

TROUBLES OF ONE PROGRESSIVE SULTAN

Why Factions in Morocco Fight the Ruler Thus Developing Unexpected Humorous Situations



THE MARKET-PLACE OF RABAT



THREE OF THE SULTAN'S WIVES ENTERING RABAT

BY FREDERICK MOORE
RABAT is the present "war-capital" of Morocco. History books teach that Moroccan City is the capital of the country, but the books are wrong. The city is tucked away inland, far to the South and long ago the Sultans found that residence there meant perpetual trouble in the turbulent North. So they established themselves in Fez in the North, and depopulated the government of the South. A weak man cannot hold the country, however, even from the North, and Abd-el-Aziz is the weak, or rather an exceedingly foolish man. Into a country of hard-shell Mohammedanism he has introduced all kinds of "toys of the Devil" for his own delight. The Koran forbids the faithful to look on any graven image and this includes pictures. But the Sultan not only looks; he has bought a camera and takes pictures. He has bought pianos and gramophones, motor bicycles and moving picture machines. He looks upon the wine when it is sparkling. He has been seen in English clothes, and he neglects religion. Worst of all he has endeavored to establish civilized ways of collecting taxes. Think of the folly of this in a country where the only part of the law which is respected is its strong arm. His old father knew better. He farmed the taxes, and if he thought that the farmers were not setting up a fair share he clapped them in jail till they came to their senses. His gates, too, were kept adorned with an array of human heads which he replenished from time to time, just to encourage those whose heads were still screwed on their shoulders.



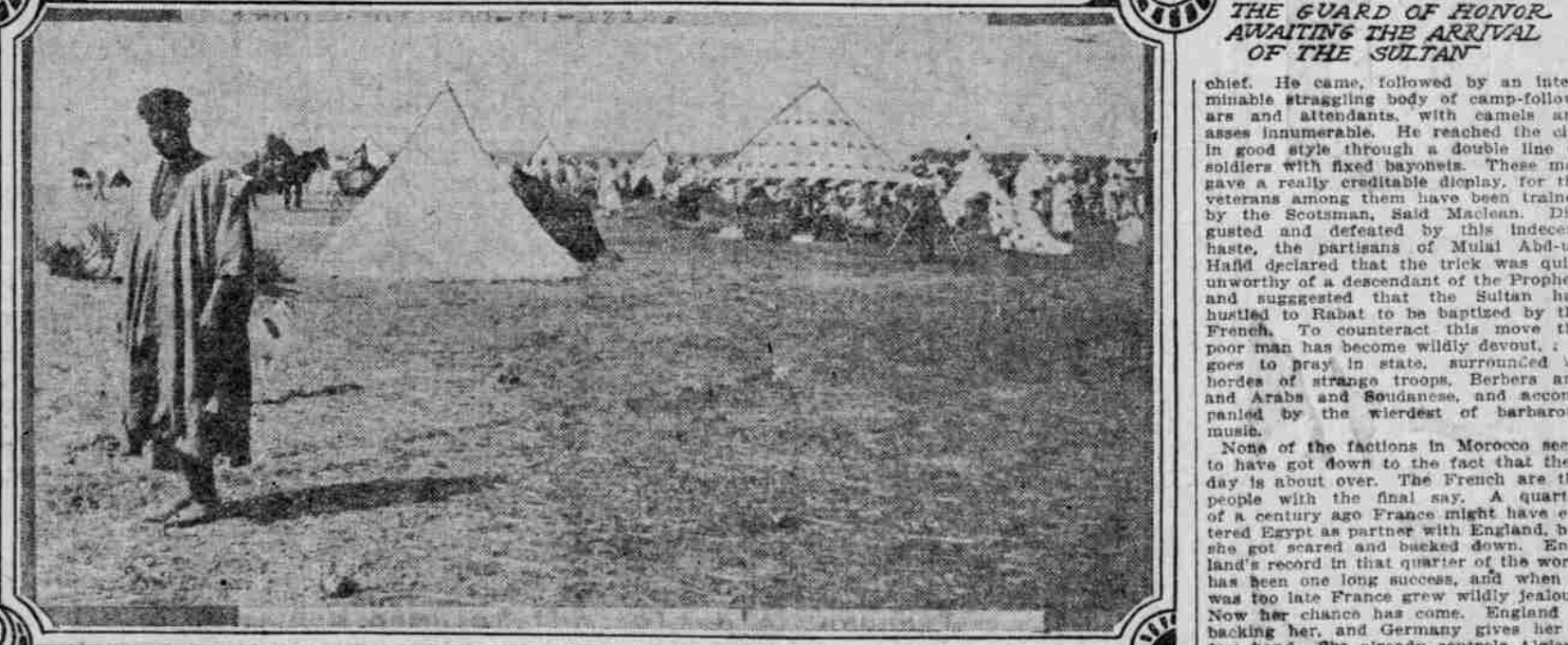
THE AUTHOR, FREDERICK MOORE



THE GUARD OF HONOR AWAITING THE ARRIVAL OF THE SULTAN



THE STRAGGLING MARCH OF THE CRACK TROOPS OF ABD-EL-AZIZ



THE CAMP OF THE SULTAN'S PERSONAL FOLLOWING AT RABAT

Under the rule of the present Sultan, the people have defied the taxes and grown fat. Away from headquarters the people have flung rebelled and taken the field in armed force, mostly because they like fighting anyhow, and partly because they think the Sultan is an irregular young profligate. As a part of their enthusiasm they have killed a few Frenchmen, and so now France has her armies encamped on Moorish soil. Pretenders to the throne have risen up on all sides and worried the Sultan more than a little. For he cannot afford to

feed his armies, and he knows that those who don't take the first chance to bolt for home will likely as not go over to the enemy. The most formidable of the rebels, in his own brother, Mulai Abd-ul-Hamid, until recently Governor in the South. He has strong cards in his hand. He is an elder brother, and born of a lawful "wife." The young Sultan's mother was a slave and a foreigner, so that he himself is a half-breed. He got the throne which he is frittering away by the whim of his father, for in Morocco the ruler

names his own successor. His brother is a thorough Moor, who rules by terror, and he has promised to restore the old ways of his father, and decorate his city gates with human heads. When recently the Sultan heard that his brother was in flat rebellion, and had proclaimed himself the true ruler, he knew that he was up against it. The man who reached Rabat first—midway between Fez and Morocco City, and a seaport of considerable strategic importance, would hold the master card. The Sultan scraped up a little money

from somewhere, and at last managed to set off with an army of several thousand men. Other recruits were commandeered to meet him at Rabat, and the friendly tribes who respected the levy sent in a full raft of skulkers, many of whom deserted, while others were prevented by being chained together in gangs. The Sultan actually got started within three weeks of hearing of the crisis, and marched nearly two-hundred miles in ten days. Such unheard-of haste had its penalties; he had to leave ninety per cent of his wives behind! With a beg-

gally thirty of them he reached Rabat, and the other 70, or thereabouts, straggled in days behind. Under such spartan conditions the poor Sultan must have realized the truth of General Sherman's famous dictum. I was at Casablanca, with the French forces when I heard that the Sultan was making for Rabat, and so I took the coasting steamer going North. Alas for human hopes. A surf was breaking on the shore—the long swell of the open Atlantic—and no Moroccan would launch a boat through it. I was carried prot-

ing to the steamer's destination, and on the return voyage had the same luck. A courteous French officer, sympathized with my plight, and made me a welcome guest on his ship until the surf moderated, and I could land. Thanks to the Sultan's slowness I reached Rabat soon enough. The town was all agog for the royal visit. Sold'rs were swarming on every street and the market place was a seething mass of goosepers. For some distance out from the city groups of soldiers squatted at ease, the Guard of Honor awaiting their

chief. He came, followed by an interminable straggling body of camp-followers and attendants, with camels and asses innumerable. He reached the city in good style through a double line of soldiers with fixed bayonets. These men gave a really creditable display, for the veterans among them have been trained by the Scotsmen who have been dis- gusted and defeated by this indecent haste, the partisans of Mulai Abd-ul-Hamid declared that the trick was quite unworthy of a descendant of the Prophet, and suggested that the Sultan had hurried to Rabat to be baptized by the French. To counteract this move the poor man has become wildly devout, and has vowed to pray in state, surrounded by herds of strange troops, Berbers and Arabs and Soudanese, and accom- panied by the wildest of barbarous music.

None of the factions in Morocco seem to have got down to the fact that their day is about over. The French are the people with the final say. A quarter of a century ago France might have entered Egypt as partner with England, but she got scared and backed down. Eng- land's record in that quarter of the world has been one long success, and when it was too late France grew wildly jealous. Now her chance has come. England is backing and Germany gives her a free hand. She already controls Algeria, and with Morocco farmed by her, she will have a Western Egypt of her own. At present she is a little dazed to find the task a bigger one than she expected. But she is awakening to the facts, and won't back down. Just now her chief crop is glory, and rather thin at that. Just she looks for something worth while soon.

Meanwhile, Germany is content. She is establishing steamship lines, and pick- ing up dock rights and other concessions which at present are going cheap. As long as she can get a good share of the plum she is content to let France har- vest them for her.

SOME WELL-TO-DO WOMEN WHO WORK

New York Sun.
"I HAVE tried to think what I could do," said the woman at the concert, "and I have found that I possess one talent. I have a voice and I want to make the most of that. Nothing else relieves me of the ordinary daily round of society that I have known all my life. I may not have much of a talent, as it is, but it is all I have. I am going to cultivate that therefore until I make something out of it."
Her friends knew that she spent two hours every day at the piano, had three lessons a week from her singing teacher, in addition to perfecting herself in the languages she thought would be necessary to her in attempting to sing. Such serious devotion to her art was not necessary, as the young woman in question happened to have sufficient income. Her case is typical of the present desire of New York women to do something.
"I can run over my list of acquaint-

ances," a woman said to the Sun reporter, "and find that a majority of them are extremely interested in some kind of work. I know just ordinary New York women who do what the majority of New York women do and are not specially gifted beyond the rest of their race. Yet I will tell you what their specialties are. Not long ago they never thought of doing anything beyond enjoying the ordinary social pleasures of their class and thought they were doing their full duty when they looked after their homes and their children.
"One of them who speaks Italian well wondered what she could make of that gift beyond reading for her own pleasure. She had a friend who had established a school in which Italian girls were taught sewing and other means of supporting themselves. Everything about this club had been a success, but the women who founded it could never get hold of a secretary who was competent and able to speak Italian. Here seemed to be just the chance that this girl wanted, so she goes three times a week to the school and spends the greater part of the day

there apparently happier than she ever was. To do such work as that requires more than ordinary intelligence. In order that she might not seem to be depriving of the work some girl who needed the money she makes the society pay her, and that amount she divides among the Italian girls who come there and seem to be really in poverty.
"I know two women who are just now moving heaven and earth to get orders for household decoration. Neither has the least need of money, and what each wants is to get out of the amateur class. They think that can be done only by getting a legitimate order from somebody to decorate a house. So they haunt the offices of their architect friends. It was a great feather in the cap of one of them when she succeeded in getting per- mission to decorate several rooms in a hotel in which her husband was a stock- holder. She makes a specialty of the French school, while the other devotes her talents to the Italian renaissance. One of them has decorated her own house in the Italian style, but as there are few ordinary New York homes suited to such

a period she is longing for hotels and rich men's palaces to conquer.
"Both these women have husbands and children and do not neglect their duties toward them. That is another phase of the new desire of women to have something that they can do. They seem to be just as efficient with these other duties on their hands. They have even come to speak slightly of women who think of nothing but society.
"The hardest worked woman I know is a painter who leaves a beautiful home early in the morning to spend half a day in her studio working on portraits. She never sells any of them, as she has not yet reached the point at which they would be good enough, and her husband probably would not allow her to if she wanted to dispose of them in that way. Her ambition is not to make money but to develop a talent which artists have assured her that she possesses. Two years before she took her own studio she went as regularly to the league and to other classes as if she had been depend- ent on her success for her daily bread. Another hard worker in my acquaintance, and a rich girl at that, makes beautiful book bindings. She went abroad last Summer to take a special course of in- struction under a well known teacher in Paris and stayed all during July and

August alone in the city to complete the course she wanted to take."
Good works are scarcely to be classed as a part of this new movement, but the missions in Chinatown, the various Girls' friendlies as they are called, and similar organizations occupy the time of many women who do not feel that they are gifted in artistic ways. Those who are anxious to do something in the musical or literary field struggle at the piano or write and rewrite the short stories which they hope will put them in the produc- tive class even if it does not make them famous. Perhaps the literary ambition has consumed more women than any other, but that passion is also too historic to be counted as a sign of the times. This new inclination is, however, respic- tible for the increase in the number of women who read or pretend to read seri- ous works.
"I know a girl who used to think of nothing but her husband, her baby and her hunters," said the same woman who had been telling The Sun about the other woman workers in society. "Now- adays she still loves her husband and her babies, but she has given up the hunters for Ibsen. She has taken up Ibsen with the same enthusiasm that 20 years ago one discussed the plays of the dramatist. The reason of that is the present tendency for all women to be

serious. The discussions over Ibsen were confined formerly to women who thought, nowadays every woman has to pretend to think whether she does or not, and they are going in for serious reading and thinking after they get to a certain age.
"Sometimes the efforts of women to get in among the workers when they have no particular qualification for it is almost pathetic. The other day I met a girl who had always been popular among her friends and had passed the first days of her enjoyment of social life. She told me that she had just organized a "hat sale" which was to take place twice a year according to her plans. I asked what in the world had put such an idea into her head.
"I cannot work, you see, with my brains," she explained. And as all the girls I know are doing something I thought I had to get busy also. I cannot sing or paint or write, so I am going to trim hats and sell the proceeds for charity. That will at least keep me busy for several months of each year."

"Thank God, I am an Ancestor."
George T. Angell in "Our Dumb An- cestors."
A celebrated French marshal, over- hearing some of his younger officers telling of their great ancestry, is re- ported to have exclaimed: "Thank God, I am an ancestor."
Various organizations of men and women are now being formed in our country, the members of whom are descendants of somebody who did some- thing which entitled them to special honor. It seems to me very important that these good men and women should just now be striving to become heroes and heroines themselves.
Our country is full of great and ter- rible wrongs. The starvation of mil- lions of cattle on our Western prairies; the cruel transportation of animals which makes vast quantities of our meats unfit for use; the enormously increasing practice of unnecessary and cruel vivisections; the fights between colleges and classes in colleges, on football grounds and else- where; the enormous adulterations of our foods, drinks and medicines; and a multitude of other wrongs too numerous to mention, all furnish an ample field for heroes and heroines to send their names down to posterity.
Experts have decided that the famous St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, is safe, so long as the buildings around it are not disturbed, and thus ends a long controversy.