fes had barely been affixed when on April 17, 1912, bloody riots broke out in that city which lasted three days and cost 300 lives, among them those of 68 Europeans. Moulay Hafid's own troops were outraged by his course. General Lyautey, having been named resident-general, marched on Fes with a strong force and arrived on May 28 at the exact moment when the Berbers were attacking the town. Those who had entered the city were driven out and their forces were totally defeated by Colonel Gouraud near by at Hajra el Kahla on June 1. Simultaneously General Alix in eastern Morocco crossed the Mulaya River and prepared to attack Taza, the citadel which commands the broad pass into central Morocco.

There was nothing for Moulay Hafid, name of inauspicious omen for natives and invaders, Orientals and

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Occidentals, but to lay down his office. On August 12, 1912, he signed his abdication, and his brother, according to Moslem laws of succession, was proclaimed sultan. The imperial umbrella was raised over the head of Moulay Youssef. Two months later the turbulent bands of El Hiba were crushed by the French and they entered the imperial city of Marrakesh. Under General Lyautey's direction a systematic plan of military advance in all directions was immediately put into execution, and on May 12, 1914, the French troops from east and west effected their junction at Taza, opening the highway for railway and motor-road across the country, all the way. The outbreak of the World War in August was considered naturally the acid test of the French protectorate, the more so after the famous Lyautey was summoned to be minister of war in Paris. Whatever the reason, the French advances did not pause for a moment. The greater chieftains submitted one after another, a superb system of metalled roads was designed and put under construction, as too was a network of narrow-gauge strategic railway. The great expanses of Morocco, already subdued, were completely pacified and supplies of every sort, even native troops, crossed the Mediterranean into France. Harbors were designed and so far constructed as to be safe against Atlantic storms.

General Gouraud replaced General Lyautey from December, 1916, to May, 1917; in June, General, now Marshal, Lyautey resumed his post and his work. During the interim General de Lamothe crossed the

Atlas, occupied Agadir and Tiznit, and, after a fight with the troops of El Hiba at Oujane, proclaimed the sultan's authority in Sous; a form perhaps but an impressive one. As has been told, such control as the French exercise in that wild district is, it is believed, by the subsidized intermediation of feudal pashas and caids. At all events, the province is at peace, though French authority does not guarantee the safety of outsiders who seek to penetrate it. Venturesome explorers have various experiences of primitive coercion and primitive hospitality: their lives appear to be secure. Immediately after Marshal Lyautey's return the garrisons at Meknes, Debdu, and Bu Deneb joined hands over the intervening spaces. Finally, by the Treaty of Versailles, Germany was totally eliminated from Africa. The Act of Algeciras is non-existent, and German treaties with the Shereefian monarchs are merely historical documents. The protectorate may be considered as inaugurated in 1912 by the accession of Moulay Youssef as the willing instrument of the French. In 1915 it exhibited its already accomplished work by a dramatic exposition or fair at Casablanca; with such success that a second was arranged at Fes the following year and still a third at Rabat in 1917. The natives, lovers of pomp and eager for new things, attended in large numbers, as did "their" sultan. The exhibit of an economic reformation, already under way, especially of the partial fulfilment of promises as to reform in justice, administration, and taxation, met with substantial success and produced a profound moral effect.

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These expositions have not been repeated lest they interfere with the Moroccan gatherings of enormous size in the various places which are partly religious and partly mercantile. Moreover it has been no part of the Lyautey policy to bring French power and circumstance into undue and dangerous prominence.

CHAPTER III

RELIGION, POLITICS, AND ART

MOHAMMED was a poor and illiterate Arab, a camel-driver, in fact, who married a rich widow, Kadishah. Like Swedenborg, he fell into trances which were probably one of the many forms of epilepsy, and was transported to the divine presence. Being a man of force he found ready listeners for the inspirational revelations he claimed to have received. These were set down by his hearers on flat stones or on the shoulder-blades of camels or sheep, or on any material which could be used for a transcript, and carefully preserved. Being by reason of his trade and later of his marriage a travelling merchant, he had heard, with a retentive memory, the religious talk of both Christians and Jews, and what he claimed as revelation is for Western critics an incredible compound of primitive Arabic paganism, of tradition, and of the Scriptures. The Arab world of his day was rotten to the core. The abundant heathen literature, oral and written, was almost entirely sensual, and the tribes and towns alike practised every vice and abuse; they professed a confused animism and polytheism in particular, for in this they found unbridled license of superstition, of conduct, and of dishonesty.

Yet there was a remnant, a group, or groups, of the

tribe of Koreish, who sought relief from sickening, sensual satiety and materialistic surfeit in what we would style quietism—withdrawal at times and seasons from a life of lust for recuperation of soul and body through restful meditation. Their home was the city of Mecca, and their high social standing as well as their practice made a strong appeal to Mohammed's tastes and ambitions. His approaches were not repelled and from them he obtained some sympathy in his ever-growing determination to reform the Arab world. But when he announced himself as a prophet, superior to all such predecessors as Jesus and Moses, asserting himself as last of the divinely ordained saviors of mankind, there was impatience and some violence. From fear he made his famous flight to the rival city of Medina where he found friendly shelter and entered upon his warfare for the conquest of the world, temporal and spiritual. The scattered texts of his revelations were carefully assembled and, supplemented by new ones, form the authoritative book, The Collection or Koran of the Moslem world. His disciples, though few, were able and immediately began to set down in writing the long conversations they had with their leader. These last form the Sunna and are second only in importance to the text of the Koran. Both are in excellent literary form, especially the Koran which is in the rhymed prose of a most exquisite, rich, and melodious tongue. In size it compares with our own Scriptures.

From its many chapters, a few short, noble, and

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spiritual, though the most are rambling, confused, and tedious in length, a long line of astute commentators and text writers have deduced an immense corpus of religious and civil law. These with the Sunna are the subject-matter of higher study in the large Moslem universities. And the Arab mind is fond of fine distinctions in meaning and emphasis. What with the pre- and post-Mohammedan Arab literature, it is estimated that the total product equals the combined literatures of Western Europe. Yet the essentials of Islam, a verbal noun signifying the state of quiet or peace, are, though utterly revolutionary, few and simple. When the Moslem, the man who is at peace, says "Peace be with you," he means "May you be strong in our faith." The one elemental dogma is a pure monotheism, as opposed to the antecedent degrading polytheism. There is no Allah but Allah and—Mohammed is his prophet. Accepting this in its most radical sense as the first duty (1), there are in all, four others to be performed: (2) Prayer five times daily, morning, noon, afternoon, sunset, and evening; (3) Payment of dues, for almsgiving, for the purification of income and of outlay; (4) Total abstinence from food and drink during every day beginning at dawn and ending at dusk throughout lent or Ramadan, which, being a lunar month, may fall at any season; (5) Pilgrimage to Mecca if possible.

In theory there is in Islam no religious hierarchy, all believers being absolutely equal; able, without priest, temple, or intermediary of any sort, to com-

municate directly with Allah. In fact there are, as there must be, aids to devotion and practice. The *cadi* interprets the law, civil, criminal, and ecclesiastical, holding court within the sacred seat of worship. If he reach a certain eminence his opinion as "mufti" is final. In Algiers there is but one "mufti," the religious head; in Tunis the chief is styled "Sheik el Islam," in Morocco the sultan is the source of final authority. Throughout the Moslem world our Friday is their Sabbath and on that day there is a preacher or "khatib" in every mosque, where also the "mudir" gives instruction in doctrine and law. The "imam" leads the exercises of prayer. Minor officers are the "muekkit" who is timekeeper and fixes the hour when the "muezzin" climbs to the high gallery of the minaret to intone the summons to pray. It is not entirely clear how these officials are selected: sometimes for special gifts, sometimes for family reasons, sometimes for willingness, when others do not present themselves. The higher places are filled by eminent scholars generally, and the appointments are made in conclaves more or less secret. Whatever the basis and method of choice, the work is, in general, well done.

Almost at the beginning Islam was split in two by a divergence of opinion about the caliphate; not only is it not allayed, but apparently it is, to-day, more unsettled and bitter than ever. Those who held to the idea of the best man for the succession, whatever his origin, the Sunnites namely, remain the more numerous. They have had their seats first at Damascus and

later at Bagdad. The dissidents, Shiites, believed Ali and his line to be the inheritors of the prophet's leadership and almost monopolize the Eastern field, especially in Persia. When Sunnite and Shiite are thrown together they detest each other as heartily as both detest the Christian dog. There are four orthodox sects of Sunnites; two, the Hanefites and Malekites, are represented in North Africa, but the latter, rigid, bigoted, and fanatical, overwhelmingly outnumber the former. They do not necessarily despise each other, though they differ not only in points of doctrine but widely in severity of practice. In Egypt and Algiers the mosques are not necessarily closed to strangers; in Morocco they are absolutely. And it is impossible to visit a *cadi's* court because its sessions are held not at the gate of the mosque but inside the quadrangular porch enclosures. They have, however, like the harem courts of palaces, been seen from an aeroplane and are true to type, roofed colonnades around an unroofed quadrangular space, with a fountain for prescribed ablution in the middle. Some of their gateways are architecturally fine and their interior ornamentation is elaborate and beautiful, but the most beautiful decoration is that of the mosque schools, or *medersas*, adjoining the courts and open to visitors.

With such dogmatic variations as have been indicated, some of them verging on heresy, some entirely heretical, Islam is, nevertheless, basically one throughout the Mohammedan world. But that of North Africa has peculiarities not elsewhere found which are, in

some measure, due to the mechanical and imperfect solution of varying race stocks in the unreceptive Berber solvent. In the first place there are numerous monasteries, the presiding officers of which are called Marabouts or sheiks. These wield substantial authority over large numbers and teach a body of mystic doctrine known as Sufism. To the standard obligations of the faith they add stern monastic rules, which produce, through meditation, a religious ecstasy that lifts the adept to Allah, and in some measure identifies man with his Maker. Various sects of Sufists practise various methods of contemplation for the production of various forms of frenzy. Each monastery is likely to have subordinate branches, ruled by a vicar of the Marabout. The wildest of these Sufist sects and the most numerous are the disciples of Mohammed ben Aïssa, a saint buried at Meknes and who lived at the opening of the sixteenth century. They distinguish themselves by outlandish dances, by eating raw meat, flaps of the thorny cactus, scorpions, and crushed glass. Less weird than these Aïssaoua are the Kadiria, Chadilia, Taiba, Tidjania, and Derkana, each devoted to some Marabout, dead or living, the earliest dating from the twelfth century, the latest from the nineteenth.

Each is a sort of mystic brotherhood with active lodges throughout the north; in the south, too, and within the Sahara. Separately and collectively they wield a tremendous power, sinister oftentimes, and always troublesome in connection with both civil and

religious administration. It must be remembered that the founders were generally uneducated and ignorant, unbalanced in mind sometimes, and always verging on religious folly. Moslems are disposed to regard the harmless insane and persons claiming special enlightenment as holy. Thorough and intolerant as Islam has been, it could not either alone or in conjunction with Sufism eradicate all primitive reversion to magic, pantheism, and Judaism. Deep and widespread are the convictions of supernatural and controlling forces; of the evil eye, of genii malevolent and benevolent, of necromancy, and of the occult influence exercised by natural phenomena. The negroes, converted to Mohammedanism, still practise certain rites of fetichism. Fortune-tellers and soothsayers, dealers in charms and amulets, abound. Worst of all is the perversion of sexualism. The eradication of such dark and terrible remnants of animalism is difficult in all lands; in North Africa it seems hopeless, to such a degree has it infected all religions.

Even the Jews have not escaped the infection. After the long process of their dispersion substantial groups of them were settled everywhere in northern Africa, as in Greece, Italy, and Spain. Confined to separate quarters in the towns; persecuted, too, though not so terribly as in eastern Europe; they were confirmed and strengthened in their ritual, remaining strictly orthodox in faith and practice. Nevertheless, their occupations as traders and jewellers made them familiar with every form of belief and superstition; and

the periodic looting of their enclosed districts by unrestrained outsiders so stirred their being as, possibly for revenge, to demand a closer familiarity with those who outraged them, and this has left sorry traces on their morals. Of course, there are, in the Barbary states, Jews and Jews; but the families eminent for decency and trustworthiness are not numerous nor very influential. Their worst troubles are with their own coreligionists.

Among the Europeans now in Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco there are very few Protestants. The reason is not far to seek. The overwhelming mass of immigrant settlers, French, Spanish, and Italian, profess Roman Catholicism, and they are most impatient of Protestant propaganda; the Malekite Moslems are more so, the sight of even Catholic churches is trying, and the priesthood denies any attempt at conversion. The nuns in charge of industrial schools for little girls assert, that as far as orphans or foundlings in their charge receive instruction other than technical, it is strictly confined to making good Moslem women of their pupils. A review of the Protestant effort in missions seems to show that medical missionaries alone have a chance to live and labor in Morocco; even in Algeria all efforts at evangelization have been futile.

The art of a people is justly considered as the evidence of their culture; religious and æsthetic. Among the prehistoric remains, as mentioned in another connection, are low reliefs carved in the living rock, generally in caves or at least best preserved in such shelter.



From a photograph by the Service Photographique du Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie

THE MEDRACEN

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The subjects are hunting and pastoral scenes, and the technic, though naïf, is pictorial. In the south of the department of Oran and the high plateaus of the Sahara beyond Constantine, are graphic representations of the existing fauna as well as of animals no longer found in those regions: elephants, buffaloes, and giraffes. In all their pictographs is a vigorous delineation of the human form, at rest and in action. Farther eastward there are dolmens, tumuli, and funerary chambers.

At Dougga, in Tunisia, amid abundant Roman remains has been found a bilingual inscription, now in the British Museum, of the Libyan and Punic languages, which was on the wall of a semicircular mausoleum still in place; a similar one, Greco-Punic, is at Kroubs in Algeria. The great tomb near Batna, the Medracen, is a large cylinder of masonry more than 180 feet in diameter and of proportionate height: It is surmounted by a conical dome with step-like surface and is adorned with 60 Doric columns engaged in the structure. It compares in puzzling, but not complete, exactness with the great tomb near Oran. Both were erected, many believe, by forgotten native kings before the coming of the Romans. The architecture is very fine, and the interior chambers, cleared out fifty years ago, are believed to have been used for funerary purposes. But the clearing of passages and chambers revealed nothing whereby certainty can be established. Whoever built these majestic buildings, they almost surely belong to the Punic period. The excavations at Car-

thage, although scarcely begun, reveal, nevertheless, important Punic remains; among them carved sarcophagi of such admirable workmanship as to prove the artist's mastery of a noble art when Greek influence was strong, before the Roman conquest. Roman remains are numerous and impressive except in Morocco, where Volubilis is in process of thorough excavation under skilful, conscientious direction.

But elsewhere in North Africa are ruins of all the paraphernalia of Roman splendor, many of them wonderfully preserved and all in Greco-Roman style, but with no originality of design. There are camps, temples, arches, arenas, bridges, aqueducts, baths, and fountains, many almost complete as they were built; all that Roman elegance and Roman power in combination could create. The finest objects are the statues and mosaics. Of Christian art the remains are numerous but confused. There were memorial oratories and sanctuaries, and in Tunisia is enough Christian art for students to distinguish a Latin, a Vandal, and a Byzantine period. In the two last is a marked decadence; there is some Syrian influence among the work of the Vandals. Elsewhere it is not possible to draw such fine distinctions. The only really important Christian remains are the churches, all basilicas. These have anywhere from one to nine naves, supported on colonades with an apse at the end of the principal nave, but there are no porches nor transepts. The style is a combination of Syrian and Egyptian. Every sort of capital adorns the pillars, chiefly, however, the Ionic



From a photograph by the Service Photographique du Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie

TOMB OF THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN NEAR ORAN IN ALGERIA

and Corinthian. These are surmounted by an inverted pyramid as capstone when the masonry of the arch they carry demands. The mouldings are weak and so are the reliefs. The ornamentation is a mixture of pagan with Christian motives and symbolism; and, what may be transitional, of geometrical designs. Their huge fortresses were most uncouth because hastily built, though the massive walls of the towns are impressive in their strength.

The teaching of Islam frowns on images and imagery. But Moslems vary even more widely than Christians in temperament and sense of duty. What license the Damascus caliphate practised in food and drink has been indicated. Their absorption of Greek ethics and æsthetics was likewise a deviation from strict orthodoxy. Succeeding as they did in Roman Africa to the influences of three conquests their art retains elements from all three, and was modified by the native Berber instinct. In the course of three centuries the older Orient, Barbary, and Spain, were subdued to their sway and between all these districts there was a lively interchange of traffic in goods and ideas. The Eastern Empire and the Western Caliphate, as also the Western Empire and the Eastern Caliphate, were in relations with one another that might be called intimate, while the two empires and the two caliphates were, more or less, at odds with each other. Byzantium was Oriental, both in land and in taste. The pillars of the great mosque in Cordova are nearly all of Greco-Roman origin, most of them indeed gifts from the

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Eastern emperors. Something of the impulse to hurl back invading hordes of Ommiad invaders may have and probably did come from the bitterness between them and the Abbasids of Bagdad. It is reckless to assert such historical probabilities as proven fact of record, but the evidence of sense and instinct is very strong. No one questions, however, that Arab civilization, such as it was, nourished by its predecessors, retained while advancing and receding a strong individual character of its own.

The isolation of Morocco in the seventh and eighth centuries was almost complete; its many tribes were in perpetual bush warfare, primitive and pantheistic in their superstitions. Here and there were groups of monotheists, Christians, and Jews. On the east was a coherent vigorous life, typified by the mosque of Kairouan, while in Spain was a semblance at least of organic union which could produce the miracle mosque of Cordova. As late as the eleventh century the architecture of Fes and Meknes was small, heavy, and mechanical. Ornament there was none. The first advance was an increase in dimensions, but enlargement only served to perpetuate the cold formality of such structures as the mosques of Kairouan and Andalous. It is not possible to trace an evolution which culminated in the glories of the later twelfth century under the Almohades. Ruthless conquerors, in less than twenty-five years they were masters from Tripoli to Portugal and Andalusia. Then the great Mansour immortalized himself in an art which leaped forth equipped with

what is highest in construction, design, and ornament. On Rabat he bestowed the exquisite Hassane tower, minaret of a beautiful mosque, of which it is the surviving memorial, with the great citadel, now an exquisite garden with the mighty original walls pierced on the river side for a terraced restaurant almost overhanging the surges of the Atlantic. Just north of Marrakesh stands a bridge of twenty-seven graceful stone arches a thousand feet long, built by his predecessor, Abd el Moumene, and in that city stands to-day the masterpiece of Moorish art, constructed by Mansour, the mosque and minaret of the Koutoubia; the weight of evidence is that he, too, built the great mosque of Seville, whose minaret, the far-famed Giralda, is now the tower of the huge cathedral. These three majestic monuments are each about 40 feet square and 220 in height (the Hassane tower, unfinished, is 200). The materials were carefully chosen to gratify the eye; the dimensions are imposing; and they soar as if earth herself had erected them to gratify the best taste of those who dwell upon her. The ornamentation of arabesque bands and inscriptions in angular Cufic letters is sufficiently rich, but avoids surfeit. Toward the top broad bands of turquoise blue tiles almost blend with the sky beyond and above. The age of faith which wrought such wonders has justly been compared to that which built the marvellous Gothic cathedrals of Europe.

The decline of the fine arts under the successors of Mansour was rapid and continuous until the dynasty

gave place to that of the Merinides. Ten years after the completion of their sweeping victory, Abu Youssef built the new Fes beside the old one, and his new town was complete in itself: its barracks, its departmental buildings, its mosques with their adjunct school buildings of high artistic merit, and its fortresses. The successive emirs of the line were passionate builders in Andalusia, Algeria, and Tunisia, where their occupation was partial or brief; and their contributions were insignificant except at Tlemcen. But in Fes, Meknes, Salé, Marrakesh, Ceuta, and in Taza, they left their mark. To every mosque which they built they adjoined a wing, on the construction of which they expended the ingenuity and skill of creative art. The learned teachers and their pupils, followers from various parts of the empire, desirous to sit at the feet of some eminent jurist or historian or philosopher, were elegantly and superbly housed. By a striking variation, from what we broadly designated Saracenic or Moorish style, they caught a sort of classic inspiration from Spain, both the Merinides and the Tlemcen dynasty of Zeianids, and used it in the great mosque of that city, exactly as the Hafsids of Tunis had grafted a classic influence on a more Oriental basis. When the Turks arrived a still further variation took place, for they built mosques in the Byzantine style of Constantinople, using for ornament enamelled diamond-shaped tiles and patterns incised in marble and filled with lead.

Generally speaking, from the days of the Almohades

onward, there was a steady decline of taste, not only in architecture, but in all the arts of design, and what was quite as bad, an inattention to historic monuments which permitted decay, shabbiness, and even ruin among the masterpieces. Tiles were loosened and fell; the exquisite carvings on cedar beams, for lack of protection, splintered and rotted; walls sagged on foundations weakened by disrepair and crumbled. When the French arrived on the scene it was with dismay that experts viewed the damage due to neglect, in some cases reparable but in very many past repair, and defying even restoration. Islamic art had drawn its inspiration from every source east and west throughout twelve centuries, and consequently there are wide variations in the results attained in different localities. But the art is everywhere the art of Islam, not that of any predecessor or contemporary. The African lands are covered with mosques, oratories, fortified monasteries (ribats), frowning fortresses, and mighty walls enclosing cities, administrative buildings, palaces, and private dwellings, caravansaries and wholesale warehouses (fondouks), bridges, aqueducts, reservoirs, and fountains, baths, private and public, hospitals, asylums, and schools, latest in time the school annexes of the mosques; and last of all the tombs of saints, resorts of pilgrims, and the monastic adepts of Sufism (zaouias). In general, the mortuary sculpture was not marked by splendor of dimension or ornament. No wonder that Moslem art is so diverse, assimilating motives drawn from the Orient, from Sicily, Spain, and Con-

stantinople; and, besides, creating anew every structure essential to civilization in the image of its religion and philosophy.

Such works demanded great numbers of artisans, some real artists, some skilled engineers, some tradesmasters of high dexterity. It is said that the emirs and sultans gave personal attention to their workmen's welfare and comfort, loading them with gifts according to merit and lodging them in luxury, clothing them in fine raiment, providing music, instrumental and vocal, to amuse them as they worked; and, as wages, weighing gold enough to counterbalance the chips from their burins and chisels. Behind this legend, if legend it be, there is much truth; when he opened the medersa named for him at Fes, Abu Inane listened calmly as his treasurer reported the enormous cost of the structure and then remarked: "Beauty is not dear whatever it cost, what pleases has no price. What is useful must be made beautiful." Industrial art reached a high degree of excellence under such auspices; nor did it suffer the same lamentable decline as structural. Arms and armor, clothing and embroidered stuffs, prayer-rugs, carpets, pottery, plain and ornamented, of equally exquisite shapes and patterns, and carvings in wood, all these continued to employ skilled artisans long after other industries had declined to meanness or been forgotten. Down to the present hour there have survived in considerable numbers workmen who pride themselves justly on their traditional skill in many handicrafts, particularly in what we call ara-

besque designs, in plaster or clay baked into hardness; cornices and ornamental bands, the designs of which are composed of texts in the exquisite Arab script or the more vigorous and sharp-cornered Cufic letters.

Far and near the peoples of Barbary are fond of music and dancing. In the cities bands of trained performers are numerous, and are employed at the many and elaborate family festivities. To the eastward the themes and variations are Egyptian; from Tlemcen westward they are Andalusian, though the songs of Spain are not in the repertoires of professionals, being the entertainment of the young of both sexes. The instruments are the violin, the lute, the tambourine, the flageolet, the flute, and the drum. Part singing is unknown, and the melodies rendered in unison are marked by a strong, insistent rhythm. The Arab dance is not so much an affair of the feet and legs as of pose, in which arms, head, and body swaying, bowing, and stiffening, play the major rôle. The tribe of the Ouled Naïl furnishes the troupes of dancing beauties, unveiled and adorned with lavish jewelry; coins for the most part which they accumulate as a dowry when age unfits them for the loose living of youth, preparatory to marriage and motherhood. Their dress is gay but modest; their movements quite the reverse. In remote districts the women of the people cultivate group dances of considerable intricacy, while the men engage in semitheatrical performances which are said to be coarse and vulgar, if not licentious.

Of natural science among the Berbers, Arabs, and Moors, there is none. The Koran, not only the sacred book of infallible rule in faith and conduct, but a masterpiece of literature, suffices in its primitive naïveté for all a devout Moslem should know. Moreover, being, as they believe, divinely inspired, it is the one all-embracing literary model. Every Arabic scholar knows how musical is its text and how agreeable is its rhythm and rhyme. The Arab conquests introduced Islam in absolute thoroughness and every Moslem understands the blasphemous desecration of any effort to put the perfect text of his scriptures into any vernacular form. Hence, the Moslem primary school confines itself to teaching the Koran by sing-song repetition, and the inattention of any child suffers the correction of the rod; such Koranic schools are everywhere. The intermediary training of the Moslem mind is given in colleges or mosque annexes (*medersas*) in history, geography, mathematics, medicine (*sic*), astronomy, and astrology. All these are taught from pious text-books by rote. But the higher education is elaborate. The Arab mind was, for long, the most astute and acute in the whole world. It seized on all the learning of the Greeks, handled it, that is Orientalized it, much as their art did the influences from which it started; thoroughly appropriated it, and through Spain and Italy, when Europe was sunk in ecclesiasticism and feudalism, handed on the torch of philosophy, law, jurisprudence, and the decencies of thought and action to the modern world. Arabic,

and not Berber or any vernacular tongue, is for the Moslem the language above all others. Hence there is no instruction in any European language given in school, college, or university. But that in grammar, in the traditions of the prophet, in theology, law, and jurisprudence, is given by trained professors of the highest intelligence. The Jews employ a corrupt Hebrew as the Berbers do a corrupt Berber, in familiar parlance, but many, probably the majority of urban dwellers, also know and use Arabic. In the towns it is surprising how many boys of fourteen to sixteen already know enough French to serve as guides. In Algeria and Tunisia the immigrant settlers speak their native tongue, French, of course; but also much Maltese Arabic, a dialect apart; likewise Spanish and Italian. It is well known that the Levantines have constructed a jargon for commercial purposes; in the same way was formed in northern Africa a composite tongue known as Sabir. Unlike the Levantine, it is slowly falling into disuse.

These spoken dialects are, of course, confined to trade and daily life. The written language of the courts, of great affairs, is always Arabic, not a corrupt but an excellent modern Arabic. Between the pre-Mohammedan, the classic Mohammedan, Arabic of the Koran and that in use to-day throughout the Moslem world is a difference as great as that between the English of Chaucer and that of Tennyson. The earlier Arabs had a passion for poetry, mostly metrical couplets, the study and hidden meanings of which

occupied the scholars of Bassorah or Cufa to an amazing extent. Their huge dictionaries abound in these verselets, used to illustrate the recondite meanings of words. Some of these even an Occidental student can admire almost extravagantly, so beautiful is the imagery and felicitous the language, and exquisite the poetic feeling. Then there are the longer poems, the *Kasidas*, poems of a hundred lines or more, constructed on a plan as studied as that of our sonnet, though utterly different. Of these the most famous are the Seven Suspended (*moallakat*), so-called because embroidered on the borders of the great cloth which covers the sacred *Caaba* at Mecca. These classic *Kasidas* have themes that deal with pensive melancholy, aroused by viewing the remains where once some vision of delight enthralled the poet's senses. They are by seven different authors and are the model of all longer verse. There were also, as previously indicated, classical historians and commentators. In modern times Morocco has produced historians of high merit; though it is vain to seek in their writings the slightest evidence of the critical spirit. There have also been poets bold enough to attempt the *Kasida*, but their verses are generally eulogies of distinguished personages, and their imagery is rather artificial and swollen. Finally there are professional story-tellers in great numbers; no market is complete without one. These have a common stock of tales similar to the *Arabian Nights*, with which we are familiar, but expanded into every variety of invention and imagery. Though

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prose, they do not appear worth collecting and each of the reciters gives some dramatic quality to what he has orally received and will pass on, orally, too, to his successors.

CHAPTER IV

PROBLEMS OF THE FRENCH PROTECTORATE

IN 1893 the crossing from Cadiz to Tangier, a matter of five or six hours, made in the *Mogador*, a Spanish vessel of uncertain cleanliness and assured discomfort as to seamanship and table, was an enterprise to be carefully considered. It was an adventure to see children tossed from boat to boat like bundles of freight, and cattle hoisted by a noose around their horns into the vessel's hold. The hazard of landing behind a ridge of broken rocks, just visible above the surface of the water, carried ashore at that on the backs of wading stevedores, seemed greater than it probably was. But for the hotel runner, a very self-important native in gorgeous raiment, the baggage of the party might have disappeared into robber caves. In the hollows either side the low portal in the wall reclined, in awful state, two customs officials of majestic mien, all white in turbans and robes of office, who disdainfully had each piece of luggage opened and then, without unsettling their pose, waved each a shapely hand that they might be closed again. But there was no "golden key" essential as part of the formality, as is customary and needful in Andalusia.

Trailing afoot through sewage and decaying garbage along the crooked narrow street, the terrace of the hotel was reached by the traveller and a considerable

degree of cleanliness and comfort somewhat reassured him. Sallying thence, from time to time, through other tortuous streets equally filthy to that by which he had arrived, he could note the brazen immorality of a semicosmopolitan quarter with drinking dens and dance-halls and gambling-hells, all confined within a small district. The native population spread right and left around a hillside, and the place in general was as purely Moroccan with its mosques and minarets and market-place and bazaars as were the inland cities. The market-place, on high ground, was full of Moorish men, in their whitish burnouses and picturesque, but dirty turbans, haggling and dickering over sums almost too small to count—so said our dragoman. There were groups squatted around the snake-charmer and the story-teller; there were the hooded and half-veiled old crones with their vegetables, eggs, nuts, dates, and bread for sale; there was live stock, goats, sheep, and cattle; there was the jingling water-carrier with his dripping goatskin bottle slung over his shoulder; there were young persons with eruptive diseases, one at least with confluent smallpox, coming and going, unconcerned and unhindered. In short, there was all that any Moroccan, Algerian, or Tunisian market-place could offer.

The bazaars, like all others, were a complex of alleyways lined on both sides with tiny shops, whose owners sat cross-legged on the edge of their counters, three or four feet up, either manufacturing shoes, harness and saddles, household wares, and all the articles of

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daily use, or else they were measuring and weighing dry groceries of many sorts, conducting their business in placid calm, without haste but without rest or inattention. In such booths, shuttered and locked at night, was sold every variety of dry-goods and knick-nacks, mostly of European manufacture, but some from Oriental looms or of native handiwork. The woollen and silk fabrics were from the Berber hand looms, very soft and beautiful, some of them; and the long-piled rugs, though crude in color and design, were likewise of home manufacture. The slime underfoot in these alleys was thick and sticky, mules and donkeys with riders or burdens of building material crowded through them, indifferent to foot passengers.

Higher up toward the Atlantic was the fashionable quarter, with one French hotel. Here were located the embassies, legations, and consulates of Western Powers, and several charming villas with elaborate gardens. The climate of that hill is one of the most perfect to be found, and Tangier was already a desirable summer resort. The opposite shores of Gibraltar and Spain swelter under July and August heats. Moreover, at that time it was a comfortable residence for those upon whom their marital relations sat lightly. The diplomatic and consular society was much what it is everywhere, but it preferred to reside on the fringe of Europe where naval vessels could easily protect it in case of need. If serious international business was to be transacted a progress with safe-conducts and soldiery and all the circumstance of a caravan, tents, portable

kitchens, horses, camels, and servants had to be arranged. Such a one was soon to leave and it was intimated that men travellers might join it, contributing their share of the great expense. But the roads were mere trails, the fords uncertain, and the internal disorders so acute that few cared to take unnecessary risk. The Shereefian sultan then reigning, Moulay el Hassan, having, as previously stated, employed French officers to renovate his artillery, was suspected of underhand dealings and was far from popular with his people, while his son, Moulay el Aziz, was surrounded with intriguers eager to place him on the throne, to which he actually succeeded in 1894. At the best, Morocco, toward the close of the nineteenth century, was chaotic and unsafe even for those whose home it was. There were courageous travellers who made the journey to Tetuan, and lodged with wealthy Jewish families there, but most were content with horseback excursions in the immediate neighborhood or somewhat farther afield to Cape Spartel.

It so happened that just then a numerous body of pious Moslems from the interior had encamped outside the walls farther eastward. What an encampment and what tents! At first the multitude, nearly a shipload, was difficult to discern, so low were the camel's-hair shelters and so exact in color with the ground, a dull umber. But when discovered, there the human beings lay sardine-wise under the shelter, or sunshades, rather, patiently waiting the summons to embark in the vessel lying in the offing and ready to take them

to Jeddah, the port of Mecca on the Red Sea. They had stocks of such provisions as they require, and at the appointed hours when the muezzin's call pealed forth from the not far distant minarets they were prompt to respond with their devotions. The attending dragoman was, himself, a Hadji who had, years before, duly made his pilgrimage and seemed contemptuous of the poor souls who were only now on their way. But the unknown is the marvellous, and the pilgrim throng was subdued in soul by the prospect of performing a duty which, when fulfilled, would give them distinction in their home community. Their flocks and herds, for they were mainly shepherd folk, had been left behind them in such care as strangers would give, but regardless of all, they were pressing on to accomplish what would aid in their entrance to paradise after this weary life was ended.

Moulay el Hassan was a typical Oriental despot. Such monarchs, with powers theoretically unlimited, actually however controlled and harassed to distraction by their subordinates, and too often betrayed by them, constitute a genus of humanity difficult to describe or comprehend. In one sense they are the state; and their personality is mirrored in the history of their reigns. Among them have been statesmen, national and international, beneficent lawgivers, clever administrators, and admirable patrons of learning and the fine arts. But the large majority have exhibited a hypocritical and formal piety, have indulged in every form of voluptuous license, have practised horrid

cruelties, have held power and place by counteracting one local ambition with another, at home and abroad, and, flourishing for a time by ignoble intrigue, have been displaced or died without honor. Under such men subordinate officials emulate the practices of their superior. Extortion is rife alike in town and country, the taxes are farmed to bare-faced robbers; the people groaning under double, triple, and fourfold burdens become sly and deceitful; trade languishes almost to extinction and great tracts of fertile land, first exhausted, then untilled, revert to wilderness. There is no reforestation of devastated woodland, and mineral wealth is ignored; live stock of every kind runs wild and the better breeds become extinct. Of sanitation there is no thought; filth and dead animals accumulate in the streets of towns; and country folk, deprived of all incentive to labor, live in neglected huts and rotting tents. This sorry picture of Tunis, Algeria, and Morocco under their autocrats is not overdrawn.

What has been written about Tangier at the close of the last century remains true, excluding the international characteristics of that town, of every interior city, with a very few rare exceptions. There never was any city planning, and the haphazard network of streets, so called, is a labyrinthine puzzle. It is an immemorial custom to build around a court and, therefore, blank walls with occasional doorways line the passages in the residence, often in the wholesale commercial quarters. Frequently the houses have but

one story, more often two, and sometimes three. Roofs are flat with a wall balustrade, and the women's quarters are at the top, so that they get their airing without seeing outsiders or being seen except by the firmament above. The poorer sort turn their tiny homes into kennels, living, eating, cooking, and sleeping in apartments like cattle stalls and often with no air or light except from an open doorway. Even they, however, in some measure, seclude their women. Those who are easier in circumstances are better, but by our standards still poorly, lodged. The abodes of the well-to-do are charming. Entering by a long, gloomy passageway the visitor finds himself in a court, tiled on floor and dado with the products of potter artisans. A fountain plays in the middle, and a story higher is a colonnaded gallery onto which the upper rooms open. Many of the columns and cornices are of excellent design. The colors are not riotous, but low and harmonious. There are no chairs anywhere, but a low divan runs about the blank chamber walls, and cushions of every design abound. The bed is generally a mat or rug disposed to the owner's taste. Interior sanitary arrangement is primitive. Women, except negro slaves, are conspicuous by their absence. They go about the streets and roads: in town veiled, showing no feature except a single eye; less careful to hide dubious charms on the highways of the countryside. The harems are accessible only to children, women, and the master of the house.

French artists abound in Moslem France and form

a group known as Orientalists. Their president, a painter of renown, is known to some by an exquisite portrait of a pretty Berber girl, not yet veiled, which he styles "Innocence." Speaking of the child models he remarked: "They are good little beasties." He had imbibed the true Moslem spirit as regards woman. Training in simple household arts they have some; education in the western sense they have none. From the marriageable age onward, they enjoy some consideration, and the protracted marriage festivities, among the wealthy classes, lasting several days, are most elaborate, quite as pompous as the act of divorce is abrupt and disdainful. The dowry of the bride is clothing, household effects, and a sum of money; her one safeguard against dismissal is that her husband must return to her what she has brought, and that is often inconvenient. When he has the goods, and wishes to be rid of her, his word suffices, and she is returned with her belongings to her family. Barrenness is an all-sufficient ground.

Yet western women who penetrate into the harem describe their Moslem sisters as cheerful. According to the family means they are elaborately dressed, sometimes in Parisian style, clad in silks and satins with laces, embroideries, jewelry, bracelets, necklaces, and anklets. Well pleased with their finery, they move about with grace and gaiety, dispensing their hospitality of tea and cakes and sweetmeats with pleasant smiles. They seem to be excellent mothers, and the children are both happy and, generally, wholesome in

looks as they are gentle in manners. The weekly holiday of their religion being Friday, the women, some of them, go veiled to prayer in the mosques, though as Islam is rather uncertain about their possessing souls, this is not obligatory. The cemetery on that day is their club. Many burial-fields are adorned with elaborate gravestones and tombs, and there, on the holiday, the women congregate in large numbers, clad in flowing street robes, and veiled to the masculine gaze, for the interchange of gossip and news. They are the local newspaper in a sense, for everything is by their means known everywhere.

Whatever their domestic occupation, sewing, embroidery, or fancy work, they are idle enough when abroad. The tourist gets an occasional glimpse of their slender fingers, and now and then furtively of their features, enough to prove how skilful they are in using the contents of their toilet boxes—colors, ointments, and white pigments. They go to the bridal chamber very young, at fifteen or sixteen, looking on their husband, generally, for the first time; and it is said by physicians that their prudery, if troublesome, is overcome with shocking violence. To polygamy they are accustomed as a matter of course, and the rule of the senior wife is strict enough, except in the case of younger favorites. Yet to the passer-by they seem, as a whole, happy and cheerful. There are many instances in high life where the influence of a favorite is determinative. Indeed there have been a few women who swayed the destinies of important monasteries,

and for long have held sway over rude tribes without interference. Despite these higher lights the Moham-
medan woman in French Africa, as elsewhere, is a household drudge, and at best the sport of male ca-
price. Except the professional entertainers, they see little or nothing of the greater world about them, and even these are under the stern control of the men who employ them and train them. What satisfaction of their yearnings, if they have any, which they do se-
cure, comes to them in personal adornment, in their tea-drinkings, and in their cigarettes; certainly not in the companionship of a true marriage relation, nor in intellectual pursuits of even the most childish kind. They must know something of the arts of design, for they can weave and embroider from childhood onward. The patterns, however, are hard and conventional, and creative inventiveness is not possible, or, if it were, would be scornfully disdained. As things are now so they have been, and ever will be, as far as work and relaxation in the intimacy of the harem is concerned.

The deep, dark shadows of life in North Africa are diseases—first and foremost venereal disease. Syphilis is wide-spread, and, until the coming of European in-
fluence, was unchecked. It was always an Oriental scourge, and is said to have been first known in Europe after the Crusades. Its ravages, like those of smallpox, have been and still are ghastly. Then there is the whole list of filth diseases: fevers—typhoid, typhus, and ma-
laria. Thousands go to their graves, the medical at-
tendance, so called, confined to incantations and

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worthless charms; the occasional efficiency of western physicians or native doctors trained in modern methods is virtually lost in the general hold of superstition. There is no danger of overpopulation. Even the native hospitals, for there are a few, show only rudimentary ideas of cleanliness, while nursing means the gratification of morbid whims, or a drop of water on parched tongues. Child-bearing, of course, though reformed by Moslem law as to care and purification, is the affair of midwives, as of old; and the accursed superstition of the evil eye, almost universal, nullifies the first principles of sanitation in the taboo practices to guard against it. The fever attendant on child-birth, in the absence of aseptic knowledge, is rampant. As to infantile diseases, the little sufferers take their chances and, of course, only the fittest survive.

In any effort to describe the enclosure, within which, in every town, the Jews live and survive, language utterly fails. The writer recalls with vividness of memory the Ghettos of Rome, Prague, and Breslau as they were a generation ago. He also recollects clearly the old Seven Dials of London and the contemporary Five Points of New York. In the last two, drunkenness and its attendant brawls, partly excluded attention to the prevalent filth and stenches, but in no one of the places mentioned were filth and stench so utterly repellent as in the Mellah of a large Moroccan city. Of alcoholism and its attendant brutishness, there is little. But for offal, dung-hill slime, decaying sewage and garbage, a large typical Mellah must be

reckoned supreme. In some there may be a tolerable street or two of shops and jeweller's booths, but the rest is offensive to every sense. Time was, and not so long ago, when, at intervals of a few years, the Mellahs were thoroughly looted by the Moslem population. The whining, cringing sufferers were turned into scavenging animals, scrambling for offal of the most offensive sort, or crusts, or vegetable refuse—anything to keep some little spark of life aglow. Those who had little were stripped of what they had, even their rags and tatters of clothing. Those who had something, concealed it and feigned utter destitution; and the workers in precious metals, or semiprecious stones, a trade confined almost entirely to the Jews, took refuge in credit drafts and the remission of usury to secure their goods. Centuries of such treatment, such horrid cruelty, made the vulgar Israelitish herd what it is—lying, deceitful, harsh, and pitiless in their dealings. The habits of long generations are not easily changed.

We in America hear not infrequently the moan of orthodox rabbis that persecution is essential to Jewish regularity, that prosperity and liberty undermine the passion for ritual and the sense of Judaism as an outcast, witnessing faith, gathering new strength from the despisings of the multitude. That, besides, fine clothes and rich food make for a luxurious self-indulgence which undermines health, destroys the ties of family life and turns the respect due from the young into bold contempt for old age. The loss of the ancient faith leaves the American Jew, they tell

us, a creature without religion, utterly materialistic, a menace to his own and to the other races with which he rarely intermarries but constantly intermingles in trade, a pariah in modern civilization.

The North-African Jews have, so far, suffered little in this way. They remain formally orthodox, they prosper as investors and money lenders, not to say usurers, and they wear the best European clothing they can afford. The women adorn themselves as richly as possible, and walk abroad unveiled and unabashed. Some of them are beautiful in feature, form, and carriage. The men also are not averse to leisurely walking amid the throng and appear self-satisfied, almost pretentious in their western garb. The rabbis are men of influence, important in the larger world and controlling in the synagogues. Their morality is unimpeachable, which cannot be said of the younger laity, though parental authority is still strong. There are marked social distinctions among the Jewish population, and the better sort keep comfortable homes, regulate their domestic affairs with power and sense, enjoying, too, mercantile confidence in larger affairs. The Mosaic laws, ceremonial and sanitary, are held in respect, and it is solely owing to their partial enforcement that the stock perpetuates itself, though it does not increase and multiply. Those few who have fine houses in the remoter towns receive strangers with hospitality. A Moslem caravansary, lodging men and animals under one roof, intended for the convenience of those who bring bedding and food with them, is a most

forbidding place; the Jew can and does mitigate the hardships of travel; for a consideration, as is just.

The negro Moslems are much more numerous in the towns than in the country. Probably they constitute a fifth of the population, about the same proportion as the Jews. But they are not outcasts nor are they even a caste, for, while the traveller sees few mulattoes, the blacks enjoy complete social equality, being of the same democratic religion. It is asserted, probably with truth, that slavery still exists in Morocco, and it is but a lustre since the public slave market in Marrakesh was closed. The servitude of negroes is apparently domestic and not, at least to any degree, agricultural. And it is a question whether the servitude is enforced even morally; legally it certainly is not. The condition of a well-fed, well-clothed, and well-lodged domestic slave is infinitely better than that of any free hireling. Undoubtedly the caprice of master and mistress sometimes makes life a burden, but moods pass and there is enough cruelty in "wage-slavery" to make its victims cry out. Women servants, in the finer houses, are always negresses and unveiled; there are no visible white maids in the household. Nor are negro men confined to any single trade or occupation. It looks, to the wanderer, as if they were found everywhere; they are excellent cab drivers, and apparently not so cruel to their bony steeds as are the Berber coachmen. They are also good chauffeurs. No door of occupation is closed to them, except by their own ineptitude. Skilled in the applied fine arts they do not appear to be.

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Moreover, their Moslem ways, speech, dress, and behavior are a good serviceable veneer. When it cracks, as is not so infrequent, they revert to the dark, secret animalism which was their pre-Mohammedan superstition. This fact does separate them somewhat from their white coreligionists and fellow subjects. To that extent they are another element in the race question of North Africa.

There is also an element in the population which is quite different from that existing anywhere else. For some generations the French have maintained there what is styled the Foreign Legion. The officers are of as high standing as any, and superior in quality to most. The rank and file has been and still is composed of broken men of all European lands, particularly Germans; insolvent debtors, outlawed gamblers, disreputable aristocrats, bankrupt and demoralized bankers' clerks, in short, every type of sinner, repentant or unrepentant, and every sort of innocent outcast as well. Of these men and their relations to native women in Africa, there are many pictures, pathetic or shocking, in French and English literature. From the regular regiments of drafted men considerable numbers contract habits and alliances which unfit them for life at home and they never return. Their progeny is not numerous, but it is an element to be considered.

Reference has been made to the Spanish strip and the hold which the Spaniards long ago secured along the shoreland from Tangier to Melilla. Considerable

numbers of Spaniards, not of the best sort, have steadily sifted in, not only penetrating the life of half-Spanish towns, but far and near throughout all the French possessions. They have not mingled thoroughly with the natives and are Christians of a sort, but they have steadily drifted into a semi-Oriental habit of mind and body, until not the slightest conception of cleanliness or steady habits remains, and being quasi-Europeans still, they hinder reconstruction and refuse all responsibility. To some extent, what is true of these Spaniards of older stock, is likewise true of a much smaller number of Italians. In recent years, the last decennium about, quite another sort of immigrant has moved across from the two peninsulas; a sturdy, admirable, industrious class of artisans and laborers, especially into the Algerian province of Oran. Treated with every consideration by the French authorities, they willingly submit to the automatic naturalization laws, and the next generation bids fair to become Gallicized in speech and feeling. This fact has awakened the attention of the Italian and Spanish reform autocracies, and these are jealous to the point of exasperation. Their nationals at home resent the assimilation of their nationals abroad to the language, habits, and general civilization of those among whom they settle, and demand in the European sphere at least that their new governors jealously safeguard their friends and relatives, at least in one or two generations, against contamination from the insidious influences amid which their lot is cast. We Americans know and suffer

from this phase of morbid nationalism, even with the broad ocean between Europe and America; with only the narrower parts of the Mediterranean to be crossed the situation is more acute.

There is no means of determining accurately the total population of Morocco, nor the proportions of the elements we have been describing. Some districts have not yet been even visited by Europeans. The best estimates consider the number of inhabitants to be about five and a half millions in the French portion, possibly a million more in the Spanish zone and unexplored districts. In addition there are about 150,000 Israelites and 50,000 Europeans. This population is most unevenly distributed; in the fringes of the Sahara there is but a sprinkling of permanent dwellers; in the mountain gorges there are somewhat more whether in the far interior or on the littoral; the western Rif, a well-watered district, supports a few populous tribes; on the high plains there may be 70 to the square mile, around the city of Marrakesh there are perhaps 400. Similar conditions prevail in Algeria and Tunisia. In general, the former has a population of 6,000,000, of which close to a sixth are Europeans; the latter contains 2,000,000, of which only a twelfth are Europeans. In all, the native folk increase and multiply faster than the others, whether by natural generation or immigration.

With this brief outline before him, the reader can easily understand how complicated and delicate are the questions of administration. What may perhaps

be called by euphemism the politics of North Africa is either non-existent or at most a system of so managing the vast, native, fanatical population, not far from 12,000,000 in number, as to sooth their sensibilities and yet secure the administration of justice according to their own laws. The French know that the system they have pursued for three-quarters of a century in Algeria has failed to win even silent acquiescence among the conquered; for Tunisia and Morocco they have adopted an antipodal one and in Algeria they are veering away from the old as much and as rapidly as carefully studied reforms permit. To restore the confidence and secure in some measure the good-will of the Berbers and Arabs demands redoubled caution and deliberation. It is far from easy to retrace one's steps while substituting the best for the better procedure in a real but almost imperceptible concession to the prejudice of a sullen people on its own soil.

The land question is the most troublesome; and its complement is that of naturalization. Under the protectorate in Tunisia the conscious and fairly successful effort of France has been to cultivate the neglected or exhausted lands into fertility, leaving aside the question of French settlement. Many agreements with various nations, Italy in particular, give to several sorts of nationals immunity from general laws as to land-holding and naturalization. There are only 55,000 French in Tunisia, while there are 85,000 Italians and 14,000 Maltese. Two years ago, in 1922, it was decreed that Europeans born in Tunisia, one of

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whose parents had been born there also, are automatically French. This does not apply to Italians, but it adds, from the Maltese stock mostly, about 5,000 annually to the numbers of the so-called French. Another reason why the French are so sparse in number is that the grants of public or state-owned lands were in the form of vast domains; for example, in one district, Sphax, 212,000 acres are owned by 70 proprietors, granted always to each with the proviso that the infertile soil should immediately be planted with olive-trees. Only large proprietors could comply with such terms and the condition was fulfilled. To till the soil and cultivate the plantations, great numbers of southern Italians, attracted also by a chance to labor on the projected public works and on the beginnings of mining operation, immigrated and associated themselves with the native laborers, constituting what is styled the Italian peril. To thwart the movement a Bugeaud Committee has been formed to substitute French for Italian immigration. As regards the transfer to foreigners of small lots owned by natives and vice versa there has been in Tunisia little trouble. In 1890, moreover, the French governor-general made a beginning of official colonization, granting farms of from 165 to 300 acres, out of productive public lands, to any French family desirous of settling on them and tilling the soil. The results have been entirely satisfactory. But for the French peasant—cultivating a small tract by the labor of himself and family—no provision has been made. For the most part, European dwellers

in Tunisia constitute distinct groups, each of which preserves the nationality of its origin and is subject to the law of its native land.

In Algeria there exists a true Algerian people of European descent. Born for the most part where they live, they have been educated in Algerian schools, and consider themselves as they are, French; with a slight modification of character, just as their spoken tongue is somewhat different from the French spoken in any district of France. That they have an organic life, a productive spirit, was proven in the World War; their activities and sacrifices for the Allied cause were unsurpassed elsewhere, and it was by their example that the natives were rendered not only submissive, but actively helpful. Of about 850,000 Europeans in Algeria, 650,000 are French citizens, the rest are un-naturalized foreigners of whom a few expect to return home, but most are permanent settlers who are on the way to citizenship and whose descendants will surely be French citizens. Of the existing French Algerians not more than half are of French origin, even the 70,000 Israelites, all citizens, are natives. Since every soul, born in France and in Algeria and resident in either, considered under French law a French citizen on coming of age, unless formal declaration to the contrary be made, preserves the citizenship of birth, the 300,000 Algerians of an origin other than French are composed of elements already indicated, Spanish, Italian, Greek, Maltese, and a considerable number from middle and north Europe.

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Land tenure in Algeria has been, for three generations, regulated by French law, and though somewhat complicated by Moslem custom is as regular as in France. Private initiative has, therefore, achieved much. Before 1914 the transfers of title from natives to French and vice versa were about even, but during and since that time those from French to natives have perhaps a slight preponderance. To attract French immigrants the state inaugurated a system of official colonization; the inducement is a grant of land in fee, sufficient for a farm, either gratuitous or on easy terms, with certain obligations of residence. Scattered at intervals over the far interior are groups of modest buildings erected by the state, nucleus of a town or hamlet, with post-office, store, and a railway station not too far distant. Some appear thriving, others are in an embryonic state. The effort has been criticised as costing unduly, but there are results. In the great stock-company enterprises of agriculture on the grand scale the government does not meddle, and many of them are very lucrative. Crossing the frontier into Morocco all is changed. In Algeria the southern portions of Oran province and the huge vale of the Mitidja, southwest of Algiers, were almost unpopulated. Both were settled by Europeans and are splendidly tilled; in particular the Mitidja, formerly a swamp, is now a garden spot of unsurpassed fertility, producing banner crops of grain and fruit, and even flowers from which precious essences are extracted. A similar transformation may be expected in many portions of eastern

Morocco, where soil and climate are not unlike those of western Algeria, where population is scanty, and where vast neglected districts await agricultural exploitation from European settlement and the training of the Berbers in sedentary pursuits.

The question of land titles throughout Morocco remains a very knotty problem. Under the old Shereefian régime, there were and still remain three kinds of estates: public lands belonging to the state (*maghzen*), entailed lands held in mortmain (*habous*), and private property (*melk*). The regularization of tenure regarding the first two, both vast in extent, has not been difficult, the French protectorate being sovereign. As regards the third, title search as we understand it has proved well-nigh futile, indeed impossible, so that sale and purchase of real estate by private agreement is risky and rests on very slender foundations. To make easy, sound, and swift the transfer of such property; it has been proposed to make title a matter of public record and the state the title registrar, thereby introducing the Torrens system, an Australian conception of title record, and thus rendering easy, simple, and cheap the transfer of real estate. This "immatriculation" has been commenced and gives satisfaction, so that it will probably be general ere long. Extremes meet when, as they do, the acquisition and holding of private property rest on the law of the Koran, applied by *cadis* or religious judges, according to rules imposed by French authority.

This somewhat puzzling anomaly is the real secret

of the amazing results secured by the French in the twelve years of their protectorate. For there is a sultan of Morocco, as there is a bey of Tunis, an efficient wheel in the train of administration. By the convention signed at Fes on March 30, 1912, the protectorate was organized in the Shereefian Empire, and it made the French resident-general the sole intermediary between that empire and foreign Powers. The sultan, installed, according to strict Moslem custom, is not only the temporal head, but the commander of the faithful, head of the Mussulman community. The Shereefian organization remains substantially untouched, entirely so except for slight but important reforms made from time to time. Three viziers, or ministers of state, divide the executive duties of internal administration among them. The grand vizier is premier and minister of the interior; he presents the Moroccan laws, whether of French or Moslem or combined origin, to the sultan for signature. The ministers of justice and of the entailed lands (mortmains) consult the resident-general through the intermediary of his Directory of Native Affairs. Weekly councils are held at which the sultan presides. These give abundant play for the meeting of minds, native and French. It is not to be supposed that the relation of internal to foreign affairs is any less complicated in Morocco and Tunis than in more advanced governments. The interplay of strong personalities cannot be negligible. The resident-general is the captain-in-chief of the soldiery, as well as civil administrator.

It has been only by the selection of capable and adroit coadjutors that his own great mind and admirable tact are exhibited to the sultan's ministers as aiming solely at justice alike in the least and the greatest questions, under the terms of the convention.

This adjustment, readjustment, and momentary adaptation of means to ends is and will be the all-inclusive problem of the French protectorate. To save the face of wily peoples aware of their subordination but wearing the mask of self-determination was the goal of Lord Cromer in Egypt; a modification of his system is the aim of Marshal Lyautey. But to one who has had the opportunity to observe both, the task of the latter is more difficult because Algeria is just across an imaginary line, and there French jealousy of military ascendancy is as intense as in France itself. M. Steeg, an ex-minister of state, manages affairs as if his charge were a portion of the mother land and, like all ambitious French statesmen, wants military control in Morocco ended as soon as possible, to be replaced by civil control similar to that which he represents.

Until recently the two states which have had the race question in acute form have been the United States and South Africa. The Great War has imposed it on France in a more difficult shape than anywhere else, because from her African possessions she has not only imperatively, but eagerly drawn a soldiery, dark-skinned and keenly observant of European institutions, learning to put new meaning into the revolutionary shibboleths of liberty, equality, and fraternity.

CHAPTER V

THE RACE AND COLOR PROBLEM

IN the olden time there was no color problem in Europe. The excursions and alarums of France in the Hither East fixed the name of Frank upon all Europeans in those parts, and by transference on Europeans at home. The missionary zeal of French Romahists has perpetuated the name through French schools and seminaries in the Levant, but the pupils merely add another to the complex of Christian denominations of Syria, native and foreign. They enter and settle in France itself in negligible numbers. A substantial number of Smyrniote and Alexandrian Greeks reside in Paris, but the Greek element is negligible too. Besides, the eastern foreigners in the country are white and easily assimilate French customs together with the language. There are enough Moslems from North Africa in Paris to maintain a mosque, and the muezzin's call has been heard from its minaret, but the Moorish population of France, except possibly in Marseilles, the African gateway, is far from numerous. Overpopulated Europe leaves little room for immigration, though substantial numbers of Italians, of Poles, and other Slavs are imported to do the hard manual labor in building or agriculture in many districts. The rough work of construction in the incredible restoration of the war-ravaged district has been done largely by

Italians, of course under French contractors. While such imported labor has created some jealousy, it has not created a color question.

The writer well remembers that some twenty years ago a very handsome, smartly dressed black man with an equally smart white wife entered the restaurant where he was the guest at luncheon of a French friend. Perhaps he stared a little, but no one else did, and his host casually remarked: "We rather like that." Within a fortnight there arrived at Havre a vessel from Martinique, manned by West-Indian negroes. To the crews in considerable groups was granted shore leave, and the people of Havre proved most inhospitable, rioting against the men of color and compelling them to take shelter on their ship. The facts were not exactly concealed, but they were not embroidered in the Paris papers. To some thoughtful Frenchmen it appeared as if the color question was, after all, a concrete question; one of numbers, not one of sporadic assimilation or theoretical abstraction. This may have been an uncommon instance, but it was significant.

Critics nowadays draw a nice distinction between novels which are supposed to deal with realities in life and romances which are pure figments of the imagination. The literature of French Africa is fairly large, and many so-called novels deal with real life in Algeria. A dispassionate reader finds the plot, either incidentally or mainly, concerned with the hard lot of natives who have been Gallicized and aim at social equality. There is in them a frank admission of the friction between the

inferior and superior races. This would seem to indicate that in Algeria at least there is a race, if not a color question. Observant French authors who have written about Morocco are few. Their subjects are mainly the picturesque and artistic aspects of a boundless field, scarcely explored on its fringes. Yet even there the race and color question begins to emerge. A very few scholarly and well-bred Moslems assemble libraries of Moslem annals, edit ancient texts, and long to produce readable histories in the true sense, which will reveal their land and people to the Western outside world. They cultivate the society of Europeans, mingle as far as possible with socially distinguished visitors, learn European languages, and with their charming manners as well as their beautiful clothes form a delightful element at French functions in French Africa. Some of them are eager to travel in Western lands and inquire pathetically about their reception in railways, hotels, and public places, well knowing that while they are of a white race their skins are permanently darkened by exposure to southern suns. A few such may be seen at large in Paris and southern France, but they strike the onlooker as ill at ease and feeling outlandish.

The brotherhood of white men is a cherished ideal, the realization of which is far, far off down or up toward the perspective of the millennial goal. We grieve to think of what ages have fixed in the antipathies of Europeans for each other; how much more profound are they for Shemites and Hamites; what angelic self-

control must be exercised if all are to be included in one social organism of kindness and good-will and peace. When we come to consider that even more distant ideal of brotherhood with the red, yellow, and black men of the globe our hearts sink within us. Yet the restlessness of one sort is the restlessness of all; the ever-increasing ease of transportation and its relative cheapness beckons the whole world to migration, commingling, and consociation of human elements the most divergent in origin and character. We Americans look on either in despair, trusting to accident or evolution for a solution of the problem, or else persist in heaping one partial policy on another to keep ours a white man's country. Europeans are amusingly different. While Germany had colonies she refused all burgher rights in the fatherland to their natives or to the progeny, fairly numerous, of natives and Germans, inventing schemes to keep German emigrants of pure blood, wherever they were on the globe, subjects of their land of origin. Switzerland still cherishes the idea of double citizenship, as, in a modified form, do Italy, Spain, and the newly invented nationalities. But France flatly asserts that there is no race and color question, at least officially, and uses every effort to secure complete equality, even social. And her administration is through long practice an adroit equilibrist.

Even before the World War, possibly with foresight, her effort was noticeable. The man-power of her hereditary foe was increasing with appalling celerity, while

her own ratio of increase was stationary. Among far-seeing military men there appeared but one remedy, and that was the training of colonials, white or colored, for use in the coming conflict. This view was strengthened by the instinct of self-preservation and gained many adherents. The choice between a struggle of despair between white soldiers, and one of at least equal chances with a supplementary force of Africans, white and black, was quickly made; a large and influential party of French men rallied to its support. With terrible iteration it was and is affirmed that in France and her subject lands there is not, for there cannot be, a race and color question. When the resident-general of Morocco speaks in Paris for all France to hear, he asserts: In our protectorate we do not regard or treat the natives as an inferior race, merely as another race. It is a superlatively wise, but a very nice distinction, as the ages have considered the relations between victors and vanquished.

The statement invites examination, and from all points of view will bear the closest scrutiny. Leaving aside the intricacies of our own American race and color problems, at least for the moment, there seem to have been three methods of dealing with weak indigenous peoples, occupying desirable portions of the earth's surface on the other side of the world: extirpation, retropulsion, and segregation. The first has been frequently tried since the dawn of history. In the earliest Oriental despotisms war meant utter desolation, the slaughter of innumerable victims, the enslavement

of only a few. The records of Chaldea, Egypt, China, and many minor monarchies heartily approve it. The latest examples are those of the Belgian Congo, the holocaust of Armenians, and the immolations of Soviet Russia. By retropulsion, a pathological term of medicine, we mean the corresponding process in history of driving an external into an internal trouble; hounding, for example, the Celts from lands desired by the Teutons into the infertile, rocky fastnesses of mountain districts, as in Brittany, Ireland, Wales, and the Scotch highlands; or of the Dutch by Spanish tyranny into their dyke-protected swamps; or of the Veneti by Pepin into the lagoons. Segregation requires no explanation nor examples. It was common in the Roman Empire, throughout the Middle Ages as an integral part of feudalism, and in modern history it resulted in the rise of nations. Among the colored races in the tribal stage of evolution it has been virtually universal. In contemporary history it has solved many knotty problems, temporarily; and affords in the near future the only hope of peace between small societies.

Of course there is miscegenation, a word generally used to connote the sexual union of whites with negroes, but designating also that of whites with red Indians, as in Latin America, so called. No less a student traveller of world renown than James Bryce saw in it the only solution of to-day's race and color problem, both East and West, both North and South. Unfortunately, or fortunately, nature presents insurmountable obstacles in the instinctive dislike, distrust, and repul-

sion of what we call races for each other in their normal state. Yellow, copper-colored, and black folk in closest contiguity have not intermingled their blood except in rare instances. The progeny of mulattoes is generally infertile; the one apparently exceptional case of a hybrid human race which propagates itself is that of a cross between south Europeans and the various American Indians of Latin America. Cross mating generally occurs between degenerate individuals; lusty normality seeks its racial mate. The case of the Jews is in point; among those who have risen in refinement from the degraded state to which Barbaric, Christian, or Moslem persecution had reduced them there is a substantial number desiring intermarriage with those among whom they live and absorption into the European stock. They meet with scant success, and their offspring is ranked in the first generation as Jewish. To have a strain of Jewish blood is, however, in the third or fourth or later generations, a source of pride to many. To the writer it seems as if, after centuries of opportunity, miscegenation had accomplished nothing in solving the race and color problem; it may be regarded as a negligible, purely theoretical solution. Mixed races there are, like the Turks, the English, and our own, and they have proved a vigorous, hardy, human stock, but there is no mixture except of white blood.

About ten years ago there came to a prominent American university a man, black as not even an American negro can be, totally different, moreover, in build,

carriage, and features, speaking English without accent and expressing himself as if to the manner born. His ability was pre-eminent as a student, he was a prize-winner as an undergraduate, and though somewhat haughty in mien was popular among his fellow students. His specialty was history, and what he studied he mastered. He was a Zulu chieftain from South Africa, about twenty-five and very mature. He had selected an American university partly because its type of education appealed to him, but mainly because the United States had a race and color problem similar to his own. Travelling extensively far and near in the country during his holiday seasons, he reached very definite conclusions, in particular that there were the widest divergencies of capacity among our blacks as in Africa, and that to each should be given a corresponding training of mind and body. Returning to Cambridge, England, for the study of law so that he could safeguard British justice among his fellows at home, he carried with him the firm conviction that the one and only solution of our problem as of theirs was segregation, not into separate states, but into small communities strewn at frequent intervals amid the white population.

It has been stated that for French Africa, French administration had carefully studied Lord Cromer's system in Egypt and had, with modifications, applied its most important principles in their own possessions. Of these principles the most outstanding is the segregation of the French from the indigenous machinery

of government. Of this more will be said in another connection. But this does not solve the race and color problem. It persists in two ways, the presence of negro civilians, Mohammedans, from tropical Africa, and of negro troops, purest sons of the equator, in French uniform, under the French flag and commanded by French officers. Before the protectorate the negro civilians were comparatively few; they are now, speaking under correction because of an imperfect census, probably more numerous, and while they suffer, so far, almost no social disability, yet they do not blend with the Berbers, democratic and equalitarian as Islam professes to be and is. There is so far no attempt to segregate blacks from Berbers, except that equatorial troops, the Senegalese and others, are kept in separate cantonments.

What has happened in Algiers and Oran in this regard is most instructive; in each there is a native quarter, almost as separate from the rest of the city as are the Jewish quarters everywhere; in Oran the negroes so preponderate in the native quarter that it is styled the negro village, in Algiers the natives inhabit the old citadel. In Oran the segregation was the deliberate work of the French (Lamoricière) in 1845. The citadel of Algiers has remained what it always was. The point is that in the cities and larger towns natives and Jews alike inhabit quarters of their own and mingle with French and other Europeans only in a business way to their reciprocal advantage. Generally the civic authority and civilian police suffice to quell

their discontents and prevent open hostility, but not always. It is just as well for the traveller to keep to the European quarters at nightfall, as the European settlers do themselves.

Quite different is the situation in the open country, where at short intervals are situated hamlets and villages of two sorts. Some are purely Oriental towns of small size, with crooked dirty streets, a little market-place and scanty bazaars, with a mosque and shabby minaret. Others are just as purely European, built of low one or two storied bungalows, arranged on streets in some variation of the checker-board plan, with a public square, shops, and a tavern or two. In the European towns of Algeria there are always a few natives, in the native towns a few Europeans. But for all practical purposes the permanent inhabitants are segregated from each other during the hours of sleep, recreation, and labor, so that natives and immigrants minimize relations that might result in frictions and quarrels. Contentions there are a-plenty, close and continuous proximity would fan them into feuds. One theme, perhaps the favorite one, of the novel dealing with Algeria is the brazen agitation of the professional politician in stirring up strife between Berbers and immigrants so that he may magnify his own importance amid the troubled and sometimes seething discontents of which he is himself the cause. For such purposes the agitator generally selects a town of a few thousand people and excites suspicion of conspiracies among the natives to rise and massacre Europeans.

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Certainly it is judicious statesmanship to announce officially that there is no race and color line in France or her possessions. When the owner of a Montmartre cabaret excludes persons of color at the behest of rollicking, spendthrift Americans with their bitter race prejudice, the manager is heavily fined and permitted to reopen when he promises "never again." Yet when a dusky princess from some French dependency, in Parisian clothes and all the state of her title, appears at a great hotel in a fashionable French watering-place, she is neither molested nor offensively stared at, simply ignored, received apparently into no social intimacy in any circle. "If you drive nature outdoors with a pitchfork she returns by the window." There are no known causes now operative which can account for race and color, for bodily odor and spiritual temperament, or sex repulsion. All that civilization can do is to temporize with the problem of race and color; in a kindly spirit to mark the few among other peoples who rise to eminence and treat them not merely with consideration, but as important levers in the elevation of their fellows in training, environment, and capacity. Further, the truly civilized man will not unduly generalize but act on what only the latest research has established, the fact that in every race and color there is a mental and social stratification which compels the treatment of each stratum according to its gifts.

With the sorry limitations of the white stocks themselves, and the haughty self-sufficiency which is more in evidence as we descend the white scale, such a

policy is very difficult either of formulation or of execution; but it is not impossible; beginnings have been made and the good work will go forward. The process of equalization in the practice of true, not bastard, fraternity is going to be long and weary in acquiring impetus; then in the nick of time there will be acceleration, and we may hope a high degree of success. We venture to think that for this an auspicious beginning has been made in Morocco by segregation in a modified form; the segregation of French and foreigners, civil and military, from the natives, whether Arab, Moor, Berber, or negro. It must not be forgotten that Morocco is not yet completely pacified. There are still unconquered districts of considerable size; hateful as the word is, there is still a certain extirpation of the natives; and there is also a retropulsion of populations into inaccessible fastnesses where beneficent occupation is impossible. Consequently we must recall, at the risk of annoying iteration, that the segregation process goes on only in the enormous pacified districts.

The interest of France in Morocco will appear on careful consideration to be quite different from that of mere colonial expansion and on a far higher plane. She had suffered terribly from the anarchy of native rule in Algeria and had suppressed it; she was almost oversensitive to the similar lawlessness on the western frontier beyond an imaginary line. Spain was just across the narrow sea, her sphere of influence in Africa contiguous to the sultanate. Great Britain regarded Tangier and the southern pillar of Hercules as ancillary

to the defense of the Mediterranean highway eastward. Germany felt that as a world-power a hold somewhere on the Atlantic was essential for the safeguarding of her prospective commerce. Morocco, rich in nature, poverty-stricken in government, was an international question of the first importance. And furthermore, as has been explained, well-nigh indispensable to the domestic security of French departments in Africa. There was true nobility in the yielding attitude France assumed in the Algeciras conference.

Having such facts in mind an interested reader can grasp the reasons for the administrative policy adopted from the moment the convention of Fes was signed. Western Morocco has been parcelled into six administrative districts; in each there is a general officer or official, a colonel uniting in his person both civil and military authority. These again are subdivided into districts over which preside either members of the Information Bureau or civilians pure and simple. For instance, Chaouïa; the environs of Rabat, seat of both Berber and French authority, is administered by a civilian, and civil control is established wherever and as soon as circumstances permit in the opinion of the resident-general; though probably, seemingly at least, not so soon or so widely as professional politicians desire.

In the large towns and cities the one duty of the French chief of municipal control, military or civilian, as conditions require or permit, is to supervise the native authorities. On the side he insinuatingly prompts

“improvements” of the technical city services, cleanliness as far as possible. The native authority is embodied in the pasha, comptroller of the state realty, or maghzen. He has one or more caliphs to assist him, a provost of the merchants and artisans (mohtasseh), an actual administrator, or bailiff, or steward of the public property (amin el mostafad), and a steward (nadir) of the lands held in mortmain (habous). There is also a board, half French, half Mussulman, to advise the French chief and the pasha. The Jewish communities have a special head but are administered as the Moroccans are.

Eastern Morocco has a subsidiary capital at Oudjda, where reside a high civil commissary, subordinate to the French Ministry of Foreign Affairs and to the resident-general, and likewise a high Shereefian commissary, representing the sultan. With modifications due to frontier difficulties from unsubdued tribes and the close proximity of the disorderly Spanish zone, their administrative work closely resembles that in western Morocco.

Throughout the whole of French Morocco the European inhabitants are controlled as to personal rights by the ordinances (dahir) promulgated at Rabat and applied by French courts. The purchase and possession of landed property is, as was stated in another connection, controlled by the laws of the Koran, applied by the religious judges (cadis) according to rules laid down by the French authorities. Geographical Morocco embraces not only Tangier and the Spanish

littoral of the Mediterranean, but also a small enclave, Ifni, at the mouth of the Ifni, thirty miles south of Agadir on the Atlantic Ocean. The status of Europeans in all of Spanish Morocco corresponds (with differences of course) to their status in French Morocco.

As these words are written it seems as if the Western Powers in conference had reached a tentative agreement regarding Tangier. Italy was excluded, though virtually represented by Spain, to such an extent have the two peninsular kingdoms pooled their interests. There was signed at the Foreign Office in Paris on December 18, 1923, by a British and a French plenipotentiary without reserve, and by a Spanish delegate, reserving the approval of his government, *i. e.*, the dictator Rivera with the dictator Mussolini in the background, a pact to internationalize the town and district of Tangier, from which last a slice is added to the Spanish zone. The plan makes the port a free one. There is to be an international assembly with American representation to safeguard the interests of resident foreigners. Also provision is made for a mixed tribunal of British, French, and Spanish magistrates, which, as a substitute for the capitulations, shall apply the codes and rules of both the French and Spanish zones of Morocco, which differ but slightly from each other. It is intended to recognize the nominal suzerainty of the sultan, but so administer the town as to secure neutrality in time of war, and an open door at all times, with equal rights for all nations. Once again,

as at Algeiras, France withdraws from her advanced position of complete control, soothing both British and Spanish susceptibilities by concessions which may or may not prove to be vital. The sultan's nominal suzerainty is, of course, actually French, and the great through line of standard-gauge railway from Tangier to Fes, with modern equipment, has been completed and opened. Time alone will tell the true meaning and extent of a compromise which means much or nothing, according to the disposition of the contracting parties. But it is refreshing to see a beginning in Europe of just and equitable settlement of a knotty international question at the council-board. May it be a first step to other settlements by the paths of peace.

It may be straining language to call this another step toward segregation. Yet in a sense it is. While it integrates the common interests, it also segregates them, assigning to each its particular sphere. It soothes Spanish pride and may make the task of pacifying her strip easier, for she has secured the moral support of both England and France. Her peaceful revolution was based on the utter inefficiency, the farce in fact of parliamentary government, so called, as exhibited in her shameful, disgraceful failure to conquer and pacify the Spanish zone of Morocco because of shameless corruption at Madrid. She may now secure not only real soldiers, but ample munitions for her arduous task; and her effort is dignified by the approval of her cosignatories, whose powers and activi-

ties are definitely segregated from hers. France and England have settled in conference many questions which long embittered their colonial relations in Africa. Of these this was the last. Their interests in Tangier are now segregated and defined. Each may work out its separate problem in its own way. The old, effete, corrupt, secret diplomacy may lurk hidden somewhere in this compromise, but it is not likely, for it has all the marks of true statesmanship and sincerity.

But we must return from even so slight a digression to consider the last element which underlies the policy of segregation. Central and pivotal to all human intercourse, from the smallest group to the largest, is what lawyers justly call the meeting of minds. From the Greeks onward the West has realized that one man is no man, that daily intercourse of human beings with each other alone makes them human. The daily life of men is the interchange of relations with each other. Men, women, and children are not what they say, but what they do, and they act as they believe, words having value only so far as they express the mind in action. Western civilization, however embryonic, is based on contract, the meeting and agreement of minds alike in their apprehension of what language means. On the other hand, as far as we can penetrate the Oriental mind, the civilization of which it is the product, rests almost completely on status, being unitarian in its highest development, with stability as its goal; the present, past, and future identical as far as effort goes.

If this be true there can be no true meeting of minds, so totally and radically different in tradition, faith, and practice as are those of East and West. Generalizations, especially those based on history, psychology, and anthropology, are dangerous. From immemorial times the globe has known perpetual migration, near or far, of those who dwell thereon; no form of animal life is exempt. The contacts incident to wandering have induced a slight reciprocity. But the essential differences of East and West psychologically are universally admitted.

The single greatest achievement of Western civilization is the monogamous family. Within it mind meets mind in a fair field and family relationship is based on sincerity, whatever evil influence may sporadically creep in. Polygamy, an essential element of Oriental custom, induces a totally different style of relationship, intensifying kinship but minimizing personal responsibility. Consider purchase and sale; bargaining in the West is chiefly an effort to determine true value; bargaining in the East is a game, an effort toward amusing social intercourse, a sharpening of wits. Hippolyte Taine, the most philosophic historian of our day, deplored the French passion for it as a waste of time and energy, and attributed the zeal of his countrymen for that amusement to the remote influences of the Crusades. Certainly every traveller knows that at every stage of approach toward and into the Orient, he must be wary in every form of financial transaction, even to fixing a price for food and lodging. The veriest

extortionist has no sense of shame in such dealing with foreigner, or fellow, and thrills with his own self-respect once the bargain is completed. Exactly such a type of mind is carried into the largest transactions. Where there is no court willing to enforce agreements, even those reduced to writing are annulled by the inducement of a higher bribe under pretense of expediency, public or private.

This is but a single illustration of how impossible it is for the Eastern and Western mind to meet, so antipodal are the standards of each. Even among Orientals the appeal to force for the play of self-interest is not the last, but frequently the first. It is the basis of public and private feuds, bad enough in Western lands, but universal in the lawlessness of Oriental despotisms, and prevalent just in proportion as Oriental influence is prevalent. Southeastern Europe, the Balkan states, and even Greece, contiguous to Turkey, revel in Oriental turmoils, because Orientalism has not been exorcised from their Aryan blood. Morocco is the farthest west of Oriental lands. We have seen the problem it presents in the arrangements of closer contact with Western administration. Consequently to such a degree as is possible the choice of France must be extirpation and retropulsion, or a benevolent segregation of natives and foreigners to such a degree as is possible. If Eastern and Western minds are to meet, as they must where Western authority is paramount, it can only be through the just enforcement on the one hand of Koranic law and of secular civil or criminal codes

on the other, under the rules applied in a wise compromise of the two.

The most ingenious and probably the most efficacious effort at segregation is that adopted throughout Morocco as a complete novelty; measurably also in Tunisia. Mention has been made of the small native towns and the European villages of Algeria, but the larger towns and cities in those departments comprise in their contiguous and mixed quarters, European and native populations who both touch and mingle. The effect of such an admixture has not been salutary. Accordingly at a certain distance, a mile at least, generally more, from the great towns and administrative centres of each district, there have been erected small French hamlets where the officials and their families reside in pleasant French homes. The streets are broad, planted with shade-trees, cleaned with a care unknown in France itself, and the little villas are embowered in gardens of flowering shrubs. Semi-tropical vines run riot over fences, hedges, and porches. There are a store, a café, a church, and a small hotel. The government house contains the offices of the authorities, civil and military. Where there are barracks and forts, essential in many restless places, they are generally on the side even farther away. These bits of France, kept discreetly apart, seem to give no offense to the natives, content with their own unmolested towns and cities, their mosques uncontaminated by infidel feet, their bazaars and market-places. Official French architects have, in these suburbs and

elsewhere, endeavored to employ a modified Moorish style, without much success it must be admitted; official art is no more true art in the French colonies than in France itself. Creative originality is sadly lacking. While the ideal of segregation is not completely realized in these administrative hamlets, yet they exist and, more or less fully, serve the purpose of soothing native sensibility. In any case they bear witness to a desire to avoid offense.

Tourists do not desecrate these little French townlets. The Moslem authorities realize perfectly the value of travellers' money, which they spend freely and lavishly in the patronage of native art products; the proceeds richly line native purses. Consequently the larger, comfortable hotels are very near or within the cities. In all Mohammedan lands there is a sort of licensed beggary; the blind, the half-witted, and the decent poor are not merely tolerated, they are held in a certain esteem; the Moslem knows nothing of organized charity or its machinery. It is one duty of the faithful to give alms and there must be beggars to receive them quite as much for the spiritual benefit of the giver as for the material welfare of the recipient. But in French Africa, the well-to-do, that is from their own point of view, do not beg for the fun of it as in Egypt or Turkey, where toddling babes murmur a sibilant "backsheesh" as the first lispings word they learn. Mischievous boys in the neighborhood of the tourist hotels near or within the town gates, as we have said, are importunate in their offers of small

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service, and lacking any opportunity to perform it supplement the universal beggar's gesture with a whine and a deprecatory smile, but are easily dismissed with a stern "Imshi," "tis naught," or "get out," being the free translation.

CHAPTER VI

THE WORK OF REGENERATION. CASABLANCA AND MARRAKESH

A LAND so hoary with age as is North Africa resists any attempt at brief analysis as to history, race, or religion. But with such knowledge as that of the preceding summary, the traveller may make an intelligent choice of the matters to which, aside from the fascinating panorama of scenery and the native life which passes before his eyes continuously, the poetry and prose of nature and man, he shall give his special attention. There are many ways of approach to Morocco. That of the writer was by fast train from Paris to Lisbon and thence by the *Figuig*, an excellent French steamer, in twenty-four hours to Casablanca, the Atlantic seaport of western Morocco, with a harbor for ships of almost the largest size, created from an imperfect roadstead and a bay by building a majestic breakwater, just completed in the early spring of 1923. Though the site is flat, yet the natural advantages are great, inasmuch as its back district is a fertile plain and since from the town radiate travel routes in five directions, north, south, east, and two intermediate, all of importance. Those southward toward the city of Marrakesh with the High Atlas and the Sahara beyond, eastward toward Fes, and northward to Tangier

having always been, though mere trails, capital highways of trade; their condition was shocking until most recently. Since the French occupation the population of Casablanca has more than doubled, being now close to a hundred thousand, and the commerce of the port has reached dimensions at least five times what it was before, being estimated at over a hundred million dollars; five-eighths imports, and three exports: of cereals, cattle, wool, eggs, almonds and fruits, carpets and leather wares. Of the tonnage, five-eighths is French and nearly all the rest British.

Of the Europeans resident in Casablanca, more than half are French, for the most part from central and southern France, the rest about equally Spaniards and Italians. They comprise about six-tenths of the population. At least a third are natives, and a twelfth Jews. The traveller in search of art or scenery, of novelty and beauty, finds little to detain him; even the native and Jewish quarters are rather faint adumbrations of what they are elsewhere. But, on the other hand, the activity of French regeneration is intense and worthy of careful study. Like places of rapid and sensational growth everywhere, there was at first no town plan; remnants of the haphazard, irregular expansion are still visible, and those who remember the mining or other fungous cities of our own country are not surprised at makeshift structures still standing beside pretentious modern buildings. But for a few years there has been an admirable city plan, to which the later, steady, solid growth conforms, while the

earliest tumble-down shelters of trade or families are being destroyed or renovated to conform with the permanent design. The town hub is a spacious square, named officially that of France, but popularly that of the Town Clock which adorns it. It is the site of the former market situated, after the native manner, beside an ill-smelling, pestilential sewer, for centuries. It is now surrounded by banks, shops, restaurants, club-houses, and all the paraphernalia of French life. The hotels do not face it, but are near by. The architecture of these latest rather imposing but not impressive buildings is of the unhappy Neo-Moroccan style.

Elsewhere throughout the city and its suburbs there is evidence of like energy and plan; of the optimism, not to say elation, which accompanies prosperity under a hot midday sun, cold as the nights may be and raw as is the air in the season of abundant rains. Substantially every branch of manufactures is in operation, some embryonic and others almost mature. The retail shops and large department stores tend to group themselves, as everywhere, in some coign of vantage, while the wholesalers pre-empt an entire district to themselves. The streets are spacious, but as yet the pavements and cleanliness leave much to be desired. There is, of course, a general air of incompleteness, but with it is an invigorating industry turning the bad into good and the good into better. In the native quarter surrounded by ancient walls with old machicolated battlements are established a small market, the police headquarters, a modern Moorish bath-house, the na-

tive lawyers' offices, the great mosque, and a shrine for the pious; not far off are the public pawn-shop and the civil prison. Just without its borders is the capacious central post and telegraph office. In no way does Casablanca, name of Spanish or Portuguese origin, resemble or even parallel the typical Moroccan city. At one place, possibly, it does, at the Morocco gate where the greater native market is held, with its routine of barter and amusements.

What the protectorate has accomplished almost stuns the mind, in four respects; aside from the expected and ordinary betterments. First of all is the great modern market, which certainly is not equalled in any of the French cities and nowhere else, as far as known. Such solidity, such space, such spotless cleanliness, such order, such a display of foodstuffs in every variety, and on the faces behind the stalls such civic pride! The structure is immense and its arrangements are as sanitary as those of a modern hospital. The inspection is ruthless; any article exposed for sale has already been examined by experts, and while the cool arcades with running water at every turn, ice, too, when required, make for conservation, yet the detective, lynx-eyed, assistant inspectors are not slow to order stuff that has fallen under suspicion into the garbage-pails. The traveller detects no fish or other odor anywhere, so perfect is the ventilation; and in thoughtful contrast he recalls the squalor of the old-time markets, retail and wholesale, in New York, Paris, and London.

Complementary to the new market is the new

slaughter-house, equally solid and complete, covering acres of space and furnished with every appliance to minimize all that could be offensive to eye or nose. There is literally no waste; whatever contains protein is converted into food without repulsive display; even the lowing and bleating of cattle and sheep is dampened or lost in the high, breezy roof spaces. In and around the place you may see in April a great agricultural fair. Every type of the latest cultivating and reaping machinery is on exhibition, America, alas! not yet adequately represented. And as for the breeding stock, neither England nor France, nor any Western land could produce or show a prouder array of bulls and cows, of rams and ewes particularly. These are for crossing with the degenerate but hardy native breeds. Although the land is Moslem, and only Christians are consumers, yet some attention is paid to raising swine. There is one considerable hill-tribe of Berbers, sufficiently heretical to raise hogs, deal in them, and even eat them. But the emphasis of experiment is put on what divides the hoof and chews the cud—cattle, sheep, and camels. The latter abound in number everywhere, in herds and droves, but as yet Europeans leave the raising of camels almost exclusively to natives. The useful beast is eccentric, to say the least, not only in ungainliness and ugliness, but in idiosyncrasies of temper, choleric and atrabilious, which do not attract the Westerner. There was one group of pens in the abattoir of Casablanca that contained a veritable curiosity. A tall, bulky, merry, and intelligent Bur-

gundian, now a landed proprietor in Morocco, was glad to tell his tale. He had spent five years in India, collecting half a dozen zebu or humped-ox bulls; these he had brought to Casablanca or rather to the surrounding plain, the Chaouia, and had crossed them with native cows, poor runts of things to look at but with virtues of their own, and lo! their progeny were a large, superb, new sort, to the third generation at least fertile and hardy, with the best qualities of both lines of ancestry.

The third achievement of the protectorate in Casablanca is less spectacular than these two, but equally important. It is the government department which co-ordinates the various economic efforts of the sultanate, of the protectorate, and of individuals, an office of the first importance, preventing reduplication and stimulating efficiency. All that needs to be done in every line of effort is there tabulated and computed, and what has been done is catalogued. Enterprise is often both selfish and blind; for neither quality is there room in Morocco; public or private push in the right direction is sure to be fertile in results. As yet the staff of workers at this important task is mixed; military and civilian, native and immigrant, but the tendency is to train natives and civilians for the task as far as possible. Because of its splendid harbor, Casablanca is and must remain the economic capital of Morocco. It must be a healthy city, its inhabitants must be intelligent, and, if possible, it must be a beautiful city. The arriving stranger necessarily gets his

first impressions here, and while, as we repeat, much remains to be done, the discriminating visitor will see that very much has already been accomplished toward the goal of health, wealth, contentment, and opportunity for the immigrant.

Of what the protectorate has done in providing for education, the story must be told in connection with Rabat, but since Casablanca is and must be the foreign capital of Morocco there has been founded and equipped a French lycée, or secondary school, that is well worth a visit. As a rule the schoolrooms of France are rather cheerless; not so at Casablanca. The school equipment is admirable, there are sunny rooms and comfortable furniture, the walls are hung with blackboards, maps, charts, and pictures, and the playgrounds are gay. The instruction given is excellent, the discipline firm but not stern, and the teachers, some from Algeria, some from France, rank as high as any in the service. There are many young folk of Italian and Spanish origin, but there is said to be no friction between the nationalities under the guidance of wise and experienced professors.

Another institution of high interest is the native professional school where young Mohammédans are trained for every variety of service and profession in Moslem society. The native youth seemed intelligent and cheerful, conning their tasks with zeal and happy in the prospect of permanent salaried employment under the Shereefian state.

The social instinct of strangers in a strange land

is strong and importunate. From the first the newcomers made provision for its gratification by the establishment of a co-operative restaurant. This was successful beyond expectation and on its very heels followed another establishment, styled the foyer or lounge, a place of social reunion where play and dancing were so arranged as to make sociability an affair of the French group; on the family-plan but on a larger scale. It quickly developed into something more comprehensive and is now the home for concerts, theatricals, and lectures, where the truly democratic foreign society of the town finds refreshment and stimulation. The example of Casablanca has been noted and followed in every Moroccan city where newcomers have established themselves in sufficient numbers. In the very important respects which we have noted she is the city which has cleared the way for the social and sanitary organization of colonists everywhere. Her aspirations for city adornment, although the beginnings are still rudimentary, have also been noteworthy.

The distance in a direction slightly east of south from Casablanca to the city of Marrakesh by way of Mazagan, is about 187 miles; the direct highway is 30 miles shorter. Both roads are splendid, macadamized all the way, and the great tourist-car, seating twelve persons in restful armchairs, averages 20 miles an hour without difficulty. It traverses on both routes the vast plain of the Chaouïa, containing about 7,500 square miles. The Atlantic strip is sandy and yet,

containing phosphate of lime, is fertile like the American sassafras soil. Along its seaboard are no harbors except the indentations of Fedala, about twenty miles northward, and of Casablanca. The shore zone averages twelve miles in width and then on a gentle terrace are the ample acres of richest farming land, abounding in nitrogen and potash like the far-famed black lands of the Ukraine. There is a third level eastward, about a thousand feet above the sea and not so wonderfully fertile; still a fourth stretching to the Atlas foothills is suitable for pasturage. Several streams rise in the mountains and cross the plain to the Atlantic. The two largest are deep enough to require bridge or ferry for crossing.

The rainfall is uncertain, generally sufficient to prevent ruinous droughts, sometimes ample to produce superb crops. Wherever the state of land tenure permits, large farms, worked by European capital, already secure abundant harvests of various grains, and there are numerous establishments, belonging generally to companies, devoted to breeding purposes. When the whole matter of land transfer and ownership shall have been regulated, and small proprietors find their opportunity, the fertility of the Chaouïa will be greatly enhanced and the area of agriculture enormously increased. It will vie with the Mitidja and other amazing tracts in Algeria as a source of food supply. In the year 1923 it was a land of promise rather than of fulfilment, but the promise was great and achievement already remarkable, considering all



DISTRIBUTION OF SEED BARLEY TO NATIVE FARMERS AT CASABLANCA

the circumstances which still render European settlement difficult. From the car the primitive methods of tillage, the forked-stick plough, the rude hoe and spade, the dibble, the hand-sowing and planting, and the winnowing fan can all be seen in bewildering operation. They form a strange contrast with the tractors, ploughs, and latest agricultural machinery seen on the large domains. The natives, if not indifferent to novelty, are sourly hostile. Already, however, the business transacted at the markets held at various places in the Chaouïa is large. The nightmare of statesmen in the congested industrial world is to secure supplies of food and fuel for the workers. It is no small relief to find how far the neglected fertility of Morocco may prove the solution for years to come of the problem which haunts the rulers of France.

The wayside scenes, as you penetrate farther and farther inland are highly picturesque. There are the white cubical shrines (marabouts) which dot the landscape with their domes, there are the great patches of low-growing bloom, masses of unfamiliar wild flowers, enclosures of giant cactus like that on our Western plains, groups of the agave, the aloe, and of the lush, umbellal fennel, some scrubby palmetto, and no forests, until near your journey's end. The human element, too, is entertaining. To see a Berber workman with red tarboosh and twisted gray turban, squatted on his heels in far from immaculate white garb, breaking stone for the road, is in itself an incongruity; to watch the minute donkeys as they pass, loaded with

saddle-bags full of produce, on which sits the bare-legged owner wabbling his slippered feet in perpetual motion to guide and encourage his tiny steed, inspires a feeling of far-from-home; to trace on the sky-line near or far, the uncouth silhouette of camel-trains padding along with swaying heads as carriers for the heavier commodities is stranger still, while the goat, cattle, or sheep herdsmen, silent, indifferent, statuesque, transport one far back to biblical times. At intervals there are stone bridges over the beds of dry torrents, or of rivulets, or of strong-flowing streams.

Fifty miles from Casablanca the river Oum Er Rebia has to be crossed by ferry, the bridge not yet being finished. The boat is a spacious float, propelled by a cable and steered by sweeps. Though only a mile and a half from its mouth at the Atlantic, and about a hundred yards across, the current of the stream is strong and demands skilful navigation. The scene is bewilderingly Oriental; natives in whitish robes, the women with white veils; laden donkeys and swaying camels; rickety vehicles, among them our own "tin Lizzies," and a spacious touring-car with French conductor and driver; it might be a Babel, but it is not; there is decent quiet and interested curiosity on the handsome faces of the folk, with here and there a flashing single eye of some native lady enjoying the scene as the travellers do. The town of Azemmour at the top of the high bank was once a Carthaginian settlement, then a Roman; then a Portuguese trading-station, as antique remains prove; but it is now as

purely Moroccan as possible, with almost no European inhabitants and is, with its 11,000 inhabitants, a typical but exceptionally clean, native town, almost a suburb of Mazagan, the seaport or rather Atlantic roadstead, some ten miles distant on the shore of a broad open bay, which is fine as scenery but useless as a ship harbor.

It is perhaps twice as large as Azemmour, with only 1,500 settled Europeans, the majority French, and 3,000 Jews. The major part of the city, its central portion at least, is built over a vast cistern of Portuguese construction dug and roofed by them as a storage reservoir and still in fair repair. There remain also a citadel, walls with gates that support the arms of her kings when Portugal was at the height of her glory as a world-power, and battlemented walls. But to-day small machine-shops are springing up with European capital and managers, while the protectorate has founded a thriving school of fisheries and navigation. It is proposed to enlarge the beds of lobsters, crabs, oysters, and other shell-fish already planted. Some sixty smacks, under propitious conditions of weather, put forth from a cove with crews under training for a Shereefian navy. The jetties for a minor harbor have been planned and begun. So fine is the long, crescent-shaped beach of sand and so equable is the climate that visions arise of its becoming, some day, at once a summer and a winter resort, a rival of Tangier. Already there are several small hotels entirely comfortable as to food, lodging, and cleanliness.

Yet the spirit of the East still reigns supreme, the streets are thronged with leisurely and stately natives, among whom lynx-eyed, gesticulating Israelites saunter; the shops are almost purely Oriental, the faithful worship in their closed mosques and pray where the muezzin's call finds them. The landward region has the three strips, first of light well-watered garden soil protected by dunes, where vegetables and fruits abound, then the rich farming region of grain crops, and a little higher the pastoral expanses for flocks and herds. The impression of fertility is strengthened by the boasting proverbs of the population, though the native tillage is deplorably primitive. The chances for reform are superabundant, but the native self-complacency amounts almost to haughtiness.

Southward along the coast about a hundred miles apart, almost equidistant, are the three petty ports and fishing towns of Safi, Mogador, and Agadir. They are said to resemble Mazagan in size, quality, and in climate. Mogador aspires to become, in time, the port of Marrakesh or Morocco, the southern capital, the great inland city, from which the country has taken its name in our geographies. Agadir, a military port, closed to international commerce, stands where the High Atlas meets the ocean, on the confines of the Sous. Thereabouts are said to exist mineral deposits of great value. German prospectors claim to have discovered their existence, and on that was based the ex-Kaiser's protecting attitude and the notorious Agadir incident.

It is an afternoon's run of about a hundred and twenty-five miles from Mazagan to Marrakesh, over an almost perfect highway, kept in repair and planted for long distances with valuable shade-trees. For sixty miles the country is well tilled; the vine and fruits abound. The district is named the Doukkala and has a single unimportant market-town, with remnants of a Portuguese irrigation system. There are the usual marabouts and shabby wayside hamlets, but interest centres on the yet distant Atlas, whose lofty snow-clad peaks facing you to the southward are, when first seen, barely distinguishable from their cloud-caps. In fair weather the fields of perpetual snow slowly emerge into definite vision, while a blue sky of infinite depth and soft tint, above and around, gives a total impression of hallowed loveliness. Descending to earth the fields are rougher, the land less fertile, and in the gathering dusk are outlines of a new vegetation: and tall palms of unfamiliar variety toss their fronds into the gathering gloom. These are the outworks of the far-famed and vast forests amid which Marrakesh stands. It is well for the dramatic effect to be halted in the dark at a dimly lighted gateway and thread one's steps by lantern glow through the narrow alleys for a short distance amid Berber sounds and smells, jostled by asses, mules, goats, and cattle, to the doorway and well-lighted court of a "Trans-atlantic" hotel, as all the hostelries of that enterprising company are known in North Africa. For Americans the name is of good omen, as we hope it may prove

for the French and their more or less willing wards in Morocco.

The city of Marrakesh is one of magnificent distances; a population of over a hundred thousand, nine-tenths natives of pure African stocks dwelling in streaks amid vast palm groves, enormous gardens, majestic walls enclosing great empty spaces, and wide-spreading mosques with historical monuments of note. The new and inconspicuous administrative French suburb is two miles to the north, detracting in no respect from the profound impression of a pure African capital on the confines of the Sahara, distant still, yet subtly dominating in its influence. The Tensift stream, thirty miles away, irrigates abundantly the Hanouz plain in which lies embowered the city, and from it, the south, the fastnesses of the Sous, is ruled by feudal chieftains. There is a resident khalifa or viceroy of the sultan, but the real power resides in three caïds or princes, Glaoui, the chief, and his coadjutors Mtouggui and Goundafi. Of these it is said that by a gesture they could call 30,000 men to arms. But they are one and all grave and pacific, dignified and handsome; and richly clad, attending the grand functions of sultanate and protectorate both; making no gesture except to accept the lavish subsidies they are said to draw from the French resident's treasury. The first of the three has within a few years been able to erect by the aid of his clansmen artisans, and his revenues, a new palace, "all glorious within," if not without. It contains vast courts, four in number,

interior gardens, all with rich ornamentation of stucco, marble, and iridescent tiles. The women's apartments are, of course, not on view, but a favored Scotch lady describes them as marked by a studied and restrained elegance, fit pendants to the residential chambers seen by guests.

To crouch with thighs on heels, as Orientals do, is not easy for the Western man or woman, and around all the walls of such a residence are divans with cushions for uninitiated guests. The elaborate banquet is served at as many small low tables, in rows, as are needed, each with room for six persons. The master of the house sits at the centre, facing the company and with his back to the service entrance of his banqueting hall. The feast at which the American Commission, including the writer, was entertained could not well have been richer; though, probably because it was Lent or Ramadan, there were no wines nor alcoholic drinks of any kind for the guests, as elsewhere and later at similar entertainments by Moslem gentlemen there were. The faithful Mohammedan is strictly prohibitionist at all times, his Lenten service is rigid. At Glaoui's board there were ten courses: (1) Chicken broth with rice, served in bowls. (2) Lambs roasted whole on spits and served on the large platters of metal, for which the country is renowned; silver in this case, richly chased in intricate patterns. (3) Pigeon pie, sweetened. (4) Chicken roasted in pieces with a thick custard gravy. (5) Pancakes in oil. (6) Boned pigeons stuffed with sweetened vermicelli, and roasted.

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(7) Kouss-kouss, the national dish; barley, rice, or wheat, according to the means of the family, elaborately prepared by a complicated procedure of boiling, toasting, and granulating, then mixed with chopped mutton or chicken and the whole highly seasoned.

(8) Olives baked in a bowl and smothered in poached eggs. (9) Caramel custard. (10) Oranges. The broth and custard were served with heavy silver spoons, otherwise, each course was eaten with the thumb and two first fingers of the right hand. Attendants, some of us guessed they were household slaves, were at hand between courses with exquisitely wrought basin and ewer, a sphere of translucent soap and a crash towel to cleanse the hand and lips. The adroitness with which our host thrust thumb and fingers under the lamb crackling, extricated a kidney with its envelope of hot mutton tallow, and placed it in the mouth of the American lady opposite, was a major experience to behold, so elegant his gesture, so polite and beaming his smile, and so valiant her acceptance and swallowing of what at her own table would have been eschewed.

Rising, some of the guests with considerable difficulty after the long session, the company adjourned, first to the great central open court where, under the stars, amid shrubberies, and to the accompaniment of a plashing fountain, a troop of carefully drilled boys from Glaoui's mountains danced and sang. The distichs were Arabic love-songs, the music a droning rhythm in intervals not of halves, quarters, eighths,

but of thirds and sixths, and purely African, basically Egyptian; the dance was a swaying of the whole line of about twenty boys, to one side and the other, forward and backward, with the emphasis of movement on the body and arms, not on the shuffling feet. Absolutely new for the guests, it was strangely beautiful. Clad in snowy garments, the performers seemed to feel the pleasure they gave to the bewildered audience from the far, far West. The host himself, in the flowing robes of finest woollen fabric, which enhance the state and dignity of the handsome Berber men, was pleasantly amused by the entertainment he was giving, as his turbaned head swayed never so slightly to the catching rhythm. In time he led the way to a salon opening from still another court, where we were served with the national beverage, tea sweetened to a syrup with a bunch of mint to flavor it, with milk of almonds, cool sherbets, and fruit juices. The company left as it came, through a long bare corridor, opening through a hole in the wall onto the dark, narrow, and somewhat noisome street. Possibly there is mystery in such a figure as Glaoui's, white as only a fuller can white the garment, a great pigeon's blood ruby on the forefinger, as sign of office, a graceful but complicated turban on his head, and slippers of softest morocco on his feet; indeed there really is, for the Orient is mystical, but imagination fed in childhood on the Arabian Nights and the labyrinths of Bagdad, helped to heighten it.

The day following was a sharp return to reality.

The military commandant, General Daugan, occupies a stately remodelled palace. It was he who commanded the Berber troops, white it must be remembered, during their most strenuous service in the World War on the Marne and Somme, and who, at Château-Thierry wrote: "The Moroccan division has participated in one of the most brilliant offensives launched against the enemy and added new laurels to those already numerous, gathered during four years on the French front," adding, "For the first time the Moroccan division marched accompanied by two divisions of our American friends, who fought heroically, taking, like us, prisoners and cannon. Our great success of yesterday is a certain assurance of the victory of to-morrow, which will unite in indissoluble fusion the Tricolor with the Stars and Stripes." This was our host, a grave and dignified but pleasant French gentleman, a tried and able soldier of middle age. From him, as from many other French representatives, a mission, however unofficial, from the land they had learned to love and respect, either by personal inspection or through the American men they had known in France, was sure to receive a sincere and hearty welcome. Madame Daugan and her aides at the grand ball given in our honor displayed all the graces with which the ladies of their land are so abundantly endowed. Except for the presence of our host of the night before and his two associate caïds, with a small staff, the scene, the dancing, the talk, the refreshments, the uniforms and the dresses, the feminine gaiety, the mas-



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes
THE KOUTOUBIA

culine conventionality, all might have been Parisian. But the three princes, seated apart and silent in their state, with observant eyes and thoughtful brows, did, from time to time, remind the company of where and what we were. The whole was most impressive.

No contrast could be sharper or more striking than that between French procedure in the two cities of Casablanca and Marrakesh, modernizing the former implacably, painfully preserving the antiquity of the latter. Its great market-place is still called "The Sinners' Concourse," because there, not so very long ago, were assembled the throngs of political prisoners, men under the suspicion of conspiracy to overthrow the sultan or the dynasty, and doomed to decapitation. Rebel heads were the adornment of the surrounding enclosure. Some of us recalled the Temple Bar and the Place de la Concorde as they were, not so very long ago either. To-day there is, of course, no gory cornice, the square is crowded all day long with natives, some buying and selling, vegetables, fruits, sweets, cooked food, basketry, and what-not; others amusing themselves with the story-teller or snake-charmer, or the unabashed, unveiled women dancers, or the acrobats, or the clowns, while here and there the barber plies his trade as his customers squat unconcerned in any open space. Not even in Fes, the second great imperial city, is the market-place so crowded, nor are the commodities so numerous, the amusements so many and varied, the petty haggling so intense; in short, the Moorish characteristics so impressively displayed. It

matters not that on its sides are a large general post-office, a city hall, and a museum; it is the least modern, even to the dust and mud, of Morocco sights. Adjoining it is the Jewish enclosure where, if filth and smells be disregarded, the visitor may enter a tawdry synagogue or a rabbinical school where boys commit the Old Testament by heart in the original Hebrew. French influence within the imperial city is carefully confined to an insidious process of slowly, oh! so slowly, imperceptibly almost, removing the upper sheets of age-long dirt accumulation in the Jewish alleys.

Dominating the great square, indeed almost the entire city, is the sublime monument of Moorish art, the minaret of the Koutoubia or library mosque, where manuscripts were once bought and sold, a tower known to all art lovers as the supreme Moorish effort in architecture. Its erection we have elsewhere said is generally ascribed to Yakoub el Mansour, an Almohade sultan who reigned in the late twelfth century, builder, too, of the Giralda at Seville and of the Hassane tower at Rabat; one authority, as was also stated in another connection, Leo the African, attributes the order for its construction to Abd el Moumene. Be its builder who he may, in proportions, structure, and ornamentation, it is finer even than the other two as a monument and an object of art, the finest in its class, the greatest creative achievement of Moorish genius. About 41 feet square and 212 in height, it is built entirely of cut stone. There are seven architectural stories, the third and sixth being identical, engaged



AGUENAOU GATE, MARRAKESH

columns supporting the stories above; the others differ one from another in the arrangement of drums, cornices, fillets, and panels; the seventh, taller than the ones below, has a cupola. Every face of each story is superbly decorated in varied patterns and the great band of pale, translucent, blue tiles at the top carries the whole into the empyrean blue above it. It rises lightly from the solid earth, soars grandly toward the sky, then blends itself with the heavens above; and if for an instant the observant eye pauses to rest on its surface, the rich ornament and color invite to a momentary repose on the perfect detail. The great mosque of which it was the minaret, has been largely destroyed, but enough remains to show on what a lavish and gigantic scale it, too, was constructed.

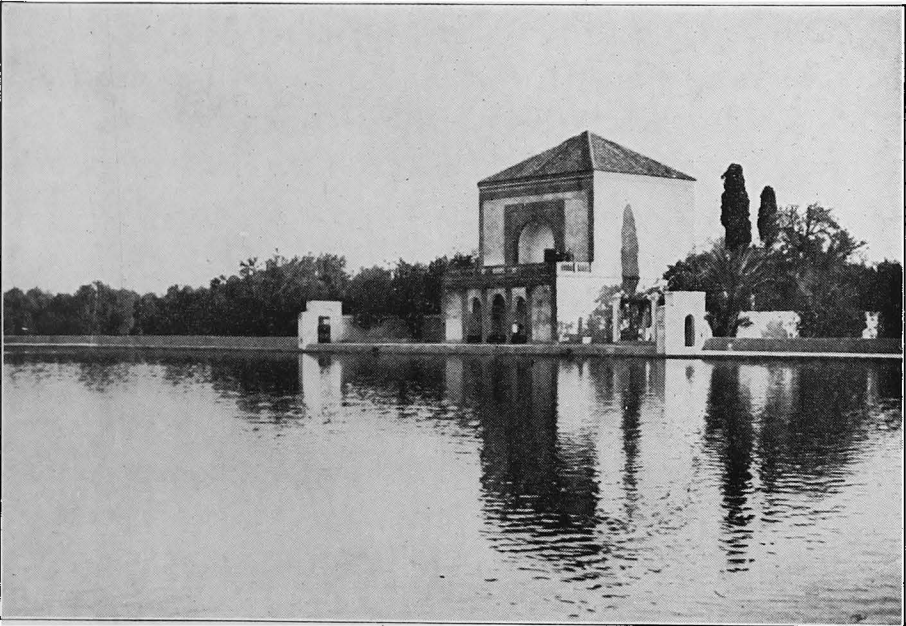
Apart from the great square there are many markets at no great distance in various directions, and in them are grouped the dealers in all kinds of live stock, the artisans of every trade, weavers, carpenters, potters, blacksmiths, saddlers and gunsmiths, armorers, and workers in leather. The beholder seems to see a human kaleidoscope, such is the color, grouping, and constant rearrangement of scene. The Great Mosque, with blank walls outside, though closed to unbelievers, has yielded its interior secrets to the aeroplane photographer; its vast court with a fountain for ablutions in the centre is surrounded by porches containing richly ornamented prayer-halls. But the traveller knows the mosque best by the fountain Mouasine on its exterior wall, a monumental and unique structure,

rich in its jutting corbels and lintels of carved and painted woods, in its stucco patterns, and in a painted screen which completes its identity as something nowhere else existing and impossible to copy. There are four large basins into which pure water flows, one for humanity, the others for the animals which pass. The tourist must, of course, visit the labyrinthine bazaars, protected from the sun by awnings of palm leaves, sloppy, narrow, and thronged with mounted shoppers or trains of burdened asses. The placid dealers, cross-legged on their counters, show their wares on demand, and ply their trades; the child assistants of those who sew, twist the threads to be prepared, moving to and fro on their bare feet and automatically avoiding entanglements with an inhuman skill. The bazaars of Marrakesh differ from those of other Moorish cities only in their greater extent.

All the resources of modern Moorish art have been expended lavishly in the palace of the Bahia, now the residence of Marshal Lyautey when his duties call him thither. But amazing as is the complex of courts, apartments, baths, and of irrigated gardens in profusion, the gateway to the citadel, the Aguentaou Gate is a far more powerful magnet for the art lover. In its way it is the pendant of the Koutoubia, defying any detailed description except by expert students of the style. Yet the inexpert are equally fascinated because the manifold parts of its ogive arch, its garlands, its vaults, its sculptured floral finials, and the complicated frieze all time-worn and softened by centuries, blend



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes
GENERAL VIEW OF RABAT



GARDEN OF THE AGUEDAL

into an effect which gives a sense of sated contentment with color, design, and fulfilled purpose. Almohade art could go no further. Sight-seeing in Marrakesh, the novelty, the variety, and the beauty tends to indurate the mind and the emotions, to produce a sort of amazement and stupefaction. Relief and refreshment, however, are at hand. Passing the Aguenau Gate, crossing the citadel along the majestic red walls into the honor court of the government house and thence past the White House or Military Hospital you reach what to the traveller is the crowning beauty of the city, the far-famed garden of the Aguedal.

All who know Moorish Spain, and have seen the gardens at Granada, know well that in the English sense of purely pleasure grounds, there are no Moorish gardens. Our modern world is deeply indebted to Arab civilization for its cleanly habits. The name chemise is an Arabic word as the article itself is an Arab garment; our distant forebears knew nothing of the bath for cleansing or for joy, and water in abundance was an unconsidered luxury. But water and water-ducts and water-reservoirs were the chiefest care of the Arabs in Asia, Africa, and Spain. The Aguedal, therefore, represents utility made exquisitely beautiful; its aspect, when viewed from within, is lovely; when seen from the terrace above, it is almost enchanting. Its dimensions are very spacious—a mile and a half by two miles and a quarter! It is surrounded by high walls pierced by several gateways, and fortified with bastions. The central basin or reservoir is about 600

130 GREATER FRANCE IN AFRICA

feet square, and feeds the irrigation rills which run in every direction. A central alley running north and south divides the oblong into two fairly equal parts, and these again are divided by transverse walks into small strips. The whole is a fruit garden: oranges, lemons, mandarins, olives, figs, pomegranates, plums, pears, apples, and grapes, all thrive under careful tillage and abundance of water. Toward one corner is a second basin, a little larger than the central one, about which are grouped several decrepit military warehouses and ammunition mills. Of flower borders there are comparatively few, but those few serve as a delicate ornament binding basins, streams, and gardens of fruit or vegetables into a harmonious whole. On one of the walled banks about the middle of the great basin is a pavilion, where high officials with females, not of their harems, hold afternoon festivals, and taste the joys of repose. Indeed, the broad mirrors of water, the tinkling rills, the fruit-laden trees, the seclusion behind great walls, and the turquoise blue of the firmament, all combine into a sensuous whole about which poets, native and foreign, have vied to wed sound and sense in the effort to reproduce it.

CHAPTER VII

THE SEAT OF DUAL CONTROL

WITH the strong impression of an African capital, the Atlas and Sahara as a near background, and nothing beyond except the arid desert and far Timbuctoo and the Congo and Senegal, our company set forth on the short road northward to Casablanca. For some miles the same stony ground with islets of fertility, then across the Tensift by a superb bridge of twenty-seven solid masonry arches, another monument of El Moumene, eight centuries old, with the soil steadily improving as we pass the Doukkala once again into the Chaouïa until Settât is reached, seat of civil control in the plain. The legend is that the citadel was built as a rest-house beside the abundant springs for the harems of the sultans passing from Fes to Marrakesh and vice versa. In any case it was a robber stronghold exacting tribute or death from the camel drivers of numerous caravans pausing there for water and supplies. The citadel, square, and public gardens are all attractive, and the Oriental atmosphere is modified by the frequency of European travellers. Of the farther highway to Casablanca and night's repose in comfort and elegance, nothing remains to be said. The onward journey by motor on a well-built highway carries you through the outskirts of the city, past Fedala, across several streams by modern bridges, and so on through

a district of palmetto scrub, into fertile, highly cultivated fields where flourishes a stud farm with stallions of every high degree, thoroughbred, Syrian and Barb; with mares of equal lineage. Then for some miles beside the narrow-gauge military railway until the road enters Rabat and your motor halts before another fine "Transatlantic," with first-class table, lodgings, and baths. The view is attractive, a well-kept Moslem cemetery reaching westward to the Atlantic shore.

Why Rabat? Well, in the first place it is one of the four imperial cities in which, by Moroccan tradition, a sultan may reside. And here, when not on progress, his Shereefian Majesty does reside. He is not often in any of the other three—Marrakesh, Fes, or Meknes; the recollections suggested by them are probably too poignant, while in Rabat there is nothing to recall humiliation or subserviency, so meticulously are all Moroccan sensibilities safeguarded. Furthermore it has long ranked as one of the very few cities, three at the most, considered as a centre of culture, with an urbane as well as an urban population. Besides, it marks the commencement of the great Eastern highway to Meknes, Fes, Taza, and Oudjda at the Algerian frontier. We cannot be sure, but very likely its comparative proximity to Tangier on the north gives its site a strategic value in possible international complications. Every element counts, and its beautiful situation on the left bank of the river Bou Regreg, over whose bar the splendid surges of the Atlantic roar, with the redoubtable town of Salé just across, must

be considered as a valuable asset. Salé is redoubtable because of its earlier renown as the port of Barbary pirates, more reckless, fierce, and successful than those of the Mediterranean. Defoe depicts his Robinson Crusoe as having been their prisoner for seven years. Their little vessels enjoyed the protection of a treacherous harbor, enlarged far within to a basin secure against all attack. While the "port of two banks" can never be first-class, improvements are planned which will render it safe and valuable in minor ways. Astride the river in the two towns are 60,000 people, including about 8,000 French. The people of Salé are now peaceful burghers; but the tradition of their ancestry survives, and the stranger is told of occasional truculent outbreaks.

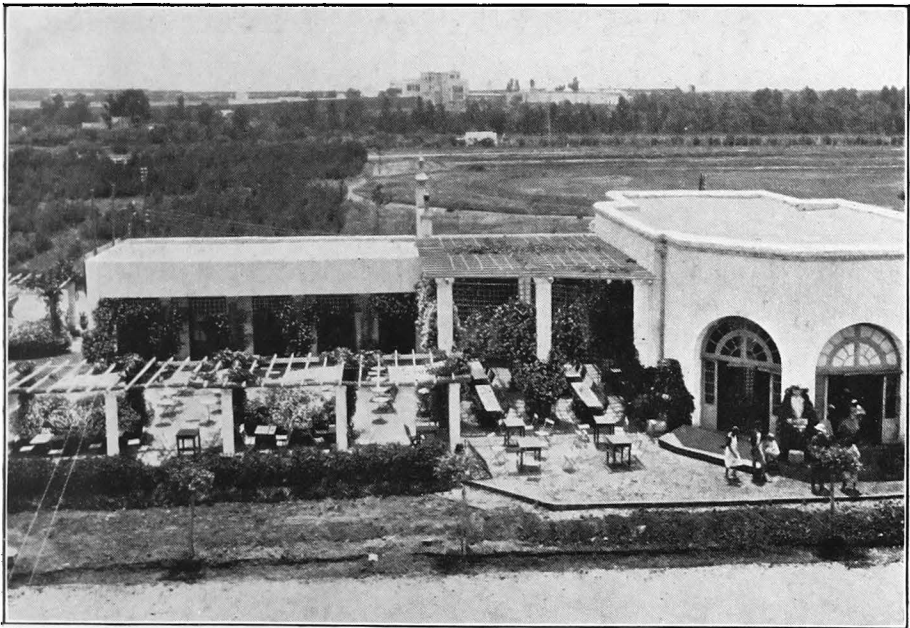
The charm of Rabat is potent: the citadel with its majestic walls and bastions is now an elaborate European garden within, watered from a deep well, around whose mouth a patient blindfold horse turns and turns, and turns again the wheel on which dripping buckets empty their cool contents into the irrigating conduits. Where the walls touch the river bank an opening makes room for a terraced restaurant from which the eye wanders over the river to Salé and out across foaming breakers to the ocean. It was built in the twelfth century by Yakoub el Mansour to protect his residence, the village of his functionaries, grouped about a mosque, and the barracks of the warrior tribe, Oudaia, who were its garrison. Of his modest palace only the foundation vaults remain, and the walls protect

only flowers, shrubs, and fruit-trees. Just without is a minaret, whence of old the sultan himself intoned the call for prayer, and from the platform over the sturdy gateway is a much-admired view of hill, dale, stream, and the twin cities. The southern end is adjoined by a fine building which was once a school of navigation, and by a vapor bath, with a fine mediæval tower. To-day it houses a notable museum of ancient rugs and mats, of potteries, furniture, and jewelry, a proof of the care exercised to furnish the best native examples of former artistry as models for the new. Within the eastern ramparts is the well-ordered School of Native Art; careful instruction is given to a limited number in order to revive the almost lost arts of dyeing with vegetable colors, of wood-carving and painting, of chiselling designs on metal, and of illumination on vellum. It will be an achievement of the first importance if the Moroccan rugs and embroideries regain their brilliancy and permanence of color. As to design there is already marked improvement, but it is everywhere in North Africa due to the study of patterns assembled from the central East.

Scarcely second in importance, both for beauty and historical interest, is the Hassane tower, which, to quote the language of a French student, "astonishes the beholder, not by its proportions, which are a little heavy, but by its grandeur, its solidity, and by the sheer beauty of its interlaced ornaments, broad and plain, with which it is decorated—symbol of the power of that Almohade dynasty, like itself, incomplete; but



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes
THE KASBA OF THE OUDAIAS AT RABAT



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes
A GARDEN CAFÉ AT RABAT

like it, also, leaving ineffaceable its work of social organization." The tower stands on a masonry platform, part of a now ruined mosque. Its ground-plan is somewhat larger than that of the Koutoubia, but its height is only about a hundred and thirty-five feet. Mosque and minaret, even if completed, could never have vied with the Koutoubia, but it would be a close second if visualized as the architect designed it. But the earliest of the historic records in stone is Chella, on the banks of the Bou Regreg, farther up-stream. A Phœnician settlement at first, it was possibly a Roman settlement long afterward, connected with Tangier by one of their splendid thoroughfares. In Arab times it had a succession of masters and grew to be a place of importance under the Almoravides; in 1154 the population was moved to Salé. Three hundred years later the Merinide sultans made it their necropolis, and surrounded it with a monumental wall a thousand feet square. The noble gateway is exquisitely fashioned. Chella still contains the superb tomb of Abou el Hasane and the remnants of a mosque, now a tawdry shrine, with a minaret noted for the beauty of its polychrome tiles. The subterranean vaults are said to have housed, for a period, 2,000 cavalry horses, and in one of the chambers rises a great spring which could well have slaked their thirst, for it now supplies Rabat with drinking water.

There are other monuments of the olden time almost equally interesting and charming to the student of Moorish art and archæology—gardens, gates, mauso-

leums, and shrines. But it is modern Rabat which commands imperiously the American attention. On a hillock some 250 feet high are the grounds and modern palace of the reigning sultan, the residence of Moulay Youssef, whence at intervals he makes a stately progress under the imperial green umbrella, symbol of his lofty station, surrounded by his court and guarded by his cavalry in gorgeous uniforms. And close by is the new residence of Marshal Lyautey, the genius of the place, the source of secular and military might in the great land which he is regenerating for its sovereign and for France. The view from both is impressive and beautiful. Both are on the magnificent scale, as to grounds and structure; and the pomp of power is antipodal to the democratic simplicity which might express the new régime but would not dominate the souls of the masses who live under it.

Thence by an easy transition you pass to the French city, as elsewhere clear outside the native town, only much more spacious and commanding in aspect by reason of its newness and its size. It is the administrative centre of all Morocco. Here are the Direction of Public Instruction, a stately pile with a gallery of four arcades surrounded by a peristyle; the General Treasury, whose interior court, covered by a glass dome, is surrounded by office windows between the supporting columns; the Direction of Agriculture, with a square court and a gallery, structurally adorned with cut-stone pillars and carved capitals; the medical headquarters of the army; the barracks of the spahis or



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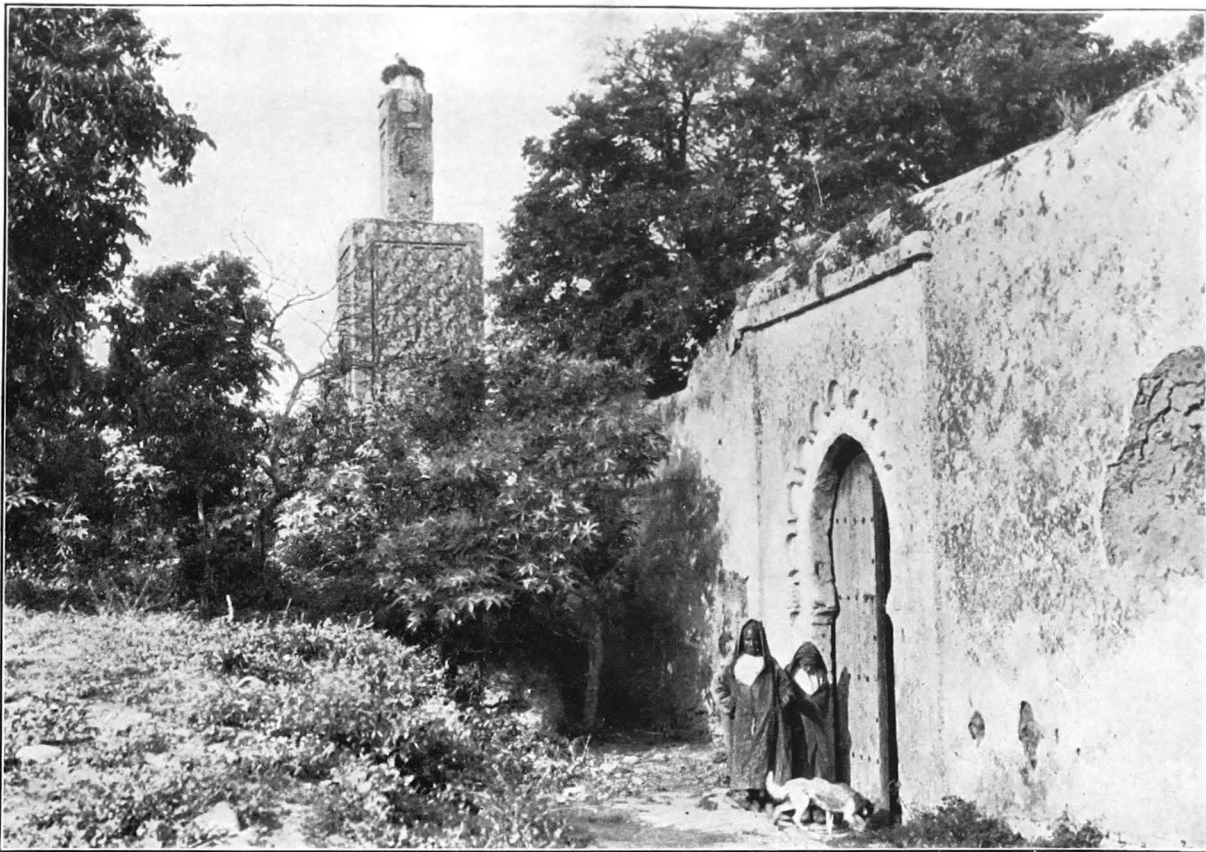
A SULTAN'S GUARD ON MARCH NEAR RABAT

cavalry; and the modern mosque where every Friday the sultan comes in a little open victoria to public prayer, public that is to the Moslems, the Moroccan Selamlik. He returns on horseback.

The other institutions, less conspicuous but even more influential, are the hospital with its instruction in modern sanitation, the Mussulman college, the Shereefian Scientific Institute, and above all, climax, as you feel of the whole, the well-housed Institute of Higher Moroccan Studies. In this last the faculty numbers about a dozen scholars of the highest distinction in science and the humanities. The students may be fourfold that number, but they are the elect, French and native, while the collections of books, maps, and apparatus are already impressive and steadily growing. One visitor at least felt, in his all too brief visit, the pulsations of a learned virility which is destined to conduct profound and thorough research into the languages, history, art, and native resources of a vast and wonderfully endowed land. At the School of Higher Studies in Paris the atmosphere of devotion is not more intense. Conversation with the president and various members of the faculty exhibited a breadth of scholarship and an eagerness in research that were full of promise. Already there are published memoirs, the substance of which proves what may be hoped for in larger, fuller scope, as the labors of teachers and fellows are sufficiently prolonged under sufficient endowment. It must be admitted that while the official art of France is in Morocco not inspired, yet here in French

Rabat the modified Moorish architecture of the public buildings and the private homes, nicely dressed in shrubberies, arbors, and vines, and relieved by well-kept avenues of young trees, is satisfying to the beholder. There is a pleasant combination of stateliness and cosiness throughout the modern quarter.

It has been explained that the forte of Islam on the religious side is unity, but that sectarianism is its foible. So on its political side there can theoretically be but one caliph; actually there have been many. The caliph must be just, wise, understanding, observant, and plain-spoken, well set-up, brave, intelligent, and descended from the prophet's family, that is Shereef or noble. Moreover he must be named by the assembly of believers, that is of the Oulimas, doctors of law and theology, and the notables, designated thus to defend the faith and rule the Mussulman world. As far as Morocco is concerned, their sultan fulfils all these requirements; the emphasis being on his spiritual rule, from which the temporal proceeds. Some Berber tribes have never recognized his temporal power while bowing in submission to his spiritual. But the Koran in its divine inspiration draws no distinction; it is not only the book, but the gospel and the catechism; the constitution or charter, the civil and the penal code. Though Moulay Hafid signed the treaty establishing the French protectorate he soon resigned, leaving his high office in the air and menacing the stability of French protection. But within a day his ministers proclaimed another son of Moulay Hassan, half-



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes

THE MINARET OF CHELLA

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brother to Moulay Hafid, and, since August 13, 1912, invested as sultan according to the law of the Koran, he reigns. The Oulimas of Fes, the cities one by one, and the entire population of the pacified district believe him to be, as he is, a faithful Moslem and well qualified in all respects to maintain the succession. His prestige is essential to the protectorate, and by it is scrupulously safeguarded. At each of the three annual grand Mussulman festivals and every Friday, he appears in state. The order of procession is first a long rectangle of colored infantry, the Black Guard, in scarlet uniform, white gaiters, and gloves, with snowy belts and shoulder-straps, headed by a band of music playing soft Andalusian airs, alternating with livelier measures—the music of both sultanate and protectorate. Before and behind are four lines of cavalry, each on horses of uniform color: white, iron-gray, chestnut, and bay. In the midst of the rectangle is the imperial cortège; officers of state on horseback with lines of foot valets, then seven led horses richly caparisoned, then the mounted sultan over whose head is held, as an awning, a large umbrella, green or sometimes garnet-red, followed by several horsemen carrying his carbines, then the masters of sacred ablutions, and an almoner who, at the sultan's nod, distributes alms to the poor. Finally in the imperial cortège come the standard-bearers and the viziers on horse or mule-back, with their secretaries.

The sacred banners of Moulay Idris, regarded as the founder of Moslem Morocco, are kept at Fes; on

the high festivals they are brought to the sultan who piously kisses their material and places them at the head of his company. On these occasions his Majesty betakes himself to the wall of prayer outside the ramparts of the city, where a special detachment of palace officials arranges around his tent a tall canvas wall to safeguard his person and his privacy. At its entrance is a small body of his private musicians, to salute his entrances and exits; the other portion remains at the palace to perform similarly there as needed. After prayer at the wall, appear the deputations of cities and tribes from far and near, whose leaders are presented by the high chamberlain, and then in homage prostrate themselves in the dust. Each delegate presents the gifts—horses, rich stuffs, and jewels in finely wrought cases, symbols of tribute in kind or in specie due to the overlord. Such ceremonies last about three days, from morn to starlight. All about, during the whole time, storms that indescribable scene without which in North Africa no solemnity can be celebrated: the fantasia, the universal folk ceremony of temporary madness or frenzy, during which the participants seem possessed, and really are. Juggling with their weapons, in particular their guns, they run or ride to and fro wasting numberless blank cartridges, shouting, gesticulating, and writhing until utter weariness or hysteria removes them from the scene, dishevelled and panting, with rolling eyes that do not see and ears that do not hear. Even a Hogarth could not do justice to so utter a bedlam. Partly by compulsion, partly by persuasion,

the numbers of caïds and pashas with their rebel followers from the hills, increase steadily. While sullen at first, they are also observant, yielding somewhat to the spell. Their influence at home suffices to show the political recalcitrants that the sultan they have hitherto not obeyed is at least the bulwark of their faith. This goes far to incline the highlanders to submission and obedience.

The enormous power of ceremony and ritual need not be explained to Americans, with their passion for uniformed societies and mystic rites, a passion which enthralles the majority of our people. Cocked hats and feathers, livery coats, aprons and gaiters, pillow-case masks and sheets, academic and ecclesiastical robes, with mediæval hoods and hats, college brotherhoods with secret mottoes, badges, orders, and what-not, all beguile the American male at certain seasons, in certain places to enter the race for adornment with the female of his kind. We will have no badges of political servitude; but those of voluntary servitude to a free-will association we adore. Now ceremonial in Moslem Morocco partakes of both elements, compulsory and voluntary, and the pomp just outlined and suggested is exactly as powerful a political and social leverage as are the decorations of the Legion of Honor in France. It is a means of political control second to none in the hands of judicious rulers. For this reason it is and will be the special concern of the French alike to magnify the state and dignity of the monarch and to clothe him with substantial powers of the highest importance,

to surround him with all the traditional ceremonial of his throne in order to secure efficiency in administration. Through the grand vizier, the viziers of justice, of religious mortmains, and of the public domain he wields a really tremendous power. By the vigorous interaction of his cabinet with the officials of France, already described, he is made to feel the complete responsibility for internal affairs which he has retained.

The great proconsul of France in Morocco, equally influential in the lands of his birth and adoption, has thus outlined what he means by protectorate: "The conception of the protectorate," he says, "is that of a country retaining its institutions, governing itself and itself, with its own agencies, administering itself, under the simple control of a European Power, which, replacing it in foreign representation, takes over the administration of its army and its finances, and directs its economic development. What dominates and characterizes this conception is the idea of *control* as opposed to that of *direct administration*." Antecedent to the treaty of March 30, 1912, signed at Fes, French action had been limited by four treaties or arrangements with other European Powers; since the World War the arrangements of the Treaty of Versailles have given her a freer hand, though the international friction regarding Tangier had not been diminished until within a few months. In every connection, when dealing with North Africa, the question of the Mediterranean littoral becomes importunate. England, France, Spain, Italy, even Greece and Turkey, claim to be heard as

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to their respective interests. It has already been told how, after fourteen years, an "arrangement," temporary perhaps, but accepted at the moment, has at last been formulated by England and France. Spain sat at the council board: in spite of the friendly visit of the Spanish king to Italy, the latter Power was unhappily not represented by a delegate. To the conclusions reached the signatures of British and French plenipotentiaries were affixed; that of the Spaniard was withheld for reference to Madrid, where public sentiment is adverse. When the three Powers shall have signed, the convention will be submitted to all the signatories of the pact made at Algeciras in 1906.

Its provisions are: economic equality for all Powers; absolute neutrality of the town and its zone, somewhat enlarged at the expense of Spain; any fortification is absolutely forbidden; no treaty concluded by the sultan of Morocco applies unless accepted by the local government; all extraterritorial rights are abolished; Moroccan and Spanish money is the currency; natives hitherto under foreign protection of any kind are henceforth under the jurisdiction of European mixed courts; the Moroccan Government guarantees the interest on the bonds both of the incomplete Tangier harbor and the Tangier-Fes railway, thus abolishing the Debt Control Commission; the government is vested in a legislative assembly of twenty-six members: three British, four French, four Spanish, nine native (six Mussulman, and three Jew), one personal representative of the sultan and of the Algeciras signatories, the

mendoub, who presides. There are three vice-presidents: a British, a French, and a Spanish. Should this assembly enact any law in violation of the Tangier Statute, a Committee of Control consisting of eight consular officers from the Algeciras Powers may veto it. We repeat for the sake of emphasis. Such is the outcome of the long succession of abortive conferences hitherto held, and it pleases neither Spain nor England. It may or may not be the fine hand of British diplomacy which has sought to offset French influence on the Mediterranean by the outward approach of Spain and Italy to each other, but this statute has all the appearance of uniting England and France against both. Hence the discontent of those among British leaders of opinion who fear the network of agreements and alliances made as they declare by the French to secure the predominance of their influence in southeastern Europe. These Francophobes claim that the British demands have been met in form, those of France in substance. The matter is germane to our present topic because it shows how carefully the prestige of Moulay Youssef is safeguarded by the protectorate. Up to the Tangier zone his Moslem officials, his Makhzen, administer internal affairs, within it he has a personal representative as president of the assembly, and in his name at least treaties affecting it are made. Since he has no minister for foreign affairs and since the decrees of his government have legal force only when promulgated by the protectorate, the initiative of the Tangier as of all Moroccan policies resides in

the resident commissary-general of France. They are, however, not complete without Shereefian assent. The sultan is a reigning sovereign in Moslem law, complete; and likewise a partial ruler as well as a nominal one in all affairs. To put it briefly Moulay Youssef is a true caliph, religiously; a sultan with a definite sphere in secular matters.

It is a wing of the imperial palace at Rabat which houses the department of the interior. Spacious rooms with no furniture except floor matting and rugs are assigned to each and all ministers of state, who, with their secretaries, keep strict hours, nine to noon, three to sunset. Each squats in his accustomed place: the secretaries to the immediate right and left of each vizier are the superiors, the others are ranked on the wings according to strict rules of precedence. Both chiefs and subordinates wear the white uniform of their station, the differences being in the shades of white, the fineness of material, and the cut. The degrees of deference in gesture, salute, and the official kiss are strictly regulated. The spirit of caste pervades the entire Makhzen body down to the negro messengers, and a pleasant condescension characterizes every member of it. Its members, holding themselves apart from all local custom and loyalty, constitute a truly national body. There are no tables, only cases of writing utensils. One hand wields the pen, the other holds the paper. Their style in writing aims, not always with success, to emulate the purest literary Arabic, but their conversation is in the modern ver-

nacular of that tongue. In short, there is a stern regulation of speech and conduct to the minutest detail.

This central Makhzen enforces its behests throughout the land by subordinate officers—caïds, pashas, and cadis. The first and second preside respectively over tribes and cities, meting out penal justice in the sultan's name. The cadis, learned in the Koran, and holding court inside the mosque, are the judges in the totality of Koranic law; all civil cases, involving real or personal property, or personal status. Repetition of these facts is essential because fifteen years ago venality in the whole system from centre to circumference stalked unabashed. The central administration sold their positions to all three; caïds and pashas shamelessly extorted taxes and penalties, inordinately the first time and then a second if they wanted the money for their wanton pleasures. The cadis are said, as having a semisacred office, to have endured and inflicted less illegal exaction, but they, too, were dishonest and dishonorable. The plain folk were the ultimate victims, and since the refuge of the weak is falsehood, they were either sullen idlers or deceitful sycophants. No wonder that the nucleus of good in Islam was extruded by fanaticism, fatalism, fetichism, and gross sensuality. What the protectorate is doing is the reform of Islam from the bottom up, the elimination of venality, the defense of the weak, the protection of person and property, the administration and enforcement of Moslem law, civil, criminal, and religious, for Moslems according to their texts, customs, and tradi-

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tions. The dividing line between the functions of caïds, pashas, and cadis has been made precise, the order of appeals has been fixed, the registration of marriage and divorce, of property succession, of suits and compromises, is an accomplished fact. The Berber hill-tribes administer their own customary law, the Israelites have their own rabbinical tribunals, lower and higher. In them the justice of the *cadi* does not intervene.

What remains to be done in the way of control and indirect administration is much. The resident has a delegate, so-called, who replaces him in secular and civil functions, when sick or absent. The resident is commander-in-chief of the military forces and he is not only minister for foreign affairs, but supervisor of internal matters so far as all Shereefian laws and vizierial ordinances require his "Seen for promulgation and enforcement." Inasmuch as warfare with bands of the sultan's refractory subjects has so far been continuous, there are three zones, that in which military control has ceased, colonization has begun, and civil administration is established; that in which the natives have more recently accepted the sultan's authority and civil administration is not yet complete, and that of active military operations which must be carried on with a controlling guidance, the knowledge that the enemy of to-day is to be made the friend of to-morrow, when conquest and pacification are complete. The resident-general must, therefore, have four cabinets—civil, military, political, and diplomatic. By means of

these he has been able to purify the whole administrative system of the empire. The expert knowledge of their members ordinarily gives him the essential advice on every subject, and when fuller information is desired he calls in consultation the heads of regional associations, chambers of agriculture, of commerce, and of manufactures, French and Moroccan.

Finally there is a number of civil controllers whose business it is, of their own initiative, to report on the condition of the country, the temper of the natives, the character of their officials and the native personalities of influence, on the religious orders, their organizations and the use they make of their funds, on the temper of the learned Moslems and the Moslem teachers; in particular on the condition of the roads, the crops, the transportation, and the public health. So far the institution of civil control was copied from that operative in Tunis, but in Morocco the controllers are likewise expected to guide and educate the native functionaries, and to propose whatever improvements are possible. As to the tribes, just subdued or partly so, the resident-general secures his information from the army officers. The large cities have each a municipal government like that in Europe, but, of course, with substantial modifications, because the French officials are controlled from Rabat to prevent the Moroccan office-holders from feeling any sense of personal inferiority. Coming from the capital all arrangements for general administration, finance control, economic and social regulation can be put through

without humiliating the inexperienced Moroccan functionaries, so close and efficient is the relation between the working cabinets of the French Commissary and those of the Makhzen or Shereefian cabinets.

From whatever side we view it the machinery of the protectorate is not only ingenious and, conquest aside, kindly considerate, but it is also complicated to a degree of elaboration never yet attained by dual rule in other lands, even in Egypt and India. Looked at as an overrefined contrivance, it should not work long without constant modification and repair. Throughout these twelve years past, exactly that has been done, and the whole system may be considered plastic and elastic, changing to meet changing conditions. With what permanent results a rapid survey may not determine; but the temporary results appear miraculous. Generosity and sympathy are the two watchwords proclaimed by Marshal Lyautey to his subordinates in their dealings with the native people; and forbearance as well must be added. What is sometimes called the Great Caïd policy leaves in a fourth of the country, southward from Marrakesh, that is in the Sous entire, the thrall of every ancient abuse of feudalism. Yet the three princes, Glaoui, Goundafi, and Mtouggui are the mainstay of a slender but strong French authority in their great fiefs. When rebellion showed its head at Tafilalet, the Grand Caïd Glaoui called to arms 10,000 of his own men and without French aid ruthlessly suppressed it. In a way, also, it was largely the example and influence of these princes

which, throughout the crucial period of the World War, kept all French Morocco calm, enabled the army of occupation to be cut down to a small minimum, and sent Moroccan divisions to the European front. Forbearance as a policy must, therefore, be constantly exercised, as it continues to be. Generosity, sympathy, forbearance, adroitness: these are not common everyday qualities. Who possesses them? Marshal Lyautey, commissary resident-general, who from the first has formulated the policy of the protectorate, and still lives to enforce and guide it, to train and raise a personal staff of unselfish, able coadjutors, military and civil, to see this second generation of patriotic administrators, not only zealous to do his will, but to rise up and call him blessed.

When the unofficial American Commission landed at Casablanca, a captain of stately appearance, of refined and cultivated manners, of keen, penetrating glance, was the first to greet it as the personal representative of the marshal, whose uncertain health prevented him, as was explained, from appearing in person. The adjutant, clothed with the authority of his chief, opened all doors, elicited every courtesy, and made clear every enigma, while the commission was on Moroccan soil. Such considerate and expert guidance from a charming personality of the highest authority was a rare privilege, and the memory of it will always be unforgettable. With the personal conduct of a councillor of state, an official of the grand civil career in France as friend, conductor, and wel-

come associate from Paris to Paris, and with the marshal's personal representative to wield his authority, the members of the commission were almost bewildered with kindnesses and with information of every sort. It has required time and perspective to sort out the writer's mind. But the outstanding impression of Marshal Lyautey and his colleagues was that from deeds they could know the doer; and when brought into contact with him, they were already clear as to his essential greatness. One of us, whose public life and wide reading had made him a judge of greatness, has written that already six of his contemporaries had given him the consciousness of human greatness, but that in Marshal Lyautey there was behind his keen, mobile face and sparkling eyes, a tremendous dynamic force, evidencing those characteristics by which one man influences or controls the thoughts of others.

He is a man of medium height and as slender as an ascetic. As we saw him he bore the marks of suffering, and not long after he passed weeks in a Paris hospital under surgical treatment for the liver trouble which besets some overactive Europeans under the hot sun in the cold air of Morocco. But he was keen, alert, and incisive in speech, determined to show his visitors, both by explanation and example, the salient features of his policy. It was probably well that his official residence at Rabat was for ten or eleven years a simple, clapboarded, most unostentatious, though spacious villa, far from what would be expected as the home of a conquering chief, humble when compared with the

majesty expressed in the sultan's near-by palace. Such a plain old-fashioned house could not be the permanent seat of French power and it had very lately been installed in a stately mansion. Ours was the first state entertainment within its walls. It so happened that among the travellers then at Rabat were the president of the Belgian Senate and his wife; and two young, titled personages of the highest social rank in France. All these were foreign guests and the rest of the sixty diners were the high officers of government, civil and military, a proper proportion of Moorish civilians, with their soft, pleasant speech and manners, their exquisite native garb and attractive appearance. One of them was a young historian from Salé who has assembled a fine library and aspires to write the history of his country on Western lines. He was one of the specially honored guests.

Ranged around the walls of the lofty vaulted banquetting-hall were honor guards, Moors, Berbers, and shiny jet-black Senegalese, all in the splendid uniforms of their regiments; spahis and sharpshooters and colonial French. The table was ornamented with floral and other decorations, the service was the pale and yet bright blue of which Sèvres has the secret, used only on state occasions by French dignitaries; the bill of fare was choice, and the whole was marked by a restraint and proportion very agreeable. The guests were received with official courtesy by the marshal and Madame Lyautey, fit consort to her famous husband in style, manner, and zeal for all good works, and the

seating was carefully studied to suit the position and dignity of the ladies. At the middle of the long side of the table, which sparkled with crystal and silver, sat the marshal in the uniform of his rank, a blue-black blouse trimmed in braid of the same color and carrying seven silver stars on collar and cuffs, broad red trousers with black stripes, and on his breast the great cross of the Legion of Honor, with the war cross and other decorations, a simple but most expressive array. When all had been served he rose and proposed, in brief adequate language, toasts to the King and Queen of the Belgians and to the President of the United States, expressing his pleasure in the presence of guests from two such Allied Powers, the very present help to France in her hour of need, in particular his contentment that Americans had come so far to inspect by close contact the work of the protectorate. Brief and heartfelt responses were made by the Belgian and American spokesmen, practised orators both, and the company adjourned to the dwelling-rooms of our host and hostess. It was an animated scene, in a way what could have been expected from those familiar with social usage; the pretty dresses and jewelry of ladies not given to royal or plutocratic extravagance, their clever talk and repartee, the deferential men grave and suave, sometimes witty, less often wise. It was a rousing and hearty greeting, a glad entertainment.

Two incidents were, however, particularly noteworthy. The marshal is a diligent collector of ancient

Arabic manuscripts. His copies of the Koran are priceless. For the exhibition and explanation of these he appointed the young scholar to whom reference has been made, and who the next day welcomed us to the simple, characteristic Moorish home of himself and his two brothers. We were gathered about a solid table on which our expert, manifestly familiar with all the treasures as to where they were kept and what they signified, laid them one by one, telling the peculiarities of script and illumination from which their age could be determined and proudly insisting on the workmanship. For his instructive and entertaining talk he was the centre of interest for all the company, made conspicuous by the precedence given to him and the high respect shown to him. Then he modestly withdrew to a statuesque posture against the case containing his delights. We need not explain what a re-echoing among all ranks of Moroccan society the tale of such an incident would have. Among other hopes entertained by our young friend, the foremost he declared in repeated conversations, was that of visiting the United States, about which he was constantly reading, and from which he hoped for further evolution along the lines of its spiritual and intellectual life. Having mastered French he had yet to get English enough for travel purposes at least. Not unnaturally he was rather posed when informed of how little service French would be in North America, except in certain spots. We took the lesson somewhat to heart, and wondered what international service the substitution

of modern for ancient languages in our courses of study was really rendering to ourselves and to mankind.

The other incident was the assembling of the strangers about the marshal in his study, by his own desire, to hear from his lips the outlines of his policy as a French proconsul. Much of what he said has already been set down in these pages. It has been repeated that his basic principle is to treat the native as different, not inferior; in every way, whether logical or opportunist, to show due respect for Moroccan religion, tradition, custom, and even prejudice. And the methods he sketchily outlined. But his emphasis was laid on the education of rising generations. It was a terrifying warning, though unintentional, to hear his categorical statement that European education in its full scope could never, never do for Moors. We had heart-searchings as we stood and reflected that our American education is by us considered the panacea for all human troubles in every land around the globe, and in particular for every element in our own heterogeneous populations—white, black, or yellow, or mixed, heathen or Christian, Roman or Protestant, whatever career may be open to them. Very close indeed to Marshal Lyautey's heart is his conviction, first, that young Moors of the upper classes should be trained for positions in the civil service, and second that their training should not utterly unfit them for the only high career open to them. Hence, the French have established, in the principal cities, colleges for young Mussulmans, where a limited number, enough only for the possible posi-

tions, receive so much European instruction as is necessary for their vocation in the civil service or in commercial life. The rest of their time is occupied by Moslem teachers, inculcating Moslem learning. He asked us, whatever we left undone, to visit that at Fes. In the military service there have already been trained in military schools a number of natives who have reached various ranks, the highest so far being that of major. In his civil cabinet are also some selected Moors of the highest capacity and loyalty.

Space forbids any effort to report all the details of that long, fervent talk about the adaptation of instruction to the talents of aspiring youth, in every walk of life from the bottom to the top, even in trade-schools. The mosque schools (medersas), of course, go their way, but it is believed that their work is better and more thorough than before; at any rate the cadis give better satisfaction in their legal work, while even the Oulimas inspire greater confidence. When the resident-general (then in Fes) lay sick unto death, crowds of silent Moslems came daily and awaited the physicians' bulletins. On his recovery the sultan, breaking all precedents, invited him to attend a service of thanksgiving for his recovery in the Grand Mosque. But he firmly declined. "Knowing that no Mohammedan wishes a Christian to enter his mosque," was his reply in effect, "and having always myself respected that feeling as I have likewise required others to do, I shall not be the first Christian to disregard it." The puritan Moslems, as all Moroccans are, will never forget such

forbearance, and tell it to their children's children to the latest generation.

There are varieties of greatness: that which has large vision and foresees the distant future, while deriving guidance from the past, near and remote; that which grasps the need of the present and realizes it with intensity of purpose and adaptation of means to the end; that which forms a great idea and patiently, without haste, without rest, collects the many strands of possibility into the cords that bind by achievement of the little things which in time forge the chains of habit. Each of these has elements of greatness, true greatness, but complete greatness exists only in the harvest reaped by doing the possible, by using each gain as the starting-point for further advance, and so winning approbation and help from the vacillating, doubting mass of its fellow men as to insure continuance of the work in permanent reform, avoiding unstable revolution. The greatness of "Lyautey Africanus," as an admiring American has styled him, is of this sort, which compels and wins at the same time.

The storks of both Rabat and Salé are everywhere in evidence, elsewhere in Morocco they are rare. In all the world of fowls and birds their homing and nesting habits have had a poetic appeal for mankind. They have the domestic instinct as no other winged messengers of peaceful, filial, and parental care possess it. Already the storks of Rabat have found a place in French art and literature. Perhaps their peculiar affection for their forebears and their posterity may typify,

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even stimulate, the like qualities shown by the French proconsul in dealing with his present wards and the rising generation of their children, as well as those yet unborn.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HEART OF MOROCCO. FES

As the Almohade sultans replaced the Almoravides, so they in turn gave way before the nomad leaders known as the Merinides. These were supplanted by the fierce Saadians who expelled the Portuguese in the late sixteenth century; and then in the middle of the seventeenth century the Hassanians, a puritan stock coming also from the south, seized the supreme power. It had been told how the Saadian, Ahmed el Mansour, defeated the Turks, sacked Timbuctoo, and adorned Marrakesh with splendid buildings. The Saadian tombs in that city were long closed to visitors, a sort of shrine sepulchre; to-day they are partially opened and restored. The long low gravestones resembling sarcophagi are exquisitely carved in peculiar patterns, and the towering vaults under which they repose reveal the honeycomb ceilings with which Moorish Spain abounds. From their early estate of poverty, meditation, and stern virtue, success and luxury slowly and surely degraded them; and their successors saw fit to abandon the city of their predecessors' decline, making Meknes their capital. They, too, had brought with them the desert virtues: fanatical discipline, abstemiousness, and undaunted courage; and like all the Shereefian dynasties they were to pay the penalty of wealth and glory.

From Rabat to Meknes our car covered a hundred miles, on an excellent highway, the main line of eastward travel. The narrow-gauge military railway winds about to secure feasible grades over the height of about 1,700 feet between the two imperial cities and is visible much of the time, crossing and recrossing the road. There are no towns on the way, only wayside hamlets, an occasional solitary fortified railway-station and the broad low tents of nomad shepherds. Nor are there woodlands of any extent, just great rolling swells of pastureland with enormous patches of wild flowers; massed, each variety, in glories of brilliant color. The pastoral scene is complete with silent guardians and their herds or flocks. Far away to the south are the serrated ranges of the Atlas, and the cloud scenery vies with that of Egypt. It is a mountain air, redolent with odors of wild aromatic herbs, pure and keen from the wind-swept highlands all around. The lovely solitude of the highest swells is disturbed only by the not infrequent motor-vehicles we meet as they thunder by, laden with goods and passengers. The approach to Meknes is a climax; for, skirting the stupendous crenelated walls of the ancient city, we count no fewer than fifteen well-proportioned minarets; some brilliant in the sunlight with facings of green, yellow, and blue tiles. Swinging around into a vale and up again to the opposite height we alight at an admirable hostelry, from the terrace of which the view is absorbing. There are the high, fertile plateaus, the pastures are interspersed with farms, and far beyond, though not visible,

are the forest lands of the foot-hills; and in the foreground the picturesque city. To the east is the new town, where stand the stations of the military railway and of the standard gauge Tangier-Fes line, surrounded by modern villas and gardens, a rising spring and autumn resort. The distance from the heart of the Moorish city is more than a mile.

Among the first and by far the most powerful of the Hassanian Shereefs was Moulay Ismail, who reigned in splendor and ruled with a rod of iron from 1672 to 1727, fifty-five years! Louis XIV of France was his model. Conquering, subduing, and pacifying substantially the whole of Morocco, he set the example of colored troops. His black body-guard of daredevil negroes from the far South, 15,000 strong, sworn servants of the book of Bokhari, a mystic Moslem, was sent here, there, everywhere in the empire and inspired awe far and near. To-day there are several thousand of their descendants in the city; the European contingent is about a thousand, of Israelites there are 4,000, a tenth of the population which dwells amid the majestic ruins of Moulay Ismail's imperial constructions. The sights are four: one supreme gateway; a second, somewhat inferior; the ramparts and markets, and the Medersa Bou Anania.

It is well known that Mohammedan rulers utterly disdain the practice of architectural restoration, even of patching and repair. They may, and do, erect structures, but they utterly neglect the antique. The pre-eminent characteristic of Moroccan cities is their walls

and gates. A crumbling wall is not an unpleasant sight to us of to-day, but the decaying splendor of an ancient, elaborate gateway is depressing. The French keep their historical monuments in excellent repair and, as in the case of Carcassonne, carry restoration to an extreme which impairs their historical value. The head of the Protectorate Department of Public Instruction, Fine Arts, and Antiquities is a scholar of singular discrimination. He has taken legal measures to insure against further destruction of the Moroccan monuments, awaiting careful examination as to what restoration may accomplish without diminution of artistic and historical values. Accordingly the beholder sees the Mansour gate of Meknes as the student of Moorish art would like to keep it, not marred by the restorer's zeal but also so far intact as to reveal its marvellous beauty.

Begun by Moulay Ismail, who pillaged the near-by ruins of Roman Volubilis for columns and architraves in the composite style, easily adapted to that of the Moors, as witness the great mosque at Cordova, it was completed in 1732 by his son. An ogive arch of colossal dimensions is flanked by bastions into which the Roman pillars are wrought; and these support the purely Moorish decorations of the gateway. On a green gilt ground of varnished mosaic are applied reliefs of interlaced curves curiously wrought, and above is a frieze of bold, black, cursive letters which form a pious inscription. The limb is completed above by a line of bevelled parapets between small embrasures. When



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THE MANSOUR GATE OF MEKNES

seen by evening light the whole is both brilliant and majestic. Of a Friday evening, when the pasha holds court beneath its vaults, richly but soberly clad himself and surrounded by turbaned officials and suitors in flowing white burnouses, the scene entirely satisfies the craving of Western visitors for a perfect picture of Oriental life at its best. Not far off is the Djama gateway, once an entrance to the Nouar mosque, which though less imposing is almost equally complete in style, ornamentation, and in the satisfying beauty of the whole. A short stroll brings you to the cemetery where stands the tomb of Mohammed ben Aïssa, patron saint of Meknes, to be sure, but of far wider though dubious renown as the founder of the madcap brotherhood of the Aïssaoua whose hateful, strange, and savage hysteria has been referred to. Its membership spreads over all North Africa and on high occasions 50,000 devotees from Tunis and Algeria are present at or share in the abominable ceremonies. The ruin of Moulay Ismail's Moroccan Versailles is complete except for the immense concrete walls of stables that once could house 11,000 horses. The Medersa of Bou Anania dates from the fourteenth century and was built by the Merinides. The double doorway is of fine proportions and is richly adorned with chiselled openwork bronze. In the court is a large water-basin fed by jets, and around on three sides are galleries supported by hexagonal columns on which the students' lodgings give; the fourth side is a lofty prayer-hall. The mosaics, the green tiles, the intricate

patterns of incised stucco-work, and the wood-carvings, are all of one epoch and renowned for the purity of their style.

At Meknes, as at the other cities it visited, the most perfect courtesy was shown to the commission by the authorities. Attention was sufficient without being perfunctory or intrusive, and in words of sincerity the sacrifices of America for France in the dark hours of the World War were adequately recognized. There was always an officer guide, and at intervals the expert heads of the art commission, apparently on a tour of inspection, were only too glad to explain their treasures to the visiting laity. The officers also were at hand to show the military school for natives; an institution of importance which begets confidence by showing it, and holds out to Berber aspirants every needed opportunity for success in the military career. It is also interesting to note, in visiting Meknes, that the ostrich farm which has during two centuries had little success is now, by the use of advanced poultry methods, including artificial incubation and scientific feeding, a successful, lucrative enterprise. The brooding female on her nest in the earth no longer hides her head in the soil or sand, identical in color with her plumage, so as to conceal her presence. It is hard to define the charm of this inland capital, but the memory lingers on it. The setting, the majesty of its walls and ruins, the associations, the attractive excursions, including one of the cedar forests in the Atlas foot-hills, all combine with the physical comfort arranged for the trav-



THE RUINS OF VOLUBILIS

eller to give Meknes a place apart. It is, somehow, a place with which to coquette a little in passing by.

The ruins of Volubilis, farthest Western outpost of Roman Empire in Africa, are sixteen miles distant. They have been excavated with scientific care and afford all that the remains of buried Roman cities have to yield; an arch of Caracalla, a forum, a basilica or law-court with the bases of statues which have disappeared, dating from the Antonines, and a dwelling known as the "house of the dog," from the fine bronze figure of a dog which it contained and which is now in the museum for safe-keeping. It must be interesting and instructive, though not on the grand scale, like Timgad. And close by, at a distance of a mile or so, is the far-famed Moulay Idris, a native city of about 10,000 inhabitants. Its site is in a wild ravine between a double spur of the Zerhoun, a range jutting northward from the Atlas chain. The city climbs both slopes, and its photographs show how picturesque it is. But its renown is due to the shrine of Moulay Idris ben Abd Allah ben El Hassane ben Ali, descendant of Ali, son-in-law of Mohammed by Fatima, his wife. Defeated in a war with the Abbasid caliph, El Mansour, he fled to the flourishing Roman colony of Volubilis and converted its entire population, Christians, Jews, and Pagans, to Islam. He rose to such eminence that the Eastern caliph, Haroun er Raschid, grew uneasy and had him poisoned. The emperor, Hadrian, is said to have sighed that no monarch could kill his successor; the blood of Moulay Idris was the seed of the faithful,

and his sanctity now stands far foremost among Moroccan saints. About the end of May an annual pilgrimage assembles thousands upon thousands of devotees in the crowded mountain town.

The sacred colleges of the Moslem fraternities, zaouias, are the scenes of wild, maniacal, religious orgies. Those of the Aïssaouas at Kairouan in Tunis have been mentioned; similar ones are celebrated at Moulay Idris, not only by them but by the Hamadchas, a sect both numerous and fanatical, perhaps even madder but not so far expanded in membership as the other. An American eye-witness describes an orgy in graphic language: "Moulay Idris that afternoon was as white as if its arcaded square had been scooped out of a big cream cheese. The late sunlight lay like gold-leaf on one side of the square, the other was in pure blue shade; and above it, the crowded roofs, terraces, and balconies, packed with women in bright dresses, looked like a flower field on the edge of a marble quarry. The bright dresses were as unusual a sight as the white walls, for the average Moroccan crowd is the color of its houses. But the occasion was a special one, for these feasts of the Hamadchas occur only twice a year, in spring and autumn, and as the ritual dances take place out-of-doors instead of being performed inside the building of the confraternity, the feminine population seizes the opportunity to burst into flower on the housetops.

"It is rare in Morocco to see in the streets or bazaars any women except of the humblest classes, household

slaves, servants, peasants from the country, or small tradesmen's wives; and even they (with exception of the unveiled Berber women) are wrapped in the prevailing grave-clothes. The *filles de joie* and dancing-girls whose brilliant dresses enliven certain streets of the Algerian and Tunisian towns, are invisible or at least unnoticeable in Morocco, where life on the whole seems so much less gay and brightly tinted; and the women of the richer classes, mercantile or aristocratic, never leave their harems except to be married or buried. A throng of women dressed in light colors is, therefore, to be seen in public only when some street festival draws them to the roofs. Even then it is probable that the throng is mostly composed of slaves, household servants, and women of the lower *bourgeoisie*, but as they are all dressed in mauve and rose and pale green, with long earrings and jewelled head-bands flashing through their parted veils, the illusion from a little distance is as complete as though they were the ladies in waiting of the queen of Sheba; and that radiant afternoon at Moulay Idris, above the vine-garlanded square and against the background of piled-up terraces, their vivid groups were in such contrast to the usual gray assemblages of the East that the scene seemed like a setting for some extravagantly staged ballet.

“For the same reason the spectacle unrolling below us took on a blessed air of unreality. Any normal person who has seen a dance of the Aïssaouas and watched them swallow thorns and hot coals, slash themselves with knives, and roll on the floor in epilepsy, must

have privately longed, after the first excitement was over, to fly from the repulsive scene. The Hamadchas are much more savage than Aïssaouas and carry much further their display of cataleptic anæsthesia; and knowing this, I had wondered how long I should be able to stand the sight of what was going on below our terrace. But the beauty of the setting redeemed the bestial horror. In that unreal golden light the scene became merely symbolical. . . . At one end of the square the musicians stood on a stone platform above the dancers. Like the musicians in a bas-relief they were flattened side by side against a wall, the fife-players with lifted arms and inflated cheeks, the drummers pounding frantically on long earthenware drums shaped like enormous hour-glasses and painted in barbaric patterns; and below, down the length of the market-place, the dance unrolled itself in a frenzied order that would have filled with envy a Paris or London impresario.

“In its centre an inspired-looking creature whirled about on his axis, the black ringlets standing out in snaky spirals from his haggard head, his cheek muscles convulsively twitching. Around him, but a long way off, the dancers rocked and circled with long raucous cries dominated by the sobbing, booming music; and in the sunlit space between dancers and holy man two or three impish children bobbed about with fixed eyes and a grimace of comic frenzy, solemnly parodying his contortions.

“Meanwhile, a tall, grave personage in a doge-like



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A STREET IN THE POORER SECTION OF MOULAY IDRIS



MARKET-PLACE AT MOULAY IDRIS ON THE DAY OF THE RITUAL
DANCE OF THE HAMADCHAS

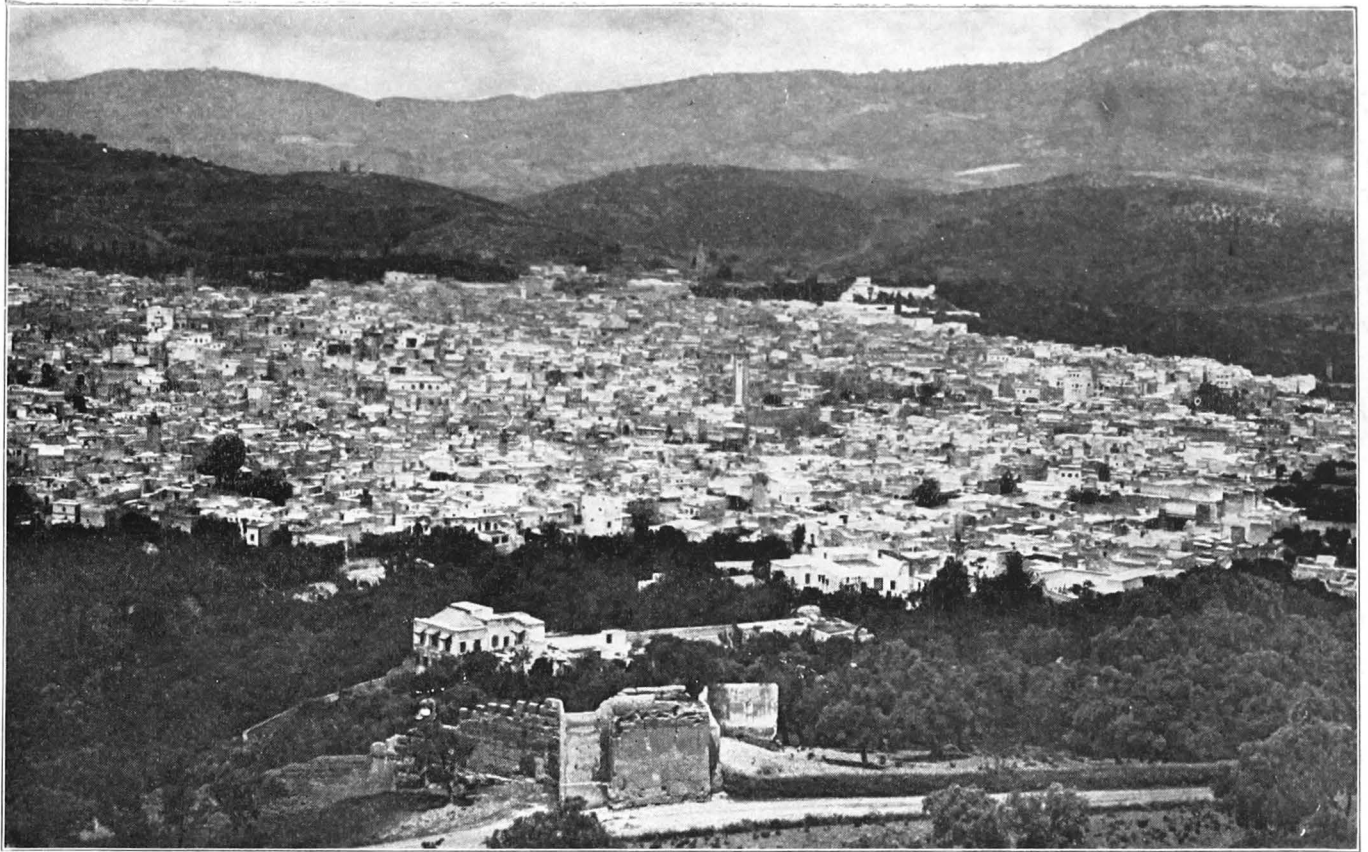
cap, the only calm figure in the tumult, moved gravely here and there, regulating the dance, stimulating the frenzy or calming some devotee who had broken the ranks and lay tossing and foaming on the stones. There was something far more sinister in this passionless figure, holding his hand on the key that let loose such crazy forces, than in the poor central whirligig who merely set the rhythm of the convulsions.

“The dancers were all dressed in white caftans or in the blue shirts of the lowest classes. In the sunlight something that looked like fresh red paint glistened on their shaved black or yellow skulls and made dark blotches on their garments. At first these stripes and stains suggested only a gaudy ritual ornament like the pattern on the drums; then one saw that the paint or whatever it was kept dripping down from the whirling caftans and forming fresh pools among the stones; that as one of these pools dried up another formed, redder and more glistening, and that these pools were fed from great gashes hacked in their own skulls and breasts with hatchets and sharpened stones. The dance was a blood rite, a great sacrificial symbol in which blood flowed so freely that all the rocking feet were splashed with it.

“Gradually, however, it became evident that many of the dancers simply rocked and howled without hacking themselves and that most of the bleeding skulls and breasts belonged to negroes. Every now and then the circle widened to let in another figure, black or dark yellow, the figure of some humble, blue-shirted

spectator suddenly getting religion and rushing forward to snatch a weapon and baptize himself with his own blood; and as each new recruit joined the dancers the music shrieked louder and the devotees howled more wolfishly. And still, in the centre, the mad Marabout spun, and the children bobbed and mimicked him and rolled their diamond eyes."

Such is the dance of the Hamadchas as seen and described by Mrs. Wharton, and we trust the length of the quotation may be pardoned as a tribute to its dramatic power. The American commission was not as fortunate as she was because it did not visit Moulay Idris at the time of any superstitious orgy and, owing to drenching downpours of rain, did not visit either Volubilis, or Moulay Idris at all. The side road to them was not considered safe. Conscientious tourists who took the risk and were seen later at Fes gave a dreary account of slippery mud and misty visibility on the very day we had expected to see both places; so dreary that disappointment was displaced by placid resignation. Indeed it was asserted that the season was exceptionally wet and cold; and it may well have been because on one-third of the days spent by us in North Africa there was rain, sometimes heavy, sometimes only showers, and it was cold enough all the time for winter clothing. But probably the beauties of the green fields and the brilliant wild flowers, the splendors of cirrus clouds, the grandeur of snowy mountain ranges were ample compensation. Much of this we had as Fes came into view and the sun, bursting forth, re-



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes

GENERAL VIEW OF FES

vealed the vale in which the city lies, swaddled and entwined with the vast walls through and roundabout, which everywhere are an important part of the city scene, hoary reminders of ceaseless warfare in the past, of dynasties which rose and fell, of oppressed thousands, who toiled and sweated to build them under the lash of tyrants.

Pausing at a tower on a height overlooking the valley and the long narrow group of buildings in two portions styled old and new Fes, El Bali and Djedid, we heard how eleven years before Marchand, a French lieutenant, with his company of sharpshooters, had there been beleaguered until relieved by Gouraud, then colonel, now general; he found half the soldiery, with their commander, dead, as well as many French civilians. The insurrection had been caused by Moulay Hafid's feebleness and was the beginning of his downfall. Then onward we rolled around the sweeping curves of the excellent highway to a city gate like that of Marrakesh with identical scenes of crouching figures before little fires and the scales for weighing commodities, and the burdened donkeys with their masters' wabbling slippered feet and shouting Valek, Valek; and the sheep or goats in the slippery gutters which are entitled streets, and the dirty, gray garments of men and women passing in the dusk and the importunate boy-guides whispering "Transatlantique" "Transatlantique," until, after a short muddy walk, we emerge on a courtyard, about which is built the Jamai palace, once the pride of a high official, now a hotel crowded with

tourists of three nations, French, English, and American. This palace hostelry is both tall and spacious; from the tower rooms is a comprehensive view; the halls and bedrooms are richly tiled and decorated; and the gardens, too, with plashing fountains and semi-tropical vegetation are interesting. The dining-room and kitchen appointments are new, inconspicuous, and built for comfort with no attempt at Neo-Moroccan architecture; distinctly sensible, for the contrast of French and native work would have been glaring. There is another "Transatlantique" at the far-western end of Fes, altogether comfortable and commonplace. The "Jamai Palace" where we were lodged deserves its name and makes a fitting background for the native shows provided for its guests.

Fes is the northern metropolis as Marrakesh is that of the south. Momentary sojourners as we were, the feeling is strong that here Asiatic influence predominates, as there the African and Saharan. The protectorate has placed in Fes three important centres of reforming influence: an experimental farm of 20,000 acres in a suburban district; the Mussulman College on which the commissary resident had told us he placed such high hopes; and the School of Native Arts for women. A rapid visit to all three was highly illuminating as to French policy. To hasten agricultural progress a small number of territorial troops with their officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, together with a few efficient French experts, train systematically native laborers in ploughing and all tillage, in the selection and

care of work-horses and cattle and in farm organization. Further, the farm exhibits all the results of experimentation in Tunisia and Algeria as to new plants, new strains of domestic animals, and as to utilizing new and untouched resources of every kind. Finally, some of the natives are, after graduation, trained as foreman overseers, who instruct and guide common laborers. Ultimately this farm will be an agricultural college. Already it has planted many thousands of trees, made valuable experiments in the improvement of all the grains, restored hay meadows and pasturage to a yield unknown before and, building storage dams on a stream from the hills, has installed a first-rate system of irrigation for its fields.

The Mussulman College, lodged in an ancient palace reconstructed for its present use, is destined to transform Morocco. The number of pupils is small, but each is a picked man. So, too, with the teaching force. The classroom work—and we spent considerable time in several classes—is partly French but chiefly Arabic. Trained, as one of us was, for several years of his youth in Semitic studies, he could, though rusty enough, form some estimate of the blackboard demonstrations of the pupils, as well as of those in French. There was a deftness of ciphering, an elegance in the Arabic script, a quickness of reply, a total absence of self-consciousness, and an aptitude in catching the instructors' meaning with rapidity of thought, which are rare in any seat of learning. The sultan will before long have a body of civil servants of his own

blood inferior to none and superior to most; his great merchants will find employees cognizant of commercial law, of Moroccan products and trade, of both mineral and agricultural resources, of the conduct of international intercourse, of banking and public finance. Hesitating and uncertain at first, the native grandees in politics and commerce now gladly intrust their ablest boys to an institution which steadily commands ever-growing respect.

The School of Native Arts for women and young girls is still in its incipient stages, and the instruction embraces, as the writer recalls, only rug-weaving, embroidering, and art stitching. It is hoped and expected that Moslem women in the harems may find in their abundant leisure a better and higher employment than gossip and personal adornment. Except in the case of the wealthy, they have household work to do, while the bearing and rearing of children consumes much of their time and energy. Visiting ladies are admitted sometimes to see the life of the women's apartments, but always those of the upper class. The guests cannot, of course, except very rarely, speak Arabic and so far, at least, Moroccan ladies speak no other tongue. Intercourse, therefore, is confined to smiles, expressions, and gestures. The stuffs of their best clothes are fine, but the cut and making are poor imitations of Western fashions, while the abundant jewelry is heavy and faulty in design. They impress their visitors as not unhappy in their rigid confinement, and appear to be excellent mothers. If once the upper and middle-class

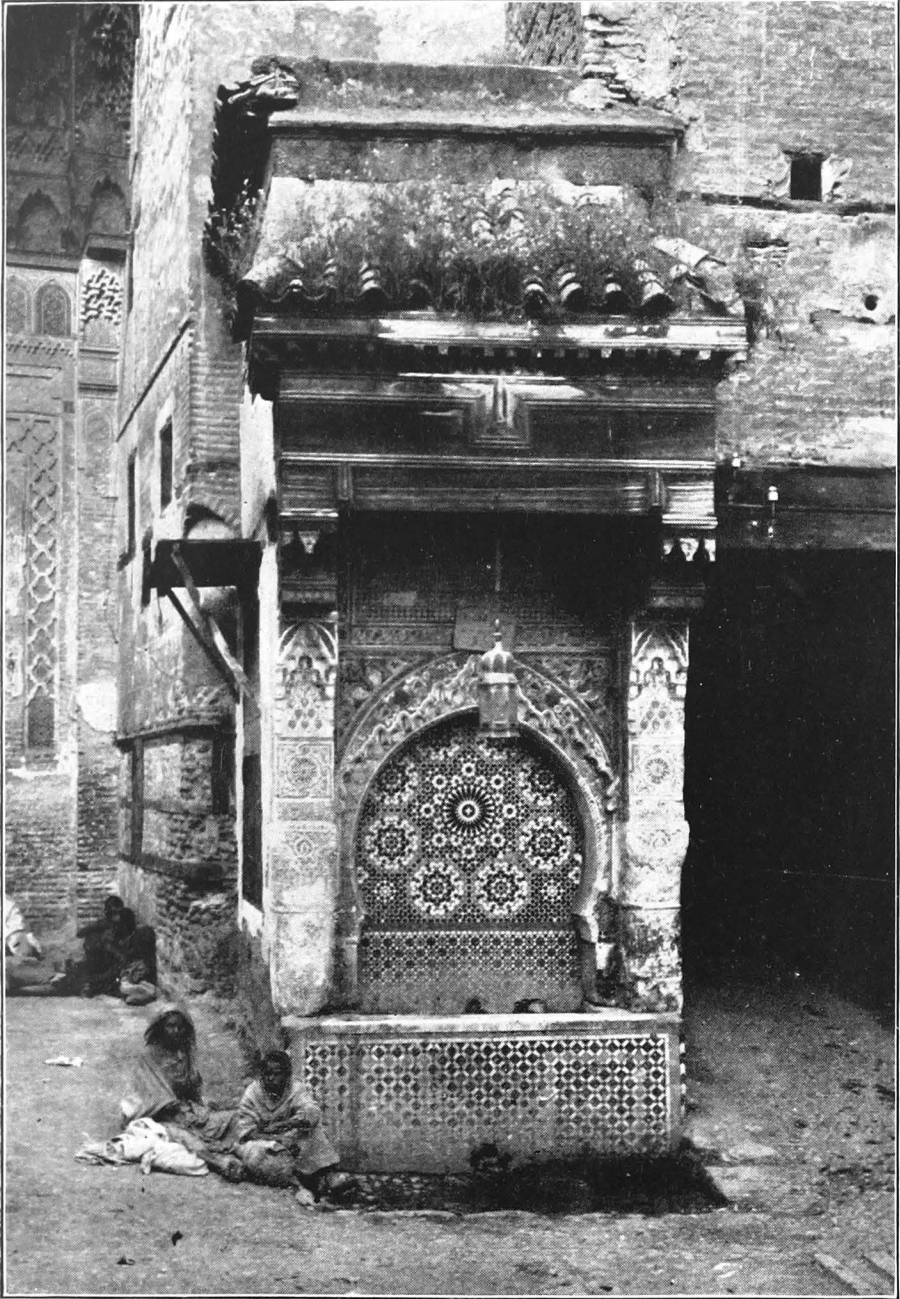
girls learn a truly artistic handicraft, weaving, sewing, or designing and acquire a trained taste in color, their whole existence will be elevated to a higher plane. Results of the schoolwork may be long in coming, but time is not a very precious commodity where haste is unknown.

Fes in the long ago was a highly important centre of Moslem education in Africa, vying with Kairouan and Cairo, but the university fell into decline and even the mosque schools lost all importance; the state of the one-time glorious medersas was one of ruin and decay when the protectorate was established. Nor has the higher Koranic learning sensibly revived, though there are stirrings in that connection. But the Ministry of Fine Arts in connection with the municipal and religious authorities has begun the work of cautious architectural restoration in the ancient prayer-halls of the medersas. The mosques, of course, are inviolable. It is bewildering to watch the comparatively few trained artisans who survive, at their leisurely work of wood-carving and stucco-modelling. Without any pattern, entirely from a creative impulse, they cut and mould with a perfectly free hand, turning the crude material into objects exquisite in design, proportion, and color. With the wood and plaster work are conjoined tiles of equal merit, similarly made, glazed, painted, and baked by the master potters. It is also worthy of remark that a younger generation of artisans is rising to replace the old. All intelligent travellers in France have wondered at the zeal of the small

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tradesman and skilled artisan, joiner, upholsterer, jeweller for perfection in his modest contributions to life, aiming at quality rather than quantity; the finest Moorish workers impress the beholder as having the same spirit. We are speaking, of course, only of the few choicest. The general condition of the applied arts under Shereefian rule was utterly decadent.

So narrow and labyrinthine are the alleys of old Fes that they may be visited only afoot or mounted on mule or donkey. Shaded by palm or bamboo awnings they are at all times slimy and, while the modern arts and crafts are thriving enough, yet the manufactured articles of finest quality can be purchased to better advantage in the great cities of Europe than in the places where they are made. It is the cheaper, coarser wares in leather, brass, pottery, and rugs which are displayed in the bazaars. Some of the native materials in wool and cotton are excellent, but the muslins, white or printed, are mostly European. These tunnel-like passages are thronged with people and crowded with little beasts of burden, the sprightly asses which replace our trucks and drays. Yet exploration repays the trouble, and when lost the adventurer can easily find a youth with a few words of French at his command who, for a very modest sum, will act as guide. It is Moroccan life in its full tide which arouses the interest. The heelless slipper is universally worn and compels a shuffling, sliding gait; but the pedestrians one and all move with equal step, a little slower than the pace of trotting donkeys. All are



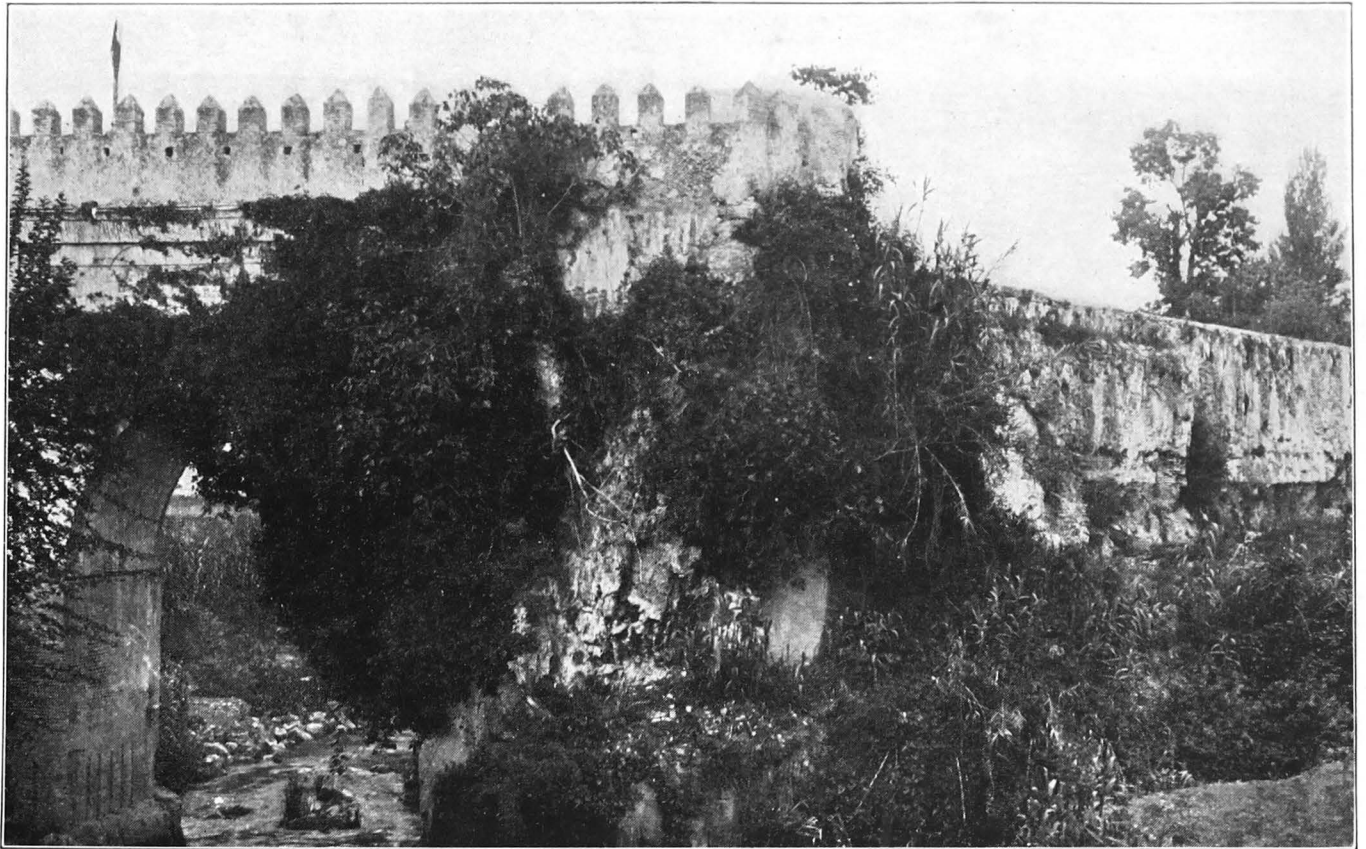
From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes
A STREET FOUNTAIN, FES

equally calm in the street or in the hovels of which glimpses may be had through open holes in the wall; and a noisy quarrel is rare. Through some apparently blind alley one, nevertheless, passes into the court of a wholesale establishment, combined at times with a caravansary. The Fondouk Najjarine is the most important and is famous for its eighteenth-century doorway lavishly ornamented. There may be several galleried stories, though as a rule there are but two; they open into storerooms, and the yard is cluttered with goods in bales and the shiny steelyards with which they are weighed; spring or platform scales seem unknown. And so on and on interminably the traveller wanders until at last he emerges into a broader street of the new town with whitewashed walls, a dry footway, and now and then a stately doorway. The passage of a rattling cab seems a novelty.

There are no such great sights in Fes as in the cities already visited because the sultan's palace, generally unoccupied, the fraternity house of Moulay Idris, and the interior of the great mosque of Karouiine, are not shown, while the various gates and several citadels are commonplace, as also are the minarets. The Israelitish quarter, burned and rebuilt a generation ago, where formerly all foreign trade centred, is much cleaner than other mellahs, and its principal street, vulgar enough in its buildings, is still a busy centre of affairs. As usual the jewelry business is concentrated there, and the green painted shops have an air of neatness and prosperity. There are three mosque schools which

were well worth our visit; their fine but ruinous decorations are of different dates. The Bou Anania was built by the Merinides in the fourteenth century. The huge double door is a wonder; veneered with bronze plates, adorned with well-wrought iron bolts and knockers. The marble stair hall has benches covered with rich panels of polychrome tiles, above which is a delicately cut inscription interspersed with floral decorations of intaglio plaster. The lofty honeycomb ceiling looks like thousands of painted pendentives and stalactites. The white marble court is vast, and its mosaic dadoes are crowned as a cornice by an inscription in black cursive letters. Above the dado the rich decorations are stucco and at intervals are pierced the windows of the first-story students' rooms, lighted from the court. This ornamentation is balanced by lintels and corbels connecting the pillars with arches of carved cedar, supporting a majestic frieze and a slope with traditional brackets in the Hispano-Mauresque style up to the fretted ceiling. In all this exquisite decoration the eye is not confused, rather charmed by the unity of the whole. On either side of the court and opening into it are two lecture-rooms beneath half domes. One of these has been restored, the other retains its filigree-like sculptures.

The abundant water of the stream on which Fes stands has been diverted in hundreds of channels and the lispng current can be discerned, seen or heard, almost anywhere in the double city. For instance, in this medersa are flowing rivulets bridged by passages



BAB DJEDID OF FES

as artistically lovely as the rest. These also have the feet of two pretty minarets of like period and suitably adorned. While the Medersa Bou Anania is impressive for elegance and size, another, the Attarine, much smaller, is by many art-lovers considered the masterpiece of Merinide art in Fes. This is because the lines are finer, the pillars more delicate, their capitals more elaborately sculptured, the wood-carvings more harmonious. The fountain in the court gushes abundantly, being fed from a spring close by, and a much-admired ancient lamp of bronze, graceful in itself, sheds a soft illumination which heightens all effects. The sleeping-rooms can accommodate sixty residents. It will be surmised that if what is open to the public be so beautiful in the schools of the mosques, the mosques themselves would, in their fountains of ablution, in the niche which holds the Koran, the Mihrab, and in their pulpits, probably afford equally important and exquisite works of ancient art; particularly the cathedral mosque Karouiine.

From an aeroplane in part, in part from a tall neighboring roof, enough has actually been seen to prove this surmise correct and to quicken the interest of all art-lovers. Mohammedan students also give some information. The court is about 300 by 150 feet and is entered by 15 gates. The floor is marble, the porch supported by rows of graceful arches. The Koran niche or Mihrab is of blue and gold tiles, the movable pulpit of ebony and sandalwood inlaid with ivory. At one end is a mortuary chapel, and in the chapel of the living, on Friday, is held an auction of ancient books

and manuscripts. The number of university students attending courses held in the courts and galleries is very small as the scanty number lodged in the medersa proves, and the library is said to have fewer than a thousand volumes. There are two halls of audience for the *cadi*, enclosed by columns supporting horse-shoe arches. From the roof of the Attarine medersa a glimpse of the fountain can be had, enough to discern a tiled cloister with a central basin of marble overflowing with clear, cool water as do the two fountains under green-tiled roofs, in which the face is laved and washed before the feet are cleansed in the central basin. Of describing the details alike of the greater and minor courts there can be no question. Silly but poetic legends about the minaret and its contents abound, but the climax is that of a female tortoise built into the walls, proximity to which is a cure for women's ills, especially backache.

Still another lovely medersa, the Mesbahia, can be visited and it also is worth careful study. But after all it is not its palaces or mosques or minarets, or any standard sights, abundant and striking as they are, which make the renown of Fes; nor its trades and markets, nor the products of its manufactories; it is the stirring, striving, busy people, the characteristic Moroccans, and around them the natural beauties of the site their dwellings occupy. To be sure their pace is not that of New York, but is a steady, medium gait which accomplishes results. In this respect it outstrips the calmer life of Marrakesh.

The grand tourist hotels feel bound in Africa as in Europe, and latterly in Asia as well, not only to amuse their guests, but in the manner of the country. It has been told that there exist native impresarios whose business it is to provide entertainment for festive gatherings of all sorts, especially wedding celebrations, which sometimes last several days. These managers employ the performers, male musicians and female dancers. The instruments of the former are the flute, flageolet, tambourine, and drum, sometimes the lute. To the Western ear the sound is a din of shrills and thumps, but the tempo is very marked, and when heard often enough the effect of this dance-music is not intolerable, though it is barbaric, originating among the primitive folk of the African tropics. We ourselves have learned to endure jazz, even to like it; and grave doctors assert that we have gained by its popularity. The dancing women of these select troops are all beautiful, according to native standards—some are small and daintily built, others are tall and stately, but all have been carefully trained to grace and motion, even in the muscle dances of the hips and loins. Their feet are small, their hands and nails are carefully cured, and their long fingers are tapering. The bodice is high, the skirts full and flowing, the materials rich. There seem to be no negroes among them. Their dances, like those of Seville, are not those of the feet and legs, but engage the entire body—head, neck, arms, and torso as well. Of course their art is ancient and highly artificial, they dance singly, though sometimes in pairs,

but every languishing movement, expression of face and eyes, quivering of muscles, betrays its origin in the celebration of primitive amours. Such was the concert and ball (?) provided in the lofty hallway of the Jamai Palace for its guests, who sat about on cushions, looked, wondered, and drank innumerable glasses of sugary mint juleps in which tea was the stronger ingredient.

One of the American commission, indeed all the male members, desired to visit a court of justice, and the opportunity was afforded. It must of course be a pasha's, not a cadî's court, the former being secular, the latter religious. The room was an open alcove in one of the arched gateways. Around its walls was a divan covered with matting and rugs. On this sat the handsome, swarthy, bespectacled judge, a man of fifty, with flowing beard, clad in gray robes and turbaned of course. To the right in the corner was a youngish Frenchman, an official of the civil administration, at once the interpreter and recorder; to the pasha's left were the guests, literally on the bench beside him. On a level somewhat lower were court criers, police, litigants, witnesses, and a small number of spectators. No one was in the least disturbed by the presence of foreigners and the proceedings went on without any agitation except on the part of a perfervid plaintiff or his pleading counsel. The Oriental calm of the court was impressive, for you felt that here was impartial justice. When a case was called the parties came forward and kneeled at the step. The mild, impassive, gentle pasha heard each case—its suitors,

defendants, witnesses, and pleading lawyers. The first case we saw—for, of course, hearing Arabic, we did not understand—was brief. The judge had the papers in hand, listened attentively as he turned the pages, and pronounced judgment. A substantial fine was imposed, paid to the clerk, and the next case was called. The second case was one of partnership between two Israelites. Each was so very earnest, and the lawyer so very eloquent and tearful, that we were interested to know what was at stake. It was a comparatively large sum and, there being no evidence, written or verbal, the antipodal accounts of the parties were worthless; so, too, was the whining eloquence of the defendant's counsel. The magistrate was momentarily perplexed, but doomed the defendant to tell his tale before the synagogue with solemn ritual. Rather than face the ordeal and lie in the face of the assemblage, he declined; judgment was rendered against him and he paid the sum in action. The recorder told us that amid the congregation of the faithful falsehood was unknown.

In one case a tenant had received notice to vacate the room he occupied. It was not convenient for him and he appealed to the pasha, who closely questioned the landlord. He said the man was every way unobjectionable, but he needed the room for his family. The magistrate evidently mistrusted the explanation and sent a court officer to examine the situation on the ground, suspending judgment the meantime. A woman who had loaned money and received neither principal nor interest was a suitor and produced the necessary papers in good order. The defendant's plea was

inability to pay. After hearing evidence the judge decided that his circumstances were such that he could make partial payments of fifty francs a month. The alternative was imprisonment, and prison life in Morocco is not gay. And so it went on until the docket was cleared, a very enlightening and reassuring experience. The French officer interferes with neither pasha nor *cadi*, but sets down the facts. The course of appeals has elsewhere been explained. Felonies and crimes of violence are adjudicated now in the French courts, and beyond a peradventure substantial justice reigns wherever French authority extends. This is a godsend to the Jews, whose *mellahs* are no longer sacked at intervals as they were before the protectorate. They still live in their own quarters and most of them wear the garb once prescribed, black gabardines, black skull-caps, and black slippers; but they may now dress as they please and their prosperity is as evident as the filth of the areas they occupy.

The motor tour roundabout Fes is worth while because it shows the traveller both old and new towns, separate yet united, the palaces old and new, the great dimensions of the grand mosque, the ruined tombs of the Merinides, the fortifications ancient and modern, the singular complexity of the great crenellated and ruinous walls, the cattle and sheep markets, the rude pottery in making or exposed for sale, and the picturesque crowds of country folk going and coming. The American associates Fes, as far as his information goes, with every epoch of Moroccan history, and justly so;

yet it is only by antiquarian research that the traces of each are found. He ends by feeling the futility of a brief historical study in a short sojourn, and surrenders to the enjoyment of the panorama, ever unrolling before him. Just as Salé is noted for its silk embroideries and Marrakesh for its leather, so Fes has a specialty, a distinct, involved stitch of silk and gold embroideries all its own, as well as the production of art tiles. Taking these in conjunction with chiselled bronzes, and all the varied essential products of daily use, recalling the scattered market-places, the bazaar tunnels, the caparisoned mules of the rich, the pack-saddle loads of the donkey trains, the total impression is that of interwoven movements, ever changing, ever attractive, of purling waters and dripping wheels; in short, of a picture in confused bothersome perspective and gray color, of a dynamic humanity peculiar to the place and the country. Moroccan rest and unrest alike converge on Fes, and in the past both have emanated from it. We visited, of course, the room in which the treaty creating the protectorate had been signed twelve years before. On the wall is a bronze plaque with an inscription which tells the story, and there are the tables and chairs used in that momentous act. An act of force? Yes, but of triumph over evil, over the vilest government extant. Thereafter the spirit of the wise and kind Western administrator has made for peace, and his firm goodness radiates thence throughout the great country, evoking blessings on him from its people.

So once again this magic city has reverted to type. It is a thousand years since Idris made it a capital, but the settlement is far older than that. So age after age it has been the womb of change. It is not the wonder-work of any single sovereign, not a fortification pure and simple, nor an art and archæological museum—there are objects and buildings more important elsewhere—nor a market-place of the first importance. Fes is even nobler than any Moroccan town because it has been the founder and nourisher of civilizations, and a summary of all—the city state of old. “Men come to me and I train them at my hearthstone; they go, moulded into social beings aware of social laws, yet the treasure of my knowledge and influence remains intact. It has been and it will be that here amid my walls beside the delights of my running waters, men live together to labor and to rest, to gather and to enjoy; forgetful of their petty hamlets and tribal bonds, they turn to higher things in belief and in conduct.” Some such feeling takes possession of a thinking sojourner in even the shortest time. Probably this latest phase of the centuries, of the becoming and vanishing, may be the best and the most permanent. It may bind two humanities together and make strait, but safe, the path between East and West. It certainly will if Marshal Lyautey’s spirit marches on. So far, at least, the capital of unrest is under his firm and gentle management as peaceful, safe, and busy as any city of the world.

CHAPTER IX

PROTECTION AND ANNEXATION

WE bade farewell to the Holy City on a lovely, clear spring morning. As we began another upward grade, the distant snow-tipped peaks of the Middle Atlas became visible, and so remained as we mounted higher amid landscapes identical with those between Meknes and Fes. The curves of the smooth, in places steep, highway interlaced with those of the narrow military railroad on which an occasional train of closed and open freight-cars with a single small passenger-coach at the end puffed, snorted, and whistled its slow, winding way along. The speed was much less than that of our motor. Our charming captain, the marshal's aide-de-camp, was in charge, and all went merrily to the height of land. There were occasional short stretches of desert tracks not yet macadamized, and on them we had our first experience of African desert, with its sparse, nomad, wild men strolling aimlessly about. We were to reach Taza, seventy-five miles from Fes, for luncheon. We did, but, owing to a machine which sulked a little on the long climb, we were some hours late. As we approached it the high hills grew nearer on both sides and we were at the base of a broad pass, when we saw a fortified railway-station and an insignificant French hamlet just where the road turned sharp to the right past a military

camp up a steep acclivity to where, on a series of three mountain shelves, stood the little city. Behind in the background were barren hilltops, sombre in color and the more sombre in feeling because among them and behind them were the wild, unsubdued hill-tribes which kept the garrison busy protecting itself and its stores, often in bloody encounters, from the bandit raids of the untamed hill-folk. Some thirty miles to the northward, at the end of the Spanish strip, in the gorges of the Rif Mountains, were their Berber fellows, fighting with success against the Spanish troops, eager to reach a hand across the broad upland intervale to their brethren who, however, were steadily receding before the French.

The hill terraces of Taza are on buttresses of the lofty Ghiata Mountains. The upper one, about 2,000 feet high, contains the native town and is bounded on two sides by precipices 250 feet sheer to the next level below. On this lower step is the camp with fortified barracks, then in the valley the highway and railroad just over a mountain stream which empties into the Innaouene River. The situation is picturesque and bold. From immemorial times invaders from the East have passed westward or surged backward again through this vale, the only passage to and from the land of the Farthest West. Accordingly the earliest human remains date from the Stone Age, and from the site of the town have been excavated remains of the age next after, that of bronze. Over a rivulet near by are the ruins of a Roman bridge, which, with other

scanty objects, probably from tombs, go to prove that imperial armies passed this way from Tlemcen. It was an offshoot of the Meknessa Berbers who founded the convent at Taza, while the rest of the stock halted only at Meknes. An Arabic writer of the eighth century speaks of Taza pottery as famous. A Merinide emir built a mosque in the uppermost plateau, another enlarged it and fortified the place. In the sixteenth century a great fortress was built to dominate the pass, in the eighteenth the citadel was completed and schools were established. Thence onward it has been a bone of contention between factions, evermore rebellious against ambitious, attacking forces. It was there that, on May 10, 1914, the junction of French troops from Algiers was effected with those from Fes. One wonders that the little town has remained as complete as it is.

The American mission, tired and hungry, felt itself far from home as it approached the gateway through a strong wall surrounding the "Transatlantique" when suddenly the home flag burst on its view. Assembled on the long terrace before the low building were French officers, with their wives and a military band, patiently awaiting our belated arrival. As we drew nearer the strains of the Star-Spangled Banner fell on our ears, and in a moment we were among friends, kindly, whole-souled representatives of the garrison, officers and ladies; the welcome was complete when, by our request, the Marseillaise completed the union of hearts and we, men and women, stood at attention and saluted. No

one of us can ever forget the impression of tender sentiment which the moment, the place, the people made upon us all; even the gathered personnel of the hotel beamed welcome, and some of us were unashamed as tears stood in our eyes. The commanding officer was with his troops in the mountains southward on dangerous duty, but his representative and aides were patterns of kindness and courtesy. Ascending in our motor to the city we carefully observed the formalities of a frontier fortress and obtained leave from the sultan's officials to view the place. The pasha, a tall and elegant man of genial manners accompanied us as we walked past the house where once dwelt a pretender to the local power; he was caught by Moulay Hafid, put in an iron cage, like one we had seen at Fes, and later thrown to devouring lions. We visited a small medersa, now occupied by a Franco-Moslem school, and passed the mosque dating from the twelfth century, with a rather ruinous but tall minaret, having pointed out to us the place of a vast cistern, filled with rain-water in case of siege; and then on to the ramparts from which the view of valley, stream, and irrigated gardens was beautiful. Returning through the main street, perhaps ten feet wide, we watched a group of twenty prisoners returning from hard labor to be locked up for the night, taking their penalty cheerfully, it seemed, and came out on a terrace where was another fine view and a Moorish café with a violent Moorish band. It was interesting to see many of the passing folk stoop and kiss the hem of the pasha's beautiful white

silk-and-wool burnoose as it flowed behind him in the mountain breeze.

As host, he himself made the tea: first pounds, literally pounds, of loaf sugar broken in his fingers and packed into a large silver teapot, then the choice and precious tea-leaves, Young Hyson we used to call them, then boiling water from a silver boiler, and then a great bunch of mint. The beverage was poured into thin tumblers adorned with mint, and the more of these you drank—it must be three at least—the more polite you were. The tall Moorish cake-dish of brass, with a wonderfully wrought peaked cover containing varied confectioneries, was passed to each by a blackamoor servant, and we sat in silence while the musicians worked mightily on flute, flageolet, and stringed instrument, with the booming of drums as the deep bass. Descending after this refreshment to the admirable hotel, we found the lounge filled with tables and a brilliant company of officers and their wives assembled for tea. It was a gay party and the French music enlivened it highly. Then a short stroll to view the brilliant sunset before the gates were closed, and a return to make a half-toilet for our dinner, delicious food and merry though weary talk. Afterward music and dancing in which our captain distinguished himself as master of ceremonies. Alas! his departure was already near at hand. That an American company of men and women, not entirely in their first youth, could have gone to bed without collapse, proved the theory of the second and even the third wind in sightseeing as well as in

running. Such hospitality was joyously imperious in its exactions.

The following day our journey was novel. We had had a slight foretaste of the desert, we were now to pass a considerable stretch of it over the line of a highway, not yet built, on a track of ruts and pebbles. As yet the great Sahara is not entirely explored. There are parts quite as sandy as our childhood fancies, misled by unprincipled geographers, considered it to be; and we also thought of it as a vast depression which giant engineering might turn into a lake by opening flood-gates from the Atlantic! Much of it is a fairly high plateau, none of it below sea-level, and, like our own American deserts, the soil needs only water to yield abundant crops. Of course the arid part of eastern Morocco is not a contiguous portion of the great desert, but it is a small sample of what we were to see later in wider extent; dry clods, stunted vegetation, outcrops of rock, a few squalid habitations for the unkempt rovers; in short, a scene of desolation lasting many miles. There was a midday rest at the hamlet of Taourirt, a small prosperous market town only three years old. After a luncheon in the railway restaurant there was more desert for a few miles, until almost imperceptibly the fertile lands begin and we reached the capital of the eastern administrative district of Morocco, Oudjda, a city of 17,000 people, nearly 4,000 being Europeans and 2,000 Jews. Two characteristics had marked Taza—there were no Israelites and the streets were clean, the military authorities having, in

successive cleansings, removed each time an imperceptible skimming of the terrible deposits they found, until now the population admires its own proper decency. In Oudjda the Jews are in evidence, the natives are two-thirds of the population, and yet the town is also clean. It has all the air of a minor capital, the residence of a French aide to Marshal Lyautey, and of the sultan's viceroy. It aspires to the possession, also, of a large, luxurious hotel, being as yet poorly provided in that respect. The military and civil aides of the French authorities, the same gentle, kind, efficient officers, a type with which we were now familiar, apologized for the accommodations provided, but they were entirely tolerable, being clean.

A brief stroll suffices to visit the town itself, the great Fondouk, or caravansary for wholesale traffic and for the lodgings of the merchants; and the citadel, now containing the Shereefian administrative officers, the military headquarters, a Franco-Arabic school, and the public garden. There is everywhere an air of well-being and contentment. To the north, east, and south there is a girdle of new houses, gardens, and parks, the new European quarter, spacious and pleasant, but, unlike the new town elsewhere, adjoining the old city. This is partly due to the configuration of the land, which throws the railway-station into the rather distant northern outskirts, and partly to the effort to unify old and new in an ambitious, small, capital city. Yet a stop at Oudjda offers a pleasure, an instructive pleasure quite apart from the inspection of the ad-

mirable town. At a distance of less than two miles to the southeast is the beauty spot known as the oasis of Sidi Yahia. You wonder why it is styled an oasis, because the approach is by one avenue through verdant fields and the return by another, both lined with shade-trees. Once arrived, however, you are aware that there are degrees in fertility as there are in barrenness, and that the superb clear streams which burst from the ground with waters rich in potash have nourished here an expanse of many acres, the trees, shrubs, crops, and grasses of which far, far surpass those of the surrounding lands. The scene is alike theatrical and dramatic; the dresses of men, women, and children, washing clothes in the purling brooks or controlling the irrigation canals with a hoe, or tilling the fields in their still primitive ways, stopping to hail friends, or walking sedately to the famous shrine, all the waters canopied over by lush foliage and the vistas brightened by flowering shrubs—these items composed into a memorable scene.

The oasis is practically invaluable to Oudjda as a water-supply, but also invaluable in the pilgrims it attracts from far and near. As the spot where John the Baptist is supposed, alike by Mussulmans, Jews, and Spanish Christians, to have foretold the coming of Christ and also as the reputed place of his sepulture, it is venerated by them all. The burial-place, they believe, is either under the Marabout, or some distance off in a dense mass of superb tamarisks. At both places there are worshippers, who, after prayer, attach

to some bough a shred of their garment. These bushes and low trees, bedecked with myriads of many-colored rags in all stages of discoloration and decay, sadly diminish the beauty of the scene; but the mystical, stately devotion of the pilgrims compensates greatly. By accident our arrival was coincident with the time when all the world roundabout "went up to be taxed," and the event was quite as instructive as to the work and worth of the protectorate as if it had been arranged for us. On the hillock under a huge spreading oak was a long table behind which sat the caïd with his secretaries and associate rulers; at the end of it was the French recorder. From the throng of perhaps 200 men a line was formed which slowly passed before the Shereefian official, an ancient person of piercing eyes and inscrutable expression, who had been caïd for many long years, a shameless extortioner before the French occupation.

As each taxpayer approached, a secretary called his name, questioned him closely before his chief and fellow clansmen as to his possessions of live stock and land, and then announced the amount to be paid. The sums were various, some very small, some considerable, a few dollars in our money. We were told that there were none exempt, not even the laborers. It was well for every family to realize what government took directly from him for his share in its benefits. Wonder of wonders, it seemed a cheerful group of taxpayers! The reason was plain, for, the cash laid on the table, a receipt in due form was given, the

amount was recorded by the French official in his book, and the farmer went away assured that he would not be swindled into paying a second or even a third time, as in the far-off but not forgotten days of cruel abuse. The average tax collected in Morocco is three-fifths of that paid by Frenchmen in France. The reader can imagine the scene, a repetition thousands of years later of those recorded in our sacred books. By means of this rigid honesty the caïd gets his own, the tribesmen are accurately taxed, and the sultan's treasury suffices not only for the civil list but the entire cost of dual government, Shereefian and French. Always excepting the cost of maintaining French, not native, troops in the protectorate, which cost is far more than recouped in the ever-growing trade with France. The great resident-commissary will, we trust, live to see his work advanced until there are ample grain supplies for France and ample man-power to protect her if and when she should be attacked again. The population of Morocco could furnish her possibly a million of glad and willing defenders in case of need.

After this memorable morning, heartened by what we had seen and experienced, fortified by an ample luncheon, we rolled away toward the Algerian frontier, through well-tilled lands and cheerful scenes. Yet we were saddened by our adieus to our guardian captain, embodiment of his great commander's spirit and splendid representative of the young, highly educated and trained French manhood, that portion at least which has survived the awful cataclysms through which

their country passed. His duties, and we like to think some of his pleasures, ended at the frontier, where the Shereefian customs officers performed their routine duties perfunctorily and politely, passing us on to the Algerian officials who troubled us not at all. Morocco, with its mixed military and civil government was behind, Algeria with its purely civil government was before. The change was instantly noticeable. The twelve years of French activity in Morocco had produced a renaissance of agriculture, transportation, commerce, and the fine arts, and the new birth was the beginning of even more remarkable growth. In Algeria, which France found in a condition of chaos, and horrid, shameless degeneracy, her administrators had been active during three generations of mankind and they have recreated what many, even some scholars, believe to have been the garden of the Hesperides, the Eden of the West.

Across a surveyor's line you look from the backward Orient into the far-advanced Occident, though geographically it is the reverse. The roads are like the superb highways of France as they were before the heavy road traffic of the war wore them out; well kept, planted with shade-trees wherever possible, the distances shown distinctly on the wayside kilometre stones, the gradients and curves carefully studied and in the mountain country to which our motoring will hereafter be confined the horseshoe and hairpin curves above and below delight the eye by their ingenuity. Bridges and turnpikes have been, for over a century,

a special department of French education. And in a high sense, as administratively it is entirely, Algeria is an extension of France. It has the well-groomed look of the metropolis country and the eye rests with pleasure on the works of man as well as on the grandeurs of nature: vineyards, orchards, fruit gardens, grain fields, commercial flower and vegetable culture. Nothing which the combined labors of earth and man can bring forth is lacking. Even its historic monuments and ruins are "smart."

From Oudjda to Tlemcen is between fifty and sixty miles, and as we left the plain of eastern Morocco and western Algeria, the road began to mount, rather steeply in places, but it was only to pass a hill spur as we entered on the steady down grade to the first Algerian town, Lalla Marnia. Half French, half native, it gave us a hearty welcome, and, though as a frontier place it is under military control, yet it was the civil authorities, subprefect and aides, who in the name of the governor-general, M. Steeg, bade us heartily welcome to Algeria in a short but formal allocution. Our spokesman replied in pleasant terms, though he was unprepared. Such was not the case thereafter, for orders had gone forth to every town on our route through Algeria, and everywhere there was a formal deputation of civil officials, polished gentlemen, all with an address, spoken or read, to which a fitting reply was expected and given. Personally we were deeply affected. Conscious as we were of our own unofficial character, such forthcoming and helpfulness and welcome to private per-

sonalities, for no other reason than that they were Americans and strangers, gave proof of how true the French sentiment of recognition for favors past continues to be. Our halt was short, but long enough to get a clear and deep impression of what we had heard but not realized; Algeria is a part of France, so truly and so invaluablely that fighting for it and jealously safeguarding it have been in the latest generation a work of pure patriotism. And the question, What about the aborigines? was thereafter ever present.

The considerable plain of which Lalla Marnia is the market town saw the final defeat by General Bugeaud of the Moroccan invaders of Algeria in 1842, and at the town was signed, in 1845, the treaty fixing the present frontier. The surrounding farm-lands are perfectly watered by irrigation ditches conducting mountain streams into the lowlands and are correspondingly well tilled. At the eastern boundary of the plain the road climbs again to a height of 2,000 feet, falls once more to 1,200, and then mounts once more to Tlemcen at an elevation of about 3,000 feet. It is a hill-country, and the hills in places rise to the dignity of mountains. To-day Tlemcen; a city of some 30,000 souls, two-thirds native, is second to no other in North Africa for beauty of situation and for historical, archæological, and ethnological interest. Situated in a mountain amphitheatre, on a spur at the foot of reddish, precipitous cliffs, it has a wide view northward over a fertile plain toward the Mediterranean. With the advantages of sea and mountain air, its mild, salubrious climate makes

it a health resort. From the top of the minaret of the Grand Mosque there is a marvellous panorama of sea and land, while at its foot are spread the massive ruins of succeeding civilizations and the intermingled gardens of peace, plenty, and beauty, clothed with carob-trees, terebinths, and ancient olives. Founded in the eighth century, near the site of a Roman camp, by the Idrisites, in the eleventh the town proper was built by the Almoravides. Under them and the Almohades, as well as the Merinides it prospered greatly, becoming the entrepot between Europe and central Africa, with a population of 125,000 souls. In the sixteenth century it was long a bone of contention between the Spanish established at Oran and the Turks of Algiers, and finally became a dependent province of the latter. During the French warfare of conquest, the Turkish element with the Kouloughlis, a mixed stock of Turks and natives, supported the French, the Moors proper were on the side of Abd el Kader. The street fighting was bitter and the defense of the citadel by the French party heroic. The truce of 1837 assigned the place to Abd el Kader, but in 1842 it was finally seized by the French.

These are the circumstances which make Tlemcen the only spot in Algeria rich in Hispano-Mauresque remains of importance, contemporary with those of Granada. The indigenous people, Berbers and Jews, have been tenacious of their race and style, so that recognizable differences are pointed out between three white and brown elements, the pure white Moors, the

Kouloughlis, descendants of the Turks and Berber women, the Arab Berbers sprung from the Moslem conquerors, and the primitive race. There are also some negroes. The crowded Jewish quarter is just as dirty and malodorous as anywhere, the ways and dress of its folk as antiquated, and their ritual life as meaningless as in mediæval times. The central esplanade is a lovely, shady avenue leading to the citadel, the Mechouar or place of deliberation, where affairs of state were once discussed by the ruler in council. It has been cleared of its ruins, the wall repaired, and it now contains the army offices and depots. The great mosque is open to visitors, a fact symptomatic of modern toleration, quite different from the intolerance of Morocco. Its principal feature is an onyx basin and fountain of ablutions; the pavement, it is said, was once onyx likewise. For the rest, change and restoration have deprived it of historical value, though the Koran niche retains its strong resemblance in elegance of design and ornament to that of the wonder mosque at Cordova. The museum of antiquities now occupies the mosque of Sidi Bel Hassen, built in the thirteenth century, which is justly famous for its finely wrought columns of onyx and its horseshoe arches, all carefully restored. Fire partly destroyed the carved cedar ceiling, but that now presents the appearance at least of antiquity, while the original sculptured plaster is of the best antique style and unimpaired. No effort has been made to restore the primitive polychrome decoration.

We visited the weaving school, directed by two French teachers and several native forewomen. The workers are little girls, about sixty of them, wonderfully deft and adroit in copying the intricate patterns from antique carpets of fine design. These are furnished by the central government which also pays a subvention to the establishment. It is not wise to criticise without due knowledge, but the amount of child labor in this and similar establishments both in Morocco and Algeria gave food for thought. The children seemed well-clad and well-nourished; none were languid, and they played with gaiety in the recess periods; sometimes they quarrelled and were swift to use their hands in childish fights. The old Berber rugs in only three tints of natural color were marvellously effective. The street scenes of Tlemcen were novel. There had just been a local election, and chalk-marked on the walls were every here and there "Vote for . . ." in French and giving the Arab names of different aspirants to office. The cafés were numerous and well-frequented; the French were rather vociferous, political excitement probably, the natives silent and inscrutable. Those who were abroad toward dusk heard the women behind the garden walls singing the ancient gharnatas, the Andalusian songs of Spain. The young girls also have a specialty in music, the haoufi, which they sing in their favorite amusement of swinging. Indeed it may be said that there is music in the air, for at all times, in all occupations, the women hum roundelays and cradle songs, whether at the hand-mill or the spinning-

wheel or when washing the baby. Tlemcen is the last outpost of Moorish Spain.

It was Friday and we sauntered into and across the vast cemetery, in use for centuries, enlarged from time to time; packed with memorials of the dead, tombstones flat and upright, in all degrees of severity and opulence, and sanctuaries with pyramidal roofs in memory of the particularly blessed who have died in particular sanctity. But the interesting thing was the throngs of women in their gray-white robes and white head-shawls and white veils. As they stood in groups, silent and motionless before the passers-by, one was reminded of the resurrection morn. But they were very much alive and, settling into groups on the grass and tombstones, began detailing the gossip and scandal, but also the news, of the week. These Friday gatherings are their great relaxation and have their uses as news distributors. Farther on the path grew steep, very steep with flights of steps in places. In twenty minutes we reached Bou Medine, a picturesque native village, swathed all about with gardens; under the skilful guidance of the great Algerian expert in native arts we were to visit the far-famed shrine of Sidi Bou Medine, a saint of the twelfth century, born in Seville, but active till his death in North Africa. It was a short distance away, only, that he died of exhaustion in the performance of his mission as teacher and Marabout. His remains were interred here where already had been buried the bones of many predecessors. But his holiness outshone that of all the rest and in time such art

and money were lavished on the sanctuary where he was buried and on the adjoining mosque that all the rest are forgotten.

Neither is imposing for size, but both are of fine proportions. A staircase descends from the platform into the mausoleum, beneath the onyx floor of which is the vault. Above is a dome the decorations of which are very poor eighteenth-century work. In an upper corner hangs a chair-couch heaped with gifts of embroidered bedding, quilts, pillows, coverlets, and all about are other votive offerings, especially ostrich eggs, lanterns, and candlesticks. A well at the head of the stairway furnishes the healing waters, a saintly essence to thousands and thousands who worship at this shrine. The once richly adorned well-head has been worn smooth in the centuries by the utensils of the visiting believers. The mosque on the other hand, though comparatively small, a hundred feet by sixty, is the finest piece of Moorish work in Tlemcen, erected about the middle of the fourteenth century by the Merinide conqueror. Its monumental porch shines in rare old tiles, the walls of the mosque bewilder with intricate stucco-work, while the dome reveals a perfect stalactite and honeycomb decoration. On one side is a large double door of cedar, almost covered with bronze plaques wrought in geometrical patterns. The legend runs that this marvel was constructed in Spain as the ransom of a captain, given to the waves and miraculously cast on the African shores. The minaret is correspondingly graceful and rich; the medersa,

once lovely, has been spoiled by moisture, and yet in it a single aged Oulima and Marabout, claiming a century of life, gives lively instruction to a few students.

At a distance of about a mile and a half from Tlemcen are the impressive ruins of Mansoura, a once large and important city of the Merinides, with all the splendors—palaces, mosques, and barracks—of a capital, erected to strip the rebellious Tlemcen of its renown. There remains but a portion of the great ramparts which were foursquare and enclosed about 300 acres, and the restored minaret of a single mosque.

Short as is a two days' visit, the charm of Tlemcen seizes the wayfarer and awakens the desire to linger. In our case it was heightened by the fact that the lieutenant-colonel commanding the small garrison had been a university lecturer in New England, had a wide acquaintance with choice Americans, and was enthusiastic about our country. The American flag was much in evidence on all sides and his spacious official residence was opened in a warm hospitality of which his wife and children were the presiding spirits. At Oudjda the commander had motored all the way from the far oasis of Figuig in the Sahara to entertain us in his home, a bit of French Alsace transplanted to Africa, and here, just over the border in Algeria, were also warm hearts beating a spontaneous welcome to American men and women who had come from overseas to behold their regenerative works. Both were officials eager to meet the wishes of their respective chiefs in Rabat and Algiers; but the warmth and generosity

shown were all their very own. It is good to know French life in France, it is a special joy to know the best French official families on routine duty in the colonial possessions of their country. Such tact in performing difficult tasks, such diligence, and such sympathy with the "other race" over which they rule! It is indeed noteworthy.

Some ninety miles separate Oran from Tlemcen. As the lovely historic town was left behind we knew that we were bidding farewell to the land of the Moors, still, in part at least, as their peculiar civilization had left it and their degenerate successors had kept it, in decay, in dirt, and partial tribal chaos. The perfect roadway, the agricultural prosperity now visible on every hand, the incredibly extensive and well-dressed vineyards, the orchards of fruit in all varieties, the well-groomed towns through which we passed, the enterprise of the Europeans, many of Spanish, some of Italian, type, the laborious natives in the fields, all proved that we were now in the modern world. The agricultural implements were of the latest type, the cattle of the best breeds, the wine-presses and vats were under broad sheds, and the huge tuns were everywhere in evidence. Toward evening we skirted an inland lake many miles long and then began to mount the ridge which separated it from the sea. It was with difficulty that our huge and heavy vehicle made the final ascent; they said the gasolene was of inferior quality and dirty, but as darkness fell we thought of the monster as an uneasy giant. It was toward nine when we entered the

streets of the city, but the engine apparently got its second wind and we halted with some *éclat* before a large hotel of the latest modern style. In the vestibule were the prefect of the department of Oran and his staff with the American consul. The address of welcome was elaborate; but, tired, dusty, and hungry as we were, we listened gladly both to that and to the graceful, fluent reply made by our own tactful spokesman. The arrangements for the morrow were explained and we were free to wash, dress, and enjoy a sumptuous dinner of tempting viands, exquisitely prepared.

Next morning there was a feast for the eyes: the blue Mediterranean, the bay between two promontories, the inner port and a great town lining the amphitheatre in which it lies. The place is old, prehistoric indeed, but never occupied by the Romans. It was Andalusian sailors who appreciated the safe harbor and founded the settlement at the close of the tenth century. With several other little ports it shared for five centuries the commerce between the strip of eastern Morocco and western Algeria, including Tlemcen and Spain. In 1509 Spanish armies beleaguered, captured, and sacked it, putting the native Moslems to the sword. Mosques were turned into churches, convents and homes for the sick were founded, and the place was fortified. But just as in Morocco to-day the Spaniards hold their citadels on the shore and cannot penetrate into the interior, so Spanish Oran was largely shut off from the back country, and after fifty years the invaders lost the city itself to the Turks, who held

it for nearly twenty-five years. In 1732, the Spaniards recaptured the place and remained until the terrific earthquake of 1790 shook the city into ruins. Spain finally drew off two years later. The native beys then occupied it and made it a pirates' nest, but Hassan, the last of them, in the weakness of old age, solicited aid against his enemies from the French, and in 1832 they seized and held what was by that time an utterly insignificant and ruined collection of wreckage with less than 4,000 residents, mostly Jews. To-day, under French rule, it has 150,000 inhabitants, is a great maritime harbor, a railway centre, and an entrepot of the most fertile of the three Algerian departments. The sights of such a flourishing modern town are negligible, the principal sight being the city itself and its situation. The bay is beautiful, though the dominating hills are precipitous and bare. Yet there are terraces of woodland, and the old Spanish fort on a commanding peak is picturesque. The parks and harbor arrangements, like the city, are modern French, as is most of the shipping. The few Moslems, the somewhat more numerous Jews, and the small negro element each have a separate quarter to themselves and are scarcely noticeable in the stirring life of the handsome streets, which bear the standard French names.

The prefect and his staff were most courteous, showing all the improvements including the new cathedral and modern churches, the municipal buildings and mosques, as well as both the partially completed and

the projected harbor improvements. In the afternoon, the officials arranged a charming excursion far up on the hillside, through aromatic groves to a favorite view where stands a roomy open portico. There was the enchanting sunlit scene of mountain, town, and sea, with the "laughing waters," and "many-sounding" murmurs of souging winds in the tree-tops, or rippling of waves on the shore. There were gardens of fruits—oranges, lemons, and figs—and of flowers. There were toasts and replies, there were bouquets for the ladies and refreshments for all. The "Syndicate of Initiative," designation of those who are associated to advance the city interests, sent a large delegation who acted as hosts.

This was an element of the Greater France well worth remarking. Distinctly French they were, yet themselves in every way; that is, they were noticeably different from their compatriots beyond the Mediterranean. Many, indeed most, were of the third generation born on African soil. They had much the same feeling for France as do the American, Australian, or South African British for England; the home country is admirable, we would suffer and die for it as for a mother, but it is far away and here is the place of our abode. We, too, are French in speech, in tradition, in thought, sentiment, and devotion, but we can serve all French interests best as devoted Algerians. Their local patriotism is for the city and great territory of Oran. Why not? we said as we looked at the agricultural products, chiefly wine and grain stored on the

wharfs for export to French harbors. We were informed that their own wine-market had not suffered at all. Formerly French wines were fortified for home use and for export by blending them with strong Spanish wines; now the wines of Algeria are substituted in their place. There are some which have no general application in this way; the best Algerian vintages have a special market among connoisseurs.

That night was spent in a modern sleeping-car on a standard-gauge railway. We left about ten, and next morning at seven we were in the city of Algiers, where high on the mountainside we found a vast resort hotel, in which excellent rooms, facing the city and the sea beyond, had been retained for us. Some of us knew the gay and beautiful city already. It has, of course, long been a favorite winter resort, especially of the English. The nights are cool and bracing, the days sunny and warm. Frost is rare. Excursions are numerous all roundabout. There is a brilliant European society in the season, which includes many Americans, though it is largely English and French. Owing to the conformation of the surrounding hills, the long narrow strip of shore, covered with buildings, bent like an elbow, faces partly to the southeast and partly to the northeast, and so steep are the slopes behind that many of the principal streets climb toward the top in long zig-zags of gentle grade lined with buildings of several stories on one side and few or one on the other, interspersed with hanging gardens rich in shrubberies and flower-beds. It is a cosmopolitan capital of over 200,000

people, of whom less than a quarter are native Mussulmans; about a sixth are Spaniards and Italians, 15,000 are naturalized Israelites, the rest are French, Algerian-French with a very small proportion of those born in France itself. Its administration officials, even, and the professors in its admirable university are French of the greater France, and some of these are world-renowned. It is hard, indeed, to realize that this beautiful and swiftly growing French city was, until well within the nineteenth century, the terror, the incubus, the nightmare of the civilized world. With our infant navy and its superb captains, Bainbridge, Preble, Porter, and Perry, we began the process of casting out the devils which were embodied in the Barbary pirates. In 1830 France began to dominate the land and complete the process.

It has been explained that Algeria being considered as three departments of France, the administration has been, since 1890, under the Department of the Interior. It is confined to a governor-general, a civilian, with a secretary, and a council. It has its duly elected deputies and senators in the Palais Bourbon and Luxembourg at Paris, but it has also its own legislature and its own financial budget. The present governor, M. Steeg, is a typical exminister of state, intending to re-enter the political world of Paris, a capable, conscientious administrator, jealous of all militarism, and military influence in government. Of Dutch descent, he has not acquired the most gracious form of French demeanor, but Madame Steeg, like Madame

Lyautey, is a great lady and a charming hostess. The game of politics is well understood in Algeria, but there has been little slackness in the administration in the past, none whatever in our days. Its problems are difficult enough; the native populations are a subjugated folk; they know it, they look across the borders east and west, beholding people identical with themselves enjoying in Tunis and Morocco a high degree of self-government, and they are not content. This seems to explain some things, which would otherwise be far from clear, not only in the city of Algiers, but also in the departments and in the remote frontier districts of the south, not organized as departments, but directly dependent on the governor-general.

One of these rather mysterious matters is the expense and splendor of the establishments provided for the governor-general. The republics of Europe are all successors to monarchies, and the paraphernalia of royalty, its ceremonial, its pleasure-grounds and hunting-preserves, its palaces and offices are now maintained for the simple, democratic representatives of the people. It is likely to arouse deep thoughts when you see a street taxi halt at the state entrance of a palace, deposit a family of plain folk and their ordinary luggage at the door, and then regard the rows of flunkies and footmen in attendance on the burghers who represent the might of the people. The state and style of the office are scrupulously sustained. Now in Algiers there was the ancient palace of the Turkish rulers modestly and suitably remodelled for European use, but the new one

is gorgeous in its altogether modern splendor. Located on the hillside, with superb gardens and lovely views, it far outstrips in decoration, extent, and general sumptuousness the new residence at Rabat, marked by restraint in proportion and fittings. The taxpayers of Algeria are doubtless enormously impressed and awed by the power expressed in the home of their ruler.

No doubt the policy of which the Summer Palace of Algiers is the expression is a wise one, as, too, is that of reinforcing the civil police, rural and municipal, by military garrisons in critical places. Our own democracy, originating in ourselves, is the very most costly form of government, alike in money and in self-effacement; French democracy in a French department might awaken the contempt of subject Moslems, if it were not clad in a splendor of state not yet even dreamed of in America except by our associations of mutual benefit, who pay for it from their own spending money. Men are ruled by pomp and decoration, whether they have a direct or indirect share. The poorest city dwellers revel in the weddings, clothes, and equipages of the rich, as part of the scene in streets they regard as their own. Algiers is the pleasure capital of northern Africa, to some extent of western Europe; facts of human nature are stronger than theories. One who has enjoyed, literally enjoyed, the hospitality of the Summer Palace, feels uneasy in writing a word which might possibly be construed into irony. It was the scholars of its great university, whose knowledge of the land and its people is the foundation of its governmental policies, that

graced the long luncheon-table at which we were entertained and enlightened, especially by a famous geographer to whom the world at large, but Africa in particular, its peoples, resources, configuration, and history, was an open book from which he was glad to read any page we desired to hear.

The historical monuments of Algiers are not many. We were conducted in our car from the Government Square along the Republic Boulevard to enjoy its views as far as the pretty Marengo gardens. The near-by mosque of Sidi Abd-er-Rahman, patron saint of Algeria, contains his tomb and has a minaret adorned with glittering tiles, most interesting because they are no longer of Spanish style but have a decorative character derived from Persia and Rhodes. Thence we mounted through the narrow streets of old Algiers to the citadel, the peak of the town and centre of the native quarter, a beehive of humanity not very attractive because greatly modernized. Another mosque is the Djama el Djedid, the hero mosque; its interest lies in the fact that it is cruciform, having been built for the Turks of the Hanefite sect, not for Arabs of the Malekite rite. It also contains one of the finest folio copies of the Koran in existence. The story runs that it was built by the forced labor of Christian slaves, and that the architect was impaled by the pasha of the day, 1664, because of the sacrilegious form. Alas for tradition, the Turkish world looked eastward, and this is the form of all the mosques in what was once the Byzantine Empire. The Grand Mosque is the oldest,

and is consecrated to the Malekite rite. Near Government Square are the palace of the archbishopric, now secularized, and just close by, in the most beautiful ancient Moorish building of Algiers, the National Library of 40,000 volumes and 2,000 manuscripts. The University Library is near the other academic buildings far up the hill. There, too, is the small but excellent Museum of Antiquities. Probably our greatest pleasure and the climax of our tour through the town—personally conducted as in other places by relays of expert scholars—was the vast Garden of Acclimatization. It is the laboratory of arboriculture and horticulture, where the vegetable kingdom yields all its secrets for Algerian forest and field. There are, in Algeria, important mineral deposits, particularly of potash, but as yet mining interests have not received the attention they deserve. As agriculture is and is likely to remain her very foremost interest, so all energies are still exerted toward improvement in every product of the soil.

When the victorious expedition of 1830 cleared the Turks out of Algiers, the Marquis de Polignac was prime minister in Paris under the Restoration. At his instance the French flag was hoisted on the loftiest point overlooking the city, the peak of the Bouzaréa, 1,300 feet above the sea-level. The view is extensive and altogether lovely; to the north the canyons beneath another summit almost as high, the sea, the harbor with ships entering, leaving, and at anchor, on to the cape of Sidi Farruch; on the east the heights of

the Sahel or shore region, dotted with villages to the top, the tomb of the Christian woman 35 miles away, a huge round mausoleum of mortarless masonry, once 200 feet high, of whose problematic history mention has previously been made, against the background of the Chenoua, a peak 3,000 feet high; to the south and east the high points of the city, cape Matifou, the main range of the Atlas, the garden plain of the Mitidja and the snow peaks of the Djurjura, a transverse Atlas range. It is so wonderful in its composition as to perplex, confuse, and astonish, yet satisfy. No wonder that the little European village below the summit is the goal of innumerable excursionists. Where once the historic flagstaff stood is a low rambling villa in a perfect taste suited to its surroundings, with gardens and walks amid low shrubberies and flower-beds. It belongs to a grandson of Polignac, who received and entertained the American mission with lavish hospitality and a courtesy heightened by the perfect English he spoke. There was, too, a beautiful French gentlewoman invited by him to act as hostess, for he is a bachelor. Toward twilight roaring fires were lighted, there was tea and merry talk about books and travel in the choice library, and as we left extra wraps were provided for our ladies. The cold night breeze had sprung up, but with drawn curtains and the protection of walls between which the serpentine road wound downward, we were snug and our tongues were loosened to compare experience and assemble such adjectives of wonderment as we could muster.

PROTECTION, ANNEXATION 217

The experiences and adventures of two all-too-brief visits to Algiers have been gathered into these last pages for the sake of unity in the impression they may convey to the reader. It was another car than the one we had left at Oran which conveyed us everywhere in the city, and farther into the heart of Algeria, even into the Sahara. It had all the merits, and the same demerit of occasional shortness of breath as our Moroccan motor, but we had the same guide, an equally efficient chauffeur, and equally roomy luxurious chairs, among which, when occasion served, we could make room for a temporary guest or two, officials who helped us on our way and acted as local experts in out-of-the-way regions.

CHAPTER X

INLAND ALGERIA

It is now many years since health and pleasure seekers began to frequent the interior of Algeria. Constantine they visited for its remarkable site on a rocky plateau, sharply bounded on all four sides by dizzy precipices at the foot of which are roaring streams. They found the extensive, well-preserved Roman remains of Timgad admirably calculated to exhibit the majesty of the great empire in its colonial possessions, and they betake themselves to Biskra for its dry desert climate and for the sight of its interesting oasis. We were headed for another goal, nothing less than a brief sojourn in the great desert, the Sahara. The railway net in Algeria is already very respectable, about 2,500 miles, standard gauge. It connects these well-known resorts with the shore, the harbor cities with each other, and joins at Oudjda the narrow-gauge system of Morocco which will, in a very short time, be altogether replaced by standard gauge, as it already has been between Fes and Tangier. To the east it connects with the standard Tunisian system of 1,200 miles. But the glory of Algeria is its highways, and the railway train service is only fair because not only is the ideal method of passenger travel by automobiles, but the least expensive charges for local freights are those on the truck

and lorry lines. The transportation of goods by motors is highly developed. We were more than satisfied, therefore, to seat ourselves again in the roomy chairs of an autobus for a long journey. Behind was a trailer, a baggage van with the heavy luggage of the party.

Following the declivities of the road we traverse suburban hamlets nestled in market-gardens, much encroached upon by smoky machine-shops, past a hippodrome, an aerodrome, and an artillery school, until we reach an abandoned Turkish fort about which is clustered a considerable village, the gateway to the plain of the Mitidja, once a pestilential swamp, now the agricultural pride of all North Africa. For miles there is a succession of prosperous and tasteful little villages, some of them water-cure establishments, some of them groups of summer homes, until we reach Boufarik and proceed slowly, keenly observant of what is considered the most successful and perfect type of official French colonization. As we remark its novelty, we recollect that beyond the southern hills we shall find other examples of like effort in their raw incipiency as Boufarik is in its almost, if not entirely, complete development.

Its main business is viticulture and wine-making. The wine-presses are larger, and the vats too, than those we saw before reaching Oran, and the expert farm bailiff will strain his eyes to remark the installations of the large domains roundabout. But at the famous Monday market of the place, attended by settlers and natives in equal numbers, there are bought

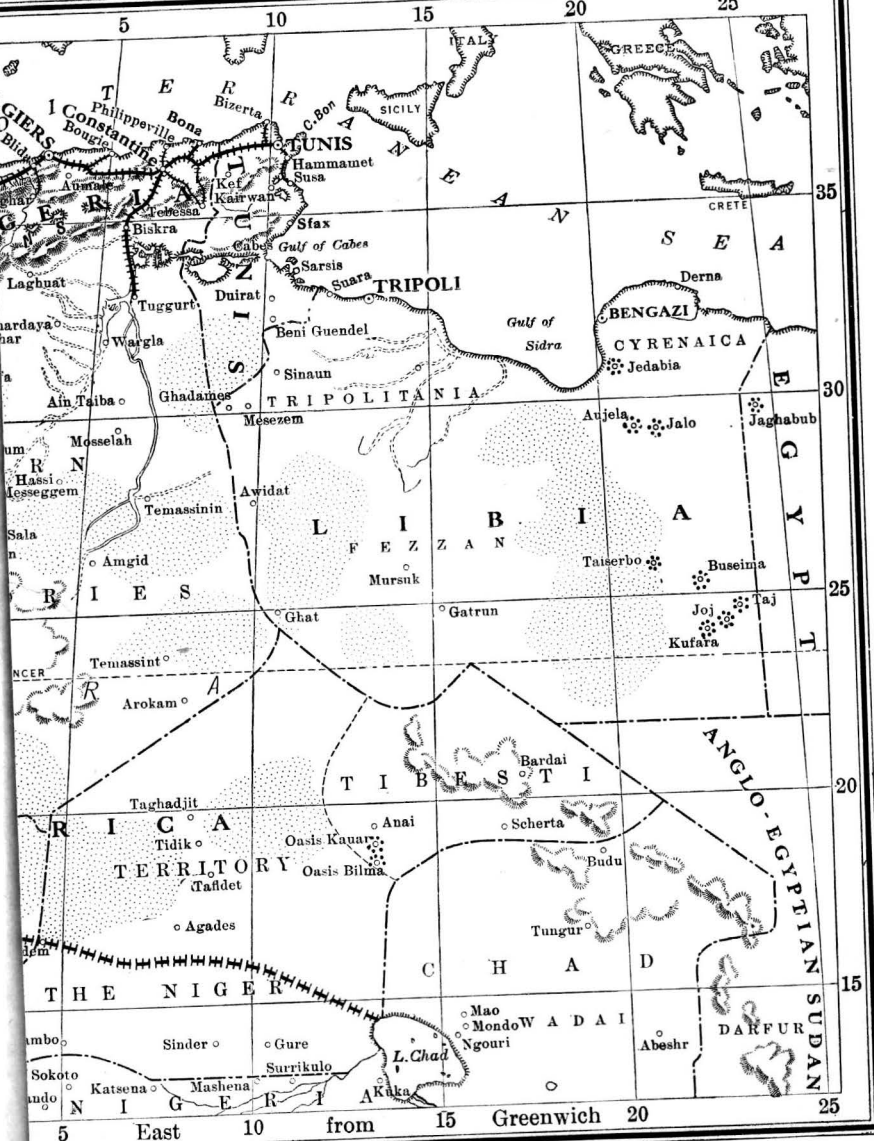
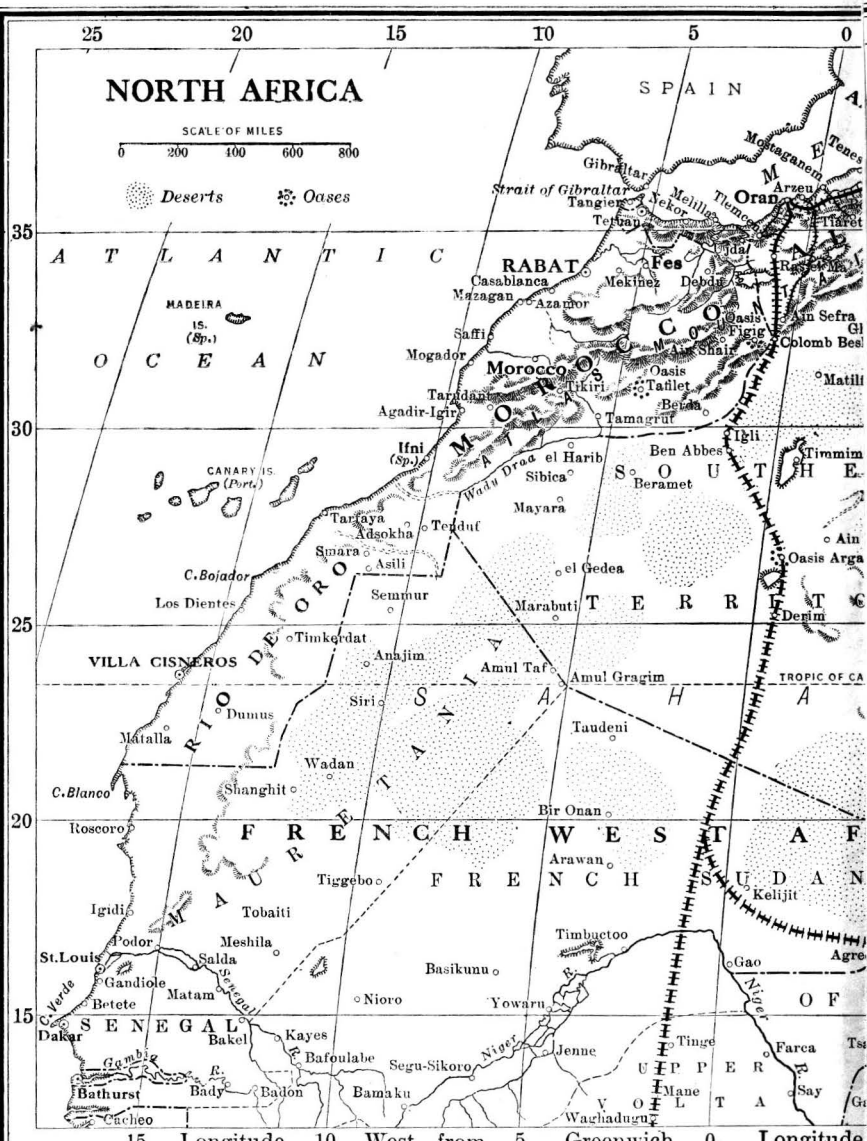
and sold cereals, citrus fruits, tobacco, market truck, and forage, as well as wine. More curious still for Americans is the traffic in flowers of many varieties, violets, geranium, verbena, and the rest, from which essences for the manufacture of toilet perfumes are extracted by numerous distilleries. This Eden of fruits and flowers, regenerated from a dangerous thicket interspersed with water-holes and infested with wild animals and snakes, is the result of three laborious generations of French colonists, as witness the magnificent plane-trees planted by the ancestors of those now living, and grown enormous in their rich umbrageous foliage. Though chemistry shows the Mitidja soil to be specially productive, yet such brilliant success here encourages hope of fair remuneration for money invested by government in colonial planting where conditions are not quite so favorable.

Blida, 12 miles farther on, is a city three times as large as Boufarik; 36,000 inhabitants, of whom a third are Europeans. It is four centuries old, but in appearance is modern to the extreme. There are the same orchards and vineyards, the same fields of flowers, and a near-by river gives a never-failing supply of water to its fountains and irrigation system. The guides ask you to remark its coquettish air, and its Berber inhabitants call it the "Little Rose." It has two unimportant mosques, and the public buildings are insignificant, though sufficient. Its enterprise is shown in its trades; and tourists loiter there partly for the cheerfulness of the place, partly for the fine excursions

NORTH AFRICA

SCALE OF MILES
0 200 400 600 800

Deserts Oases



which can be made into the foot-hills of the Atlas with their wooded and well-watered vales. One of these was on our way, quite certainly the finest, both in beauty and majesty, of them all; that to the gorges of the Chiffa. After some miles in the plain, the road turns abruptly into the hills and enters the flume of the river. So, too, does the railway to Djelfa.

There is room for neither, yet the most daring engineering leads the road over benches hewn in the rocky walls, while the railway dashes from one tunnel out across a bridge and then into another, until the notch is passed. Midway a clear torrent dashes down in a succession of cascades from the west and there, on one side, is an inn, beautifully situated. We stopped as all travellers do, to see the wild, tailless apes which haunt the glen. They were there in numbers, so carefully do they keep their time, the hour namely for visitors, scampering down from the forest, begging for the peanuts provided, adroitly leaping and catching them when thrown, and generally indulging in high jinks; the mothers with their hairy, swarthy, infants plastered to their bosoms by claw and suction were not less active than the males. Of course, being children of an older growth, we stayed too long with these sapient though untamed beasts and were an hour belated as we started on the still long journey farther south. At the head of the pass is the Oak Camp, a forest house from which we descended past gypsum quarries and some unimportant mines of iron and copper; to the little city of Medea, sixty miles from

Algiers, where we made a halt for refreshment and rest. Thence onward the land is one of hill and vale, most of it untilled. Some day, not far distant, the pasturage of the hills will nourish cattle and the broad intervalles may be the seat of thriving colonies. For us the interest in the beginnings already made was genuine, and sympathetic, too, because of a small but instructive adventure.

We were bound for the hill town of Boghar by way of Boghari in the valley of the Chella. Our guide, after study of his map, turned our car from the hilly steep state road into a more level short cut, passing a colony settlement just begun, and following the general direction of the railway. The station, the store, a rest-house, and a few cottages had been built, but there was little sign of life as we made a wrong turn on what was little better than a farm track, harked back, tried again and found the right line marked by a few wheel tracks. From the upper slope rivulets trickled across toward the river-bed, forming mud-holes, and in one of these we were completely mired. A few natives appeared from nowhere, our men folk toiled and pushed and carried stones—all to no avail. We had long passed the little settlement, and night was falling. We had each two rugs and there seemed nothing for it but to snuggle down supperless into the big chairs and get what sleep we could until day should break. This we were proceeding to do, when one of the men, climbing a hillock, announced that far, far ahead were lights. Two of us began a weary march under the stars, on

a rough road. The distance proved to be four miles, and before us was a village, evidently with European houses, certainly with a railway-station. By means of the vocabulary in the guide-book our host, the suave and resourceful representative of his country, succeeded in ordering back some twenty yoke of oxen to haul "out and on" our automobile, while three men of our party who had also walked on, and one of the ladies, were conveyed by a native to the home of the telephone and telegraph chief. It was a bare and modest place; but such warmth on the part of the mistress when she understood who we were and what our plight! The master was sent out by her, and, laden with packages, returned to announce that motors were on the way from Boghari. In due time they came, two of them. But meanwhile we had an hour of sheer joy. What that little home had in the way of refreshment was ours; the last bottle of old wine, the choicest home-made jam, sweet bread and butter, excellent tea, and from the master's packages, cakes. Our spirits mounted and our souls revived. They had two children, a son and a daughter, both away at boarding-school, in Blida, which we had so much admired. They were the second generation in Algeria and their travels had once extended to Algiers. They spoke excellent French, with a marked Marseilles accent. They had heard of New York and Paris. Yes, but about those tall, tall buildings in America; it was a myth, was it not? Certainly all we could tell was received with polite incredulity—and it is doubtful whether the packet of skyscraper

post-cards which reached that nature's gentlewoman long ago could dispel the doubts of either. When the tuff-tuffing of the motors from Boghari was heard we suggested presents for the school-children, we dared not offer pay for our entertainment. Our offers were firmly refused, and we feared we had wounded those kind hearts. Aside from the charming human element in it all, we could not but note that here were families of the greater France who had enjoyed all the advantages of the mother country in their station of life, finding them, too, near at hand, and were passing them on to their children: school, college, university, a land of promise already fulfilled, a new France in Africa. The long walk and the friendly chat did us good. It was about eight when we started on our way.

Half an hour later we were met by the mayor and usual deputation, greeted, fed, and the men of us were hurried away to the Arab festival prepared for our entertainment. In the dark we noted the steep ascent of the official motors and quickly found ourselves at the "hole in the wall" which, in native quarters, passes for a doorway. Jostled by a crowd of curious Berbers we passed through two clean, narrow alleys and found ourselves in a spacious hall, illuminated by electric bulbs, and opposite were benches prepared for us with handy tables adorned with beer-bottles in large numbers. To our left across one end were the dignitaries of the walled village, called hereabouts the Ksar, and some musicians; to our right across the other end was a double row of seats on which were seated about

twenty of the far-famed Ouled Nail dancing-girls. Compared with those we had seen in the market-places those here were as Hyperion to a satyr. They are white, with just a blush of copper in their skins, their complexions are ruddy, their hair black, their features as classic as those among other Caucasians, their hands are small as are their feet in high-heeled French slippers, and their carefully manicured fingers are long and tapering. They dance quite as much with arms and hands, eyes, too, for the matter of that, as with their bodies and feet. Their dresses were rich, with high bodices and long, full skirts. Except that there were far more of them and that they wore their dowry of jingling gold coins on their arms and necks in golden chains, they did not differ on the surface greatly from those we had seen at Fes. Closer examination revealed the refinements of style and movement which set them apart on the pinnacle of achievement, like the first ballerinas on the stages of Western opera-houses. Says a careful French analyst of the dance: "That of the South expresses with a grace much more real, much more chaste (than that of the Moors) and in a mimic speech infinitely more literary, the whole of a little drama of passion, full of tender changes; above all it avoids the alluring provocations, all too free, which are a coarse falsification on the part of the Arab woman."

Just how long that entertainment lasted, we were free to wonder, leaving as we did after the hat, videlicet tambourine, had been passed and a song of gratitude

to the liberal Americans had been intoned. Evil to him who evil thinks. Though every movement, wondrous and gracious, and every tone and gesture of the hysterical musicians, though every contortion of the torso, though even the blindfold handkerchief and glove dances, though the whole performance could be traced by comparative anthropologists to the expression of the primitive libido, yet the general effect on the unsophisticated observer was not much different from the gorgeous spectacles to which opera-goers are accustomed. And though we knew that the performers were light and loose in their morals during the period of their service, yet as we talked it over there was expressed a wonder as to the purity of the New York chorus-girls, whose charms pack our theatres nightly throughout the season. At least the Ouled Nail women stop in time, return with a rich dowry to their distant, isolated homes, marry and are said to become before they are twenty-five admirable wives and mothers—that is, according to Moslem standards.

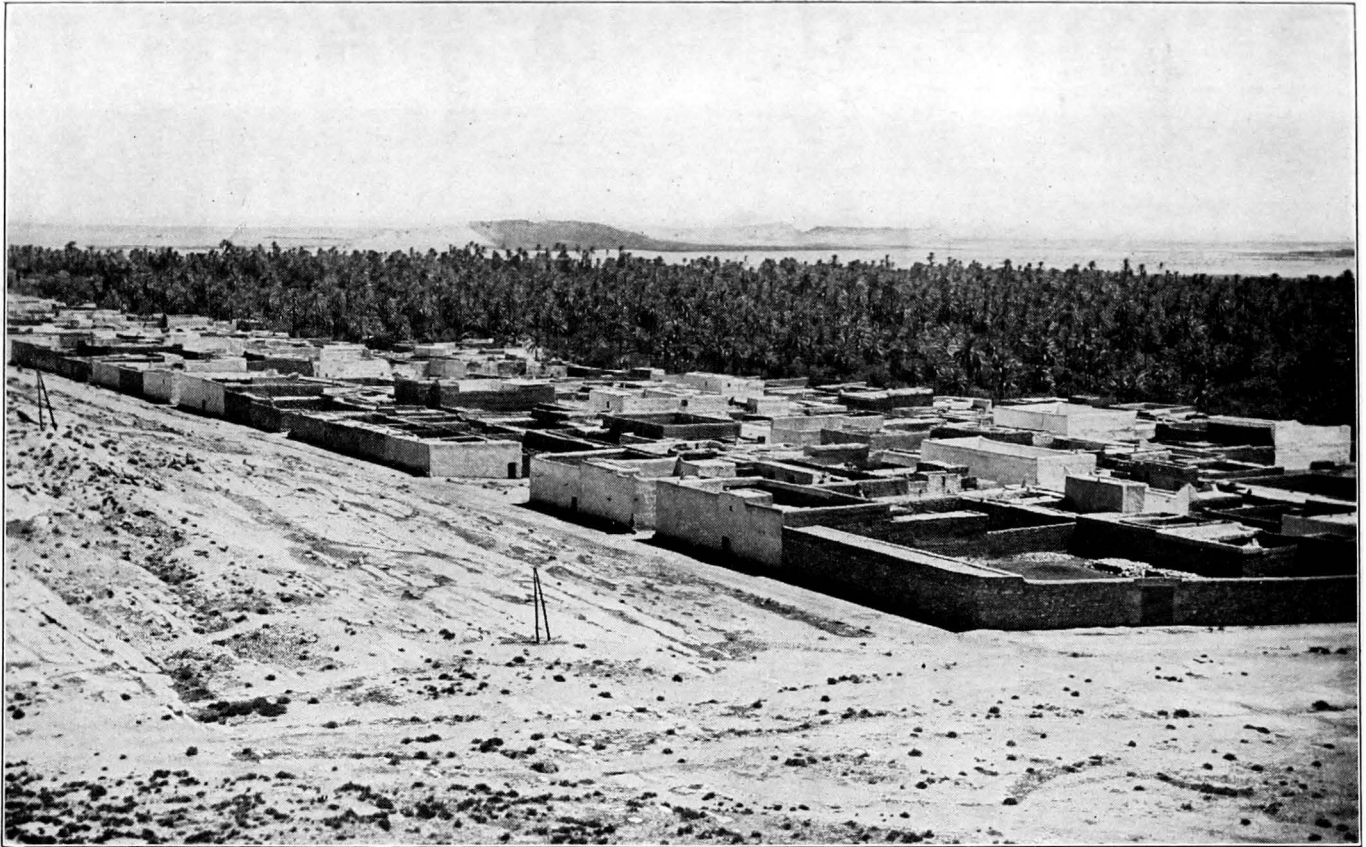
It was nearly midnight when we were whirled down first to Boghari and five miles up, thence, to Boghar, where the accommodations of an uncommonly excellent "Transatlantique" awaited us. We learned that the forty oxen had liberated our huge vehicle, that it had arrived some hours before, was washed, oiled, and provided with fuel for its next day's work. We slept long and sound. Refreshed by rest and food, we understood next morning why our hosts had arranged this brief visit, five miles up and five down from the beaten

highway. The little village was once a Roman camp; long after the patriot Algerian, Abd el Kader, made it one of his military establishments and held it for a season. But it easily fell to the French invader, and is now a post with a garrison of some five soldiers and a single lieutenant. Except for its loneliness, that officer finds it delightful and appreciates the charms of its climate and location. It is well named the "balcony of the south." From the terrace of the hotel far away to the north you see the Tell, or elevated plain, with Medea, embowered in its orchards; to the south the broad steppes, in front the wide valley of the Chelif and Boghari with the imposing Ksar surmounting its conical hilltop. You begin to realize that you are nearing the Sahara. Farther below, eastward, the Chelif was a full stream; as we mount its valley from Boghari it dwindles and dwindles to the size of a rill. The valley is rough and stony, filled with hillocks and little water-worn ravines. It is in the prevalent dry seasons utterly arid and burned; during an occasional wet season it bears abundant crops of grain, being rich in phosphates. But in general the broad vale is destitute of vegetation; the wretched wild oleanders, which struggle for life along the high water-line, are muddy or dusty, gasping for air, as it were, and totally discouraged.

About a hundred and fifty miles from Algiers the highway abandons the Chelif valley, mounting a ridge from which the eye wanders over the boundless steppe, with here and there a mountain ridge lifting itself into the skies. As yet the exact relief of these bare

plains has not been determined, but they are fairly high, to some extent rolling, with here and there a considerable depression. On and on we sped through the monotonous scene until we passed some pillars of pure rock salt, fantastic in shape, and entered a rocky pass with flanking mountains where there must be some water because there are a few shrubs and trees. From this point there is a gentle declivity down to the valley of the Melah or Djelfa, where there is a sufficiency of irrigation water and the fields are well tilled. At a rather shabby local tavern we had excellent food and started onward toward our destination, sixty miles away in the zone of the full Sahara, the oasis, namely, of Laghouat. The little town of Djelfa was once a military outpost, and thereafter the highway, the bridges, the little caravansaries, the water-supply are all under military supervision. Civil police are no longer in evidence, but cavalry guards are. The spell of the desert is slow in coming, but after fifty miles of sun-baked earth, of dry watercourses, of fantastic peaks in the distance, it begins to steal over you. By the time we reached Laghouat at nightfall and crept through winding streets between high white walls, we were aware of weariness and dust, but we also had the delicious whiffs of desert air in our nostrils, pure, dustless, and invigorating. It was another admirable "Transatlantique" whose hospitable doors were opened to us.

The farthest southern outpost of Morocco is the oasis of Figuig where, at a height of 2,700 feet, abundant



From a photograph from the Service Photographique du Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie

LAGHOUAT

streams gush from the soil and water many hundred acres before they again disappear. The fields and date-palms suffice to nourish a population of 8,000 Moslems and 4,500 Jews. One and all they speak pure Berber, with little or no Arabic intermixture. Laghouat, over 2,000 feet above sea-level, is similarly detached from Algeria, but it has been long under French control, while the people of Figuig were difficult to pacify. We were sent to Laghouat to behold the wonder and beauty of a well-ordered desert community, seated about abundant springs; what it could be, and is. Figuig is not yet ready for tourists, Laghouat fascinates them. Its fort, its barracks, its bazaars, and most of its dwellings are entirely modern; in excellent unofficial taste, moreover, a matter of remark. Under Turkish rule the two tribes who made up the population were always in deadly feud and the produce of the soil was negligible. There was always an abundant water-supply in the valleys of the near-by rivers, Metlili and Mzi, but it had to be stored behind dams and carefully distributed. This has been done and supplements the waters of the springs so that the whole acreage is a model of fertility.

The gardens are small and secluded, because of the high whitewashed walls surrounding them. Access, however, is easy, and what with water-basins, flowers, shrubs, and all the citrus fruits—oranges and lemons, that is—they are gems of loveliness. Many of us believed we had seen perfect roses, one in particular, a famous rose gardener; but we were forced to admit that

the best rose of Laghouat could nowhere be surpassed, and could rarely be equalled. Then, too, it is fascinating to climb the citadel, where is a military hospital, and see the circle of the place, its groves of date-palms, its fields of grain, and its market gardens; then turning about to get the repose of vision in the boundless horizons of the Sahara, white and whitish gray, though not sandy, covered with a sparse but vigorous vegetation of what looks like, but is not, our greasewood and sage, plants that defy drought. Dotted here and there as far as one can see are tufts of palms, marking the place of low-lying water-holes. Above, a pale-blue translucent sky, not the hard cerulean firmament. One charm of the view is the human dimensions of the place, an island in immensity. Within, the native quarter is as clean and smart as the European; there are no Israelites; the barracks with their arcades surround a large open plaza; men and horses are well set up. It was all memorable; especially the public square on which the hotel and a number of private houses front.

Coming down for coffee, rolls, and jam in the morning, the kindly landlord appears with the tray, and under one arm a tame jackal!—an engaging puppy, the color of a mole, with erect and pointed ears and eyes that betray his wild ancestry. There were several such half-grown little beasts kennelled along the garden wall. Pleasant enough when quiet, they do not bear teasing. Then presented themselves the authorities native and French, alike friendly and eager to serve us.



From a photograph by the Service Photographique du Gouvernement Général de l'Algérie

REVIEW OF THE SPAHI BAND AT LAGHOUAT

After pleasant talk we were told there was a falconer at the door. Sure enough, a Moorish master of the falcons; but on his own account, renting the services of himself and birds for a modest sum daily. The hawk on his gauntleted fist was native, and was equipped with all the paraphernalia of the art; hood, cap, and jesses with their traditional adornments. The keen fellow followed all our movements with his eyes and could stare at the sun without blinking. Unfortunately the close season had begun two days earlier and we were not to chase over the desert in Citroen cars, as the custom now is, while the hawk struck his quarry. But there was to be a chance for some sport on a shooting excursion and quickly we perceived that Laghouat was a sporting centre. Arrangements for several events were made; we were to dine with the pashas, once with father and once with son; there was to be a review of the garrison; there was to be a fantasia; and another Ouled Nail dancing-fête in the vast marquee of the garden which served for shelter against the night cold. Despite the tropical Saharan vegetation, it can be, and often is, bitter cold at Laghouat.

The two palaces were spacious abodes, but simple and not to be compared with the palaces in Morocco. Their furniture was an interesting composite of European and Oriental art objects, some quite good, some the contrary. Much of it was endeared to the owner by association, or marked the passage of some honored guest. We sat at tables, moreover, and were provided with forks, knives, and spoons. The successive courses

were much the same as those with which we were familiar, including the inevitable lambs roasted whole and served, with the spits, on large, beautiful, metal platters. There were various and expensive wines from which the hosts scrupulously refrained. The admixture of Americans and French officials, both with their wives, and of the native gentry without their wives, was characteristic of the circumstances, and the babel of tongues, speakers and interpreters, left the ears ringing with unwonted sounds. But something almost like jollity in our dignified entertainers on both occasions did seem to break through and assert itself.

On one of these entertaining occasions we bade adieu to our aged, kindly, intelligent host with deep regret. He had talked freely through his interpreter about the wide differences between his own country and ours, displaying an acute knowledge of the two systems of government, hinting at some advantages in the tribal system for those who live under it: personal loyalty, protection for service to be rendered, and so on, wondering whether some day his son might be permitted to see the marvels of our distant land. As we emerged into the square, a snow-white mosque before, with the gilded crescent shining on the minaret, palms waving behind the high white walls roundabout, the scene was one of unearthly beauty, for high in the heavens a full moon was flooding every object, including the citadel, with the soft radiance of her silver light. We lingered long to absorb her influences in so exquisite a scene. The effect was heightened by shadowy forms

in soft, flowing robes moving silently here and there as they passed from one alleyway into another.

The review had been brilliant; dusky soldiers love pomp, and their band made a gallant effort at the Star-Spangled Banner; the fantasia was unusually wild and mad, so we were glad to remember that the following day was to be devoted to sport for the men, while the ladies enjoyed needed rest. It was not very early when we left in our motor-car southward-bound into the desert. Our party included the landlord, the French officers, and the young pasha, all provided with shotguns of the latest model. A passable road leads as far as Guardaia, a hundred and fifteen miles; about half-way is a walled caravansary, with a small garrison and necessary stores. Its name is Tilrempt and thither we were bound.

The transition from watered fields and abundant crops and feathery palms into absolute desert was abrupt. As the car moved on, pairs of African partridges, a beautiful bird with protective coloration of gray and white, flew up near by; and far away, now and then what is called a wild turkey, possibly the bustard, with a running start sailed slowly off. Our pasha proved an admirable shot from the speeding car; one of our own party, an expert gunner, was scarcely second. To us laymen it seemed great marksmanship to wing a flying bird from a running car. The pasha was skilful, he said, because he was accustomed to hunt the gazelle from a light French car and to shoot when opportunity served. Success was various, coming and going; once

a turkey was hit, but he hid and ran away through the low scrub. Of gazelles we saw none from our lumbering vehicle, though later one was put up by a lighter motor and chased. But the fleet little beast escaped unhurt. It was not much of a bag with which we returned, but the excitement and fun compensated for poor success. At Guardaia there is, we were told, a spring and a few palms, it is the military forepost, with no settlement nearer than Timbuctoo. The comparatively recent adventure of an enterprising automobile manufacturer in sending an expedition in broad-tired and caterpillar motors clear across the Sahara revealed no new oases and no peoples able to sustain life in the whole vast mysterious expanse.

Tilrempt is a walled and fortified enclosure of about three acres, with Spartan accommodations for officers, men, horses, cattle, and a garage; Spartan in all but the table where we were feasted with viands, including roast gazelle, prepared by a far-famed cook, known as the Vatel of the South. The company of uniformed officers was cheerful and gay; with the food were a succession of excellent wines, topped off by old Burgundy. Wonder of wonders, the captain, of wide experience in many lands, had a lingering fondness for Germany, and learning that one of us could speak the language begged for a conversation in that tongue, of which he proved to be a master. Talk in the main was about the chances for another war, as deplorable for France in victory as in defeat. But there was manifested a spirit all undismayed, and a clear understanding of what

Africa could provide in abundant man-power, dusky as the men might be. A little later our indefatigable sportsmen started off in search of gazelle. They saw several, but, as was said, without results. We learned from our hosts that somewhat earlier, when permitted, there had been very successful hawking for turkey and that numerous gazelles had been shot, and partridges in large numbers had fallen to the guns of both French and English tourists. Our return journey was equally full of incident with the going, except that in the gathering dusk, gun-work was more difficult and the results equally meagre. As the birds fluttered away into the unknown and darkness came upon us, the mystery of the Sahara and the beyond was intensified, not into gloom but into wonder whether one day the great desert might blossom as the rose. We rather believed in miracles.

That night in the huge tent lighted by candles, the ground covered with rugs and these surrounded by divans with cushions upon cushions, there was a performance of the Ouled Nail troupe of dancing-girls. It was virtually identical with that at the Ksar of Boghari, the performers, the music, and most of the programme were the same; some new dances were given by the beautiful girls, even more graceful and "chaste" than those we had seen before. A climax to the interest was a sword-dance between men, a sort of single-stick performance in rhythm. The entire European colony and most of the officers' families were present, as well as ourselves, only a few Moslems as onlookers. On little

low tables scattered about were served coffee, non-alcoholic drinks, and the ubiquitous cigarette. The gay colors of the tent cover, over the rugs and cushions, gave a gaiety to the scene which the bare walls in the Ksar could not; there was no collection by or for the performers, and it may be said that there was in the presence of ladies, French and American, an air of as much refinement as could possibly be expected. The upward, downward, and sideways movements of the abdominal and loin muscles could never appeal to Western taste, when polished and delicate. At the end of the performance we breathed deep and listened to the bulbul.

Next day we returned along the single military highway by which we had come, passing now by broad daylight lakes of salt water from which the crystals were obtained by natural evaporation; broad, dry fords where torrents had destroyed the highway for considerable distances, above all the color scenes of far horizons and distant mountain ranges as mists and sunlight created them. The shapes, too, of those barren, arid, but cloud-capped peaks were weird and fantastic. Between Laghouat and Djelfa we passed with difficulty on the narrow wheel-trace great ordonnance drays drawn by splendid teams of four and six mules. As far as Djelfa the day was fair; during luncheon, however, dark menacing clouds gathered. But the folk of the town were undismayed; they had organized a tremendous and tawdry festival in honor of the commanding officer in the military district of Guardaia, who, how-

ever, being absent on duty in the hills had not accompanied us. Undismayed by absence of the guest of honor or threatening weather, the racket began. Of course there was the fantasia, very wild and very noisy and very hysterical; but the feature of the occasion was the music and dance, one squawky flageolet and one cracked drum, both played with ecstatic vigor before a boy of eighteen who burlesqued with incredible skill the dances of the Ouled Nail. He was so lithe and active, he mimicked their effeminate gestures with such exaggerated felicity, when applauded, that the mirth was infectious. It seems to linger in the memory that some of the Americans did an appreciative step or two as they looked out from the doorway of the dining-room. It was with the utmost difficulty that a passage could be cleared to our panting car standing with drawn curtains and impatient guide; impatient, for the storm was about to burst and we had still before us seventy miles of dirt road before reaching Bou Saada, station for the night.

We had not left the outskirts of the place before a torrential downpour began. Snugly packed in wraps and robes, and with a good roof overhead the rain-god was indifferent to us until we realized that our way was dotted at all-too-brief intervals with long mud-holes and that our landcraft was making about ten miles an hour only, and in danger of being mired. But worry mended nothing and we navigated in shipshape until within fifteen miles of our destination when we came out on the brow of a broad ravine, down which we

could see in the gathering darkness how the road zig-zagged in a slimy state of muddiness, with here and there an up-grade. There is a tale of three passengers in an Alpine diligence, first, second, and third class respectively, all of whom had identical accommodation on the level; second and third walked up the hills, and third pushed behind with the driver where the road was steep. The males of our company were now third class; the mud was like our Far Western adobe, and any moment we might not only have to walk, as we often did, knee-deep, but might have to push, which in critical moments we did with a will. For the first time we had thoughts of warmth, light, and comfort in a railway-car. Menaced all the time by all the dangers peculiar to road travel in a motor, skidding and miring especially, we nevertheless trudged on, down-hill and up, and on slippery descents beside the precipitous embankment, in the gloaming, beneath steady rain, the great van just holding its own, until at last we emerged from the gloomy woodlands into the lighted street of Bou Saada, drawing up at the door of a superior hotel, though not a "Transatlantique." Place of happiness, means the Arabic Bou Saada; it seemed so to us as the bootblacks stripped from trousers and shoes the strata of mud. The style of the hotel was the "Little Sahara," a misnomer as far as thirst was concerned, but a reminder that we were still in the outskirts of the great desert.

Bou Saada is a tourist resort, our table d'hôte carried us back to the long ago in the Alps. The more so be-

cause the following morning was bright; there were hills on every side and in the gorge mountain streams; it was green with oaks and palms all about. But the people coming and passing, the square planted with plane-trees, the white blank walls along the narrow streets, the beggars, too, for they will haunt the tourist traveller, the foliage and the jagged peaks; these were not Tyrolean at all and we felt the need for a brief orientation of our minds. Indeed the most eminent of French Oriental painters, Dinet, has made Bou Saada his home and studio for a quarter of a century. Here he has found an opportunity for the characteristic studies which make his scenes from Oriental life the best that Paris knows. By the swiftest of rapid travelling we could be thirty-six hours in time from the French capital, in all other respects we are as many centuries. It is true that Semitic life and civilization have hardened down to a unity and uniformity which separate them by a whole universe from our own: zenith and nadir of belief and conduct. Our experience of Moslem calm, of a total absence of self-consciousness, of a "so Allah wills" resignation, has profoundly affected us; we know as never before the Semitic influence in our beliefs, the Hellenic element in our conduct of life. Among the 7,000 inhabitants of Bou Saada are only 600 Jews and 200 Europeans. In the Ksar are three principal mosques, and the native industries produce fine silken fabrics and handkerchief embroideries in gold, as well as long-piled rugs. The walks in the valleys are almost classic in their beauty. The travellers, though numerous

in the thronged hotels, experience a sense of restful remoteness in the purely Oriental atmosphere.

Memory dwells on one excursion in particular, that to the mountain spur of El Hamel, about seven miles distant. The steep and difficult road was, in part, that over which we had passed the night before in darkness and rain, in the second part a steep rough climb for our car over narrow bridges across canyons that would be most inhospitable to a badly steered automobile. The scene was so novel that we almost forgot to be alarmed or to shiver at what seemed hairbreadth escapes; almost but not quite, for it was with a sigh of relief that we put foot on the lofty terrace commanding the deep valley below. The civil authorities, kindly gentlemen who accompanied us, were entirely cool and undismayed. The force of their example was strong. Four horsemen in Arab uniform came out to meet us half-way, saluted and led the way upward. High on its seat was a Ksar with a huge retaining wall thronged with all the inhabitants, and floating still higher like captive balloons were a number of white domes which covered the sacred places we were to visit. For El Hamel is partly a religious fraternity headquarters, partly a shrine, and the Marabout or holy man of the place is the highest official in it. The fraternity is numerous and by reason of the training given to the novices here residing, very influential. It is marvellous how the exception proves the rule; in this centre of Islam, at the very source of immense Moslem influence, the presiding genius for years, and as late as 1904, was a woman.

Lalla Zineb, a female Marabout! who succeeded her father, Mohammed ben Belkacem, as adept in the great mystery of the society.

We were hospitably treated, being led through the mosque and the shrines, all possessing the same general character as the standard ones we had already visited, rich stuffs and embroidered coverlets, the caskets of the sainted dead with needlework palls, ex-voto offerings for healing influences, fine mattings and rugs on which we walked with slippers on feet, all permeated with the air of reverence and respect, and shown by the stately Marabout himself with his handsome deferential boy of about fourteen. Without, the curious crowd of people waited patiently to scrutinize the Americans; to tourists of other lands they were accustomed. All attempts at alms-seeking were roughly checked by an efficient police. A brief stroll around the Ksar and the courtyard of the convent led to the little Koranic school where a score of tiny chaps were learning verses of the holy book, swaying as they repeated them and mindful of the rod laid across their shoulders for lapses or inattention. The Marabout was a Hadji, or Mecca pilgrim, as his green turban witnessed. The caïd who accompanied him and he himself both wore proudly service crosses and those of the Legion of Honor. Thence, we were taken by a staircase to an upper chamber of the zaouia or convent, and waited a brief half-hour while our ladies paid their respects in the harem of the caïd. And then began the feast of good things; there were a table, chairs, and the Western paraphernalia of table

service. We lingered long and happily under the benevolent eye of the learned scholar who sat fasting from everything, it seemed, for the moment, almost from sin, as the master of the banquet, the embodiment of Moslem culture and of human good-will.

Not unnaturally as we rolled away down the mountainside, over narrow bridges, past rugged chasms, and finally on to the state highway, our thoughts would revert to the position of woman in the Moslem world. The portrait of Lalla Zineb, wise and resolute of feature and expression, which we had curiously examined, haunted our memory. One of us later recalled the language of the Koran: "Men shall have the pre-eminence above women because of those advantages wherein God hath caused the one of them to excel the other and for that which they expend of their substance in maintaining their wives. The honest women are obedient, careful in the absence of their husbands, for that God preserveth them, by committing them to the care and protection of men." Polygamy aside, there is nothing in the explication of this text to prevent what did happen at El Hamel. But the reversion to ignorance, to self-adornment, to domestic servitude, and to the perpetuation of the race, as the only status of the female, has enabled the silent, slothful Orient to establish socially its inborn mental and moral idiosyncrasy, the oppression of the weak by the strong. What did the prophet mean by "advantages"? just physical force, nothing more. It counts for much in primitive society, it has remained the shame of a Mohammedan-

ism which aims to overrun the Western world. There are women in plenty everywhere with no higher aspirations than those permitted in the harem; but under monogamy, the greatest achievement of our race, the many who have ambition and hope, who know and perform the duties of citizenship, are hampered only by their own faults.

The feminist movement of the West is a phase of female self-determination and goes to much the same extremes, at times, as the pagan system of matriarchy. Yet it is an emotional safety-valve and makes what was once a nuisance, the mannish woman, a valuable member of society. The womanish man never can be. Feminism is not unknown in parts of the Orient among the women of the harems. In Turkey and in Egypt emancipation is a wide-spread idea, and there are fewer veiled faces than there once were. European dress goes with European ideas also, and some Anatolian females wear their clothes with style at the side of their husbands. The agitation has spread into and through Egypt in a similar way. There is something active in the same direction in Algiers. But in general the status of Moslem women is still deplorable; the toy and tool of her men on their animal side. Farther east the Protestant schools and colleges, founded by devoted missionaries supported by the devotees of Western education, have long been training Moslem or Coptic boys and men for the professions in the broad sense, especially medicine. It is of good omen that within our memory Moslem parents began and continue to seek a cor-

responding education for their girls, particularly on the Nile. A similar movement is almost non-existent in North Africa. Public policy demands that for long the fanatical sensibilities of the people be not irritated. The French-Catholic churches rigidly confine their activities to Europeans. Conversing, almost confidentially, in a weaving school for girls, with the Dominican nun in charge, a very intelligent woman whose service had kept her for a considerable time in New York, I finally asked her how she saw her duty regarding the foundlings and orphans committed to her charge. Exactly as to the other little lasses, was her reply, to teach them the simple domestic arts necessary for a Mohammedan wife without a thought of conversion to Christianity! Comment is needless, but it will not be so long hence when the irrepressible missionary spirit of Christianity will challenge the equally militant spirit of Mohammedanism.

In the study of comparative religion, whatever the test, on whatever scale, the religions of Christ and Mohammed stand at the top. Between them have been terrific clashes, for both aspire to be known by their fruits, the conduct of the person and the conduct of society. Man is strangely sociable; the huge agglomerations of Christendom cannot be paralleled in Islam, where cities of a hundred thousand in Syria, Mesopotamia, Egypt, or Africa are metropolitan towns. The Moslem clings to village life, or purely rural, as he does to his tribal concepts of society. The faults of Christendom are horrible and glaring; its virtues are,

however, pre-eminent. The surface of life throughout Islam is marked by what the designation means; the state of being at peace. At peace with self? Yes. At peace with God? Perhaps. At peace with dirt and filth, and personal uncleanness? It is to be feared. At peace with venality and corruption and the degradation of the god-given helpmate? Only too true. Our own lives probably are bundles of contradictions or antinomies, or paradoxes, whatever name for conflict and inconsistency we may choose. Are those of the Moslem more so? Outward calm and inward struggle? Keen incisive minds, analytic to a degree in dealing with the Koran, yet indifferent and fatalistic in the face of great crises? Physically alert, once conquerors of the world, yet, personally stolid, silent, and impassive? Ritualistic to the extreme, devout in form and self-effacement, yet on the verge of hysteria at all times, overcome in frequent periods of religious excitement? We might go on, but the culmination of all paradox is, after all, in the polygamist family where what would be for us the violation of nice feeling, tender consideration, fidelity of mind and body, is for the Moslem basic to his whole remarkable social fabric. Christian women may well be grateful that their lot is cast in Christendom.

CHAPTER XI

EUROPE AND AFRICA

THE journey to African shores by sea is now easy and comfortable, and the development of air sailing gives the traveller on landing a choice of three conveyances for the interior, aeroplane, automobile, and railway. The mails on several lines are carried by aeroplane from Toulouse across the Mediterranean to their destination, and sometimes passengers also. By motor the distance from Bou Saada to Algiers is about a hundred and sixty-five miles and the road is interesting, the more so as it crosses two mountain ranges, one at an altitude of 3,000 feet, the other rather more. The scenery of the Sakamody pass is sublime, especially by the light of the full moon, as we were privileged to have it. Hence at this Happy Valley we began to feel European influences once again. We lost them, however, promptly and were carried back not alone into Saharan Africa, but into the tropics of that continent. A mile only to the northward are extensive drifts of sand kept from spreading over the roadway by wattles and plantations of tamarind. Then came the dry bed of what is at times a destructive torrent, 1,500 feet wide, partly spanned by a steel bridge; then desert complete once more with a tiny oasis here and there and in the middle distance jagged shapes of red-brown

mountains, one of them a table-top, styled for that reason the Great Billiard. And from this stretch we turned a hill-spur and came upon a scene that might be expected, not here but 2,000 miles to the south—a cantonment of Senegalese troops!

Once there had been a French fortalice here, as was shown by a long low commissary's office; now there is a village of tall conical huts constructed from palms and bamboo, which the black men built and which they occupy. Incidentally, too, there is a walled citadel garrisoned by the same soldiery. As we paused to await the coming of another vehicle on a single-track railway bridge used also by motors, a superb specimen of the African negro sauntered down from the gate of the little fortress in the scant but sufficient costume of his native land, distinctly an undress uniform. Tall, slender, without a superfluous ounce of muscle, not coppery but ebony-black, matted hair, not wool, and features rather sharp than knobby, he was an anthropoid as near to a superb upstanding man as could well be. Evolution pauses before the race question, there being no causes now operative which could in ages upon ages produce existing differences, and, witness our visitor, the differences even in the black stocks of mankind. Neither in color-tint, nor in features, nor in build was he remotely like the man of the Congo.

In his hand was a murderous hunting-knife which he desired to sell. Its blade was coarsely hammered, but well-tempered and sharp, the handle was adorned with leather fringes, so worn as to give some force to his

claim that in battle he had by its means sent seven warriors to their burial. He could haggle and bargain very well in broken French, but when the price was fixed a peculiar whistle summoned his wife from the doorway, where, clad in gay European clothes and bandanna turban, she had been awaiting the summons. Her assent must be had before closing the transaction and after some hesitancy with an exchange of serio-comic glances the fiat of "sold" was pronounced, the money paid—to her—and the goods delivered—by him. We twisted our necks as we crossed that bridge, to get last glimpses of the dwellings and the people and the scene so entirely trans-Saharan in its character. Again, as daily on our journey, we had lingered too long, the marvellous was too fascinating.

Some forty miles onward, after the desert scene had been left behind, we found ourselves on high rolling plains, like those of Morocco, perhaps at an altitude of 2,000 feet, all lush with wild grasses, well watered and dotted with flocks and herds, especially of sheep, for we were coming to a land where wool and mutton were the riches of the opulent natives. Just ahead we saw a little automobile, which proved to be a "flivver." On a signal given, we halted, alighted, and were greeted by French gentlemen in uniform, civil administrators with their wives, and by a native prince, all glorious in scarlet and gold, who explained that they were to act as hosts at luncheon. With hearty acceptance we turned sharply off the highway, forded a large swift brook, rose to the level once more, and looked

out over the immense prairies, 60,000 acres in extent, we heard, of which our caïd host is the proprietor. In the middle distance was a group of one-story masonry buildings, the offices and dwellings of the domain, as we afterward learned. But in the near foreground was a troop of fifty horsemen in brilliant uniforms, mounted on little Arab barbs, pure blood, galloping over the turf and halting to salute. The host began to wigwag signals with the long, loose, left sleeve of his scarlet burnoose. Something of like signalling we had seen at Laghouat, as his tribesmen of the tiny hamlets around water-holes descried their pasha in the distance, but now we beheld without understanding how an elaborate series of orders can be given across a plain, using only arms and flowing sleeves.

The horsemen were Goums, or native cavalry maintained and equipped by the Algerian government; their manœuvres were traditional with their corps, of which the caïd was the superior officer. Volumes have been written about the pure-blood Arab horse, small, compactly built, lithe, active, swift, intelligent, and affectionate; the companion, friend, and often the savior of his owner. His equipment is a bridle of broad embroidered bands and the most cruel of bits. The saddle-cloths are of felt with colored trappings; the saddle itself is high, with tall pommel and back, the sandal-shaped stirrups elevated like those of a racing jockey, the girths and surcingles broad, flat, and of open weave. In spite of, or is it because of, this cumbersome but showy caparison, the riding is very fine. The high-

spirited animals respond like lightning to every signal, given probably by reins on the neck, certainly not by the knee-grip, or the bit, existing only to be champed for foam and style, except in rare emergencies. The riders sit loose, yielding to every movement of their steed, carrying guns with inlaid butts and long damascened barrels, which they use for display much as did the old-fashioned drum-major of our boyhood. At the behest of their captain this proud band of centaurs withdrew to a distance of two or three furlongs, and then singly, in pairs, or in platoons dashed forward, waving banners, tossing guns in air, firing blank cartridges, and halting within a few paces as they threw their fiery horses on their haunches. What we beheld was a "horse fantasia" of the highest order, lordly when compared with the foot fantasias we had hitherto seen, with their din, disorder, and wild excitement. The kaleidoscopic effects, with the soft sky above, the waves of green grass all around, the pawing fore legs, knees, and hoofs, the quivering hips of the animals, the skilful juggling of the men, all were the outcome of perfect discipline and severest self-restraint.

Throughout the spectacle, a rare and uncommon one, provided not for us but from respect to our country, we had time to examine the picturesque central figure giving his silent orders. He was quite as tall as any of his visitors, taller perhaps; the scarlet gown over a white burnoose set off his athletic frame; he was still in the early forties; his beautifully regular Caucasian features were heightened in effect by a black beard and



From a photograph from Galloway. Copyright by Burton Holmes

MOROCCAN CAVALRY IN ACTION

brunette complexion, and his turbaned head was supported by a columnar neck. His military guidance completed, he turned toward his spacious farmstead and we followed to find ourselves before a kind of pavilion, a spreading tent open in front, with roof and sides of camel's-hair material in colored strips, waterproof, and its floor covered with costly Oriental rugs. There was spread a table which would have been a credit to any opulent Western household; the finest openwork linen cloth and napkins, choice porcelain table service, with cut-crystal drinking-glasses and massive silverware. We sat upon comfortable chairs while such a bill of fare was served as travellers expected to find in the famous Paris restaurants of old; the wines were the best that France and Algeria can produce, vintage wines all of them. Our host sat at one end, pleasantly conversing in excellent French, and wearing proudly his high national French decorations. At the proper moment he raised an empty glass, for he had neither eaten a crumb nor tasted a drop—Moslems, during Ramadan, may do neither from dawn to dusk—and rising proposed a graceful toast to his guests, their President, and their country. Our witty spokesman replied with equal heartiness, appositely observing that a commission from a prohibition country might not merely respect the faith and conduct of a professed Mohammedan, but see in his example what their own laws at home were now imposing upon themselves. When the principal dish, two sheep roasted whole and served on silver trays, was brought in and

placed on the ground, we ranged ourselves as the ancients did, reclining about them on cushions and partook as the laws of hospitality required. It was with difficulty that we could tear ourselves away from such cheer, but with our French officials in the car we finally departed to take afternoon tea with them, our ladies and theirs foregathering as such womankind do on terms of cordiality and good-will. We learned at once that our host had spent the preceding twenty-four hours in Algiers, in going to and coming from the city for the marvellous dainties we had eaten; incidentally, too, that he was probably the wealthiest man of Algeria, that he was a monogamist with a French wife who lived in the city of Algiers.

With France, Paris in particular, he was intimately familiar, had served throughout the World War as captain of his Goums, was an extensive reader, thoroughly familiar with history and contemporary affairs. Yet he was no absentee landlord. Residing where we found him or in the neighboring village of Sidi Aissa, caring conscientiously for the seven or eight thousand souls to whom he had been born hereditary chief, he was well content to perform meticulously the multifarious duties of a chieftain of men on the broad domains from which his large revenues were derived. The afternoon hospitality of the civil administrator and his wife, and of his assistant, enabled us to see the working of the Algerian system in local government. Many of the communes in which the dwellers are overwhelmingly European, have a complete organization (*de*

plein exercice), identical with those of France, but this one was mixed (*commune mixte*), as are most of those far in the interior, where Europeans are in a small minority. The heads of such local governments are of a very superior class and, as might be expected, so are their wives also. Trained for the service not alone in languages and the settlement of minor judicial disputes, they have likewise to be shrewd diplomats in dealing with a quick intelligent people impatient of restraint, except by their tribal heads. Appointed by the governor-general, each has a comfortable official residence, about which is gathered a little society—doctor, teacher, bookkeeper, and accountant, assistant to the head, and possibly also a few relatives of each. Alas for the delusions of early ignorance! Here, as in every similar place, was a home, a hearthstone, a place of comfort and friendliness, a truly French centre of taste, repose, and hospitality. Our earliest misinformation is that French has no word for home, and, of course, the thing itself is non-existent. Let doubters visit as we did the charming homes of the French ladies who are mothers, housekeepers, husbands' lieutenants, and models to the communities in which they live. We all know that absence makes the heart grow fonder. All that is best and finest in French home life, and no home life is better or finer than that of France, all its noblest features are intensified in the French homes which dot all northern Africa.

Long conversations with these admirable officials reveal a fixed idea of supreme importance. Great

Britain was the first to lose her thirteen colonies—the world learned why in a long century of reciprocal recriminations. With the warning before her eyes she thereafter stepped gingerly in the application of the mercantile theories, then and even yet prevalent in many minds. But, however unwillingly, the essential concessions to home rule and home advantage have slowly been made until her pliability has become the watchword of all colonial administrators. We have explained how fierce was the struggle for Algeria and why; we have also mentioned the silent, hidden bitterness of a conquered people. It is not possible, in view of the past and under present conditions, to make a protectorate of Algeria. But it is possible to give the natives a larger and larger share, as fast as they may be ready for it, in the local control. And this exactly is the hard task of these trained rulers, set in the midst of large populous districts to represent French authority. Being men of parts and of character, with personality strong yet adaptable, seconded by such women as we saw at the head of their households, they have agreed that, in the wide divergence of chiefs and peoples with whom they have to deal, “every tub must stand on its own bottom.” The only general principle is to proceed from the bottom upward, winning the common folk by small concessions, wooing the great by granting desired favors, and to do this as a matter of justice, not of kindness.

This is the gist of the whole matter: to wield power with the least possible display of force, and above all to be “square.” Given the antipodal interests of Se-

mitic natives and European settlers, there is a problem virtually unknown in America and on its solution every day in every way depends the peace and prosperity not only of the millions south of the Mediterranean, but of France entire with her people. This policy is opportunism in the good sense; giving due weight in determining conduct to circumstances of the moment, and in every case securing judicious compromise between conflicting interests. What an advance this idea is over the older French concepts of pure hard logic and ordered force! But the advance has been made and every responsible officer is fully aware of his task. Their backs are suited to their burdens, and in a land, among a people, immune apparently to the feminist agitation, there has been developed a French feminism which can endure exile, can make and maintain in African deserts a home for husband and children, can reign in its sphere and rule at least over the hearts of alien men without attempting to compel their minds. It is enlightening and encouraging to hear French officials of every sort in Africa expound and illustrate the details of their task by concrete cases.

Of course some of us desired a trial camel ride before departure from African France to France in Europe. Accordingly the ungainly steeds were brought to the door. All did not make the experiment, some being content to watch the few who did. Though a snap-shot or two taken there and then exhibits Americans on camel-back, the expression of their faces is far from triumphant—in fact, very uneasy and troubled—chang-

ing to relief after a few steps had been taken and the rider had dismounted. Quiet philosophizing saw the application; comparative ease in gaining a lofty seat while the African beast kneeled, a dizzy uncertainty in maintaining poise and balance as he rose, and the immense trouble of body and mind in acquiring courage to face the difficulty. The neophyte administrators in Algeria pass that way until the calm and assurance with which they do their difficult, tactful, ever-changing work excites the admiration of the visitor.

It was amid lengthening shadows that the commission reluctantly took its departure. There were still two mountain passes to cross: the zigzag ascent to Col, fifteen miles away and 3,200 feet high, about, then the gradual descent to the Isser valley, a steep climb to a second pass almost as high, with a swift, steep descent to Algiers, nearly a hundred miles distant. We might have accomplished our twenty miles an hour but for difficulties which, when surmounted, really enhanced our pleasure and increased our information. The road is excellent and affords a succession of most attractive, in some places stupendous, views. But we had not counted on the great sheep-market to be held next day somewhere on the line of our journey, we did not learn exactly where. What was of interest and importance was that about four in the afternoon, some miles from Sidi Aissa, we saw ahead and going our way a flock of sheep, perhaps 200 in number, fine animals of quality. It was hard to pass, Algerian sheep are no less foolish, hesitant, and precipitate than those of other lands, nor

are the shepherds with their helpers any less inefficient because of their picturesque garb and placid manners. We had, therefore, to exercise care and diligence in slowly passing lest the flock be dispersed on the hills above and into the valleys below. The snow-white fleeces, the black nozzles, the appealing eyes combined into a lovely picture on such a mountain highway, but the passing was a hindrance. This incident would be trivial except that it was repeated almost every mile for what seemed an interminable time. All told, we wound our slow way through nearly thirty such splendid troops, until dusk, when apparently they were folded for the night. Sheep and scenery make a curious combination, but we had a further glimpse of another source of Algerian wealth.

It was worth remarking, as connoting our place and the people about, that when the evening hour of prayer arrived we saw on a rock shelf just above the road a solitary figure, with his face to the eastward, toward Mecca, performing his rites of kneeling, gesturing, murmuring, utterly lost to everything about, as indifferent to a van of American travellers as if he had been miles away in the heart of the desert, or in the secluded prayer-hall of a richly decorated mosque. Throughout Algeria the wayside shrines are not as numerous as in Morocco, indeed a domed "Marabout" is an unusual sight, though the living Marabouts, gentle seekers after alms, are numerous enough. Possibly the worshipper we saw was an aspirant for holiness, and his appearance was far more impressive than it would have been

in a little shrine, neglected and far from clean, whatever odor of sanctity he might have been taking from it. In any place and at any time the utter absorption of the Moslem in his devotion, his remoteness from the things of earth, and his far-off gaze seem proof of his communion with the spiritual, for the time being. Whether or not his worship be a pure formalism, a rite with no meaning to the performer, is a matter of discussion and opinion; whatever it is, it seems to have effected a gentleness of demeanor, except when anger is aroused, or fanaticism awakens morbid excitement.

And so we press on, sheep and shepherds housed for the night, to Aumale, a single long street of native houses in their tiny gardens somewhat over the top of our first pass. Its people were gathered here and there in gossiping groups especially in the public square, half-way down the street, sometimes with a brazier or a little fire to take the chill from the eager air. Onward for a time our road drops shrewdly to the vale of the Isser River, passing some hamlet every few miles, and crossing the full stream by a steel bridge. Then comes a long stiff climb through woodlands and expanses of wild scrub. We pass a monument commemorating the triumphant march in 1847 of Marshal Bugeaud toward the still rebellious tribes of the interior, are told that on our right is an important zinc mine, yielding a thousand tons annually, and then entire darkness envelops us for a moment, until a rising full moon begins to illuminate the far-famed pass of Sakamody. Alas, our fuel begins to run low and our weary engine to re-

quire constant attention from the driver, on whose skill and caution and efficiency depend the safety of the commission, whose members, especially the gentler ones, begin to draw anxious breaths as they peer uneasily from their seats across the road edge into apparently bottomless abysses of darkness, or settle with resigned fatalism into their armchairs gazing at nothing, but silently committing themselves to the higher Power.

We are crossing a great spur of the Djurdjura coast range, the home of the Kabyles, whose district is sometimes called Great Kabylia. And we feel deep regret that we are not to visit that interesting, primitive people. Little Kabylia is farther east, a limestone country with fantastic, picturesque rock formations, and magnificently wooded with pines of a species found elsewhere only in the Sierra Nevada of Spain. The dom-palm of upper Egypt is elsewhere found only about Palm Springs in the Colorado desert of California. These are among the most puzzling riddles of the specialist devoted to tree culture and distribution. Which is the parent stock, how did it originate, why are its habitats so small and so far apart? The eastward prolongation of Little Kabylia is the site of Collo, a small town whence excursions among the same peculiar folk can be made and where the products of their cottage industries are sold. Kabylia, as a whole, is a mountain region, crescent in form, with its concavity seaward, as extensive as Rhode Island. It offers at the western end every form of adventure to the

mountain-climber, with peaks 8,000 feet in height, snow-covered as late as June. In the heart of its solid mass, just east of where our car was toiling upward in the moonlight, the ravines—and we looked awe-stricken upon them—are as precipitous and deep as those of the Colorado highlands. Eastward the chain is less forbidding and at the end of it much admired for its superb forests and freakish rock forms. Such is the home of the Kabyles, as novel and strange as its inhabitants.

These are the compacted groups of pure, stubborn, warlike Berbers, who have taken refuge in their inexpugnable natural fortresses and have there maintained themselves since prehistoric times. They were the very last of the Algerian natives to be “pacified” by arms, and in 1871 they joined heart and soul in the uprising against French authority incident to the humiliation of France at that time. At the risk of repetition we recall that they still have a pure Berber as the foundation of their speech, that they once had an alphabet of their own which survives among the Saharan Touaregs, that ethnically they resemble the Mediterranean stock of southern Europe more than the Arab and that some look like the fellaheen of the Nile. Their art is rudimentary, but there are rock-hewn pictures, funerary potteries, and other objects, and they are a smallish, compact, energetic, nervous people. Experts believe that the Kabyles of to-day are the direct descendants of the Numidians, the subjects of Massinissa, Syphax, and Jugurtha. Having preserved their language intact, they have also jealously guarded their customary

laws; though Mussulmans they substitute them for at least one-half of the Koranic civil law, the one exception in the Moslem world. Women, for instance, go about unveiled, unrestrained, and with the dignity of a wife, for polygamy is very rare. Divorce is common, however, a fact which derogates greatly from the happiness and the individuality of the Kabyle female.

The collective name of the folk is Zouaoua, familiar to us as Zouaves, a military force first recruited in Kabylia. But it means little, for theirs is essentially a town government. There have been one or two larger organizations, one designated as a kingdom, but they were of brief duration. Before the French control every village had its town moot and a purely democratic form of self-government, the rule of the people by the people. Sovereignty was in the assembly, composed theoretically of all adult males, in reality of the heads of families, perhaps twenty dignified senators gathered in the market-place. It chose a single presiding executive, but the people practised the recall without restraint. These town meetings are still held, and each village has a tiny hall with stone benches for their gathering. Since the French occupation their powers are sadly restricted, for their sovereignty is no more. It had to be, for each village was not only in perpetual hostility with those round about, they were without exception divided into two quarrelsome factions whose vendetta feuds were bloody and murderous. While village hostilities and raids have been suppressed, the vendetta, secret and sly, rages unabated. Bloodshed is the seed

of assassination. The family of every murderer is made responsible for a debt due to that of the victim, an imprescriptible debt to be paid by any relative of the assassin; and every member of the wronged family can collect it. Active or passive, such solidarity is atrocious. The French investigators are outraged but helpless. Their task is far more terrible than the similar one in Corsica.

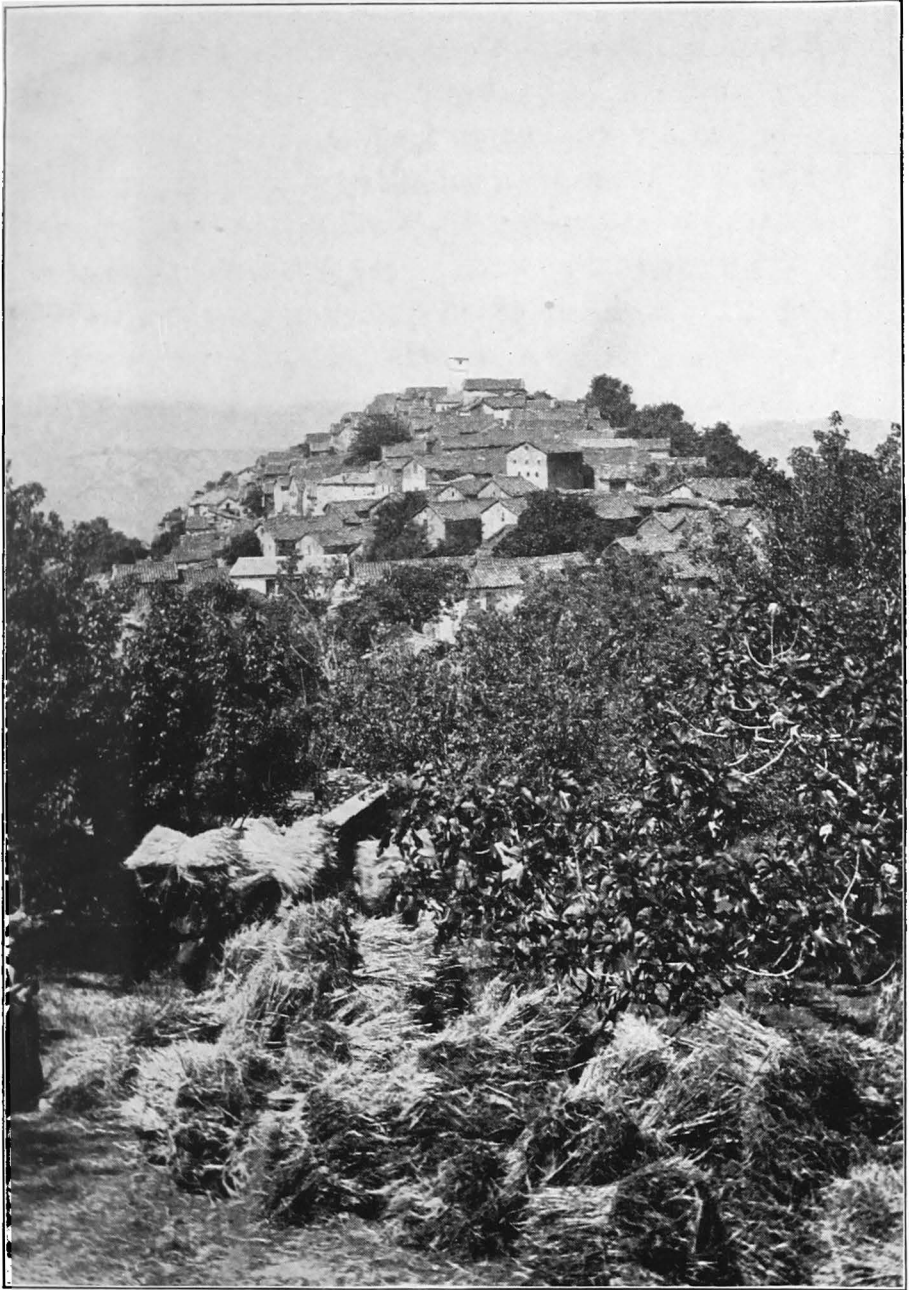
Yet these same blood avengers are uncommon farmers, not alone in the crops of grain they raise on ledges of rock, but above all as gardeners and arboriculturists. What is particular to their system of intensive culture is the use they make of the immense ash-trees, from whose boughs and leafage they draw by careful cutting almost all their stores of fodder; pasturage from the air. About their trunks and on the lower branches are trained vines, in the Italian method, which produce excellent grapes. From the carob-tree and a species of oak which produces edible acorns they draw important food-supplies for man and beast. The staples they produce and their chief sustenance are figs and olive-oil. The wild olive abounds and on its stocks they skilfully bud, or graft, slips of the finest sorts; thus securing quick return for their labor. As to the fig, they perform miracles: not a spot of land, or pocket of soil, or rocky ledge, otherwise unavailable, without its fig-tree. On the steepest slopes, 3,000 feet high, are vast plantations of fig-trees in full bearing, so carefully dressed is their scanty soil, and so skilfully are they pruned. The country-seat of a famous Frenchman,

Taine, the historian, was a Savoyard farmhouse near the lake of Annecy; the distance from the knoll on which it stood was about 500 yards and the ground was covered with a vineyard. When an American friend congratulated him on its perfect culture, he answered with a bitter-sweet smile: "Between me and the lake are eight landed proprietors! and not one of them will sell an ell." This is nothing in comparison to the Kabyle's passion. Of common property there is no trace, each scrap of ownership is individual, to such an extent that sometimes the soil belongs to one person, the tree in it to another; further still, in the tree itself there may be a division of parts, some branches belonging to one, others to another! It is said that in some cases there are several proprietors.

The number and importance of the villages are very striking, and in some valleys a central infertile ridge from below, above, all the way, will be covered with so-called houses, the line interrupted only here and there by a cemetery. It is a marked case of overpopulation; so rapid is the natural increase and so attached to their crags are the natives. Forced to emigrate for the sustenance of life, they work as field laborers in the not-far-distant paradise of the Mitidja, even across the Mediterranean in France itself. It is incredible but true that even in the industrial districts of Lorraine or the northern departments of France, the density of population does not surpass that of these mountain chasms, abysses, slopes, and intervalles. For a Kabyle village is an aggregation of rude stone shelters, without

windows or chimneys, the smoke of the hearth oozing out at any vent, and it has two compartments, at most three: one for the human household, one for that of beasts, and the division wall is very thin. When there are two dwelling-rooms, the men occupy one, the women and children another. Very frequently several of these stone sheds are grouped about a common hearthstone. The traveller is reminded of the primitive homes of Montenegro's black mountains, the Czernagora. The other occupation of emigrant Kabyles is that of peddling. Sometimes these petty traders go far afield; but to the extent of their power and choice their migration is like that of birds, only temporary; and their homing instinct is stronger than their reason, or their pecuniary advantage even. Mention has been made of the severely plain council-chambers of each village; it should be said that the mosques are even barer; some have nothing but four walls and a roof. The charm of a Kabyle village is not heightened for the tourist by the fact that at every door is the precious dung-heap, and the rough heavy implements of field labor.

Village streets are narrow and far from clean; the dwellings are smoky, dirty, and offensive to the nostrils; there is absolute equality in homes between rich and poor, as there likewise is in clothing. There is a dead level of squalor and rags in what they wear; a new garment is a rarity. It must be said that most are poor, living from day to day, from hand to mouth, but some are thrifty and easy in their circumstances; a few might be called rich. Democracy of outward



A KABYLE VILLAGE

appearance and condition is, nevertheless, absolute; food, apparel, lodging—all that goes to make up life—are equalitarian, despite of, or because of, an exaggerated individualism. In the case of the Kabyles, extremes meet: property is their passion, but so is an extreme communism in every other respect—food, raiment, and lodging. Biologists seem to agree that in their right-angled triangle which symbolizes the individual of our time and place, the long hypotenuse of environment is the most potential element; second only to it is the perpendicular of training, while the base, or heredity, may be longer or very short and unimportant according to circumstances. The idea seems pertinent in connection with the Kabyles. They have, for long ages, been rebels against the authority of conquerors. Driven into these wild fastnesses their environment strengthens their heredity, and of discipline in a large way they knew nothing until after the French occupation. After nearly a century they are ready to strike a blow for their wild freedom, at any time; their blood-thirst cannot be eradicated, and they are just as primitive as the wild folk of the Chinese mountains or the brutish refugees in the Japanese highlands.

Had it been daylight as we slowly toiled up the Sakamody pass we might have learned all this and more from our guides; but we were so concerned] for our ever-slower transport and so overwhelmed by the contrast of black chasms below with the bright, moonlit, jagged peaks above that we could neither talk nor listen until at a snail's pace the summit was reached and passed.

Uneasiness was not much abated, as we felt the brakes sharply set and could trace by the silvery light the hairpin curves and long zigzags of our highway far down the mountainside. We were actually within the city limits of Algiers before we left the Djurdjura gorges behind and emerged on the level, passing brilliantly lighted suburban villages and entering at last the lower town. It remains a mystery why that valiant automobile so perfectly reflected the mood of its passengers and made a brilliant dash at its journey's end every day. At the head of the Sakamody pass, on the outskirts of Kabylia, we had left the purely African all behind; it was fading away, had faded as at ten o'clock we sat down to an elaborate table d'hôte and talked of toils accomplished, thrills enjoyed or endured, scenes indelibly imprinted on our memories, and of our enjoyment in each other's company. Possibly not the least of our achievements as a company of ten in close companionship for five weeks, was that we were still friends, in a far closer sense, too, than at the beginning.

The day after, we sailed in the fine ship *Timgad* for Marseilles. The Mediterranean was friendly, too, and barely ruffled by light refreshing breezes. Well found in all regards, as to rooms, table, and service, our vessel was full European. The only traces of Africa were a few Moorish deck passengers and the heaps of early vegetables for the Paris markets. The members of the commission had been told of dinners and receptions awaiting them on their return, and consulted as to what they should say in reply to the toasts, which

would be equivalent to interrogation-points as to what we had seen and how we liked it. We quite agreed that, if there were any criticisms to be made on the policies we had seen at work and on the men who were administering the new policy of "Persuasion above Force," we had not been able to find, at the moment and from what we had seen, a seamy side to the greater France in Africa. And if we had, it would have been in the effete past, or to the accompaniment of croaking prognostications by wiseacre head-wagging. We found ourselves optimistic; as we had found the long line of able administrators we had been privileged to meet, to converse with, and to see at their work. Accordingly, we divided our experiences and general topic into four heads, one for each of us: the land and people, the French colonial idea, the French agents in their sphere of labor, and what lessons in dealing with people different in tradition and color America could learn from France, or vice versa. Subsequently, when facing audiences of several hundred of the Parisian elect, or chatting at hospitable dinner-tables, we took a free hand where it seemed best, but in the main each member played the part assigned to him in the council on the *Timgad*. The preceding pages are largely the result of transcribing in epitome the observations, talks, and opinions of the commission as a whole. Of course, the author emphasizes his own somewhat unduly, but he gratefully acknowledges the help he received from his colleagues in their talks and orations, and from their writings.

CHAPTER XII

FRENCH EXAMPLE—THE SENUSSI DYNASTY

EXPLORATION and discovery have gone swiftly forward during the last twenty-five years. Both poles have been visited by geographical expeditions, the heart of Asia is no longer an undiscovered land, and most of Africa has been repeatedly traversed by visitors from the Western world. Nevertheless, much remains to be determined in both hemispheres, and the great desert strip of the Eastern, stretching by way of the Sahara, Libyan, Arabian, and Gobi wastes for thousands of miles from western Africa to eastern Asia, still affords ample scope for the adventurous explorer.

Since the Mohammedan era this desert expanse in Africa has played an important rôle, not only in the relations of Christendom and Islam, but an absolutely determinative one in the internal affairs of the latter. From its very heart have proceeded the Puritan influences of a fanaticism which tore down one ruling dynasty after another, as their forces were successively sapped by conquest, booty, and luxury. The sacred places of Islam are far within its borders and fiercely resent any contamination from the unbelief of a civilization in perpetual conflict with Moslem faith and practice. So also have been some of the fraternity centres, sources from which a stern, primitive, reckless ortho-

doxy has with missionary fire compelled the populations of central Africa to accept what some minor saint asserts as the simple faith of pure Mohammedanism.

Where, however, outside influences tend to sap religious fervor, there have arisen from time to time and, as was earlier set forth, there still exist fervently pious brotherhoods, founded by some revivalist in order to emphasize what he considers a neglected point in orthodox theology or to propound some doctrine which may quite possibly be and often is heretical. The decision as to this rests with the doctors of highest authority, and in case they either frown on the novelty or differ among themselves the new minor prophet wanders from centre to centre, collecting support, repairing even to Mecca, or else assembles a throng of ordinary and ignorant but enthusiastic followers, who are organized into a convent of which the new prophet is head and director. Branch convents, zaouias, are established wherever the doctrine finds a firm hold and strong support. And so the brotherhood either spreads or languishes finally into formalism and extinction.

The most important means of invigorating such an organization are the festivals, like that of the Hamadchas at Moulay Idris, so vividly pictured by Mrs. Wharton's able pen. These are revival meetings pure and simple. They are attended by all the phenomena of hyperæsthesia. The dancing and howling derwishes in Cairo or Constantinople work themselves into convulsions, the revivals of North Africa exhibit traces of the primitive blood rites and in the fervors of both psychi-

cal and physical exaltation, like the derwishes, the devotees fall into catalepsy or epilepsy, exhibiting the most revolting disregard of all which we consider bodily capacity under normal conditions. They are literally possessed of a devil in some form. As in hypnosis, however, they appear to act only under the external suggestions of their leader, who seems able, in a crisis, to restore nervous balance to his converts. There have been divers places and periods in the history of Christendom where and when similar phenomena have occurred, under so-called religious excitement sometimes, more often under libidinous stimulus. The horrid practices of Voodooism probably mark the possible limits of the debased and unnatural.

Mohammedan confraternities differ widely in this respect, some being circumspect and cautious in their emotional appeal; such are the Khadiria, appealing to beggars and women, the Chadilia, the Touhamia, the Tidjania, and the Dirkaouas. The same person, it appears, may be a member of several. Most of these are wide-spread in the worlds of Arabic and Moorish Islam. At times they exert an immense political-religious influence. Generally the membership is white; one, the Guenaoua, has a mixed membership of whites and negroes. In previous chapters enough has been said to indicate that their mystical Sufism and secrecy constitute a serious problem for the protecting and mandatory European Powers. As we write there is a movement in Anatolia, Asiatic Turkey, to disestablish Islam entirely, even to abolish the caliphate, a headship of Mo-

hammedanism, so long assumed and exercised by the Turkish sultans. With their disappearance as a political force, the Turkish Republic shows impatience with any centralized religious power. What the outcome may be can neither be predicted nor foreseen. The unity of Islam may have no visible expression for a time, but of all its political expressions, that in Morocco, shorn of external sovereignty, nevertheless possesses greater prestige than any in its general religious influence, and in its internal political activity. The nearest thing to a caliphate now existing is the Shereefian sultanate. Should the pantheistic Sufism of all the wide-spread fraternities in Islam trend more toward orthodoxy and prove loyal to Moulay Youssef, he may become a more real caliph than any other pretender, a thing conceivable though not probable.

But there is one fraternity of which the Western world heard much, though it knew little, in the periods of the Italian war with Turkey and throughout the World War, an organization which many have believed would wield a commanding influence in Africa; that, namely, of the Senussi. In spite of exploration much is still dark in the African continent, even ethnologically. To speak of negroes is to conceal ignorance with a meaningless word, because we have been authoritatively informed that within the continent there are not only full negroes of several types, but negroids, and a substantial black population, the Tebu stock, of unmistakable Mediterranean type, without pigmented skins, the color due to generations under a hot sun; like neither

the dark skin of the Berber and Arab, nor that of the tropical black. They have also developed a language in a class by itself, which seems transitional between the Berber and the negro. This, at least, is the direction of present-day investigation. Geographically our plight is similar. Fazan vaguely designates a southern desert settlement on the eastern corner, which emitted a conquering horde of so-called Zwiya Arabs. Of the territories known as Sudan, Ennedi, and Darfur, we have an indefinite conception, of the negro kingdom of Wadai a rather general one, and of Turkish invasions of the Cyrenaica we have a confused account. Since they have been recorded and exposed by the Italians we may hope for an accurate nomenclature. We are not even absolutely certain as to what the word Sahara means. Years ago so dense was our ignorance that many gave that name to the whole desert expanse from the Atlantic Ocean to the Red Sea. Slowly the right bank of the Nile came to be known as Arabian, the left as Libyan. Now, in these days most writers carefully distinguish between the Libyan desert eastward of a mountain ridge running north and south, the Tibisti range, where are found the survivors of the Tebu, and the Sahara proper, westward from it to the Atlantic. Far, far within the Libyan desert lay Kufara, inaccessible to Turkish raiders, and until yesterday almost, a mystery of mysteries, untrudden by Europeans, the seat and inmost shrine of the Senussi Brotherhood.

Thanks to the adventurous spirit of an Englishwoman (*The Secret of the Sahara, Kufara*. By Mrs.

Rosita Forbes) this is no longer so. Her daring and enterprise, only paralleled by that of Burton's penetration to Mecca, have unveiled the facts. Accompanied by an Arab Moslem, a graduate of the El Azhar University of Cairo, a man versed in dialects and ritual, she endured for over two months in the winter of 1921-1922 incredible hardship, thwarted treachery, overcame the obstacles of desert travel and Mohammedan fanaticism, resided several days in Kufara, and returned triumphantly, her task accomplished, to Cairo. Her account, supplemented by the commentary of Sir Harry Johnston, the famous British official in Tunis and elsewhere in Africa, makes available very definite information about the nature and extent of Senussi power. Her sole predecessor in the heart of the Libyan desert had been Rohlfs, a German explorer, who, in 1878 and 1879, had visited some of the oases of western Egypt, but did not see the most important, nor visit Kufara. His notes, published in the Journal of the African Society, and his book were not accessible to her beforehand, and though they might have been helpful were in important respects inaccurate. The Italian governor of Cyrenaica, Senator de Martino, received her at Benghazi with courteous distinction and introduced her to the head of the Senussi, then on his way to visit Rome. With the latter she exchanged at least one written greeting and conversed freely, she speaking Egyptian Arabic and he the classical language of the Hedjaz. That single note proved to be her most powerful protector in serious crises. The good-will of the officials

everywhere was assured by a passport from Said Rida, the great Senussi's brother. It was valuable, but would not have sufficed for complete protection against the traitorous suspicions of cunning fanatics. Indeed, the handwriting of the "saintly" leader was at moments barely sufficient to damp their murderous ardor.

The attention of Sir Harry Johnston was first drawn to the Senussi by the activity of their missionaries in Nigeria during the last quarter of the nineteenth century. What he was able to learn from French and British sources corresponds generally, though not entirely, with what Mrs. Forbes gleaned by careful questioning in the desert and at Kufara. The first Senussi, Mohammed ben Ali ben es Senussi, was born at Mastaghanem on the coast of western Algeria over a century ago. Like other Moslem enthusiasts, he was indifferent to every reasonable consideration of religious dogma or practice. At Fes he studied theology and there resided until he was thirty, when, feeling a call to preach reforms, he itinerated through Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, and then matriculated at El Azhar in Cairo, where his doctrine was pronounced heretical! Thence he journeyed to Mecca and found among other seekers after light a black prince, afterward sultan of Wadai. The Senussi was of white Berber stock, though thoroughly Arabicized; the black sultan became his intimate, a David and Jonathan friendship. It was the long surviving influence of the latter which made the Senussi welcome for seventy years in the heart of Africa among the negroes. The authorities at Mecca, after the

prince's departure, made his sojourn in Arabia difficult, and though he is said to have revisited the city in 1852, his influence there steadily waned and the few convents he founded in Asia languished. His first real monastery was founded at Derna in the Cyrenaica, where he lived with his two sons, Esh Sherif and El Mahdi, born in 1843 and 1845 respectively. Which of the two was the elder is uncertain, although El Mahdi became, in time, his successor.

For a long time the missionary zeal of the order was fervent and successful. Throughout negroid and negro Africa, in western Nigeria, in Hansaland, in the Tibu countries, in Wadai and Darfur, in Fazan, Tunis, and Algeria convents were established for teaching and prayer. The movement could not fail to become in some measure both political and commercial. Turkey was hostile, naturally, for the society in general, the Senussiya, menaced her power; against France there was some bitterness, but when the other Mahdi, a Dongolese, threatening British control in the Sudan, desired Senussi backing it was savagely refused at Jaghabub, then the headquarters of the fraternity. Abd el Hamid, at the time sultan at Constantinople, was uneasy and sent the pasha of Tripoli in grand state to Jaghabub as an observer. Thereupon the second Senussi, greatly perturbed, transferred himself, his funds, and his official family to the remote oases of Kufara. This was in 1894, and the venture strengthened his power across the desert southward; six years later he moved farther south into Goru, establishing there,

in Wadai, a strong fortress amid defensible rocks. France was then pacifying the region by force and suppressing the slave-trade, which was a horror in its inception among the Moslem Wadai, and was further fostered by the Senussi, whose gains from that and the caravan trade northward to Tripoli were already large and steadily increasing. The French arms proved invincible and El Mahdi, the second of the Senussi, died of chagrin.

The third Senussi was a nephew, Ahmad esh Sherif, selected by the council because in such a crisis the sons of El Mahdi were too young and inexperienced for leadership. To illustrate the Senussi frame of mind, the story has been repeatedly told that the first Senussi ordered both his boys to climb a lofty palm and fling themselves to the ground as a test of faith. One drew back, the other obeyed, was uninjured, and succeeded his sire. Now again the legend spread all abroad that the second Senussi was not dead but was travelling on a mysterious mission and would resume power on his return. The Berber temper of the Senussi, though deeply incrustated with Arabic bluster, made them coy of defying Western Powers. Such legends, easily accepted by the credulous desert mind, serve to consolidate forces of faith and interest otherwise centrifugal and focus the far-flung interests of the Brotherhood. From 1902 to 1909 the Senussiya made some show of resistance to France, and in 1910 Turkey began an offensive from the north, passing Fazan and entering the Tibesti Mountains. But in 1911 Italy invaded

Tripoli and the Turks retreated from the desert for the defense of the shore. Ahmad esh Sherif, the Senussi, then joined the Turks, menacing the Italians from the south, but in the final crash of 1918 he fled to Constantinople in a submarine. After the World War, Idris, son of the second Senussi, himself the fourth of his dynasty, came to terms with both Great Britain and Italy, accepting the title of emir or prince. Under the treaty his domain is bounded on the north by the Cyrenaica, on the south by the twentieth degree of north latitude, by Egypt on the east and Fazan on the west.

The fraternity of the Senussi, on the religious side, preaches a pure Mohammedanism and enforces an almost incredible asceticism. It is said that the smell of tobacco smoke on the breath or garments sometimes results in the loss of a right arm. So sacred is the person and conduct of the leader that when it was remembered how Sidi Ben Ali, the founder, had, like a menial, handed a pair of mosque slippers to one of his sons, the menial act proved that the boy had already been chosen to succeed. The palm-tree legend was in comparison unimportant. The devout literally kiss the footsteps of their leader as he walks. He may go and come totally veiled to conceal his sanctity, and gains consideration thereby. The basic ideas of the Brotherhood are simplicity, equality, and devotion. Ornaments of gold or jewels are forbidden, as is the use of strong drink and tobacco. There is no written confession of faith and no ritual of worship other than that of standard Islam. The devotees are almost exclusively nomad

Bedouin, the ferocity of their fanaticism is unbridled. As repeatedly explained, spiritual and temporal power is so interwoven that the sheiks and the initiated brothers do possess a considerable political power; and commercial organization, however rudimentary, creates a certain hierarchy, as the practice of worship also does.

At the height of its power the Senussi order had at least fifty-six zaouias in Tripoli and the Cyrenaica, and one in Timbuctoo, while in Senegal, Wadai, and the central strip of Africa its influence was almost supreme. It is said that in 1879, 4,500 Senegalese pilgrims visited the Mahdi at Jaghabub, and, their zeal entirely satisfied, returned home without pressing on to Mecca. In Egypt the Senussi power was always insignificant, but in Arabia, after a period of slackness, there were, all told, about a dozen of their convents. Some French authorities estimate the number of initiated (missionary) brothers at a million and a half, some at three, when El Mahdi became the chief; and each of these "Ekhwan" was sworn to obey any order, even to the death. It was, indeed, an awe-inspiring power the Senussi wielded, but it was not used for aggression. He had imbibed the tradition of his house and kept his people as free from contact with civilization as possible, strengthening his influence at Jaghabub and among the wanderers of the wastes. Nevertheless, it was to the Senussi influence that the resistance to French arms of Laghouat in 1852, and to the French advance in both Nigeria and Senegambia, was attributed; quite possibly, even probably, it was a desire on his part to

hold civilization at arm's length which so prompted him. To avoid open conflict he had withdrawn to Kufara, and he hoped to strengthen his influence with the negroids in Wadai and around Lake Chad. In any case, the order being so scattered and unorganized, embracing such divergent elements in race, speech, and habits of mind, it was his spiritual hold on its devotees which gave it such cohesion as it had, which enabled his convents to calm dissents and unify purpose, to create a little nucleus of military force, to substitute for the robbery of caravans by wild Bedouin a system of tolls on arms and slaves and to establish a measure of Koranic justice. But the Senussiya were never as powerful as the exaggerated reports of fugitives represented them to be. They were a wealthy, influential trading association, but never formidable in war or in politics; in desert diplomacy and shrewd counterbalancing of divergent interests, yes.

To the east of Kufara the desert has not yet been explored, nor to the west; likewise an unknown waste, the latter stretches to the indefinite boundary of what is claimed for Tripoli. The designation of Kufara covers a wide fertile tract in which are mountains and lakes; vast shrubberies of tamarisks and acacia; gardens of peaches, grapes, and figs. Within it are two towns, substantial as desert villages go. Jof, the seat of government, and Taj, the sanctuary of the Brotherhood. The expedition headed by Rohlf's had been backed by the German Government and Turkey. In the caravan were a hundred camels, escorted by zaouia

cavalrymen, and the packs contained magnificent presents of silver and gold. But the splendor of the train was the undoing of its leader. The zaouias knew how rich the spoils were; the brothers of the Senussiya loathed the strangers; and the Bedouin stirred up the fanaticism of the natives; the passing caravans, which were large and well equipped for their long, waterless, desert march, feared for their occupation as traders in goods, arms, and slaves. Rohlfs's expedition began steadily to disintegrate after reaching Taiserbo, eighty hours of a forced march; his papers, accurate enough at first, became untrustworthy because in his flight he was often ignorant of his whereabouts, and he himself barely escaped to Benghazi with his life. The only accurate geographical notes, therefore, are those of Mrs. Forbes, whose adventures were also hairbreadth but who preserved all her records. Her route southward and northward, when plotted on a map, is like a spider's thread; but the stations and distances are fixed, and hitherto unknown features—dry lakes, ouads, and dunes—are noted in their respective places.

When European sentiment revolted against the institution of slavery, Islam refused assent, in practice at least. While open markets for slaves no longer exist in Moslem countries, the institution itself persists, at least in the mild form of domestic service. In pre-war Turkey slaves were shipped to the coast of Tripoli, Benghazi generally, and carried thence by caravan southward, along with arms and ammunition. In the reverse direction there appears to have been a similar

trade in slaves and tropical wares. One of the pleas for French penetration in tropical Africa was the suppression of the slave-trade, and they did thorough work in that regard. The Berber stock of the Touaregs, of whom mention has been previously made, rebelled and made a stout resistance, but in vain. They were Senussi converts and found support among the Senussi Arabs, but in 1901 the French dispersed the little army and established themselves at Massacori. The last offensive of the Senussi was destroyed in 1902. But there was still a show of sullen resistance until after successive skirmishes, at longer or shorter intervals down to 1914; the Senussi now no longer seek to advance southward. But when in 1911 the Italians invaded Tripoli they found the real strength along the coast-line and far within was that of the Senussi, not Turkish at all. Their hostilities, coming to a climax in the World War, drew the two Moslem powers into close alliance, as against Christian aggression, and the Senussi waged a guerilla warfare so successfully that Italy held only the coast towns of Tripoli and Cyrenaica. The Brotherhood had apparently lost its religious character and was an arm of Turkey's military power. A German agent, Mannesman, and a Turkish, Nouri Pasha, provided arms, ammunition, and money for an attack on Egypt: and Jaafer, a Turkish general, trained in German methods, was put in command. His force was about 4,000 only, but he expected that all the Bedouin of Egypt would join him. The conflict with British and Egyptian troops lasted nearly

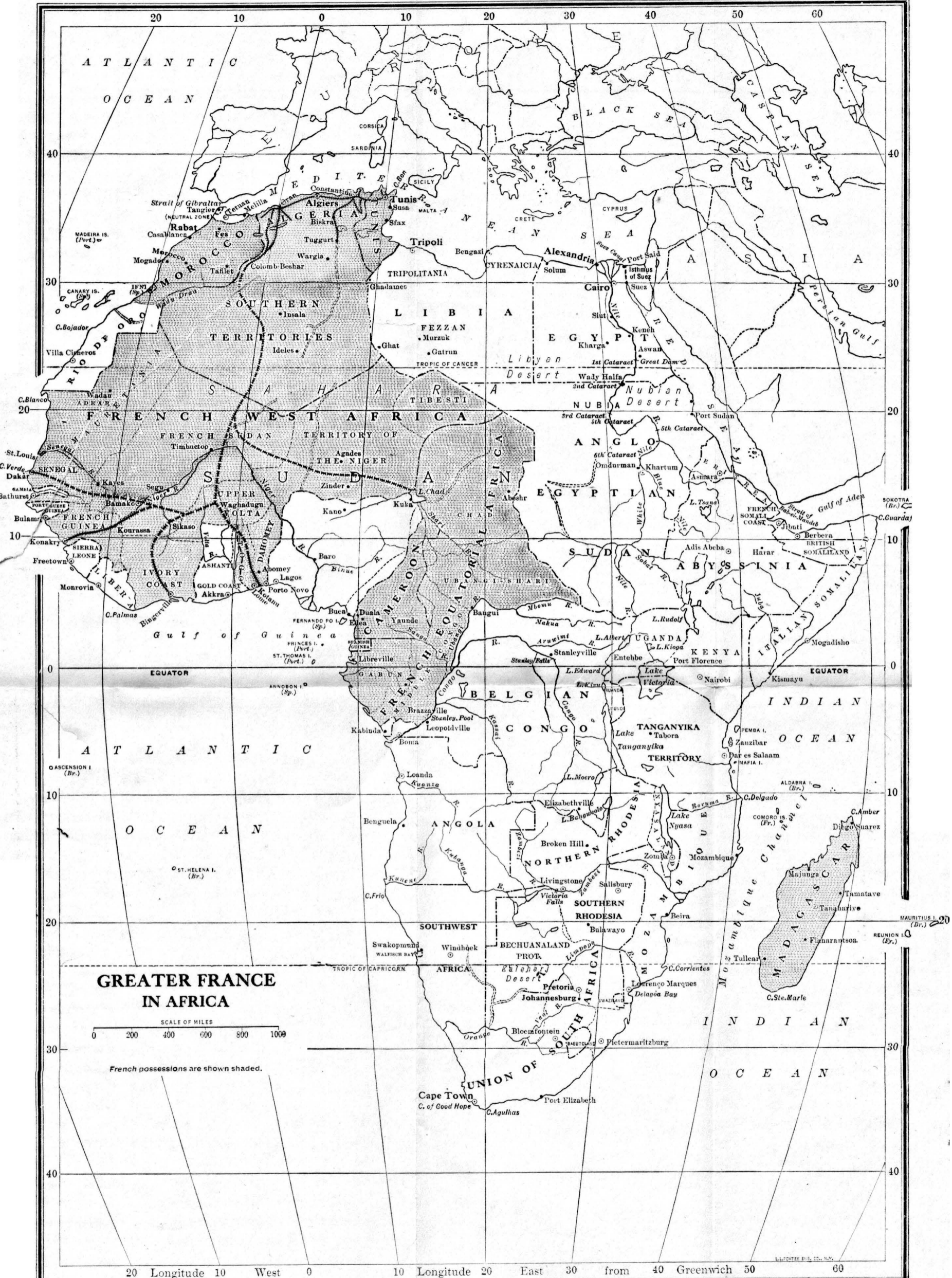
four years, without decisive results; the invaders being driven from Egypt in 1917, the attack was carried into Tripoli.

Meantime, the warrior leader of the Senussi was utterly discredited among his followers, and those who now saw the wisdom of the original policy, so long successful in holding the great Powers of Europe at arm's length, rallied around Sayed Idris, the cousin of Sayed Ahmed, the fugitive in Constantinople. The former had not only withheld all participation of his followers in the campaign, he had withdrawn to Jedabia, proclaiming the old religious and commercial policies of the Brotherhood and had repelled the vigorous efforts made by the German agent to win his support. Mention has been made of the dual agreement between the British and Italian Governments with the Senussi chief. Its details are simple. Italy retains the coast towns of Tripoli and Cyrenaica. The three ports of Benghazi, Tobruk, and Derna are open to Senussi trade. Courts under Moslem law and schools for Mohammedan children are to be built and maintained by Italy. Such zaouias and zaouia property as are not needed for military purposes are to be restored, their sheiks or heads, appointed by Mohammed Idris, the Emir, receiving salaries from the Italian Government. An armed force of 4,000 is to receive from Italy its arms, ammunition, and food; its duties are resistance to enemies and the maintenance of order. Monthly payments shall be made as a subsidy to certain members of the Senussi family. In return, Mohammed Idris shall maintain

peace in the interior, shall form no new posts, gradually disarm his people, permit Italy to disarm hostile groups, allow Italian officials to penetrate the interior for the settlement of affairs with his local representatives, and receive in person any Italian representative with power to discuss matters of importance. So far tact and goodwill have marked the working of this treaty. The Senussi chief has accepted the title of emir or prince, as an "independent ruler on behalf of Italy" over the oases of Kufara, Jaghabub, Jalo, Aujela, and Jedabia. His armed camps in Cyrenaica are to be disbanded and work found by the Italian Government for those thrown out of employment. From five oases five members of a legislative assembly numbering in all forty-four are to be elected. For the trans-Saharan trade with Wadai and Darfur by way of Kufara, Jalo, and Jedabia, a new port will be constructed. A regular system of dues and taxes will be inaugurated. At each Senussi centre is a kaimakan, a *cadi*, a mukhama sharia, or religious court, and a finance organization with a head, a treasurer, a clerk, and a collector.

It will thus be seen that Italy has taken a leaf from the protectorates of Morocco and Tunis. It has had to create a native dynasty, with an emir at its head; substituted in their system for the legal sultan of the French. In reality all the foreign affairs of the emirate are under Italian control, while, as in Morocco and Tunis, the internal affairs are administered by a native Senussi organization, supported heartily, and perhaps guided, by Italy through her personal envoy to the

emir. The Senussiya has thus gained a substantial interior isolation and may, without restriction or hindrance, cultivate its religious system. Likewise, it secures all its highly valued trade privileges, except the open, unchecked trade in slaves. It may be long before the institution is completely extinguished, but it can no longer flaunt itself. The religious confraternity of the Senussi, isolated in its fanaticism, still exists, and the dangers of intrusion, as Mrs. Forbes's experience shows, are great and menacing. Nevertheless, official intrusion has a basis in the agreement and is likely to become more and more frequent, less and less obstructed. If Italian officials continue as tactful and considerate as they have been, the Senussi dynasty may lead the way in maintaining order and in a Moslem reformation throughout the sphere of its influence within the Libyan desert and its lovely oases. The Tibusti Mountains which form the natural barrier between it and the true Sahara westward are not insurmountable. What the Great Sahara contains is still unknown. Between it and Libya are differences of fauna and flora, present and prehistoric, but they are not great; the nomad folk of one may penetrate and even permeate the ranges of the other. For all that the desert world is large; even the trans-Saharan railway when built is not likely to embitter the relations of tribes in a population so sparse and so restless.



**GREATER FRANCE
IN AFRICA**

SCALE OF MILES
0 200 400 600 800 1000

French possessions are shown shaded.

20 Longitude 10 West 0 10 Longitude 20 East 30 from 40 Greenwich 50 60

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