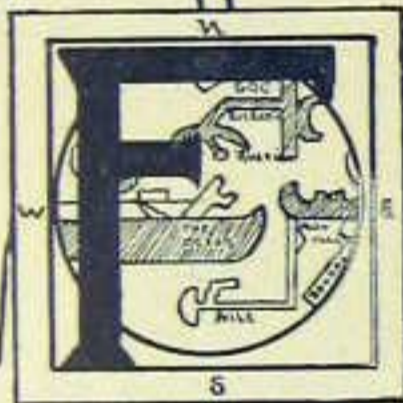


UN TRIBUNAL ARABE

(J. LAURENT, MADRID)

F E Z



EZ

THE METROPOLIS OF
THE MOORS

TO modern minds the word "metropolis" suggests a city, great in extent, in the heart of a thickly populated country; a place of marvels and of wonderful contrivances; a place where commerce has worn mighty cañons between huge cliffs of masonry; a place toward which all roads converge; a place whence radiate interminable rails of steel, along which speed steaming monsters, annihilating space and bringing vast regions under the spell of urban supremacy; or else the suggestion is of a mighty seaport, to which the great ships of the deep bring men from far-off lands and cargoes from the far ends of the earth.

Metropolis, moreover, means a place where burn the beacon-lights of intelligence and culture; where the latest word



THE METROPOLIS OF THE MOORS

of science is spoken; where every day a superstition dies; where seekers after truth come nearest to their goal. A metropolis is the essence of our New Century civilization,—the creation of an irresistible modern impulse, an entity that challenges our admiration and inspires us with awe.

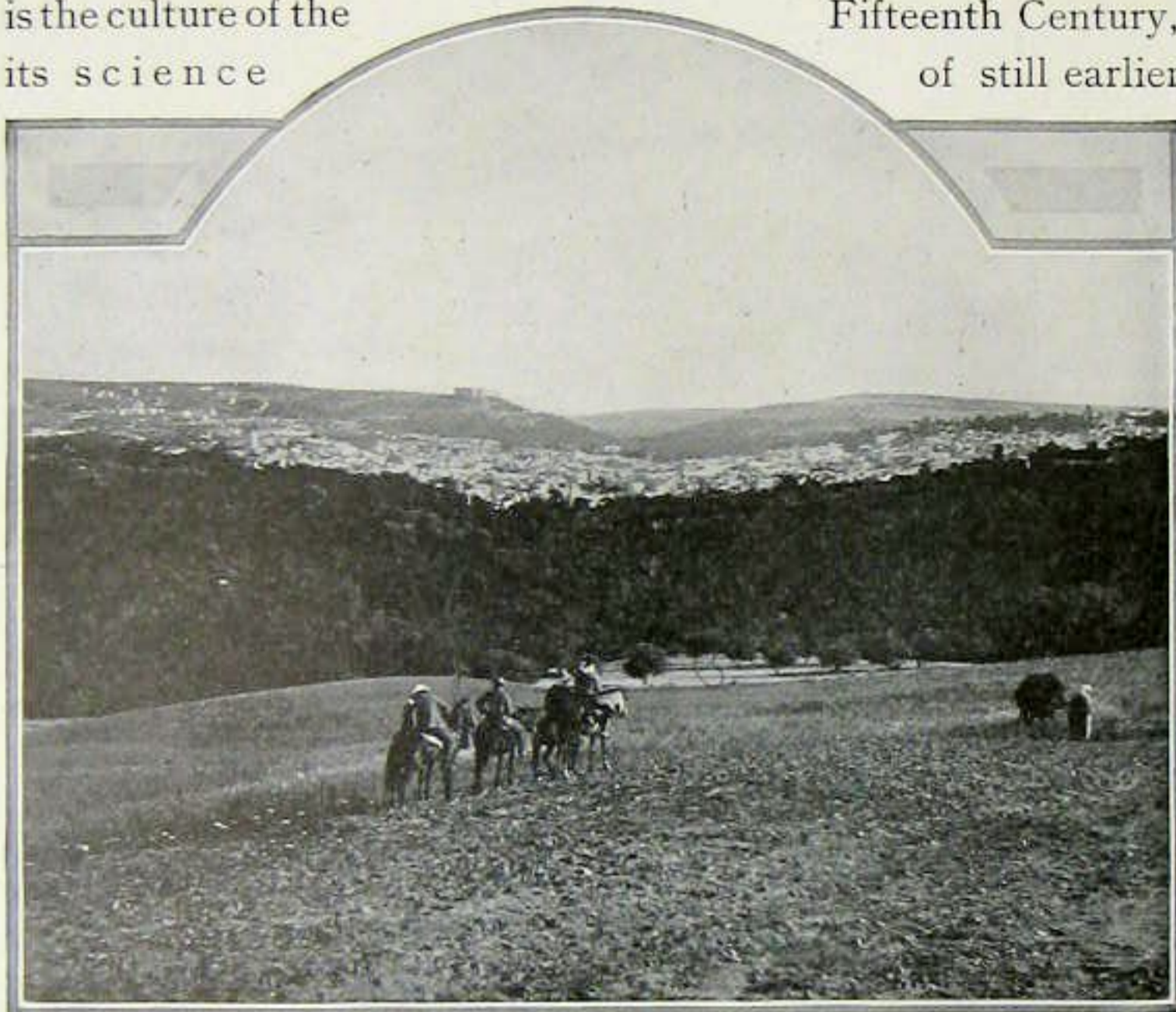
But there is in this world a great city, the metropolis of a nation, which is not like the cities that we know.



APPROACHING FEZ

In the midst of a fertile, smiling wilderness, it is a stranger to all things that are new; its commerce ebbs and flows through channels unknown to the world. At its gates are no railways and no carriage-roads, but it holds infrequent communication with a distant port by means of caravans of mules and camels, and of messengers who run on foot. Its culture is the culture of the
 its science

Fifteenth Century,
 of still earlier



" IN THE MIDST OF A SMILING WILDERNESS "

date; and truth there is yet hid by clouds of superstition. This city is the essence of the Middle Ages; it is the heart of a nation that was mummified eight hundred years ago by the religion of Mohammed. This city is called Fez; the land of which it is the capital is Morocco.

The first glimpse of Fez is an event in the life of a traveler. Then, if ever, will be experienced one of those delicious little thrills that make their way down the spinal column of a man when he realizes that he has accomplished something of which

he has long been dreaming. And when we, who have long been dreaming of a visit to the Moor's metrópolis, actually behold it, though it first appears as only a faint line of walls and towers, almost undiscernible through the rough sea of heated air-waves that surge between us and the city, now that Fez at last has risen from this endless plain over which we have been toiling southward for eleven days, we feel that we must draw rein, and for a few minutes indulge in the enjoyment of that creeping thrill. There are so few of them in life; the traveler who can remember twenty of these delicious moments in as many years is fortunate above his kind!

Happy in the assurance that a new and thoroughly uncommon experience is opening before us, we ride rapidly on. Leaving our baggage caravan far in the rear, and halting at a respectful distance from the walls, we snatch a hasty



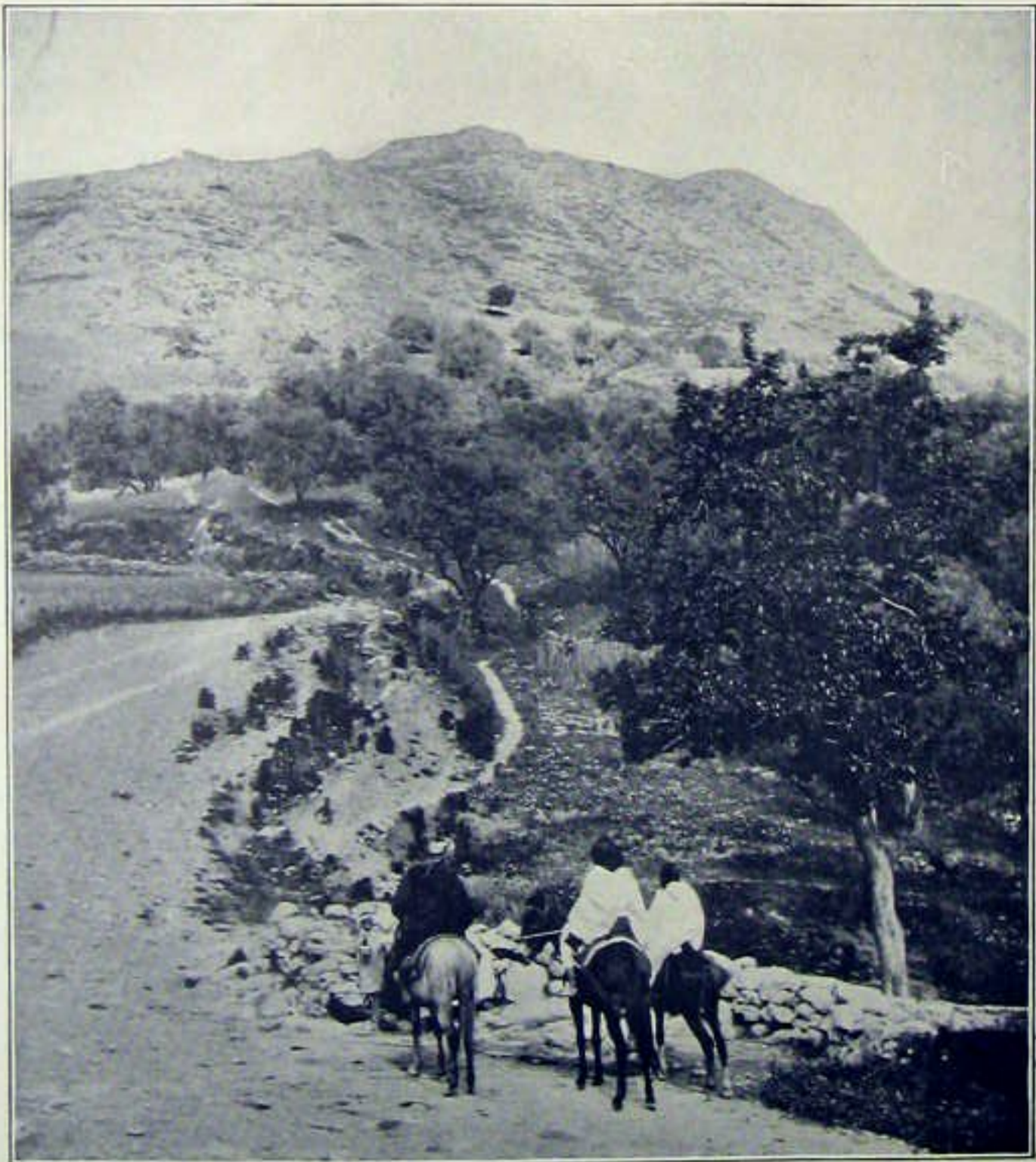
"A FAINT LINE OF WALLS AND TOWERS"



Photograph by Nelson Ludington Barnes

"AT ITS GATES, NO RAILWAYS—NO ROADS—"

luncheon before entering the gates of Fez ; and this luncheon is the last incident of our delightful journey into Morocco. We have been eleven long days in the saddle. We recall the departure from Tangier, the nights in camp near Berber villages, the passing glimpse of the city of Alcazar-el-Kebir, and the visit to Morocco's greatest saint, the Shareef of Wazzan ; nor can we forget the great sun-flooded land, bright with the colors of a million-million flowers, across which our little caravan has struggled at a snail-like pace, crawling scarce twenty miles between the rising and the setting of the sun.



" THE SUN-FLOODED LAND "

Still with us are the Faithful Five—the five men who formed our escort, the men to whom we looked for comfort, willing service, and protection. There is Kaid Lharbi, the military guard, under his broad-brimmed hat; and as for the dragoman-in-chief, who can forget the smiling face of Haj Abd-er-Rahman? A marvel of tact and cleverness was "Haj," but though he has successfully piloted our fleet of mules and horses, with their cargoes of tents, furniture, provisions, cameras, and presents, across trackless expanses where the only law is the Law of Might, he may well assume an anxious expression as we approach the gates of Fez; for there his task will be even more difficult. Instead of the lawless, but simple-minded, easily-won people of the plains, he will now have to deal with city men, men of strong anti-Christian prejudices, with the proud, ignorant, fanatical,

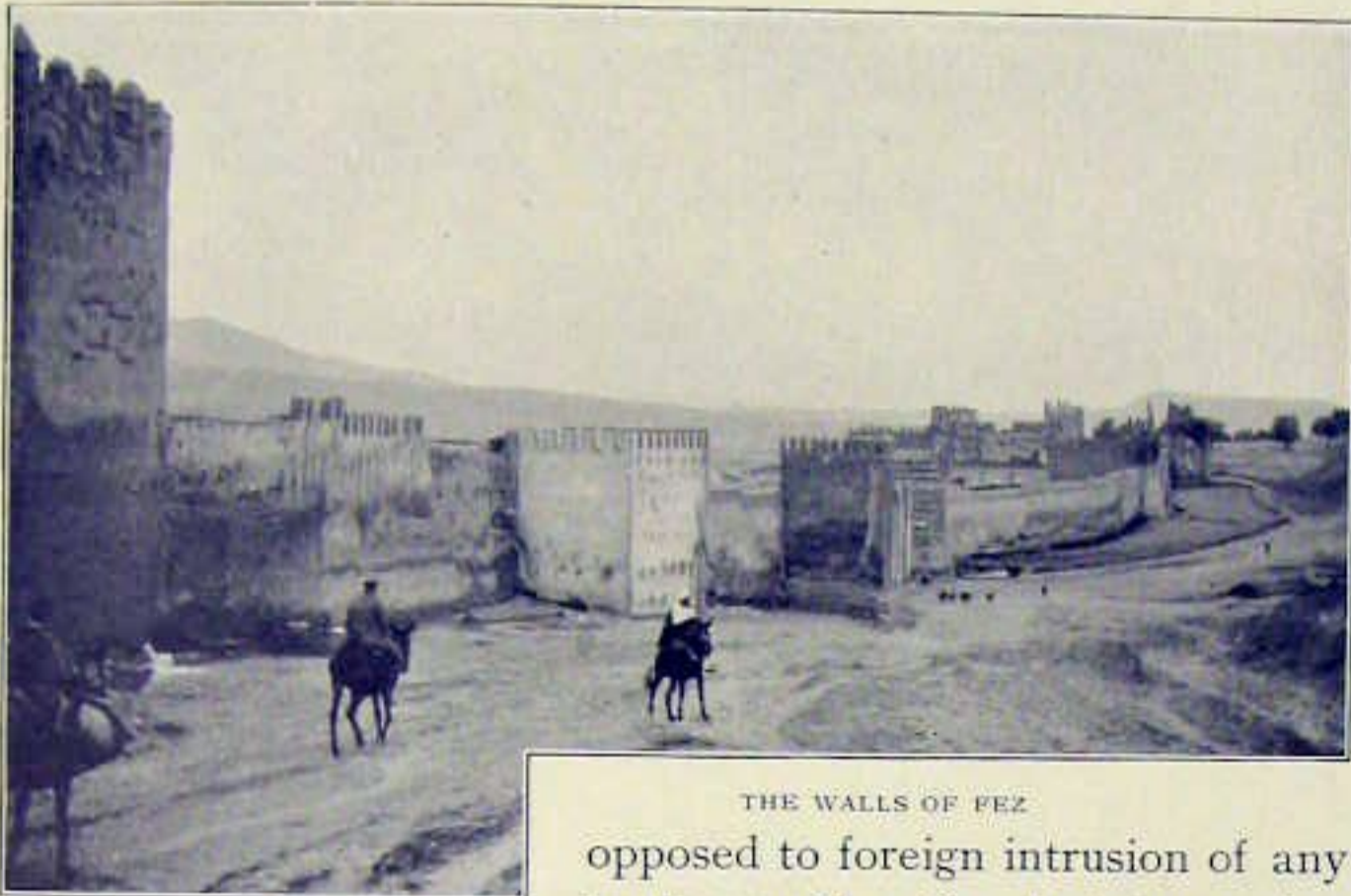
"WHO CAN FORGET THE SMILING FACE OF HAJ?"

and cunning population of this untaken stronghold of Mohammed's faith. We shall be met at every turn by a polite resistance, and although our letters, obtained in Tangier from the Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs, assure us official protection, we shall be given to understand that we are not welcome visitors, and that our sojourn must be made as short as possible.

The surroundings are so smiling and peaceful that we can scarcely realize that yonder city is one of the most fanatical, one of the most rigidly

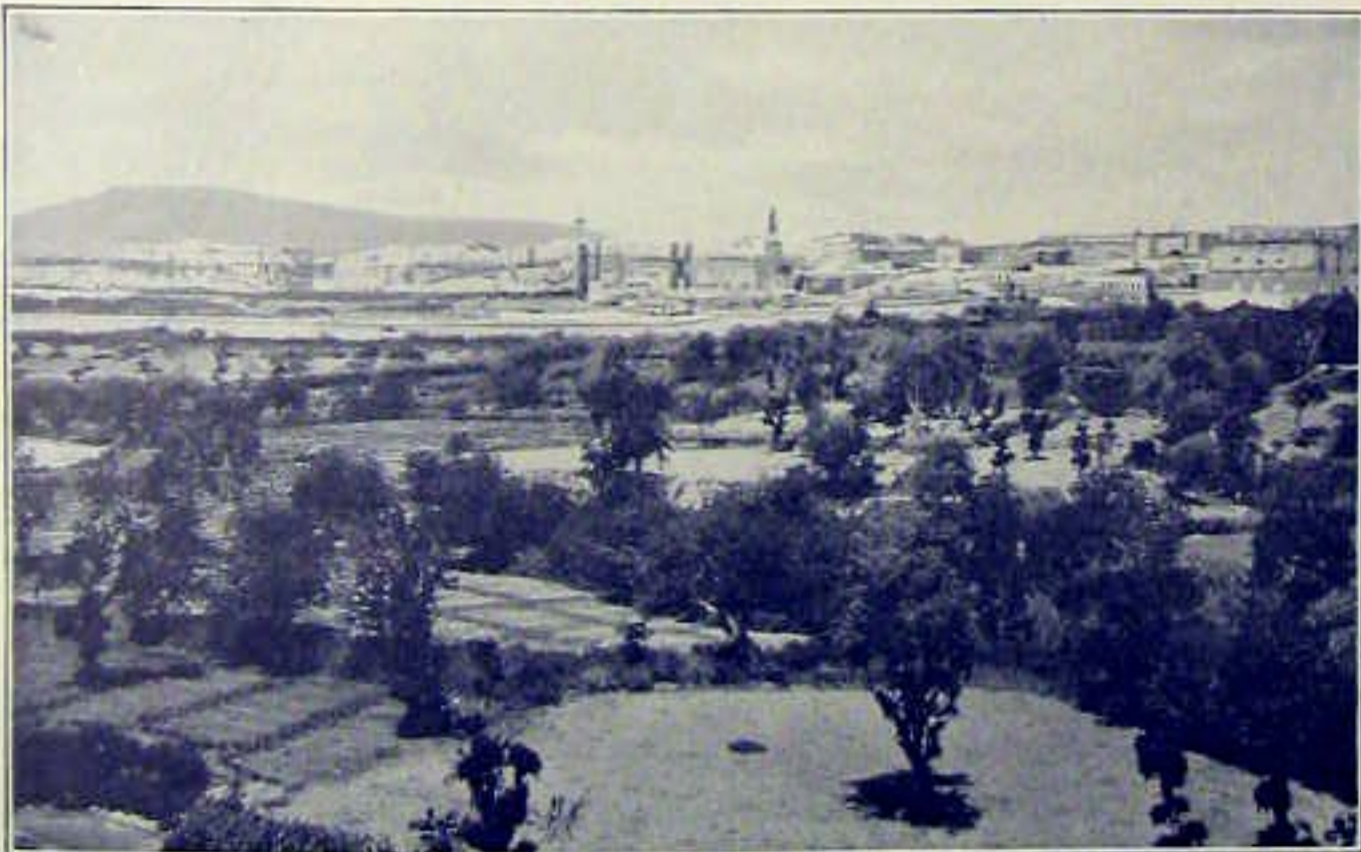


KAID LHARBI



THE WALLS OF FEZ

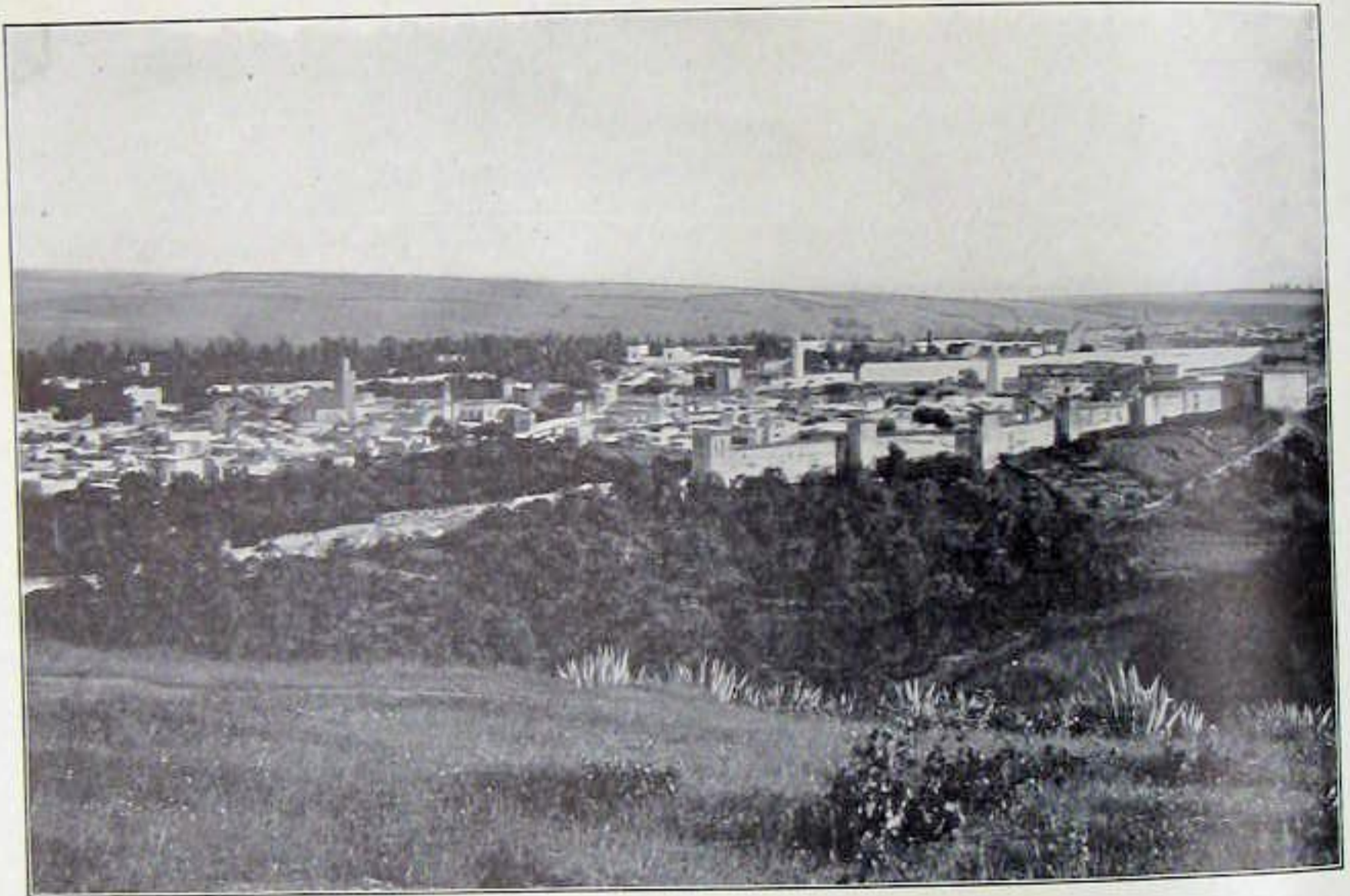
opposed to foreign intrusion of any in the world. Our first impression is that Fez lies on a level plain ; but we find this is not true, for it is spread out on the slopes of an irregular valley. Another view than our first will tell us more of the situation of the place. I must confess, however, that although my bump of locality is fairly well developed, I found the situation of Fez most difficult clearly to understand, and it was



THE WESTERNMOST STRONGHOLD OF MOHAMMED'S FAITH

only after repeated excursions to the surrounding eminences that I was able to map out mentally the various quarters of the town. That there are two great divisions, each almost independent of the other, we very soon discover.

First, there is the Imperial and official quarter, where the palaces and gardens of the Sultan and the buildings of the government are scattered over uncounted acres of high-



" FASS-EL-DJEDID "

walled areas. In native speech, this quarter is called Fass-el-Djedid ; that is, " Fez, the new, " for it is new when measured by the age of Fass-Bali, or Old Fez, which soon reveals itself to us, lying in a hollow to the left of Fass-el-Djedid. This is the *medina*, or city proper, wherein are situated the most sacred mosques, the busiest bazaars, the dwellings of the poorer classes, and the modest Vice-Consulates of only two or three European nations. Between the animated Medina,—a mass of closely packed cubes of white, appearing

when viewed from a distance like a saucer filled with sugar lumps,—and the spacious, stately governmental quarter, lies what is called the garden region.

This portion of the city in part resembles a well-cultivated farming region, open and free of access; in part it is like a labyrinth of narrow high-walled alleys, dividing, with their double barriers of stone and plaster, one mysterious garden from another, isolating the secret retreat of one aristocratic Moor from the perfumed inclosure in which the harem of another is confined. A veritable abode of mystery and beauty is that distant portion of the garden region, a paradise to which the stranger is not welcomed. Nor will the stranger be *persona grata* in any part of Fez if the reports of other travelers are true. Surely, it will be a luxury to be despised by an entire population, and despised because we are that which we are most proud to be, champions of progress, lovers of civilization. And ready to meet the contempt of Allah's

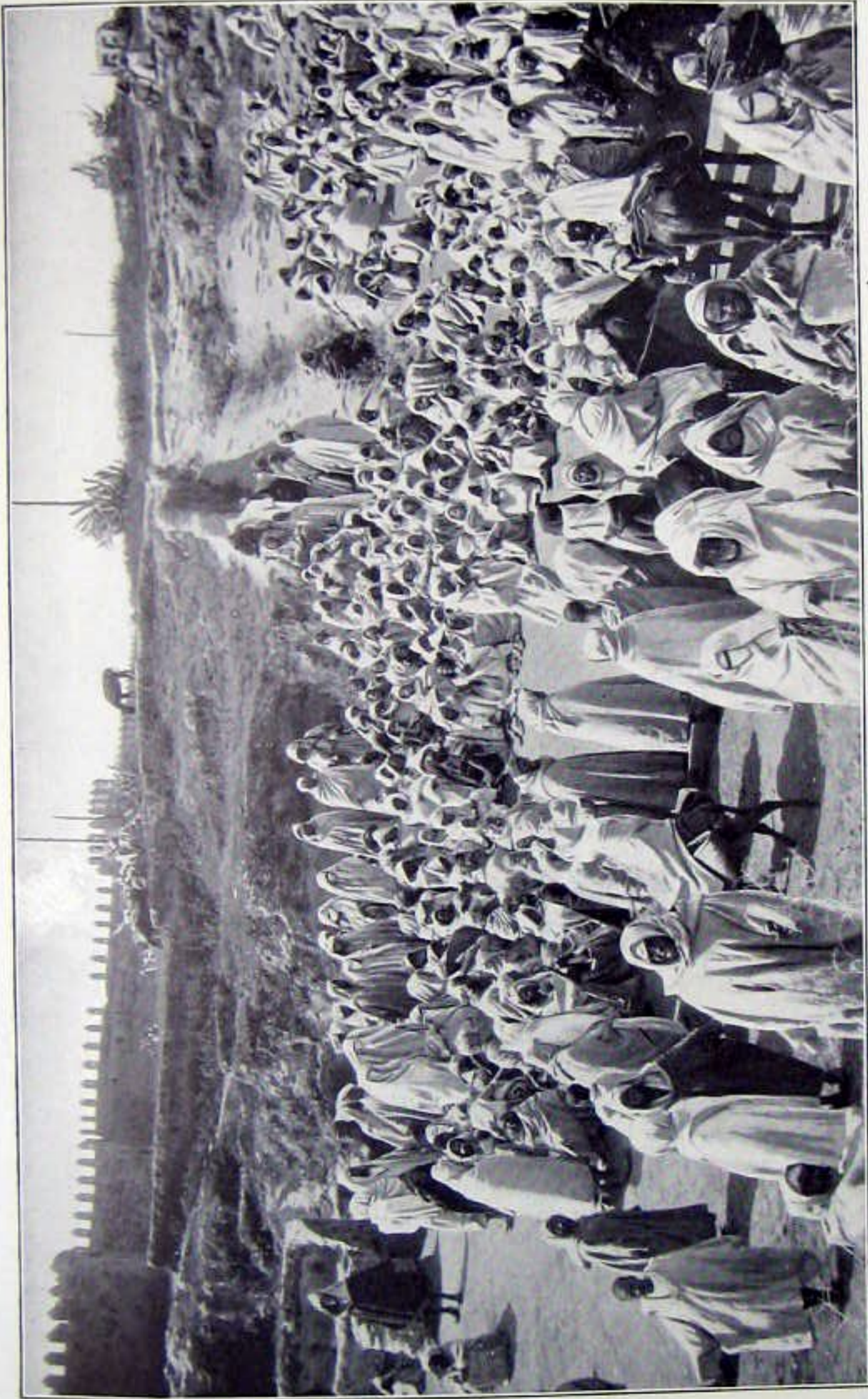


" FASS-BALI "

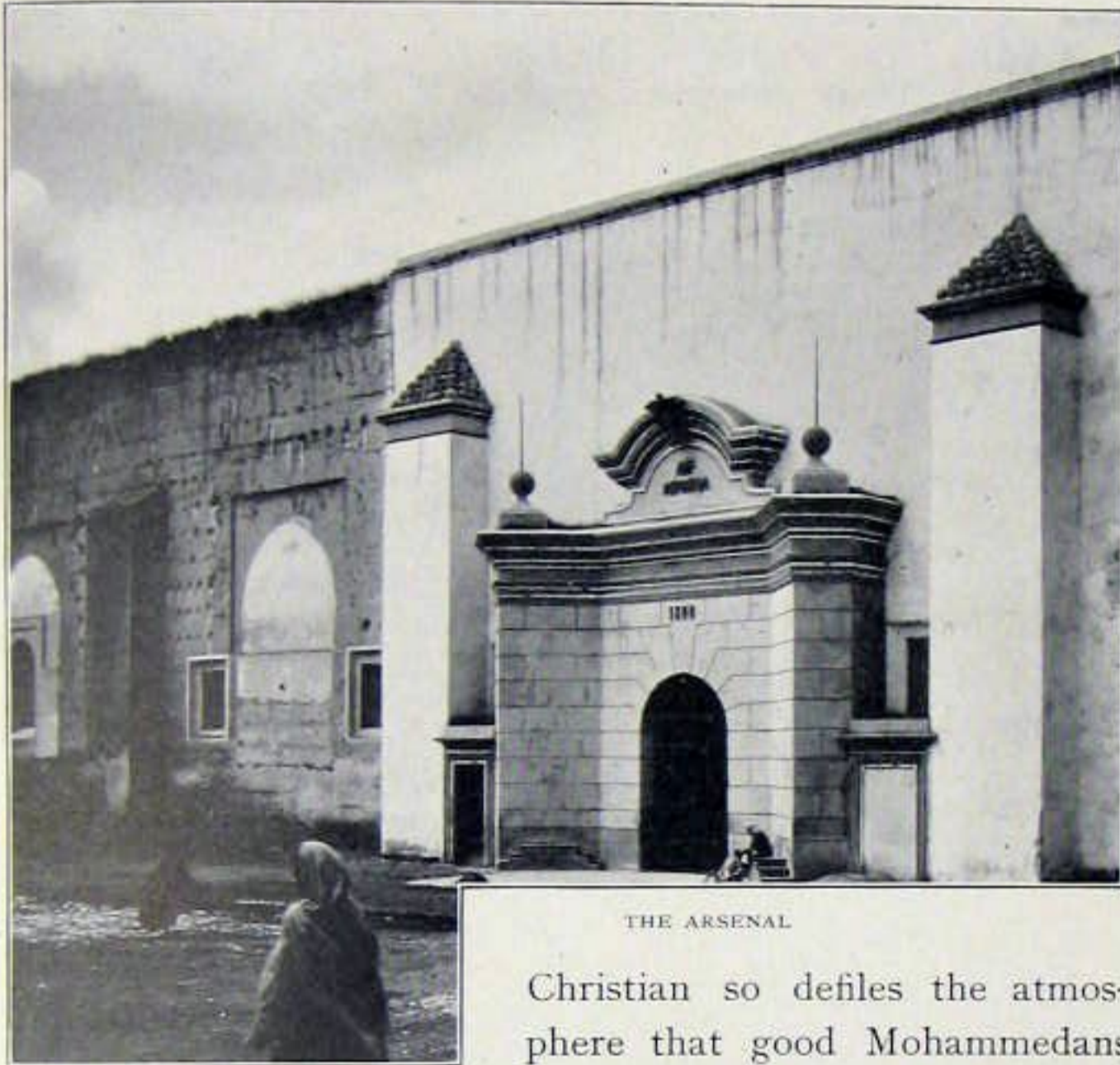


THE GATE OF NEW FEZ

people, we approach this city. Near the ruined walls we see a multitude of whitish forms, now immobile, now swayed as by emotion. It is an audience composed of men of Fez, gathered in a sort of natural theater to listen to the dramatic tale of a famous story-teller. In ages that are past the white-robed Greeks came forth from Athens and sat thus in the shadow of the old Acropolis to listen to the stories of dramatists and poets whose fame the whole world now knows. And because of its suggestion of those ancient gatherings, this assembly takes on a dignity and an importance in our eyes. Our coming causes a diversion; spectators drop the thread of the speaker's discourse, and turn toward us with a scowling curiosity. There are no greetings, not a smile, but we are not conscious of any open rudeness, save that now and then as we ride through the crowd, we notice that men clear their throats and spit; this, however, we expected, for we knew that the presence of a



A MULTITUDE OF SHROUDED FASSIS



THE ARSENAL

Christian so defiles the atmosphere that good Mohammedans must needs cleanse their mouths and nostrils after he has passed.

And now one of the great gates of New Fez looms before us. We enter. For a moment a dampness like that of a tunnel wraps its cool refreshing blackness about us, and then we emerge into a spacious age-worn court, which shows us that the adjective "new" applied to this strange, almost deserted quarter has only a comparative significance. There is in the entire city nothing that is really new. And yet this is not strictly true, for on our right we see a gateway freshly plastered, freshly painted in pale blue, with piles of cannon balls upon the top of its pilasters. It is the recently established arsenal of the Sultan. For the Sultan, though averse to progress and to civilization, has not hesitated to adopt that

which is most barbarous in our science,— the modern methods of destruction; and here he manufactures death-dealing instruments like those invented by the Christians. We traverse the long, almost deserted square, and cross



" FEZ — IN ALL ITS DILAPIDATED REALITY "

the threshold of another gate. We find ourselves in a tortuous, vaulted corridor, divided into gloomy sections by huge horseshoe arches. These gates of Fez are surely not designed to facilitate urban circulation, rather are they designed, in case of need, to prevent or at least to impede the rapid gathering of crowds in the great areas around the imperial palace—to isolate the various precincts of the city in case of revolution.

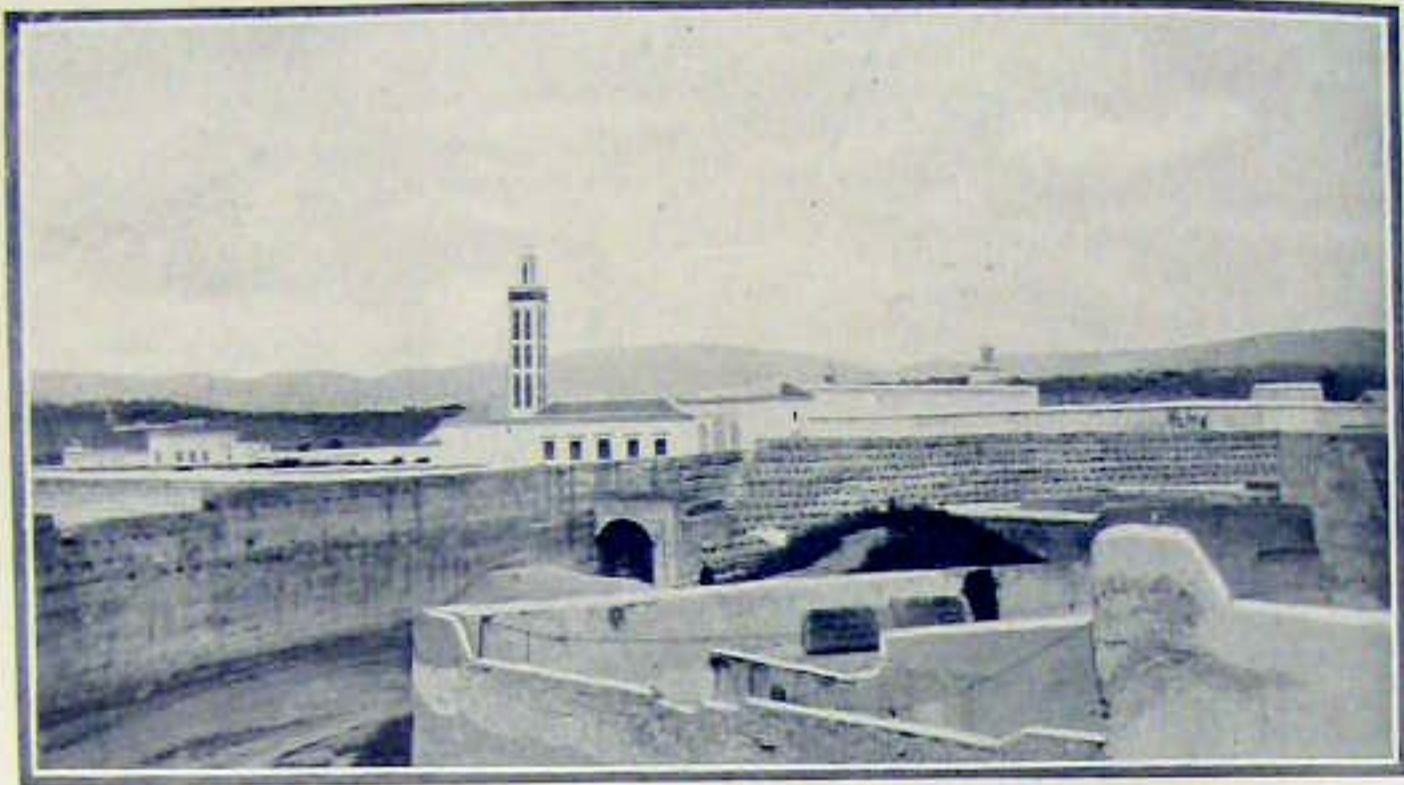
As we pass onward, veiled women observe us with a silent wonder, a few men pause to clear their throats or sneer, a holy beggar crouching in an angle howls after us his incoherent

curse. While my horse passes close to one of these ruined pillars, I involuntarily extend my hand and touch the crumbling brick, as if to be assured that all this is not an illusion; that Fez, the city of our dream, does actually exist in all its dilapidated reality; that at last the object of our journey into Morocco has been attained; that our arrival in the Sultan's city is an accomplished fact. Then, followed by our caravan, we pass from under these ponderous arches and enter another court, smaller but not less strange than the first. Here, moving to and fro are a few white-robed beings; but so silently do they stalk along, seemingly unconscious of our presence, that we feel as if we had entered a city of the dead, inhabited only by sheeted ghosts. Already we feel as if the shroud of Islam were being slowly wrapped about us. To the left rise the walls which hide from view the seraglios and palaces of Mulai El-Hasan III, the Sultan; to the right are other walls, concealing we know not what mysterious buildings — vast abandoned structures which the stranger never sees.

The Sultans have been reckless builders. We are told that the father of Mulai El-Hasan began, long years ago, a palace which was designed to be the largest in the world. The walls of one room only were erected, and this room was never even cov-



IN THE GATES



A STOLEN GLIMPSE OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE

ered by a roof. It forms to-day one of the most extensive public squares of Fez, measuring three hundred by nine hundred feet. How the old architects would have solved the problem of arching this huge empty space, it is impossible to guess.

This is but one of the long series of abandoned squares

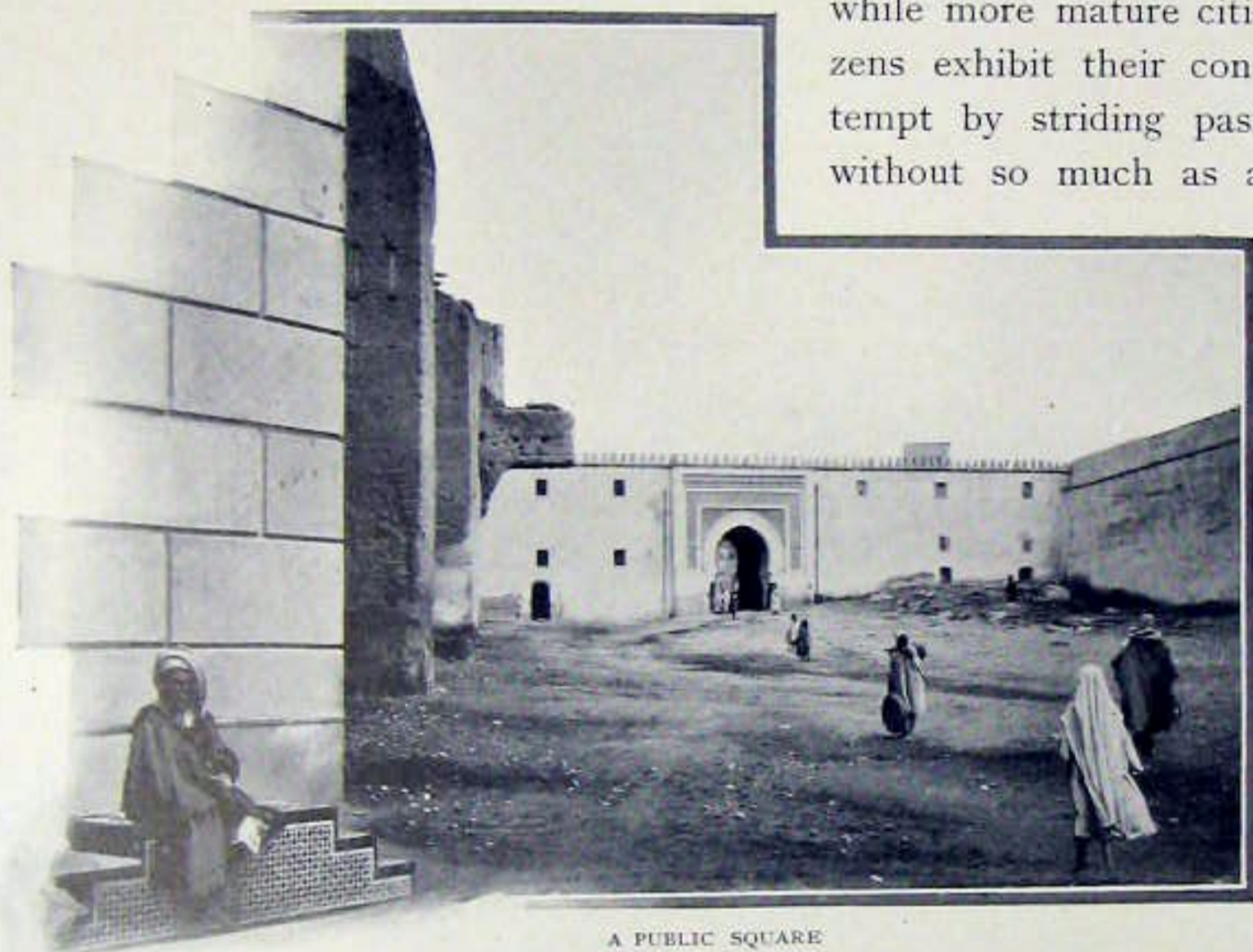


" THE EMPTY SPACIOUSNESS OF NEW FEZ "

and public places across which our escort conducts us, each separated from another by crumbling walls, pierced by artistic Moorish archways. Before reaching the city proper, we pass through a dozen or more of these arched portals, so ruinous, many of them, that they appear about to fall and crush us beneath tons of cent-

ury-old masonry. I should but weary you were I to describe our progress in detail; suffice it to repeat that before we reach Old Fez we pass through many gates and traverse interminable, broad, deserted alleys leading between high, crumbling, battlemented walls, where we are stared at, muttered at, scowled at, by the shaven-pated youth of Fez,

while more mature citizens exhibit their contempt by striding past without so much as a



A PUBLIC SQUARE

look. It argues an immense amount of self-control to refrain from gazing on such an unusual spectacle as our caravan presented, simply because we were not true believers. Nevertheless, there were few among the better dressed men whom we met, who did not march severely by, nose in air, eyes front, denying themselves the satisfaction of an interested stare, because an initial glance had assured them that we were "unclean Christians." Though I confess that this reproach, owing to our ten days' travel overland, and to the scarcity of water in Morocco, was

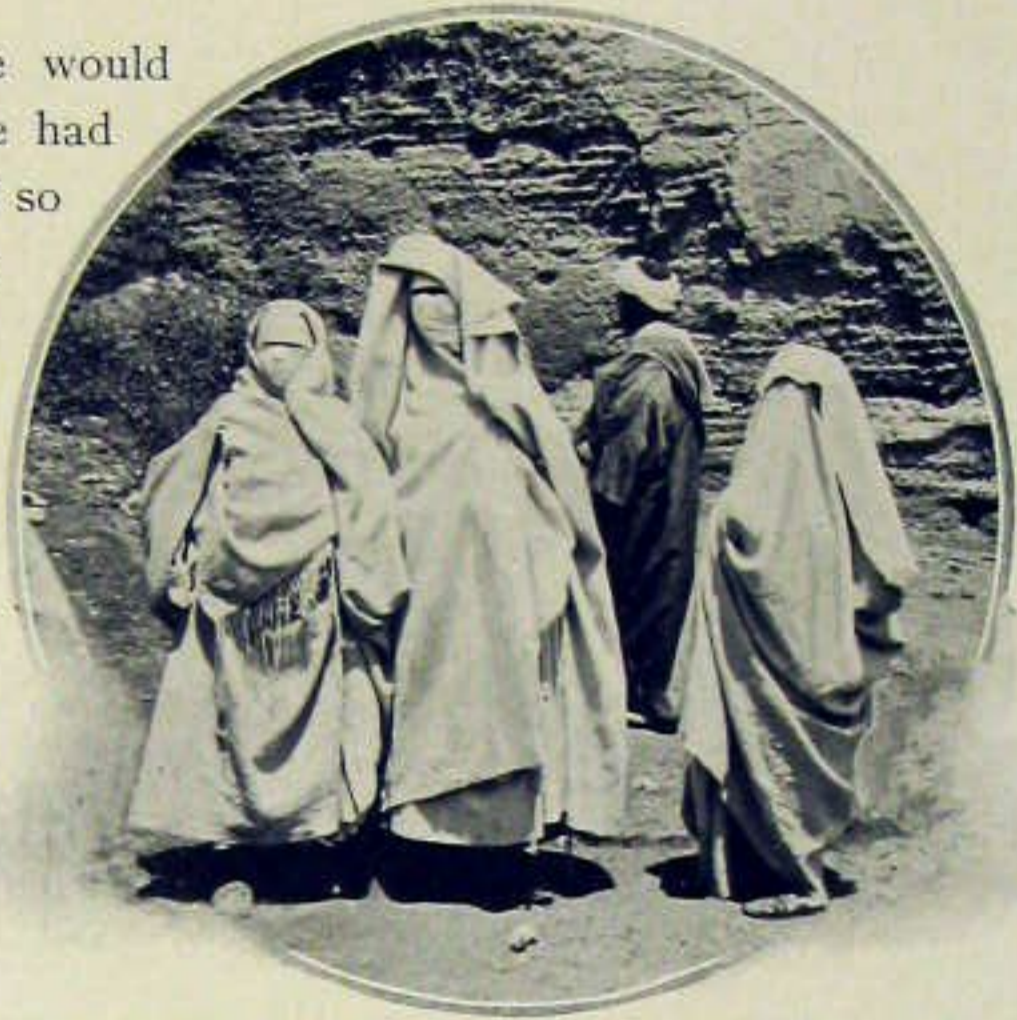
only too well founded, yet we found it consoling to notice convincing proofs that many of the true believers were also without the virtue that is next to godliness. Moreover, we intended to reform as soon as we could find a home, while no such admirable intentions can be credited to those who reviled us.

But as for the ladies we encountered — bless their feminine souls! — with them, womanly curiosity proved stronger than religious prejudice. They frankly halted, turned their pretty faces toward us and gazed up smilingly at the arriving travelers. We must admit, however, that they had the advantage of us; we were compelled to take for granted both the prettiness and smiles, and it was pleasanter to do so; moreover, there was nothing else to do. Still, the features of her who paused on the left, as vaguely molded by the masking haik, were not of



"STARED AT, MUTTERED AT, SCOWLED AT"

Grecian purity. She would have charmed us more had she not drawn her veil so tight. On the right an older woman was more discreet; like the wise Katisha she believed that it is not alone in the face that beauty is to be sought, so she sparingly displayed her charms, revealing only a left heel which peo-



"WOMANLY CURIOSITY STRONGER THAN RELIGIOUS PREJUDICE"

ple may have come many miles to see. The fair one in the middle bares her face in most immodest fashion: through an opening at least three quarters of an inch in width two pretty eyes of black are flaming; and, indeed, it may be set down as an almost invariable rule that the wider the opening 'twixt veil and haik, the prettier the eyes that flash between.

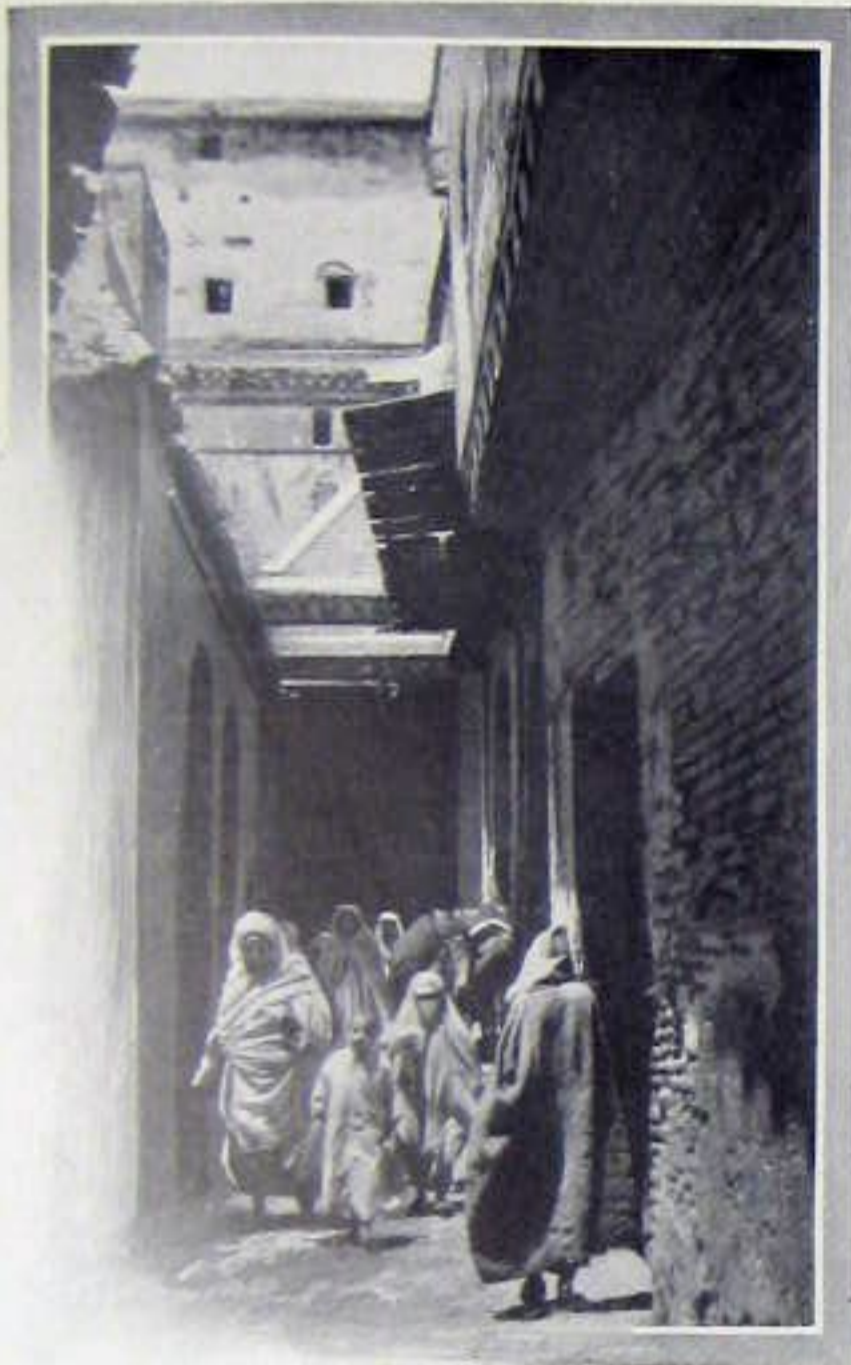
With maledictions on the prevailing style of dress for Moorish beauties, we ride on, passing finally from the empty spaciousness of New Fez into the crowded compactness of the old Medina. Here our pace, always slow, must be made even slower; our caravan winds at a careful walk into a labyrinth of narrow ways, so dark, so crowded, so redolent of Oriental life, so saturated with the atmosphere of Islam and the East, that we are thrilled with pleasure at the thought that we are for a space to become dwellers in this strange metropolis and to live its life—a life so utterly unrelated to that of the cities whence we come.



"THE CROWDED COMPACTNESS OF THE OLD MEDINA"

First we must secure an abiding-place, for there are no hotels in Fez—at least none in which foreigners could live and remain in possession of their self-respect and sanity. The only places of public entertainment are the Fondaks, where men and mules are lodged and fed. A glance through the door of the Fondak, where our own faithful animals were later in the day entered as boarders for an indefinite period, proved how utterly preposterous it would be for us to depend upon the hotel resources of the capital. Although the packs have been removed, the pack-saddles, each a burden in itself, have not been taken off nor will they be until to-morrow for fear the animals uncovered while heated from exertion might catch cold, fall sick, and die. In fact, the mules have not been free from these cruel weights at any time during the journey of eleven days. Why the idea of suicide does not appeal to the Morocco mule is but another of the unaccountable problems of the land.

Convinced that hotel-life in Fez has no attraction for us, we follow Haj toward the palace of the Governor, where,



"A LABYRINTH
OF NARROW WAYS"

thanks to our official letters, we expect to find that ample provisions for our comfort have been made. We halt at last before an unpromising door, in a deep and narrow street. The palace of the Basha is not extremely imposing in its exterior, but we know that in Morocco bare outer walls often hide undreamed-of splendor, and that dirty, dingy streets may surround pavilions and gardens of unsuspected beauty. Therefore it is with confidence that we in-

trust our letters, long, beautifully written documents in Arabic, to the attendant at the door. He disappears; we wait; he remains out of sight; we continue to wait.

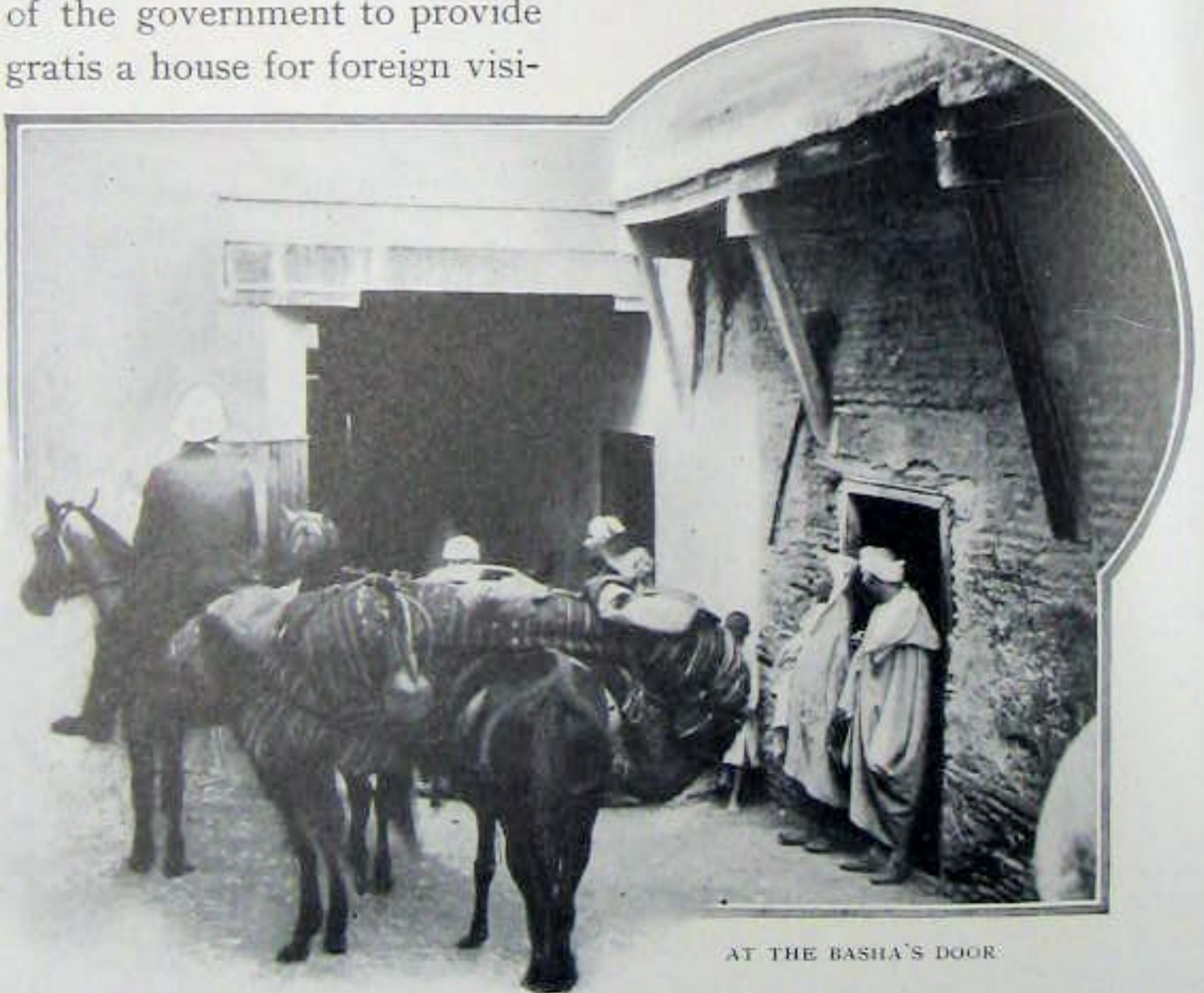
For three long, mortal hours this



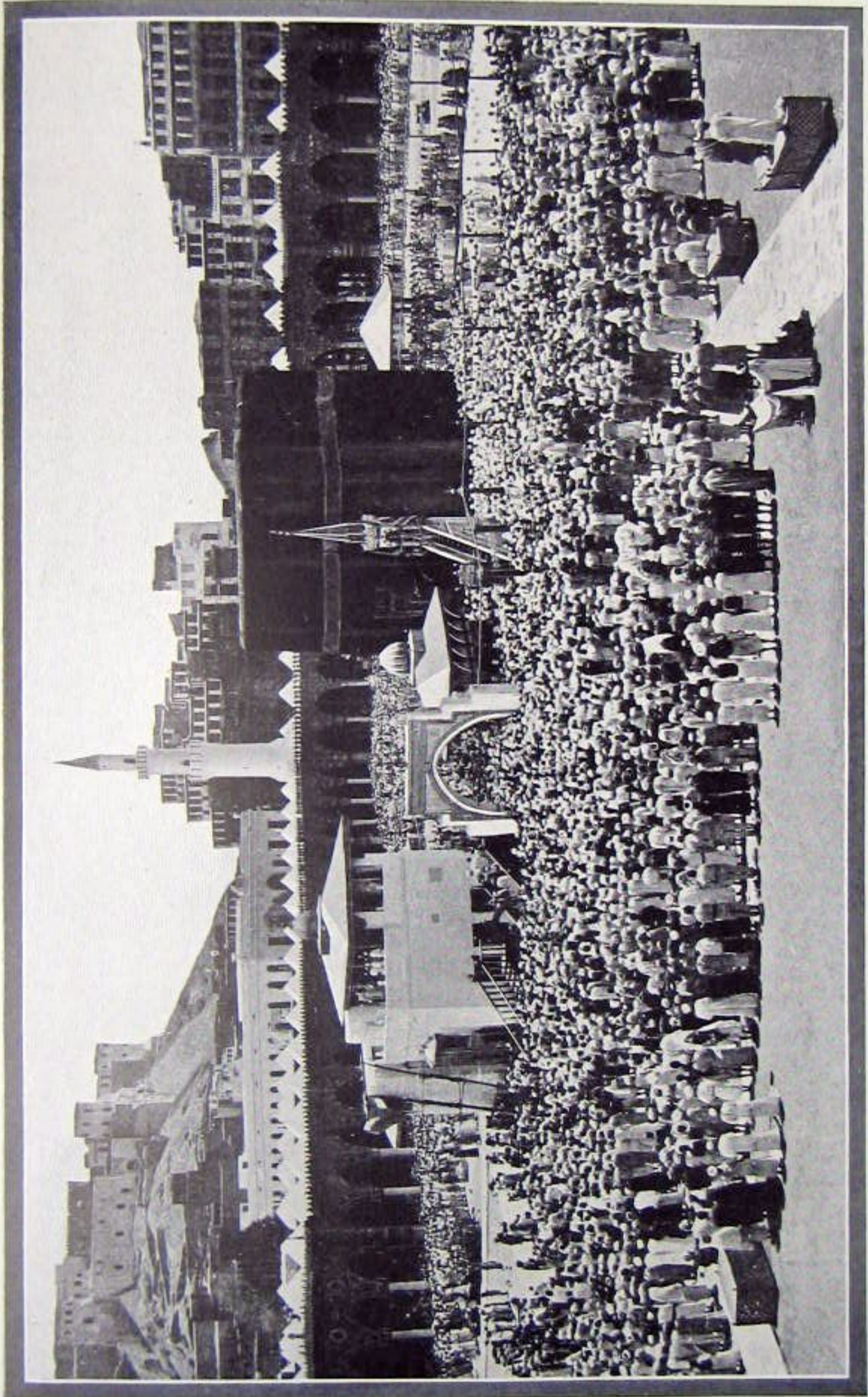
THE BEST "HOTEL" IN FEZ

endures. Evidently the Basha is deliberating deeply upon the proper disposition of his unwelcome visitors. Now and then an official comes out to look us over, but nothing is done. Soldiers and servants are sent away on errands, and seem never to return. We sit, meanwhile, mute protests at the door. Knowing our helplessness, we curb our anger and impatience, and endeavor to conceal our weariness from the scornful citizens who pass with haughty sneers, happy to see two Christians awaiting the Basha's pleasure.

At last a servant comes with a reply. On receiving it, Haj flies into a passion, and orders the caravan to follow him, and away we file through the crowded streets, Haj gesticulating wildly and shouting loud enough for all to hear that the Basha has attempted to extort money from the foreign visitors, who are great lords, whereas he is bound by instructions from the Minister at Tangier to lodge them at the expense of the city. And this is true; it is the policy of the government to provide gratis a house for foreign visi-



AT THE BASHA'S DOOR.



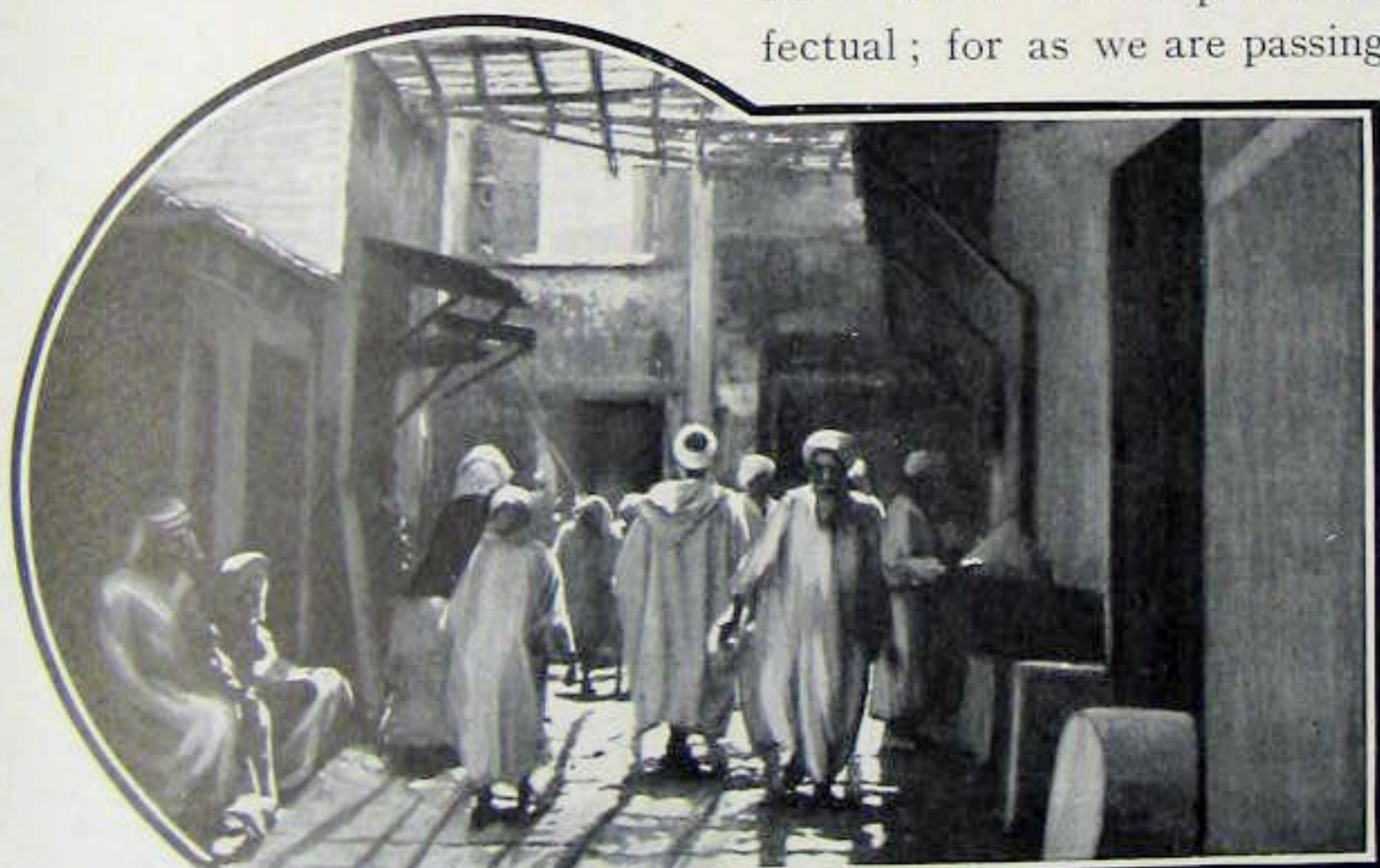
From a unique photograph by an anonymous Algerian pilgrim

MECCA, THE HEART OF ISLAM

tors to Fez. This policy is prompted not by a generous spirit of hospitality, but by a desire to control the movements of the strangers. It is feared that if the foreigner is permitted to pay rental for his house, he may in some way establish a vague right to occupy it longer than is consistent with the desires of the government. This might prove awkward and lead to complications. It is much simpler to make the foreigner a guest, who cannot refuse to move on when politely notified that his abode is needed for another visitor.

In our case, however, the Basha has demanded payment for the house, and Haj, knowing well how to deal with this emergency, is leading us with ostentatious indignation toward the city gates, breathing as he rides loud threats that he will report our treatment to our friend, the Moorish Minister of Foreign Affairs, and declaring that we will, meantime, pitch our camp outside the walls, and hold the Governor responsible by any injury suffered at the hands of prowling robbers.

His shrewd tactics prove effectual; for as we are passing



MYSTERY-PERVADED STREETS



THE SUNNY ALLEYS OF THE GARDEN REGION

cracks in the old masonry. We know not whither we are being led; we scarcely dare hope that we shall be permitted to abide in this delightful residential region, and we fear that some abandoned house will be made to serve us as a semi-prison. And soon it seems that our worst fears are to be realized, for although the caravan is halted in the garden region, it is in the dingiest and narrowest of its streets, before the lowest and the darkest of its doors.

When Pierre Loti came to Fez and saw for the first time the entrance to his house, he immediately exclaimed: "But this is not a human habitation! One might be pardoned for thinking it the entrance to a rabbit hutch; and even then they must be very poor rabbits to live in such a place."

through one of the pretty alleys of the Garden Region, we are overtaken by servants of the Governor. Repentant, he has sent them with the keys of a villa that he has assigned to us. We follow the Governor's retainers toward the heart of the aristocratic quarter, through a perplexing labyrinth of sun-flooded alleys, where the redundant vegetation of the silent, surrounding gardens overflows the skyline, or bursts through

The door of our promised abode looks like the outlet of a sewer or the entrance to a pig-sty. And Haj, who has buoyed up our hopes with descriptions of the palace we were soon to occupy in Fez, receives reproachful glances. We fear his "palaces" no more deserve their name than did his "forests" and his "lakes" and "rivers," for to him a clump of half a



"IN THE NARROWEST AND DINGIEST STREET"

dozen trees was a "*forêt magnifique!*" a muddy pool

"*un lac superbe,*" and a slimy streamlet, "*une rivière claire et belle.*" And now his "*palais splendide*" bids fair to be — a dirty prison.

But the arrival of our pack-mules leaves us no



"THE LOWEST, DARKEST DOOR"

time for reproaches or complaints. The caravan completely blocks the circulation of the neighborhood. The pack-mules, too broadly loaded, get stuck fast in the narrow street, and we are compelled to back them out and discharge the cargoes at a neighboring street-intersection. Our folding beds and chairs, our gaily-colored rugs and cushions, our kitchen outfit, and our photographic kit are heaped up in the public

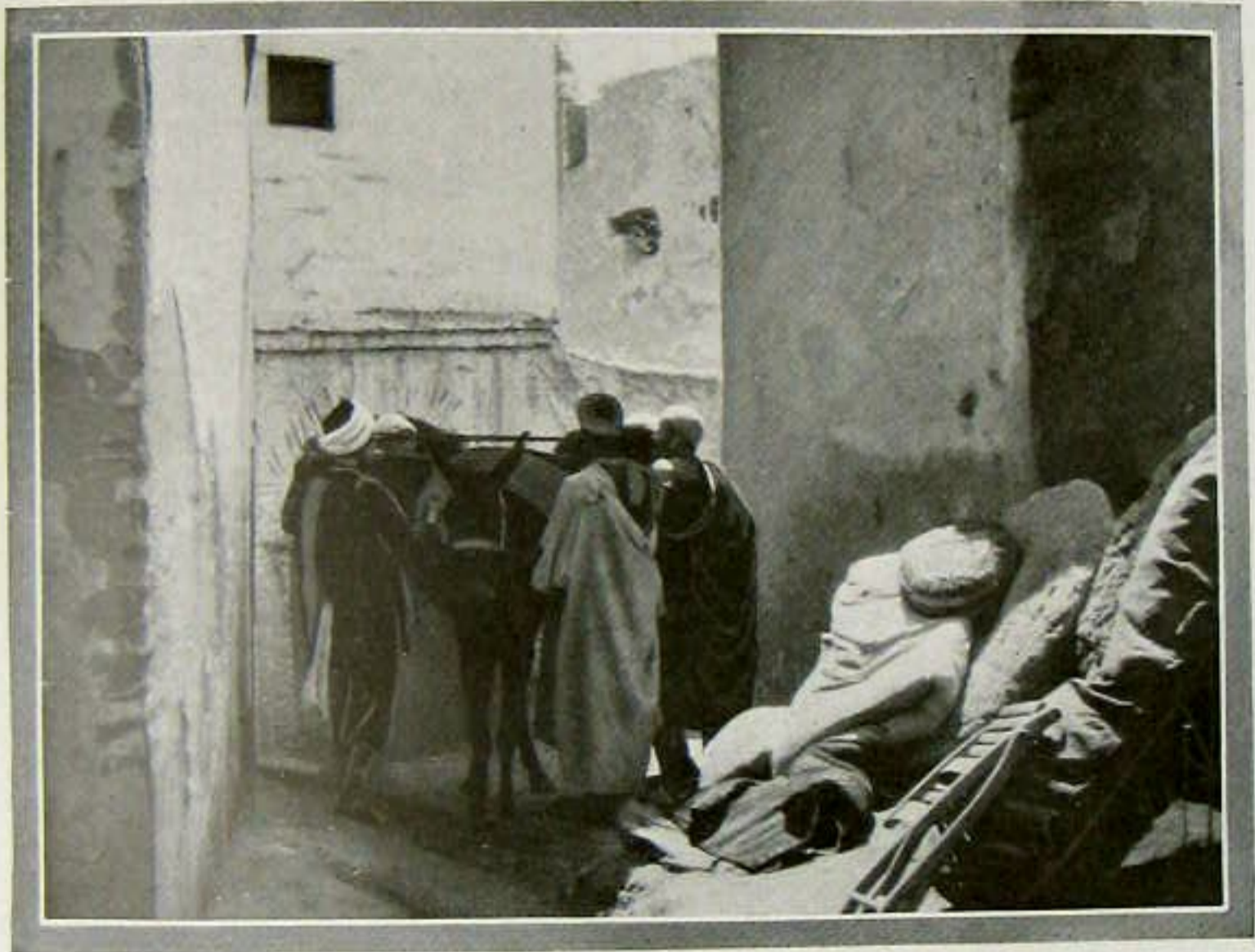


BETWEEN SILENT GARDENS

thoroughfare, pending the disappearance of the animals. But happily, owing to the blockade, there are no passers-by; else the major portion of our goods might also disappear. A sound of rushing water fills the air, for one of the rapid canals that irrigate the gardens and turn the flour-mills of Fez, here flows beneath the street. It makes a music very grateful to the ears of those who are new come from the torrid prairies of the provinces. Truly, it will be pleasant to rest for a few days and listen to that music, no matter how

distasteful our abode may prove to be. Let us, then, with resignation crawl through our dingy door and make ourselves at home.

Accordingly, we stoopingly grope through a low dark passage, then — stand erect and gasp with pleasure! Aladdin, when for the first time he rubbed the magic lamp, could not have been more thoroughly delighted or surprised. Before



"DISCHARGING CARGO"

us is a dainty villa, snowy white ; around it a delicious garden, more than an acre in extent. The fact that everything is purely Moorish, that no hint of European occupation can be seen, and the conviction that our home differs in no important detail from the dwellings of our aristocratic neighbors, gives added charm to our abode, added delight to the thought of sojourn here in this exotic atmosphere. It is resolved that we shall occupy the upper story, that our men shall find lodgings in the lower rooms, while for the noonday nap, the



PACK-MULES STUCK FAST BETWEEN THE WALLS

promenade, or a quiet hour with a book, our pretty garden offers us

its shady depths.

It is redolent with

the perfume of or-

ange-blossoms and

jasmine. Beneath

the leafy branches

of the lemon and

pomegranate, fig-

and olive-trees,

there is even at

noon a coolness

as of evening.

The hum of in-

sects, the subdued

roar of tumbling

waters in the ad-

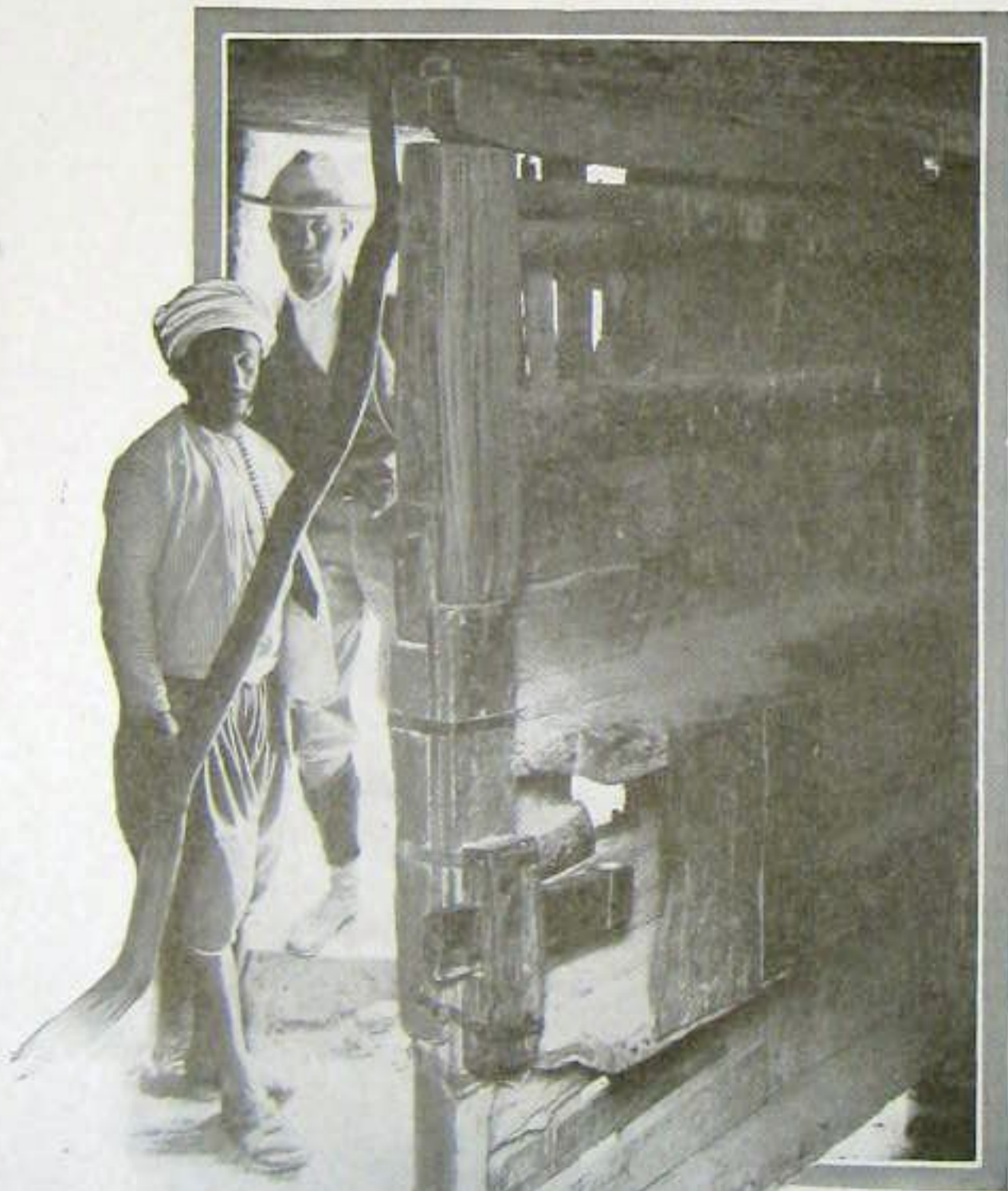
jacent garden, and

the trickling mur-

mur of tiny canals

fill the air with a

restful symphony.



OUR
FRONT DOOR

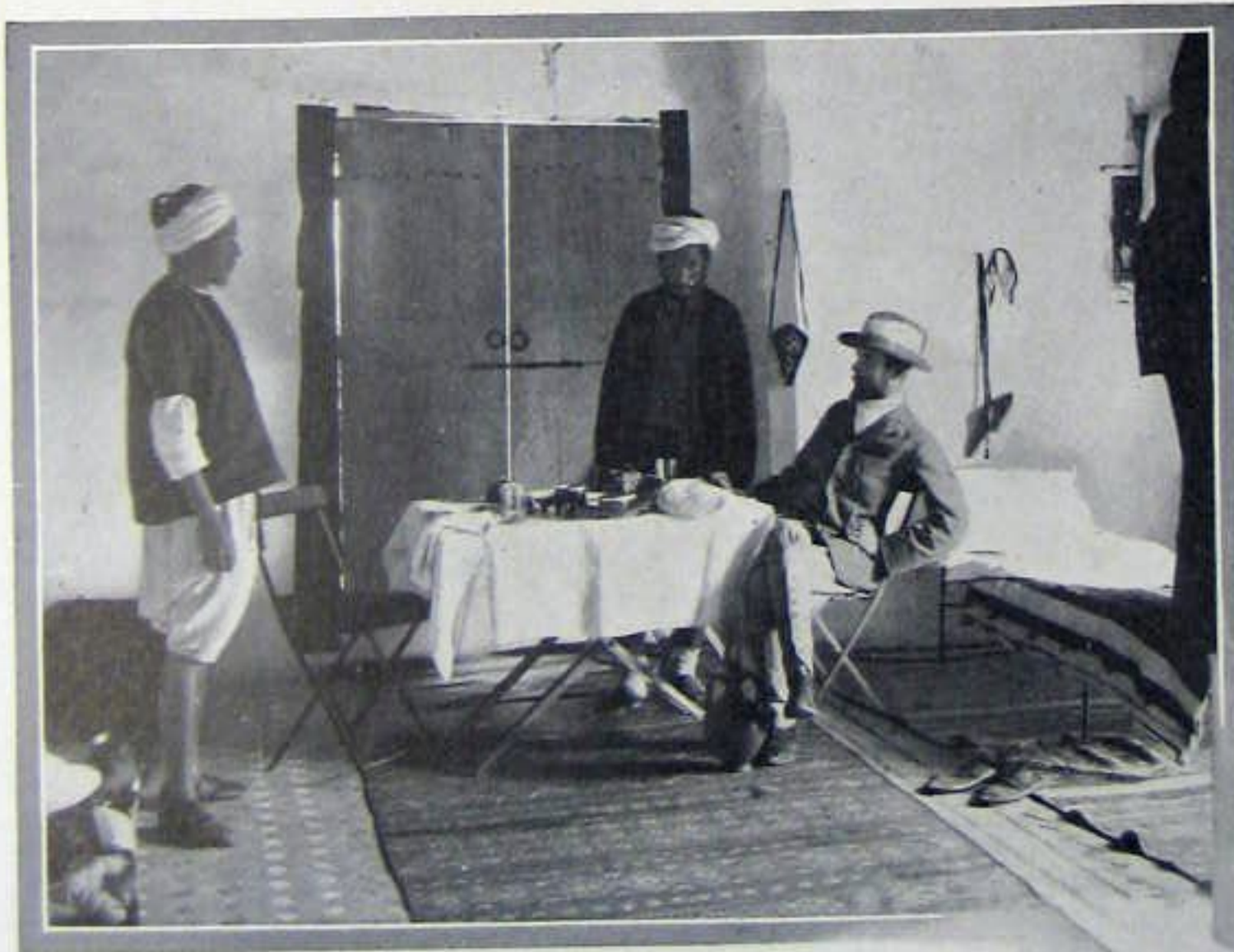


OUR VILLA



OUR MOORISH GARDEN

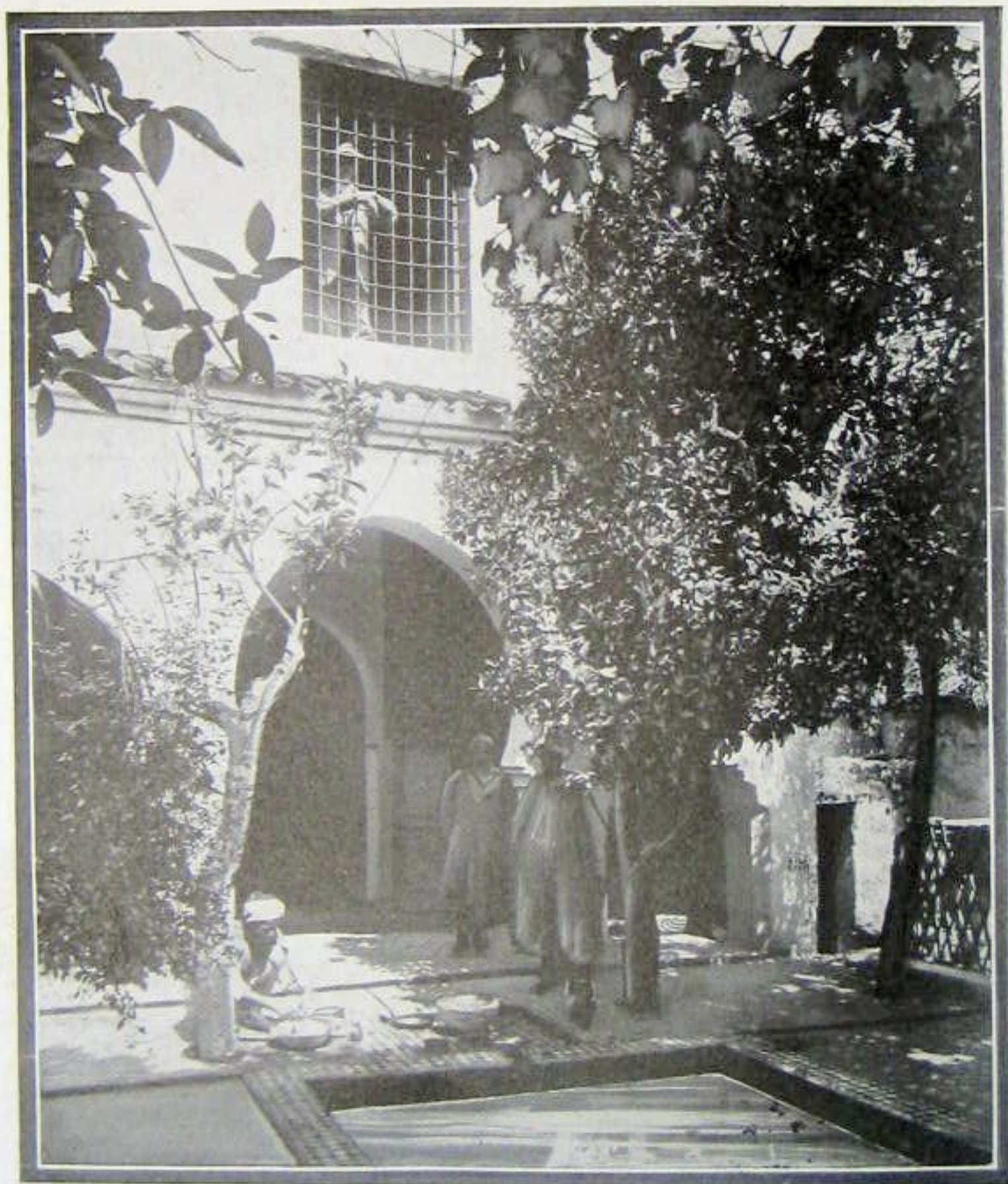
We have forgotten the rudeness of our welcome; we have shut out the grim, hostile city; we are at last at home in Fez. We are as safe as if shut up in jail. In fact, like all foreign visitors, we, too, must record among our sensations that of being prisoners while within the walls of Fez; but we are very willing prisoners, and when the hour of dinner is



AT HOME IN FEZ

announced, we cheerfully climb the tiny spiral stairway to our roomy cell, and with this first meal begin the routine of our daily home life in the Sultan's city.

We have simply pitched camp in the great upper chamber of the house, spread out the rugs, set up the beds, the chairs, and tables, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible. The windows are merely huge openings in the wall, unglazed, with metal bars and heavy wooden shutters. The floor is neatly tiled, the walls are whitewashed, and the ceiling is of



WILLING PRISONERS

wood. Our five attendants have taken possession of the lower floor. There also Haj has installed his little cuisine, and is industriously encouraging a tiny



HAJ'S CUISINE

charcoal fire with a fan. Sitting near, intently observing his culinary operations, is a young Jewish woman, who brought a recommendation from the British Vice-Consul, and was engaged to act as maid-of-all-work, to help five helpless men



THE JEWISH MAID-OF-ALL-WORK

to bring order and comfort out of the chaos that reigns here on the day of our arrival. That she does not lack for occupation is proved by the aspect presented by our courtyard during the painful period of installation in our exquisite Moorish home. Pack-baskets, bed-

ding, blankets, furniture, and dishes had been dumped there in confusion; but through the efforts of our Hebrew housekeeper, all things are quickly put to rights, the court resumes its wonted air of Oriental languor, the little fountain sings on its uninterrupted song, and the atmosphere of romance once more envelopes house and court and garden. To fill our cup of happiness, a messenger arrived, bringing a bulky

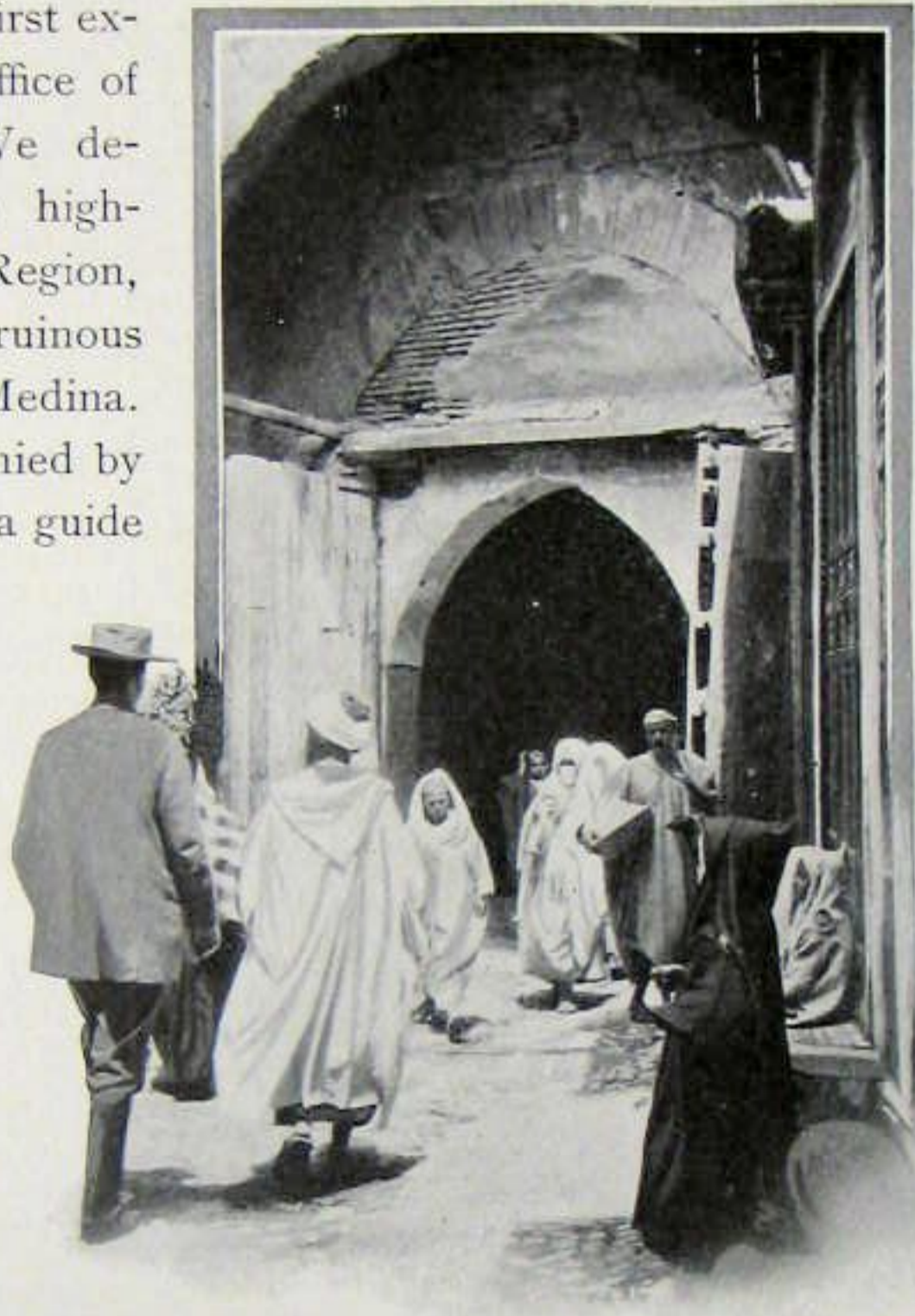


CHAOS IN THE COURTYARD

packet of letters from America; for a courier of the British consul, who left Tangier one week after our departure, has arrived in Fez the day of our arrival, having run on foot the entire way, one hundred and seventy miles in four days' time; while we, encumbered with a baggage caravan, have been eleven days upon the way.

We remain a day and night in our new abode before venturing out into the streets. We shall now cautiously commence a series of expeditions—one cannot call them strolls or promenades—across and round about the town. The objec-

tive-point of our first expedition is the office of our banker. We descend from the high-lying Garden Region, and enter the ruinous streets of the Medina. We are accompanied by Haj, for without a guide we should soon go astray. We are followed by Kaid Lharbi, our military escort, it being most imprudent for the foreigner to walk abroad unaccompanied by a guard. To photograph in the streets of Fez is difficult



STREETS LIKE VAULTED TUNNELS

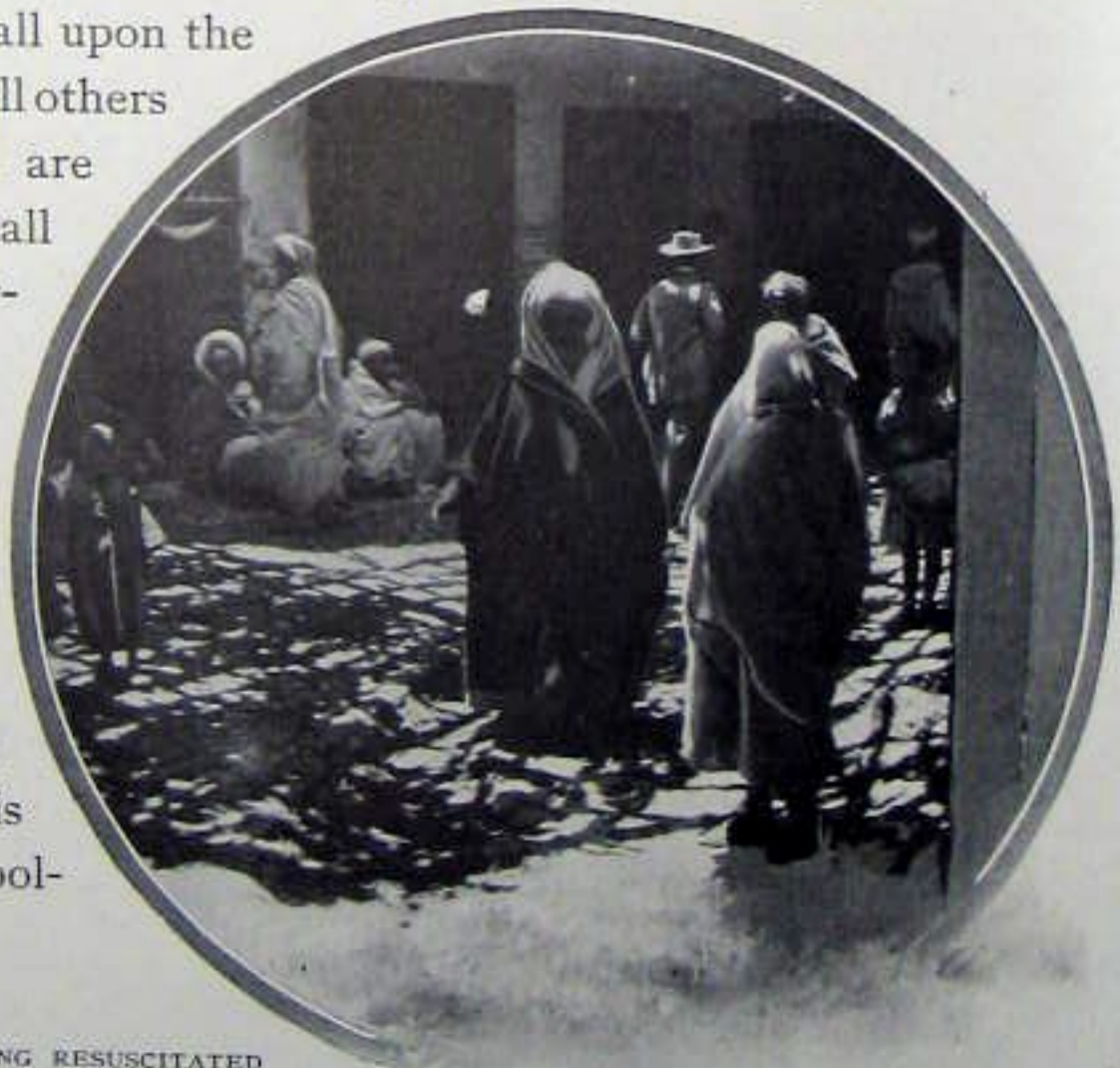
to the verge of impossibility. First, there is the Mohammedan prejudice against picture-making, the reproduction of the likeness of living things being prohibited by the Koran, which says: "Every painter is in hell-fire, and Allah will appoint a person at the day of resurrection for every picture he shall have drawn, to punish him; and they will punish him in hell. Then, if you must have pictures, make them of trees and things without souls." Had the photographer existed in Mohammed's day, he would undoubtedly have had a special verse in Scripture devoted to his case; as it is, the faithful call the camera a "painting-machine," and class its



TRELLISED THOROUGHFARES

manipulator with the impious artists whose instruments of crime are brushes. Even though this difficulty may be overcome by cunning, the very streets and structures conspire with the people to foil the eager camerist. Many of these streets are vaulted tunnels, illuminated only here and there by bands of light; others are roofed by vine-covered trellises, that give them the appear-

ance of interminable arbors, through which faint squares of light flutter and fall upon the unpaved ground; still others are so narrow and are cut between such tall dark walls, that never by any chance do rays of sunshine illuminate their depths. Street life in Fez is vividly suggestive of subterranean existence. There is a dark-cellar-like cool-

"AMONG RESUSCITATED
MEN IN THEIR SHROUDS"

ness, which, combined with the ghostly stride and costume of the inhabitants, gives us the impression of being in the catacombs among resuscitated men in their shrouds. Ghostly indeed is the dress of the rich old men in Fez,—a dress that gives its wearers the dignity of Roman senators. What a superb figure for the ghost of Hamlet's father one well-remembered old gentleman would make! He is, however, Haj's uncle, and greets our guide, his nephew, very cordially. Haj, rascal that he is, knowing that we care more for snap-shots than for introductions, always arranges when he meets a friend or relative to detain him in conversation, in the best illuminated portion of the street, thus giving us invaluable opportunities for secret portraiture. Then, after he has heard the

“click!” that comes from what appears to be an innocent brown paper parcel under my right arm, Haj, with many complimentary phrases, presents us to our visitor, introducing us as men of great distinction from America.

Presently we emerge from the dim bazaars, and find ourselves in a small, deep, public square. On one side is a semi-ruinous water



AN EXCHANGE

fountain, roofed with tiles and decorated with mosaics. Before us is a stately portal, the entrance to a commercial exchange, a headquarters for the better class of merchants. It dates from the time when Fez was the commercial center of a rich and very prosperous empire, when the merchandise of the world found here a profitable market. The building now is sadly out of repair, like almost every other building in the city. To make repairs in Fez is sacrilegious. If a



HAJ GREETS A GENTLEMAN OF FEZ



"REPAIRS ARE SELDOM MADE IN FEZ"

structure crumbles and decays, the owner with resignation folds his hands and murmurs, "It is the will of Allah; it is written," and forthwith, grateful for this mark of divine favor, hies him to the mosque and prays.

The Mohammedan strictly fulfils his religious observances. During the hour of prayer the quarter is deserted;



TRADERS "ON THE CURB"

an hour later business is resumed, and the wheels of metropolitan commerce, released for a short space from the religious brake, again revolve with many a squeak and crunch, clogged as they are by superstition and neglect. Yet for the artist or lover of the picturesque, it would be difficult to find a more attractive crowd of business men. And these Moorish archways, fountains, tiled roofs, and age-eaten arabesques are still most beautiful, even in dilapidation more beautiful,



THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN CONSULAR AGENT

perhaps, than when in all their freshness they were the pride and admiration of generations of Fassis, long since gathered into Paradise. We are informed that our banker, who is also the consular agent for the United States, has offices within a certain mediæval business block; and as we are in need of funds, and also desirous of meeting our representative, we push through the trading throng and enter the patio, a spacious inner court four stories deep. Four tiers of galleries rise about us, all richly finished in old woodwork,

elaborately carved, but sharing in the slow decay of the entire building. Our consular agent, whose office door stands open on the left, is (as we have been told) a native Jew, by name, Benlezrah; by occupation, a merchant, broker, and money lender; and by nationality, thanks to the "protection" system prevalent in Morocco, an American citizen. Benlezrah admits that his consular duties are not engrossing, nor are they profitable; for he receives no pay except in the form of infrequent fees; but he holds to his office most tenaciously because the United States has power to naturalize all its servants in Morocco, and to grant them what are called "protection papers." Were he not thus protected by some foreign power, the Sultan's assessor would, he assures us, soon strip him of his comfortable fortune gained in commerce. A few days later we visited Mr. Benlezrah at his home in the Jewish quarter, where we find him surrounded by his family. A high sepulchral bed, something between an Oriental shrine and the proscenium of a Punch and Judy theater, is the dominating feature of his drawing-room. During our call our host tells us more about the protection



JUST DIRT

system. It appears that all rich men in Morocco are subject to the most barefaced robbery by the Sultan and his ministers. When in need of funds, the government notifies its chosen victim that a large contribution for the coffers of the sacred Sultan will assure the giver of the imperial favor, and that a refusal to obey the hint will be followed by imprisonment or



MR. BENLEZRA AT HOME

confiscation, or both. But men protected by foreign powers cannot be imprisoned or punished until tried for their

offenses before the consular court in Tangier, and are therefore practically insured against the cupidity of

corrupt imperial officials. Thus every Moor or Jew, possessed of wealth,





TWO OF THE SULTAN'S CABINET

desires the protection of a foreign nation. Protection being such a boon, abuses have naturally attached themselves to the granting of it.

The Moorish government has complained that consuls of the European nations, yes, even of the United States, have been guilty of selling for cash the protection of their respective flags to wealthy Moors and Jews. To the Jew, protection is indeed a special blessing, since it

gives him the right to ride on horseback or muleback through these streets, where other Jews must walk. It permits him to pass the doorways of the mosques without stopping to remove his shoes, while other Jews must bare their feet each time they near the sacred gates.

It must be remembered that the current calendar in Fez is not that of A. D. 1901; but it is for the year 1319, after the Hegira of Mohammed, and the Moors are just 582 years behind the times!

These Mohammedans of Fez not only do not permit the Jew to pass the mosque with shoes upon his feet, but they do not permit any infidel to enter their sacred places; they do not permit Jew or Christian to pause to look in at the doors, and there is one mosque, the Shrine of Mulai Idrees, the founder of Fez, so holy that no unbeliever is permitted even to approach it. Across the streets leading thither barriers are placed; the Moors stoop and pass under them; the Christian



THE FUEL MARKET



and the Jew, on pain of death, must go no farther. Then across other streets bars are placed to mark the point beyond which men are not allowed to pass at certain hours.

One portion of the cool cellar-like bazaar is sacred to the women, who, temporarily embarrassed, bring hither objects that they wish to sell. Apparently they are not eager to attract purchasers, for they hide whatever they may have beneath their haiks; but now and then a man approaches, and an embroidered vest, a piece of silk, a jewel or a ring is reluctantly brought forth and passed across the barrier in



NEARING A PORTAL OF THE KARÛEEÏN

exchange for silver coins; then one white, shrouded figure rises and fades away amid the ghostly throng. To us, newcomers to this land of mystery, it is as disconcerting to face a crowd of these women, as for the soldier to stand unmoved before masked batteries. We are conscious that two score of bright, black eyes are leveled at us, but we cannot read the message they project—the faces that would make the message legible are veiled. Are the lips curled in scorn of the infidel? Are smiles of ridicule excited by his strange foreign dress, so pitifully convenient and unpicturesque, so tight, so graceless, when compared to the splendid sweep of the Moorish costume? Or, in some faces, is there written a

deep, bitter yearning for knowledge of the outside living world,—the world of to-day, of which we stray moderns come here as reminders? But as we wander ever through the bazaars, meeting everywhere the same impassive, uncurious expressions on the uncovered faces of the men, we are inclined to believe that to the Moor, Morocco is the world,—that for him, outside its borders, geographically or intellectually, there is nothing worthy his consideration. A few progressive Moors, so we were told, evince a shadowy interest in the universe at large by subscribing for a daily paper. This paper is not printed in Fez, where journalism is unknown, it comes from far-off Cairo on the Nile, and reaches its eager Moorish readers after a voyage of seven days by sea and eight by land.

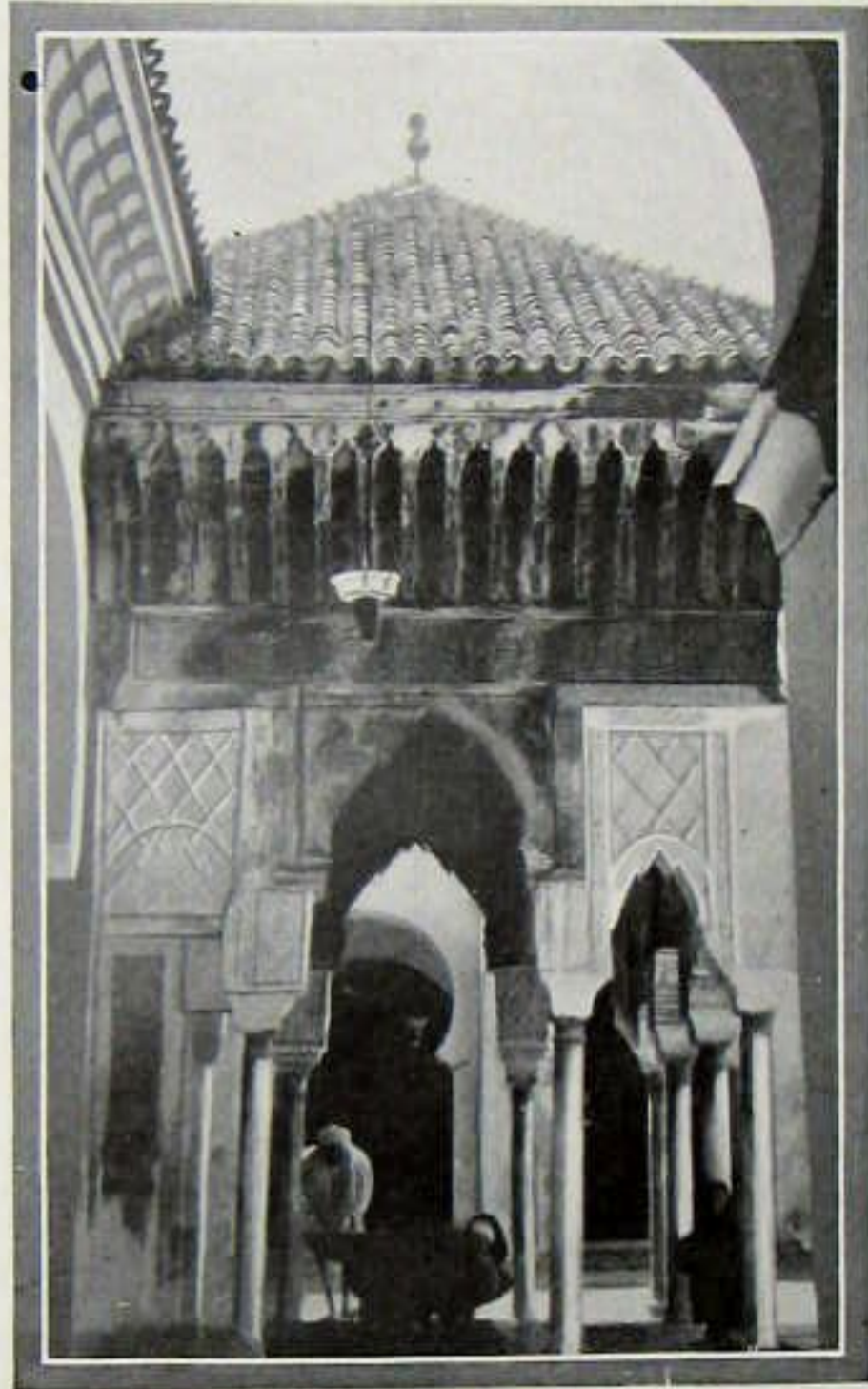
Remembering these things, it is difficult to believe that Fez is, in the eyes of the Mohammedans, an important seat of learning, but so it is ; for does not the famous university and mosque, known as the Karûeein stand in the very heart of Fez? The Karûeein, a sort of inner "holy city" is, next



A COURTYARD OF THE INVIOLEABLE KARÛEEIN

to the mosque of Mulai Idrees, the most sacred inclosure in Fez : As we approach it, we are warned by Haj that Christians are not permitted even to pause and glance into its courts when passing any of its many portals. The imperfect pictures that will reveal to you vague glimpses

of its dark corridors and sunlit patios are the result of oft-repeated efforts, risks, and subterfuges. The entrances are jealously guarded by the faithful; the Jew or Christian who lingers on the threshold is rudely jostled by the passers-by, and if he does not take the hint, a sudden surging of the crowd sweeps him away. Three mornings were devoted to vain attempts to bring the camera to bear upon those gates. But finally a

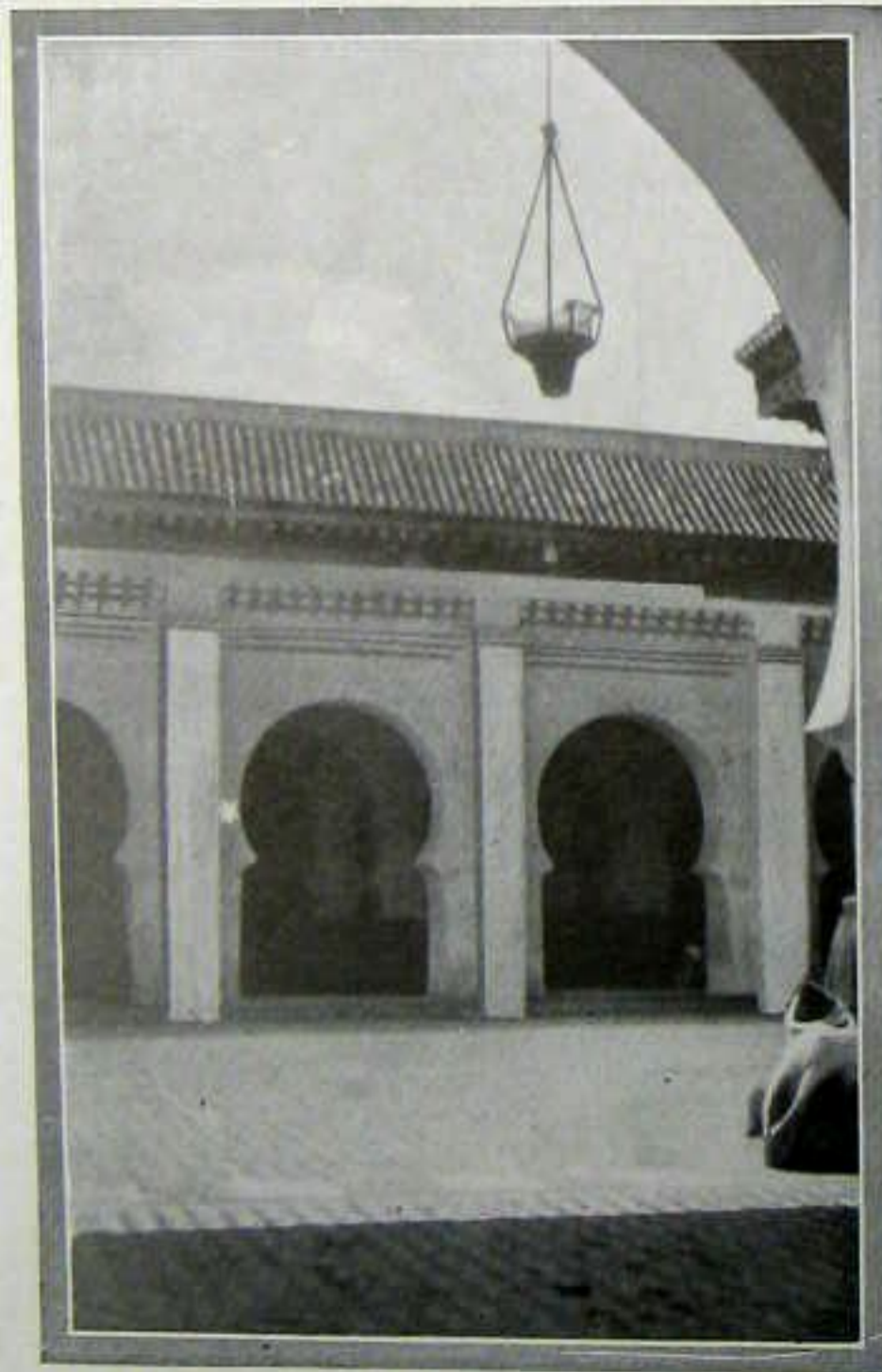


A KIOSK OF THE KARÛEEÏN

fourth attempt, aided by strategy, met with success. Opposite every gate are groups of beggars, crouching in the narrow street. Strolling with ostentatious carelessness, the camera, wrapped like a paper parcel, under my arm, I pause before the beggars, my back turned to the sacred entrances, and fumble in my pocket for stray coppers. No one sees any reason for interfering with the charitable stranger; but, mingled with the chink of the coins dropped into the outstretched palms, there might have been heard the clicks of a photographic shutter, fired almost at random, and these pictures here shown are the rewards of my charity, so hypocritically bestowed. I had had faith in my ability finally to

accomplish my sinful task ; I had been buoyed up for the hope of success, but while I had not charity, my efforts did not profit me.

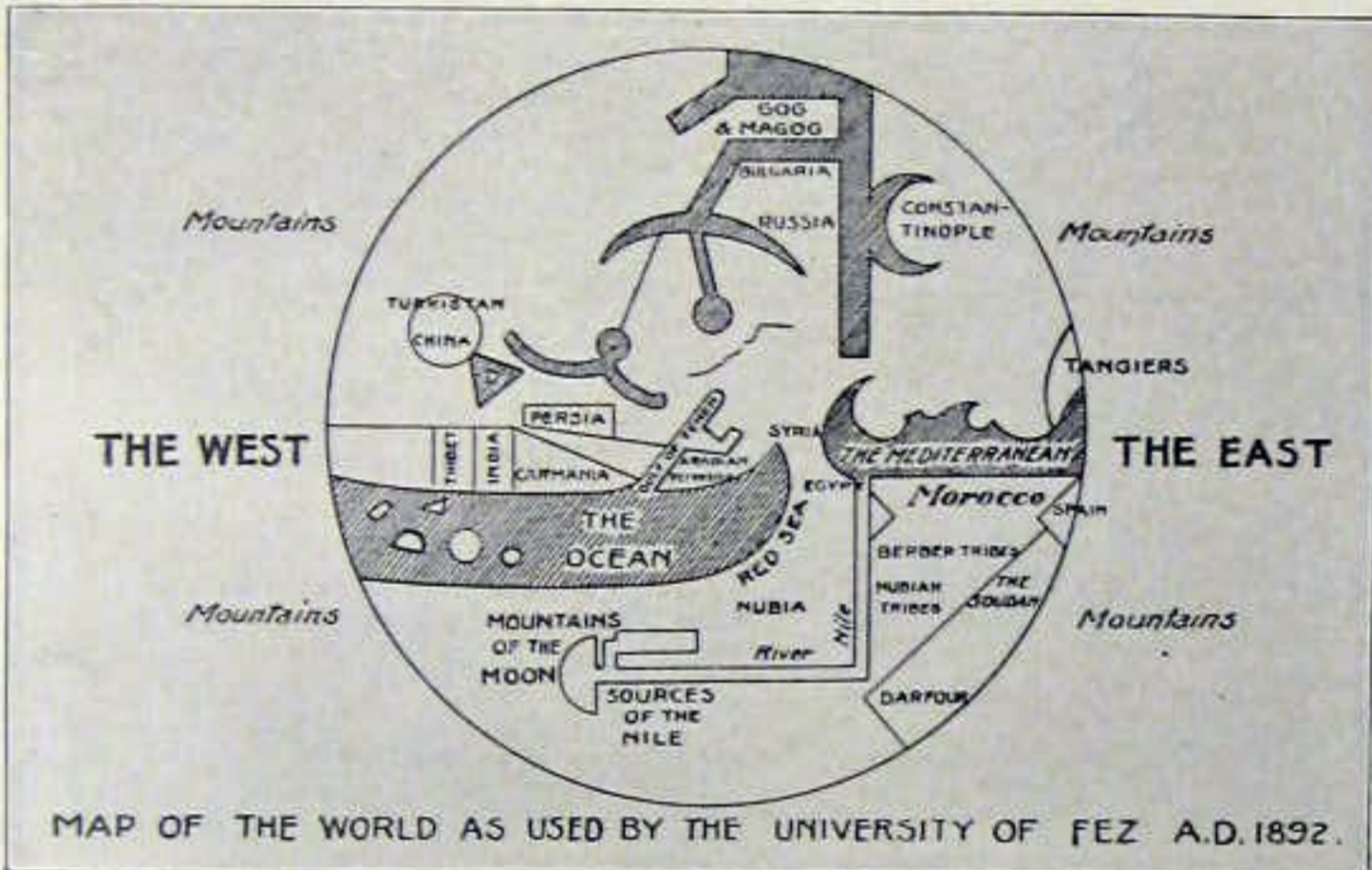
The Karûeein is the greatest educational institution of western Barbary. Nor must we smile to hear it called by so proud a name. Its past entitles it to the respect of the world. It ranked with the great colleges of Moorish Spain — with Cordova itself — as a seat of learning, and hither came not only Moslems, from all corners of Islam, but also noble gentlemen from England, France, and Spain, to complete their educations. Yes, as we glance into another patio,



WHERE MEN ARE TAUGHT BY "INTELLECTUAL MUMMIES"

Alhambra, we must not forget that here philosophy once flourished, here astronomy, mathematics, and medicine once were more fully developed than at any other place in the contemporary world. In the inaccessible library of the Karûeein, the lost books of Euclid are said to be moldering, also many classics, fragments for which scholars have been seeking. But these things will not be brought to light until the death-knell

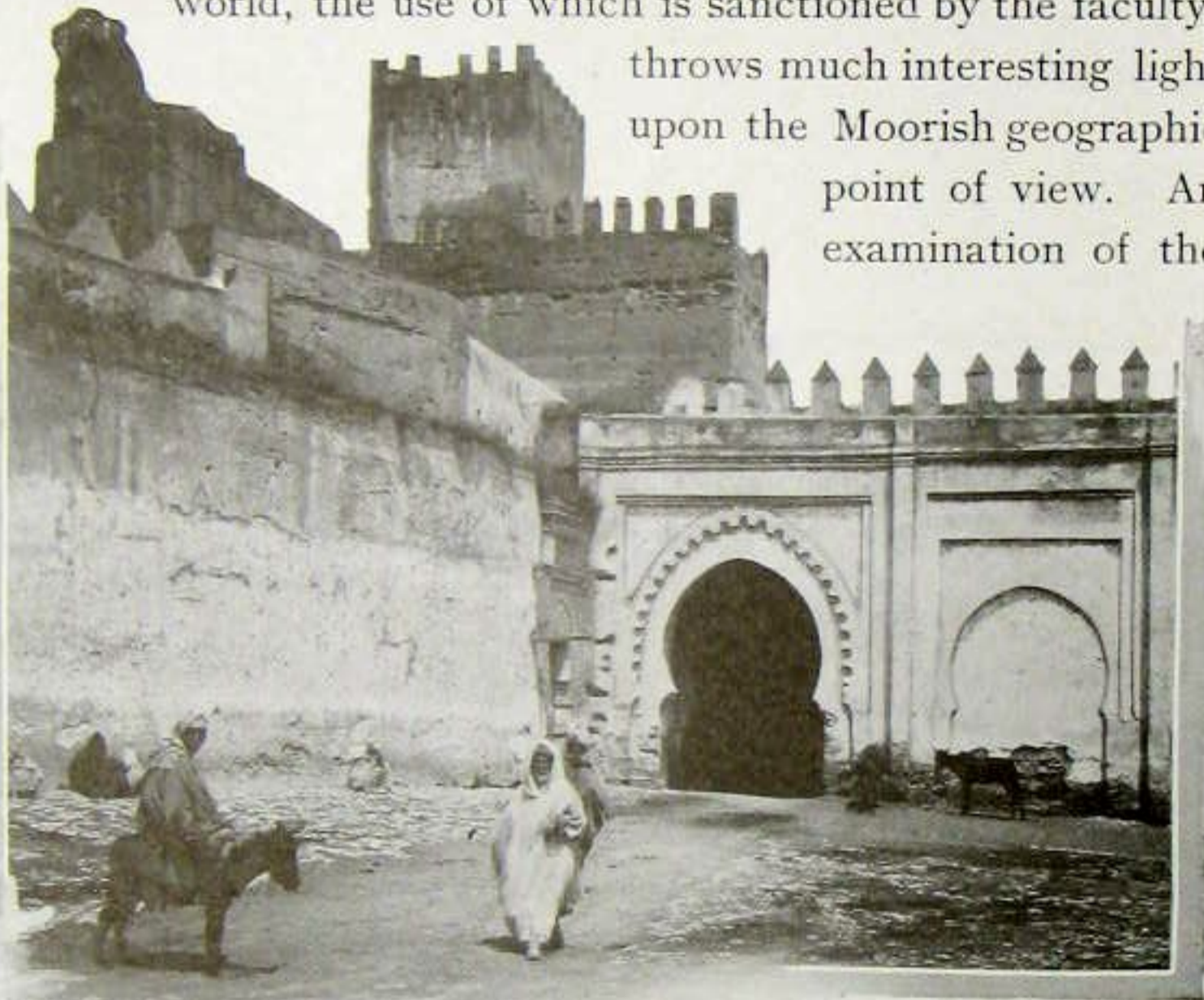
of Morocco's independence shall have sounded. The Karféein to-day stands here in the heart of Fez, as the center of resistance to all progress, as the embodiment of slumber; yet here are gathered even in our day more than a thousand students, four hundred of them supported by an endowment fund dating from the twelfth century. That is, their food is



provided for them gratis, their lodging costs them nothing, for they sleep under the arcades of the Mosque or in its spacious courts. They are taught by wise men — "Taleebis" — men who are intellectual mummies. They learn to repeat the Koran word for word; they learn to hate the unbeliever, to scorn his science and inventions, to turn their backs upon all things that are new; they are encouraged to cling to the old dream of Islam, and to worship the God of their fathers in this holy mosque. They are taught the forms and simple ceremonials of the Moslem faith; to wash the feet at the fountain before entering the sanctuary; to leave their yellow, heel-less slippers in the court; to kneel, or rise, or prostrate themselves at proper intervals; to pray five times each day; to turn their faces while they pray toward the sacred city

Mecca in the East ; to drink no wine, to eat no pork, to keep with cruel rigor the long fast of the Ramadan, when for forty days they may not touch food, drink, or tobacco between the rising of the sun and the going down of the same. As for their secular teaching, it is refreshingly original. A map of the world, the use of which is sanctioned by the faculty,

throws much interesting light upon the Moorish geographic point of view. An examination of the



"AIR OF DESOLATION"

map shows that Tangier, although a Moorish port, is placed on the north side of the Mediterranean, while Spain, apparently, is next door to Morocco, on the coast of Africa. The results of Stanley's explorations are outlined with remarkable angularity and distinctness around the sources of the Nile and the Mountains of the Moon. England, though not named, is represented by one of the islands just north of India and Thibet ; moreover, the latest Moorish expedition to the north pole has evidently reported that Gog and Magog abide amid the frozen seas, for they figure on the map.



"FIRST COMES A SQUAD OF SOLDIERS"

Every spring the students of the Karûeein, who are called "Tholbas," go forth from Fez, and pitch a great camp in the plain. They elect one of their number "Sultan of the Tholbas," and to him all must pay reverence. Even the veritable Sultan himself must ride out in state and call upon Student Sultan in the



THE THOLBA CAMP



MODERN MOORISH SOLDIERY

Tholbas' camp, treating him as an Imperial brother.

The expenses of this scholastic picnic are paid by contributions exacted by the Tholbas from the citizens of Fez.

Returning from our visit to this camp, we make our way once more into the official quarter of New Fez, through which we passed so hurriedly the day of our arrival. The same grim walls are there, the frowning towers, and the air of desolation. To our great regret we have learned that the Imperial Master, Mulai El Hasan, Sultan of Morocco, will not return to Fez until long after our departure. He is at present on the march across the southern deserts, returning from a journey of eighteen months' duration to the rebellious province of Tabet, on the border of the Great Sahara. Small wonder that the New Fez appears deserted; for when his Imperial Majesty goes upon a journey, he is followed by no less than a quarter

of the population of Fez, 30,000 people, — officials, soldiers, servants, and wives and slaves. But we are, nevertheless, to see a remnant of his retinue, for suddenly a crowd appears as if by magic, and the square takes on an air of life and animation.

First comes a squad of soldiers, marching to the beating of a drum. They wear the hideous modern uniform of the new Moorish army — an army that has been created within the past few years by a foreign officer on the Imperial staff, a Scotchman, Kaid Maclean, who has transformed the ragged unkempt hordes of his Imperial Master into an army with some pretensions to discipline and equipment, although to us it



THE GATHERING AT THE GATE OF JUSTICE



WITH THE BRITISH VICE-CONSUL

appears almost grotesque. The uniform chosen gives the private soldier the aspect of a simian pet of an organ-grinder, a little overgrown. Judging by their appearance we are pre-

pared to see these warriors doff their caps and pass them around for coppers; but this is less the fault of the soldiers than of the military tailor; the same men robed in long flowing garments would, in all probability, appear as dignified as the civilians. We had the curiosity to examine their weapons, and we were rewarded by discover-



CAPTURING A FORT WITH CAMERAS

ing several muzzle-loading rifles, bearing the inscription, "Springfield, Massachusetts, 1865."

The first awkward squad is followed by another and another, until the great square, bisected by a long procession of those red-coated fighters, appears like a ravine through which there flows a river of blood. Meantime, from the portal of the palace there emerges with solemnity and slowness a stately company of white-robed Moors, some mounted upon superbly harnessed mules, followed by spotlessly arrayed dignitaries and courtiers on foot; and in the midst of these rides the Viceroy of Fez. We dared not raise our cameras as he passed, for the crowds regarded us with hostility, and the picture we secured shows only his retreating form, towering above the heads of his attendants.

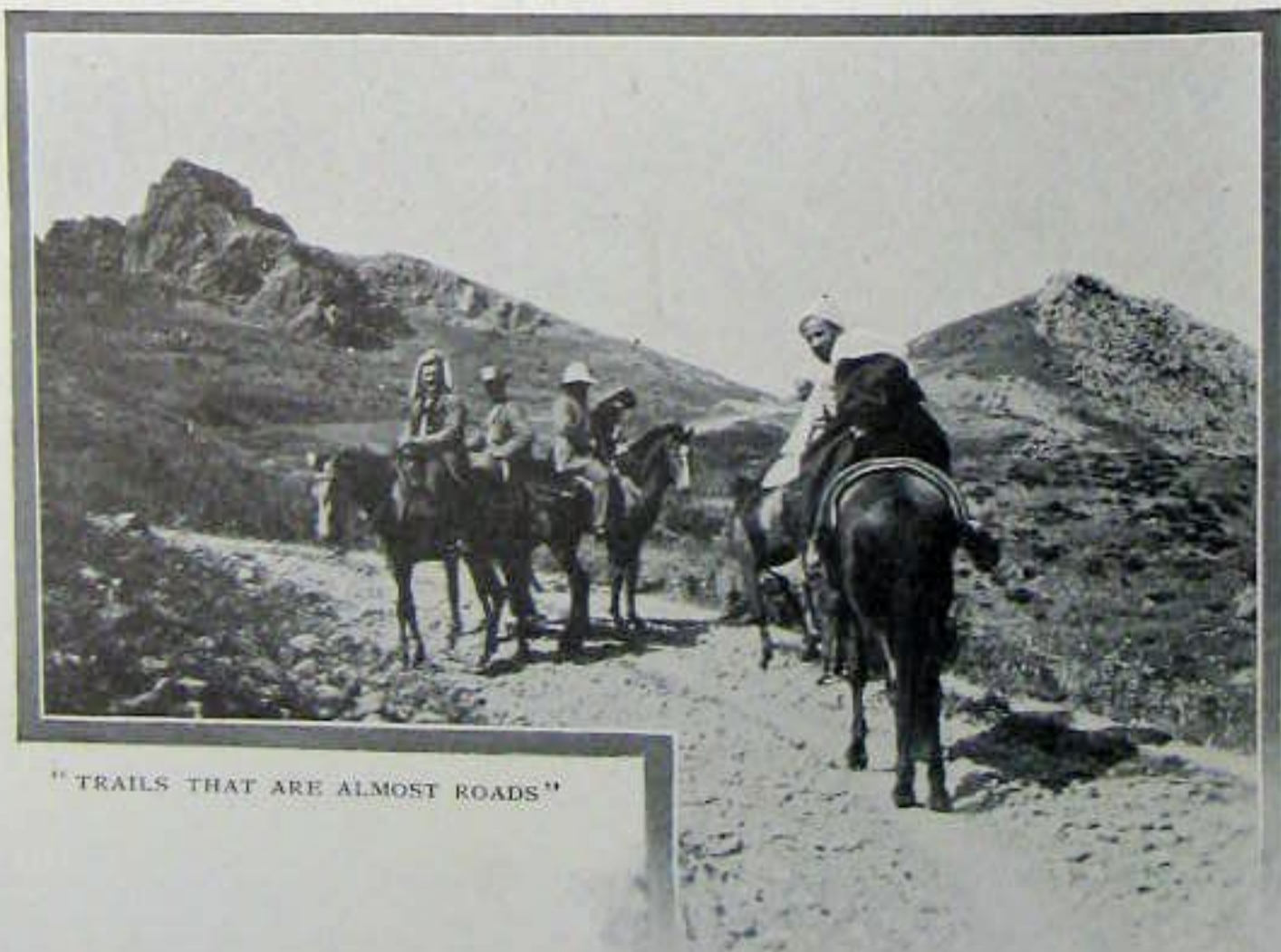


"THERE ARE GARDENS AND ORCHARDS"



A DIPLOMATIC OUTING

The procession enters the huge "Gate of Justice." On the left we discern a line of crouching figures, those who have come to make or answer charges before the autocratic tribunal. There is no appeal from the instantaneous decisions given by the old Vizier of Justice. Happy the citizen who, thanks to the protection afforded him by a foreign consul, is exempt from being dragged to this bar of so-called justice!



"TRAILS THAT ARE ALMOST ROADS"

The only Anglo-Saxon representative in Fez is His Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul, Mr. MacIver MacLeod. For downright pertinacity commend me to this man, who, in the face of an entire nation's opposition, planted himself in Fez, established a vice-consulate, and stuck to his post until the Moors gave up the fight and resolved to tolerate his permanent presence in



THE VICE-CONSULAR VILLA

their holy city. With Mr. MacLeod we enjoy frequent excursions roundabout the city, to the nearer mountain crests, and to the abandoned forts upon the hill-tops, whence splendid views of Fez are to be had. One day, finding no practicable doorway to one of those deserted strongholds, we entered boldly through the embrasure where years ago the noses of old cannon had breathed threatenings above the once-rebellious city. Affrighted at our daring, my youthful camera-bearer dropped the case and fled.

There are orchards and gardens in the environs of Fez, and there are trails that are almost roads, radiating in all directions. We are invariably accompanied by an escort when we ride forth from Fez; the country roundabout is not safe. The British Vice-Consul always brings his followers, and insists that we shall order out Kaid Lharbi, our pictur-



BRITISH SOCIETY IN FEZ

esque old soldier-chaperon, every time we venture beyond the crumbling walls.

The Vice-Consulate is in the old Medina, in the heart of Fez; but Mr. MacLeod lives in the garden region. A pretty Moorish villa has been transformed into an English home, presided over by the Vice-Consul's mother, who has exiled herself from England to spend her days with her courageous son in Fez.

"But I am not the only Christian woman in Fez," Mrs. MacLeod assures us, in reply to our remark that she must sorely miss the companionship of people of her own race and religion. "If you will dine with us on Sunday, you will meet the five Tabeebas." We accepted the invitation, and met the "five Tabeebas," each one a study for a statue of Lot's wife after she had so unwisely looked over her left shoulder. Pillars of salt they look, and in truth they are the salt of this cruel Moorish land. They are Christian women, angels of mercy, missionaries,—but not ordinary missionaries,—theirs is a *medical* mission,—a mission through which no energy is wasted, against which no criticism can be urged.

Among them are three English women, members of the Church of England; one Irishwoman, who is a Catholic, and one Scotch lassie, who is a Presbyterian; and yet in perfect harmony they work together. Their work is, of necessity, with the bodies, not with the souls of those they seek to aid; for they realize, as every sane-minded Christian must, that to Christianize Moorish Mohammedans is an impossibility.

The dress of these women is but another expression of their innate tact. If they insisted upon going abroad in the streets with uncovered faces, they would immediately lose the respect and confidence of the people who have learned to love them for their numberless good works. They occupy a large house in the densely populated quarter, a home which is by turns a school or a hospital. Here they teach Moorish girls many useful things; here every day they receive and treat,



THE TABEEBAS



THE TABEEBAS TEACHING

free of charge, as many patients as present themselves. One afternoon while we were taking tea with the Tabeebas, they were repeatedly called from the room to dress a wound, apply an ointment, or give advice to some poor sufferer. Of course we were not permitted to see the Moorish girls who come to the Tabeebas school. To secure a photograph of them my camera was lent to one of the Tabeebas, who secretly made an exposure from behind a door that stood ajar. Did the parents of these young girls know of the making of the picture, there would be no pupils here upon the morrow. The faces in the group are faces on which no man may look, unless he be the father, brother, or husband.

Let us steal away through the mysterious, fascinating streets and byways that lead us, with a hundred puzzling turns, back to our peaceful villa.

It is needless to say that our neighbors have not called upon us, nor indicated by any sign that they are conscious of

our presence in this aristocratic precinct. Walls from fifteen to twenty feet in height surround our garden, cutting us off completely from the public streets and from the garden of our next-door neighbors. Our curiosity concerning that adjoining garden and the family that dwelt therein increased from day to day. Apparently an interminable picnic is in progress there; for three days past we have been hearing the shouts of children at play and the strange shrill cry peculiar to Moorish women, a piercing tremolo, to which they give utterance in token of joyfulness. It might be called the "college yell" of these Oriental wives—pupils in the school of submission.

Finally we can resist no longer; we must learn what is passing there on the other side of that high wall. But how?



OUR VILLA FROM THE STREET



A STOLEN PEEP OVER GARDEN WALL.

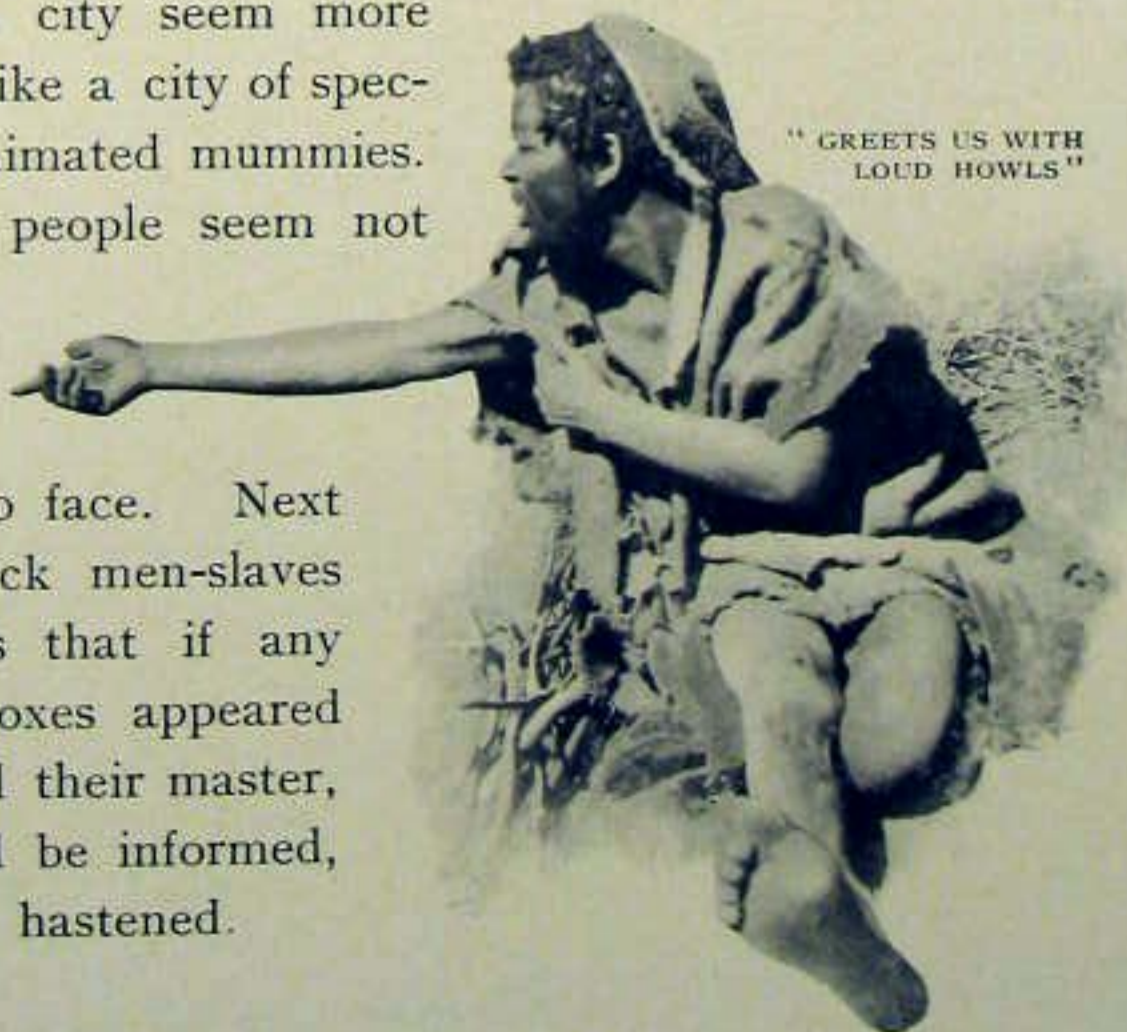
We dare not show our heads for fear some jealous Moor may smash them. We resolve to make a cat's-paw of the faithful camera to snatch curiosity-satisfying chestnuts out of the fire of Moslem exclusiveness. We climb a ladder, lift the camera, upside-down, above the wall, take aim by looking up into the inverted finder, fire, and withdraw precipitately. The result was worth the risk and effort. The plate revealed a scene from private family life in Fez,—the picture of a rich Moor's wives and children attended by black slaves, taking their ease in the absolute seclusion of their garden, brewing and drinking Moorish tea, as they sit on a tiled platform that surrounds a bathing tank. The foreshortening of the figures may be at first a trifle puzzling; remember we are looking, or, rather, the camera is looking down upon the group from over a garden-wall that is not less than twenty feet in height.

Fortunately, the attention of the family had been attracted by something occurring just out of our range of vision, though



DISCOVERED!

we knew nothing of this at the time. The negative was not developed till we reached America, so the camera recorded a scene which we ourselves have never looked upon. Encouraged by the silence following our first attempt, we chose another section of the wall and repeated our manœuver. Unfortunately a preliminary click was heard by our sitters, whose startled expressions, faithfully registered, prove that they have seen the guilty lens and shutter winking at them from the summit of the wall. Some have already hid their faces, others are apparently crying out in protest; even the dog, like a good Mohammedan, turns his back to the "painting machine." The unique picture tells us what manner of women is concealed by the shroudlike garments, which are worn in the streets and which make women, be they young, old, rich, poor, beautiful, or ugly, appear as like, one to another, as are bales of woolen cloth. Street life in Fez is for women a perpetual masquerade, a lifelong domino party. But in these high-walled gardens all the participants unmask, throw off their haiks, and during the home hours regain an individuality of visage, form, and dress. This revelation of the inner life of Fez makes the city seem more human to us, less like a city of specters, ghosts, and animated mummies. Nevertheless these people seem not quite real to us, for we did not actually see them, nor did they see us, face to face. Next day two huge black men-slaves came to notify us that if any more mysterious boxes appeared over the garden-wall their master, now absent, should be informed, and our departure hastened.



"GREET'S US WITH
LOUD HOWLS"



NEIGHBORS

We had one neighbor, however, who was more sociable ; in fact, he became painfully familiar. He lived at a street corner where he enjoyed a squatter-right, for he had been squatting there without intermission for five years or more. The man is crazy. He invariably greets us with loud howls, and insists upon it that we are "his mothers!" Then, like a whining child, he teases for matches with which to light a fire. He has a mania for collecting brushwood, building fires, and then extinguishing them by calmly sitting down upon the flames, much to the detriment of his cuticle and raiment. When his clothes are burned completely off, he counts upon his prudish neighbors for a new garb. Altogether, he is decidedly eccentric even for a madman ; and he must be very

mad, for he either refuses money, or, when it is thrust upon him, tosses it away to other beggars who are always crouching near.

Toward the close of our visit we managed to scrape acquaintance with the servants of another neighbor. One was a veiled woman, who would smile at us through her mask, and another a fat negress slave, as unctuous and good-natured as any Mississippi mammy. "And are there really slaves in Fez?" some one may ask. There are; and every day in a certain remote and cheerless market-place young negresses are sold at auction. Seldom, however, does a stranger witness this trafficking in human flesh. At his approach, buyers and sellers, slaves and auctioneers, mysteriously vanish. Thrice we found the market-place deserted. Twice, owing to the skillful manœuvering of our guide, we surprised the market in full swing, and saw six little negro girls,



THE PALACE OF A RICH OFFICIAL



AROUND THE MOORISH MAHOGANY

fresh from the barbarous regions of the south, purchased by solemn white-robed citizens at prices varying from eighty to two hundred dollars.

But do not think because our neighbors do not call upon us that we receive no social courtesies whatever. On the contrary, the Minister of Finance, the Moorish Secretary of the Treasury, one of the highest and by a curious coincidence one of the richest dignitaries in Morocco, one day, invited us to dinner. The invitation was delivered through the British vice-consul, who promised to accompany us and to see that we made no *faux pas*. We were not rude enough to take a camera with us, knowing the prejudices of the Moors, and therefore I have no picture of the gorgeous palace into the courtyard of which we were ushered by a group of slaves. Our host resembled the rich men we see daily in the streets,

being princely in bearing, haughty and reserved. Contrary to Moorish custom, we sat at a table and on chairs, instead of on the floor. There were no other guests. As soon as we were seated, Mr. MacLeod took from his pocket a paper parcel and opened it, displaying three pairs of knives and forks.

“I always carry these when I dine out with the Moorish swells; they don't have any,” he explained; “and they like to have me bring them when they are entertaining foreign guests.”

“But how do they eat?” we asked.

“Watch his Excellency, and you'll soon understand.”

At this moment there appeared a huge round platter, three feet in diameter, on which has been erected a pyramid of chickens. To each of us an entire bird was given. Then our



CARRYING BAKED MEATS TO A FEAST

host, with deft fingers, tore his portion very neatly into shreds, picked out the choicest morsels of the chicken and passed them to us. Then followed pyramids of pigeons, then huge chunks of mutton, then sausages on spits; and that those sausages were not less than two inches thick and one foot long I am positively certain, because we each were compelled to take a whole one, and I remember my vain efforts to get it all upon my plate, three inches of protruding sausage threatening the table-cloth on each side. And every course was carved by our host, who used nothing sharper than his finger-nails, and every time he came upon a morsel of especial daintiness, he courteously offered it to one of us. We were almost stuffed to death, for the consul warned us that to refuse the proffered tidbits would be a great affront. There were no sauces, no vegetables, nothing but meats roasted underground by slow fires that had burned all night.

We had nothing with which to wash down this "all too solid" food except sickly lukewarm rosewater. And not content with stuffing us and forcing us to drink that perfumed liquid, our host would every now and then give a signal, whereupon the servants



"LET ME BE AN AMERICAN FOR A MINUTE!"



THE "MELLAH" OR "GHETTO" OF FEZ

would spray stronger rosewater down our backs and in our ears. Never was anything more welcome than the tiny cups of Turkish coffee that at last were brought to end our tortures. I could not blame my friend, when, on our return to our own house, he declared that he had had enough of Oriental luxury, exclaiming as Haj brought the "antidotes," "Let me be an American for a minute!"

The table was served by two slaves, and by a young man whose bearing told us that he was no servant. He was, in fact, the eldest son of our host. Custom commands that the son should wait upon the father's guests. Imagine this custom introduced at Washington, and picture the sons of a cabinet-official passing huge finger-bowls around the banquet table!

As for our conversation, it turned first upon the only modern institution in the city, the Arsenal and Rifle Factory of the Sultan. The secretary spoke of course in Arabic, the

vice-consul acting as interpreter. Then we were questioned regarding the city whence we come, Chicago ; and, being native-born Chicagoans, no urging was required to wring from us the story of the great phoenix city on the shore of the American inland sea. We described "skyscrapers," elevators, cable-cars, and trolleys. Then we told of the World's Fair, visited in one day by seven times more people than



"A PLACE OF WHITED SEPULCHERS"

reside in Fez, and then with a keener interest the secretary listened to the incredible figures relating to the movements of wheat and corn and to the shipments of beef and mutton. Next, as a climax, we launched enthusiastically into pork statistics, but our spokesman checks us with the caution: "Hush! Don't shock his Excellency; remember his religious prejudices. Don't say a word about the pigs. You know the Moslem eats no pork." Therefore we leave our host unenlightened regarding the pet industry of our western metropolis.

"AND DINGY HUTS"



The next day we devote to the Jewish quarter, a distinct and separate city, called the "Mellah." We approach it through the Hebrews' burial ground, a place of whited sepulchers, dwellings for the dead, and dingy huts, temporary abodes for living men and women; for there are two populations in the Jewish cemetery, a fixed population of the wealthy dead, a passing population of the living poor. You must remember that in these Moorish cities the Jews are still compelled to dwell apart from true believers. Their houses are confined in the restricted Mellah, where no provision was originally made for an increase of population. Therefore the poorer and the weaker Jews have been squeezed out of its gates and have found refuge here in the city of the dead, where they have built crude huts and begun life anew. The streets or passageways are, however, far cleaner than those of the inner Mellah, and we cannot but agree that residence in



POOR NEIGHBORS OF THE WEALTHY DEAD

the freer atmosphere of this city of the dead is preferable to living on the other side of yonder walls, where every inch of space is occupied, where the atmosphere is heavy with bad odors, and where sunshine and fresh air are things almost unknown.

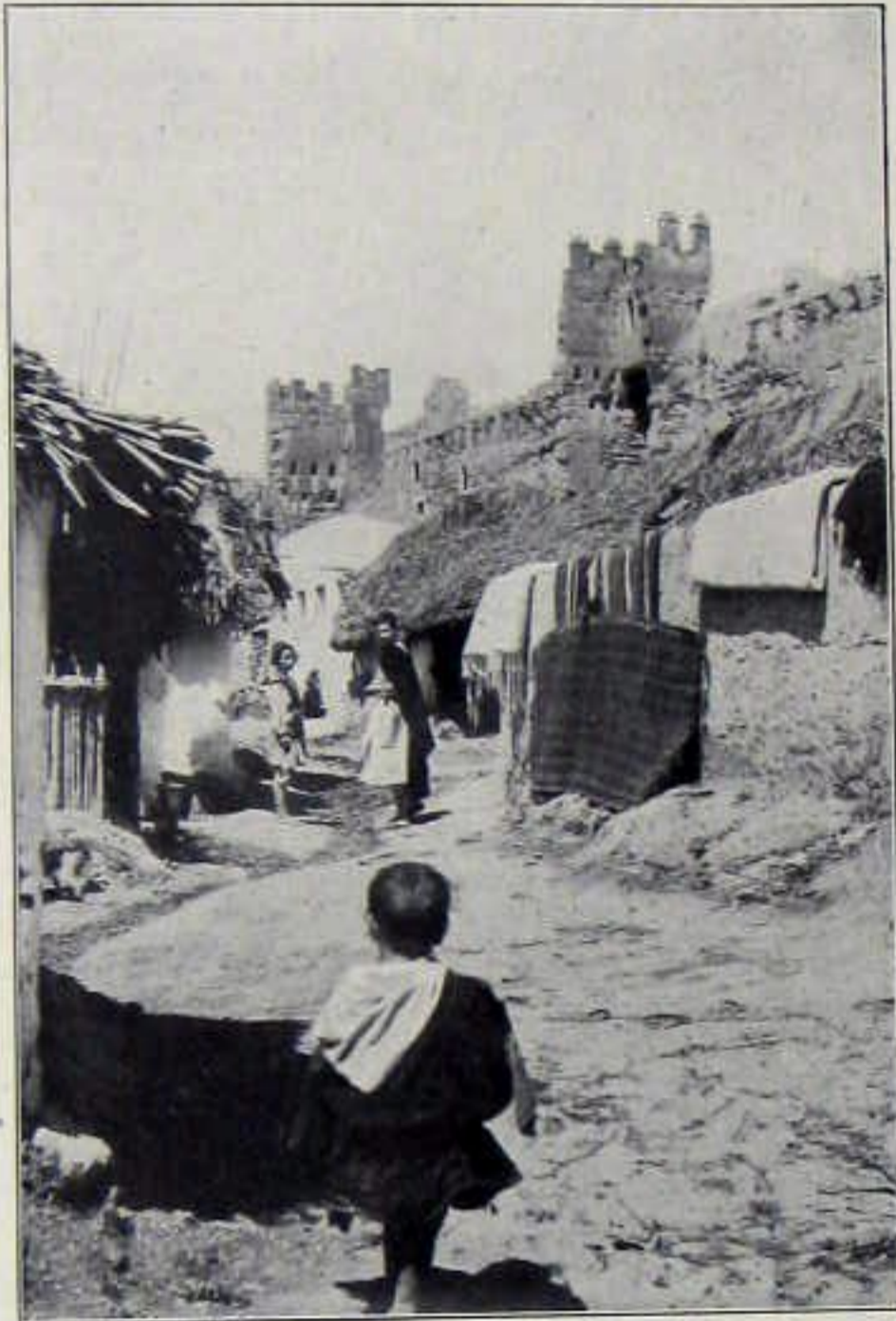
A poor old Jew, a man with a large dependent family, serves as our guide. He tells of the misery of his people, begs me to repeat in my own land the story of their woe. It



A HOME IN THE CEMETERY

is not the Sultan, he says, who is most cruel to them ; it is the rich men, the elders and the rabbis of his own tribe whom he accuses of injustice.

The right to build these shelters in the cemetery was granted by the Sultan to the poor, when the overcrowding of the Mellah proper became a menace to the public health. Nevertheless, no poor man is permitted to take up his abode among these



THE WALLS OF THE "MELLAH"

cast-out members of the tribe until he has paid certain fees to the headmen of the quarter. He says that the oppression of Jew by Jew is harder to bear than the much-talked-of oppression to which the children of Israel have been subjected by the Sons of Ishmael. The statements of our pauper guide surprised us, but what he said was confirmed by every poor Jew with whom we talked. They all declared that the rich elders and the rabbis of their own tribe were their hardest masters. A wealthy man, with whom we discussed the question later, assured us that his class had almost impoverished itself with charities, that the cause of all the evil lay in the decrease of commerce and the rapid increase of the Jewish population. The poor, undoubtedly,

are very poor; and though the rich live in apparent luxury and comfort, it cannot be true that Fez is the only city in the world where the rich Jews abandon their own people to starvation and distress. The noble Jewish charities throughout the world argue the contrary, and even in Fez the philanthropy of European Jews is manifest in the excellent school established here in this very Mellah by the French branch of the Israelite Alliance.

We can assure all those who have given pecuniary support to the Alliance that the money is here spent conscientiously, and that the work now doing among the Moorish Jews is nobly done and worthy the sympathy and encouragement of every lover of humanity. But in spite of the educational and civilizing



A FOURTEEN-YEAR-OLD MOTHER



IN THE MAZE OF REEKING ALLEYS

influences of the school, many reforms in customs remain to be effected, and it is to be hoped that in the future, a daughter of the Mellah will not be given in marriage at the age of ten and, like one girl we saw, be mother of a family at fourteen years of age, and become at twenty-five a hideous old woman. Let us hope that in another generation girl-children who at fourteen are still unmarried will not be regarded, as they are to-day, in the light of hopeless spinsters.

As for the sanitary reforms demanded in the Mellah, you have but to enter the crowded streets to be convinced that they are numberless. Here Jews are packed like live sardines in greasy boxes. Pierre Loti describes the Mellah as "an airless huddle of houses squeezed together as if screwed in a compress, and emitting all sorts of stifling odors."

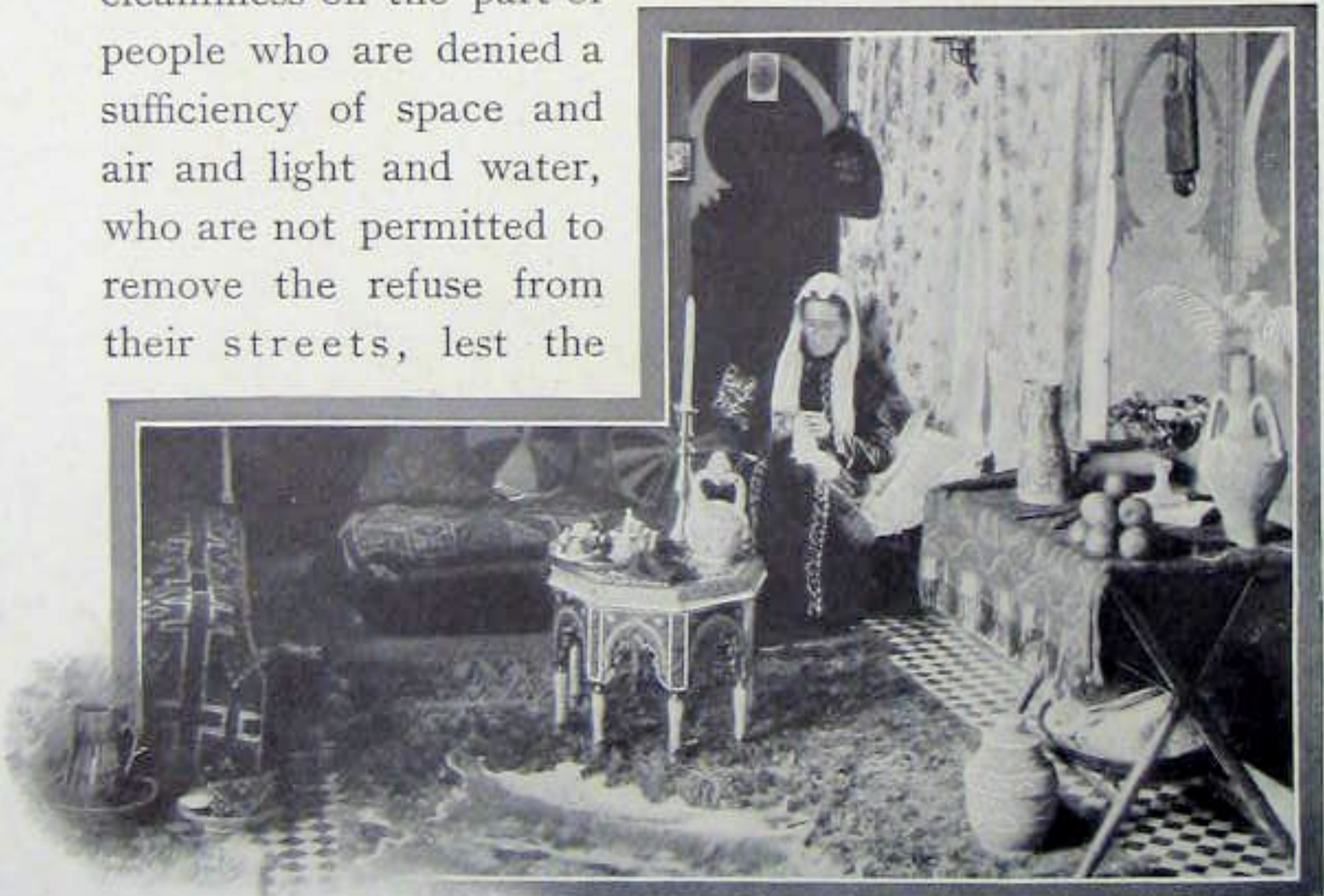


JEWISH COBBLERS



"OLD MEN WHO LOOK THE PART OF SHYLOCK"

Again he tells of finding here "moldy smells in varieties that are not known elsewhere." But how is it possible to expect cleanliness on the part of people who are denied a sufficiency of space and air and light and water, who are not permitted to remove the refuse from their streets, lest the



AN ENGLISH HOME IN FEZ



IN THE MIDST OF THE "MELLAH"



THE FAMILY OF BENSIMON

Moorish scavenger should lose his fee ; people who are despised by their Moslem fellow-citizens, called "dogs," and forced to walk barefooted through the streets of Moorish Fez?

As a crowning indignity, the Moors have decreed that the place of deposit for dead animals, from cats to camels, shall be at the gate of the Mellah ; and every night the jackals feast and sing their death chants beneath the walls of this

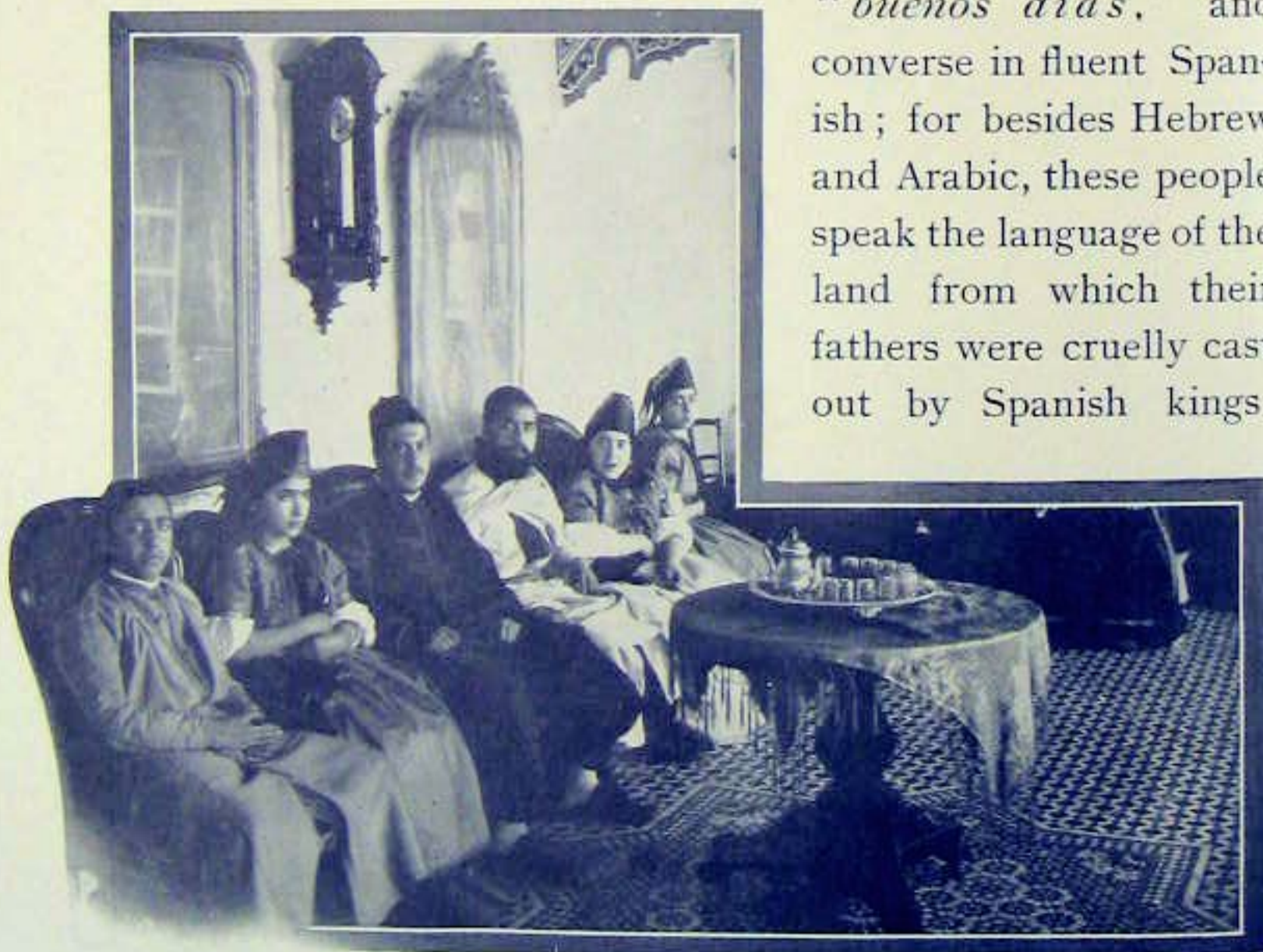


" IN TINY SHOPS SIT GOLD- AND SILVER-SMITHS "

unhappy Jewish city. We are surprised, however, to find here and there a touch of color in the dress of these unfortunate inhabitants, for black has always been the uniform imposed upon the Jew. Black is to Moorish minds the color of disgrace; hence were the Jews compelled to wear black caps and gaberdines. To-day, however, this regulation is not so rigidly enforced, although the general tone of the men's dress is very somber.

In every street we see old men, who could, without a change of raiment, step on the theatrical stage and look the part of Shylock to the life. In tiny shops, like niches bordering these streets, sit the gold- and silver-smiths, the lawyers, scribes, and money-changers; there are few idlers here. Jewish industry and thrift here rise superior to the discouraging surroundings. A few shops boast a supply of foreign merchandise. The merchants greet us with a polite

"buenos dias," and converse in fluent Spanish; for besides Hebrew and Arabic, these people speak the language of the land from which their fathers were cruelly cast out by Spanish kings.



FIVE O'CLOCK TEA IN A HEBREW HOUSEHOLD

The commerce of the land is largely in the hands of Moorish Jews, who are forbidden by law to leave the country, lest a general exodus occur, and the trade of the entire empire, deprived of their fostering care, languish and ultimately die. Many large fortunes have been



A HEBREW HOME

accumulated here, by usury and commerce. We made a formal call one Sabbath afternoon at the home of one of the richest Jews in Fez, old Mr. Bensimon. Magnificent, indeed, is the interior of the house, with its carved, painted doors, its stucco arabesques, immaculate tiled floors, and richly furnished rooms. The Bensimons are of the old conservatives. They speak no Spanish and have no knowledge of anything away from their immediate surroundings. The Mellah is their world; their house is one of the rare oases of elegance in the midst of a wilderness of squalor. But they are all very gracious to us; of the two pretty little girls, eleven and thirteen years of age, respectively, the elder is already married, the younger is a fiancée.

A curious incident gave us an insight into the reality of their religion. To amuse our host we performed some tricks



AT THE SCHOOL OF THE ISRAELITE ALLIANCE

of sleight-of-hand. Producing a silver dollar, I asked the aged father to assure himself that it was a real dollar, not tampered with in any way. He seemed reluctant to pick up the coin.

"You must not urge him," said our guide. "It is the Jewish Sabbath; a Jew may not touch filthy lucre on the holy day."

Before departing we were asked to take tea with the family, and were forthwith ushered into an apartment, furnished with that crude gaudiness that is the result of Oriental imitation of Occidental fashions. Of their "European Room" they are as proud as we are of our so-called "Oriental dens." The mirrors, clocks, sofas, and chandeliers, imported from the continent, are the envy of their neighbors.

Tea-drinking in Morocco is a solemn ceremony, to the stranger almost a sickening one. A handful of tea is put in the teapot, and the pot is filled to the very top with sugar, broken from a huge cone loaf; then boiling water is poured

on. Then a bouquet of mint is thrust into this saturated solution of sugar and tea. Next, half a glassful is thrown away to exorcise evil spirits, and then one glassful is boldly swallowed by the host to reassure the guests by proving that there is no intent to poison them. Extravagant as this may sound, it is a necessary bit of etiquette in a land where tea-parties are so often fatal to a rich man's enemies. Finally, little painted glasses full of mint tea are served to all, and the traditional three rounds of this abominable concoction — a sort of warm and flat mint-julep, with the true soul of a mint-julep lacking — must be drunk on pain of being thought ill-bred. If the glasses are not completely emptied every time, the residue is complacently turned back into the teapot, to which more mint and water have meantime been added; and the greater noise we make in drinking the tea, the better are our manners thought to be. The resulting sounds at a really fashionable tea-party suggest the releasing of the air-brakes on a railway train.

During the function, sticky sweetmeats and preserved fruits, that are as revolting as they are adhesive, are



"KINDLY FACES SMILING DOWN"

passed repeatedly, and every time we are expected to accept and eat. I nearly ruined my digestion in an attempt to be polite. My friend, more happily situated, is able to pour most of his tea out of the window, and deftly to drop the sticky abominations out upon the heads of the passers-by.

Escaping finally, we make another call, this time upon the little colony connected with the mission school of the French Israelite Alliance. We find it most refreshing to meet a group of educated people, with whom to talk of all the strange things we have seen. Among them are the teachers, sent from France, their wives and families, and also a number of the most progressive Jews in Fez. The boys are students of the school, and a fat one is presented as the prize pupil of the institution, the pride and admiration of his teachers who put him through his paces at a blackboard



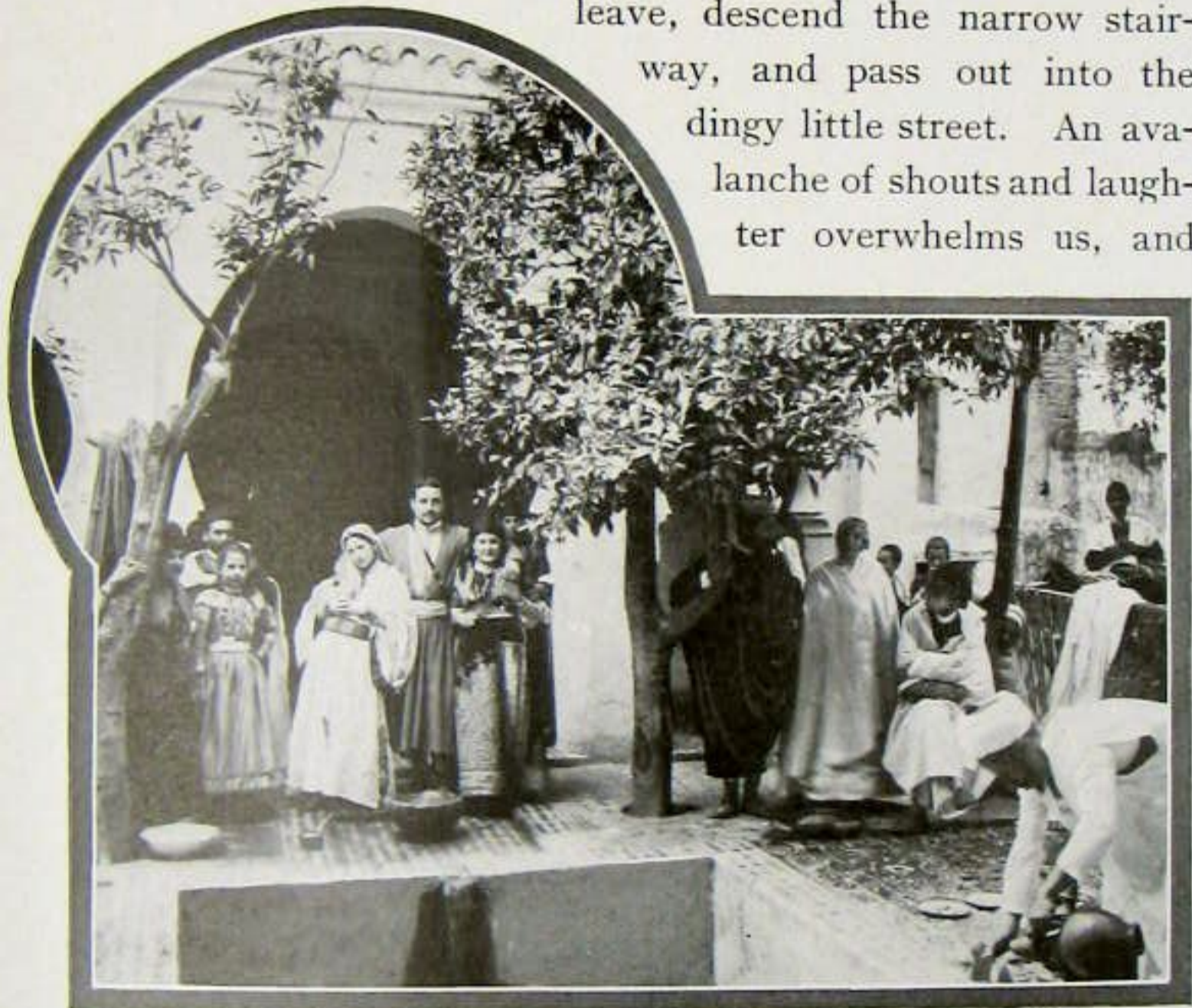
OUR GUESTS



THE PICNIC PARTY IN OUR GARDEN

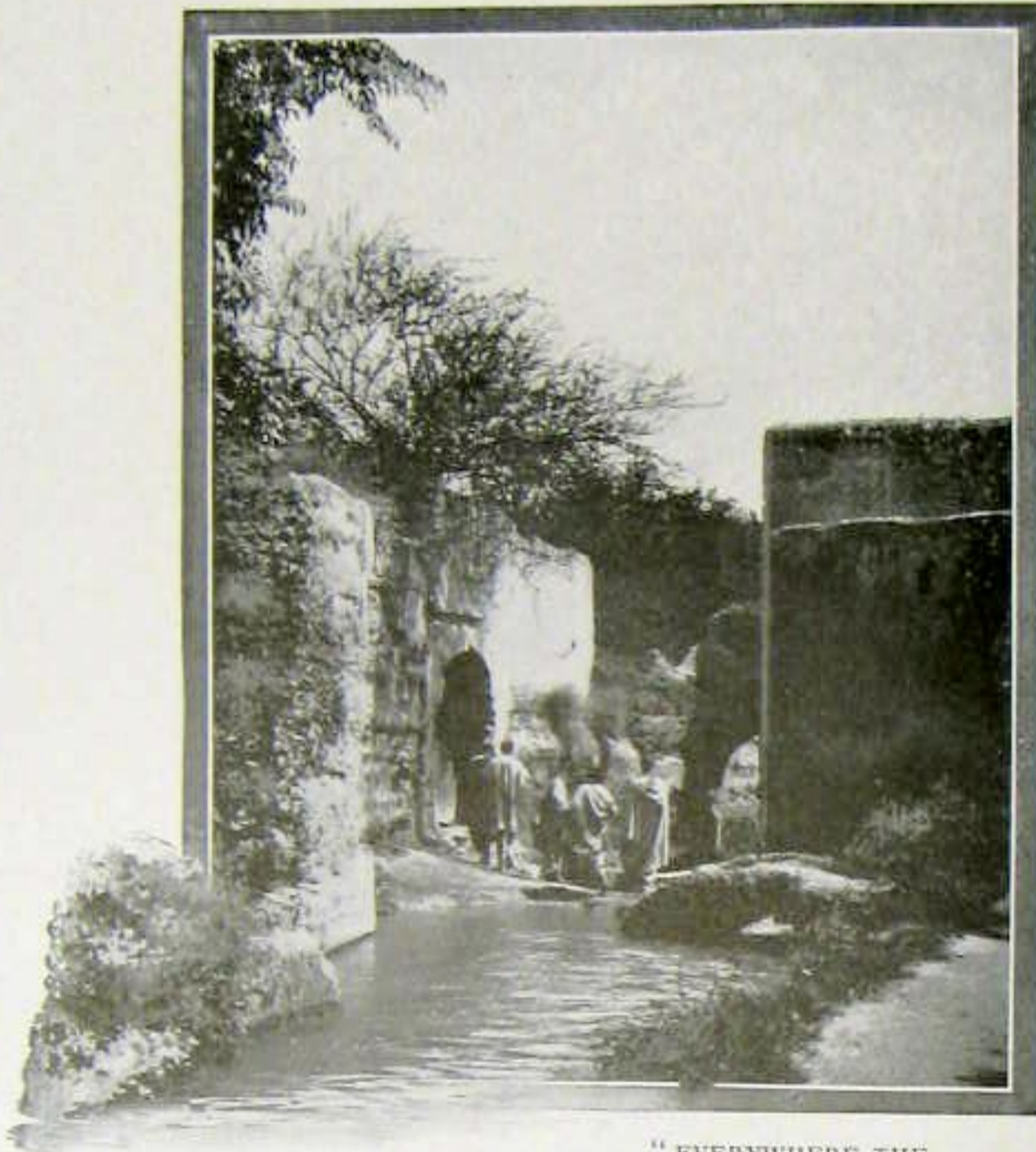
to convince us of his cleverness. He certainly did gallop through arithmetical puzzles with rapidity and ease, and answered the questions that we propounded with a facility that put us quite to shame, for we could think of nothing difficult enough to stagger him for a moment.

Then, after another infliction of mint tea and some sweetmeats that seemed like sugar-coated sausages, we take our leave, descend the narrow stairway, and pass out into the dingy little street. An avalanche of shouts and laughter overwhelms us, and



ISRAELITE SOCIETY IN FEZ

looking up we see the sky-line of the house adorned with a border of kindly faces, smiling down a cheery "*au revoir*." For it has been arranged that we are all to meet again upon the morrow. These new-found friends have been invited to spend the day at our villa, to attend a picnic in our garden, to forget there in the leafy spaciousness of our temporary abode the cramped and airless houses of the Mellah.



"EVERYWHERE THE
SOUND OF RUNNING WATER"

There are no private gardens in the Mellah, lack of space forbids; nor are there public gardens in the Moorish city. Therefore the Jews must take their air and sunshine on the housetops, where level terraces, surrounded by low parapets, afford them opportunities to bake themselves in the torrid atmosphere of Africa. Need-

less to say, our invitation was accepted, and next morning, shortly after breakfast, a caravan of white-robed guests makes its appearance at our garden door. The women have ridden on mule-back across the city, for they are all protégés of France, and therefore are not compelled to go about on foot, like nearly all their co-religionists.

Great preparations have been made by Haj for their entertainment. He has adorned the house and court-yard with objects borrowed from unsuspecting owners. Let me explain that almost every evening when we return from rambles in the city, we find awaiting us two or three dealers in curios, rugs, old brocades, and Moorish weapons; their goods spread out in a most artistic, tempting fashion. Haj has induced the men who came the night before to leave

their goods on approval until the following evening ; and thus it is that we are able to give our picnic a rich Oriental setting without incurring any great expense. In the picture of the merry-makers it may be interesting to identify my friend, who sits on the extreme left, robed in a white burnoose. Then on the right is Haj, dressed in his best ; near him there sits an old gray-bearded man. He is our only Moorish guest, one of the few Moors who is free from the prejudices of his race, who does not fear to sit at meat with Jews and Christians ; moreover, he speaks Spanish fluently. But he is more of a good fellow than a good Mohammedan ; to our knowledge he dares to disregard the rule of total abstinence imposed upon the nation, for in his home there is a secret cellar filled with wine. And, curiously, this old *bon vivant*, who to-day makes merry with us in our Moorish garden, bears the same name as he who sang the joys of the "jug in a Persian Garden" long ago ; his name, too, is Omar.

Our guests remain with us from morning until evening, departing just before the hour when the great wooden gates



" NOTHING REMINISCENT OF THE CITIES OF OUR WORLD "

of every district are closed securely for the night. In Fez, the populace keeps early hours. After nine o'clock it is impossible to enter or to leave the city or even to pass from one quarter to another, be it adjacent or remote. The gates once closed, each district is completely isolated, and all who are shut in must wait till morning to escape; all who are shut out must spend the night away from home, unless they be men of influence, or carry written orders for the opening of the barriers. There is, of course, nothing to do at night; there are no theaters, clubs, or evening parties; the city life dies out at sunset. The people go to their homes before the gates are closed. There is by night no movement save the



THE STREET THAT SKIRTS
OUR GARDEN WALL

flowing of the waters. A river sings its way through the heart of Fez, and swift canals are laughing in every quarter. There is everywhere in Fez the sound of running water, as in Rome, as at Nikko in Japan, as round the hill of the Alhambra. The sound is thus associated in my mind with four of the most fascinating places in the world. There is not in the entire city a building that is reminiscent of the cities of our world; there is no smoke,

"NAUGHT IN COMMON WITH THE COMMERCE OF TODAY"



and there are no chimneys ; there are no vehicles of any kind in Fez, there is but one wheeled vehicle in the whole Empire ; it is the state-coach given by Queen Victoria to the Sultan, a curiosity that is exhibited on state occasions, but a turnout in which the Sultan never rides. There is no noise

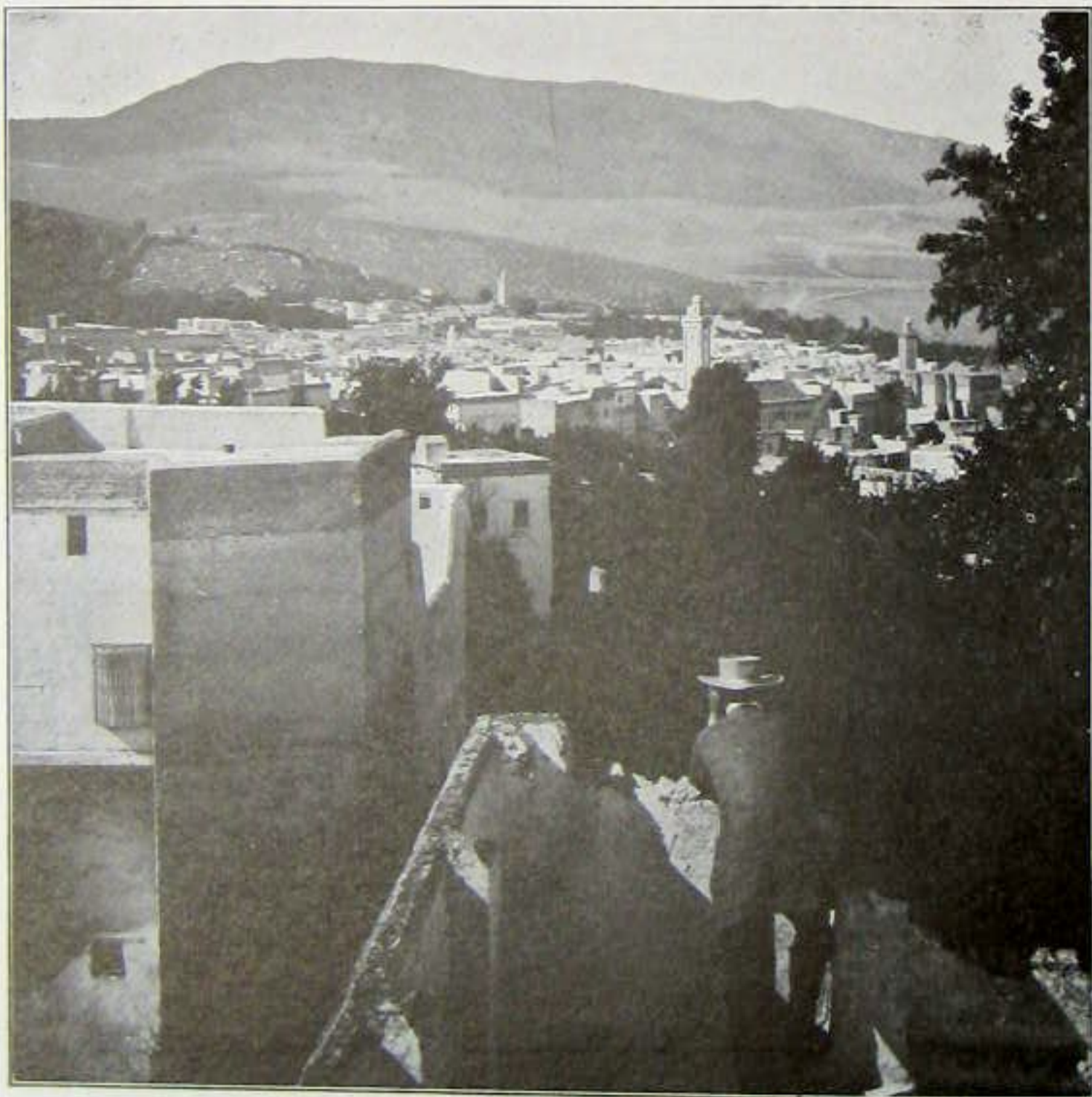


" ROOFLESS DUNGEONS THAT SERVE AS STREETS "

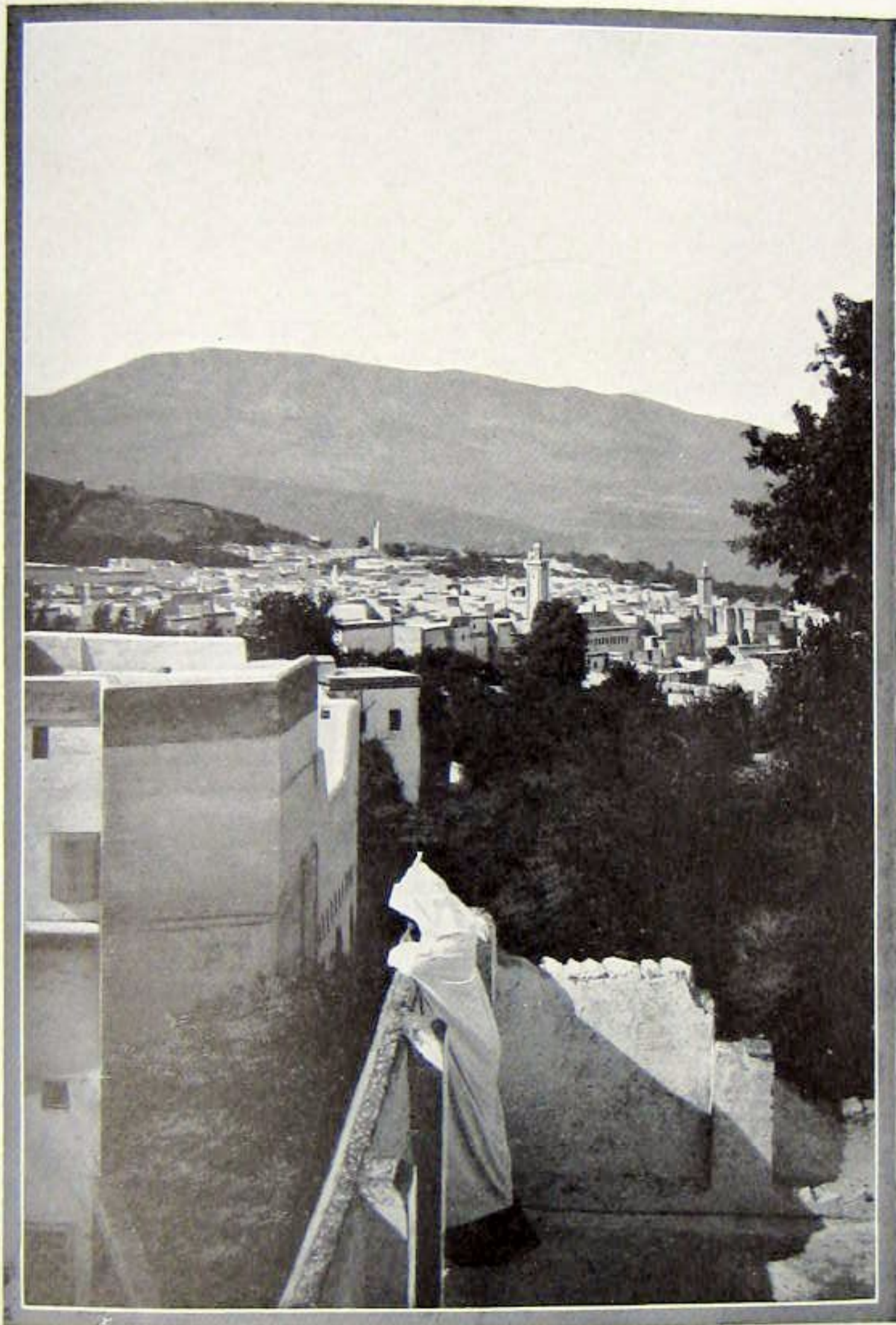
in Fez—no noise as we understand the word ; there are sounds, pleasant and unpleasant, but the ceaseless roar of western cities is not there. The struggle for existence is almost a silent struggle. Moreover, I believe that Fez is in a higher state of civilization, and that its people are less given to crime than are the dwellers in the poorer quarters of London, Paris, and New York. It is safe for a Moorish

citizen to walk these crowded streets by day ; at night he sleeps securely in his home. There is no flagrant immorality, yet there is no regular police.

The streets of Fez can never cease to astonish men from the modern world. We may have seen similar settings on the stage, similar costumes in pictures or museums ; so these are not new to us. What astonishes us is that these things should anywhere form a part of the actual daily life of men and women of our own time. And this life does not even touch our life ; its points of contact with the outside world are few. Commercial Fez communicates with the mysterious regions of the south, with Senegambia and Timbuktoo, by means of camel fleets that traverse seas of sand. This com-



" THERE IS NO NOISE IN FEZ "



THE SACRED HOUR OF MOGHREB

merce has naught in common with the commerce of our world ; its methods and its means of transport are totally

foreign to our own, and its itineraries are far beyond our ken.

But this city that appears so dim and so mysterious as we walk through the roofless dungeons that serve as streets, reveals to us a brilliant, dazzling aspect, when, disregarding the unwritten law forbidding men to go upon housetops, we



OUR LAST EVENING IN FEZ

venture out upon the terrace of our villa. The roof terraces are sacred to the women; there they may bare their faces in the light of day, there they may lay aside their shrouds, and, bathed in the soft evening light, appear for a brief space as living women,—women with charms and personalities. The men of Fez have tacitly agreed that on the housetops the women shall be free from male observation, free to forget that they are practically slaves. We could not bind our-



WHERE UNBELIEVERS SELDOM TREAD

selves to keep this courteous law, the view from our roof terrace was too tempting. All Fez was there spread out before us, Fez with its snowy dwellings reflecting the golden rays of the declining sun, Fez with its minarets, its mosques, its palaces; Fez with its streets seldom trodden by the feet of unbelievers, its sacred places never polluted by an alien glance.



"THE FIERCE SURROUNDING COUNTRY"

Old Fez so long the city of our dreams now become the city of our waking thoughts, is soon to become the city of our reminiscences. For alas! this is to be our last evening in the holy city. The limit of official tolerance is reached; our passports have been suggestively returned, and, knowing the futility of protest, we dine in regretful silence close to the open window that we may not lose a single phase of the ever-changing coloring and lighting of the picture there revealed to us. For the last time we watch the city grow dim in the twilight; although we have witnessed

ten times the dying of the day from this same window, the spectacle has not lost its charm, the picture has not lost its fascinating mystery. A sojourn of ten days in Fez has not dissipated, it has but deepened the sense of mystery. But we, to our surprise, have not yet suffered from that strange mental disease, the "longing to get away" that infallibly attacks ambassadors and representatives of foreign powers and is a political force upon which Moorish diplomats may count to rid them of annoying visitors who have come to press vexing demands upon their government. At last a sudden glow, like a great flood of fire, overspreads the city; it is the glow of sunset, the last signal of the dying day, and for a moment it suffuses the entire heavens, as if there were a distant world in conflagration. Fez has assumed a shroud of black; it is the sacred hour of Moghreb, and the lower darkness is resounding with the cries of the Muezzin, those cries of intense faith, those wailing laments that seem to express the nothingness of all things earthly.

The Moors speak of their country as "Moghreb-al-Aksa," the "Country of the Setting Sun." How prophetic!—for in very truth the sun of civilization has set forever upon this land, and though its past be brilliant as the heavenly sunset fires, its future is as dim as the soft-footed night that, stealing in from the black, fierce surrounding country, broods like a pall of death above the sleeping city of the Moors.



