

nation that he has aroused. Moorish historians have not been at much pains to tell in detail the impressive lesson of the extinction of the pirates of old. All the Moors readily believe the tale that the Spaniards of the Tangier colony tell, that in the Spanish-American War it was the United States that went down in utter defeat before the Spaniards. Few Moors travel. The mosque teachers inveigh against it. They threaten perdition to all who die without the geographical pale of the Moslem faith. The tales of our greatness brought back by Oriental Jewish merchants are sneered at as romances.

The recent Anglo-French treaty, which will soon cause France to be installed as the modern agent of the queer land untouched by the passing of centuries, may bring about a force of allies to hunt down Moorish bandits. Such assistance would be of value. The larger the force sent out, the more readily the desperadoes would be properly impressed.

Raisuli always claimed royal blood—the child of a holy man and a slave woman. He wears the green burnoose that is the insignia of a sheriff—one who has blood descent from the Prophet. His abode has been everywhere in the mountains. When I knew of him his band numbered two hundred men, as well as fifty giant Nubians—

slaves from the caravans. He had a noble number of wives. His expeditions moved in a long string of laden camels and mules. He and his men lived entirely in tents. The tent of Raisuli had the barbaric splendor of many colors, and its center pole had on the top a golden ball—a sign of the occupancy by royalty. Raisuli was treated by his men as courtiers treat a King. Wherever he went he was attended by two huge, Nubian slaves. He was a poet and a philosopher, and his flamboyant contributions are read at social gatherings at the mosques. The minstrels in the coffee houses found him an ever pleasing subject for their songs and stories.

His first lessons in kidnapping were supplied by his own Government. As a child Raisuli lived among the Zemmur tribe in the interior. There, when he was a youngster, the Sultan's force came one day on a tax-gathering expedition, and when the tribesmen did not yield sufficient in money, cattle and sugar-loaves and grain, Raisuli and several other young men were taken to prison in Fez and held as captives until such time as the tribesmen should bring in the taxes demanded as the ransom of the prisoners. This kidnapping of young men from the tribes in arrears on the payment of the taxes is the favorite method of the bashaws everywhere in Morocco for keeping their coffers filled.

For a long time Raisuli and his band contented themselves with despoiling caravans in the interior. They did not seek to molest the Europeans at Tangier. Indeed, their hiding places were several days' journey from the seaport where is the big colony of Europeans and the legations of all the Powers.

The Moors of Tangier long had been accustomed to the Europeans, and were decidedly friendly in every respect except as to the admission of Christians to the interior of their mosques. On this point they were sullen and stubborn. To be sure, there is a warning issued by the officials to all Europeans that the Government will be responsible for no indemnity in case of injury or robbery to Europeans going about the city and its suburbs at night, unless they have furnished themselves with the escort of two soldiers, for which service one pays about fifty cents. This, however, was a precaution against the thieves and highwaymen who usually came into the big market place just outside the city gates in the wake of the caravans.

But five years ago Raisuli descended on Tangier. He had heard tales of the wealth of the Europeans. A wide, semi-circular beach



Torres, Foreign Minister, Calif Ab'd el Malach, a Port Captain



Entrance to American Consulate at Tangier

outside the gates of Tangier on the Mediterranean shore is the Spanish colony of the Moorish town. It numbers several thousands.

In a little, stone house, painted sky-blue, lived an old Spaniard with his married daughter, her husband and their two little children—Ramon and Catalina Gutierrez. The Spaniard bore the repute of being a miser who, though he went about in shabby clothing, really had a fortune that would have enabled him to live in princely style had he cared to do so. This was the gossip of the housewives, and it reached the camp of Raisuli. With only three of his followers, he forced his way into the little home by the sea and bore away the children, tearing them from

the arms of their parents, and killing the desperate father.

Then came the usual demands for the payment of a heavy ransom. It was made to the old man. It was in vain that he protested that he was not a miser, that he had no wealth. He permitted representatives of Raisuli to search the home, and even dig about the premises, to satisfy them that no hidden gold was there. When the news that the tales of the old man's wealth were false was taken to Raisuli his chagrin was such that he brought the little children to his tent and had them murdered—indeed, some accounts have it that it was his own scimitar that struck the fatal blows. For more than three years the fate of the children at the hands of their cruel captor remained unknown; but Professor Wisternark, the noted traveler and sociological writer, who spent three years touring in Morocco gathering material for a book concerning Oriental superstitions, brought back to Tangier the horrible story of the bandit's



Moorish Women on the Opening Day of the Fast of Ramadan

murder of the little Spaniards.

Cupidity was the cause that led Ab'd el Malach, the Lieutenant-Governor of Tangier, to make an effort to capture Raisuli. The Lieutenant-Governor, or Calif, was constantly making tax-collecting expeditions to the hill-tribes, to find that Raisuli had been there before him and made off with the flocks and whatever money there was to be found. The old Calif bears an unsavory reputation himself for the extortionate tax demands that he presses upon the peasantry, and for the methods he put in use to secure compliance with these demands. He often imprisoned members of tribes until they might be ransomed, and some he even put to torture. Raisuli, therefore, was most unwelcome in the territory.

Raisuli undoubtedly feared the Calif, who was as much feared by the peasantry as himself, and he knew that the old man's influence might work to secure his betrayal. It was a case of the matching of the wits of the authorized robber and the freebooter. Raisuli won, and put his old enemy to horrible torture in revenge for the harassing he had undergone.

He succeeded through the aid of the people of the Fahs. Their villages are only about five miles from Tangier. Indeed, from the coast they easily can be made out with a good pair of field-glasses. The Calif had seized as hostage for unpaid taxes the son of the chieftain of the Fahs people. The youth was thrown into the black prison at Tangier. He only recently had taken his first wife. Raisuli, a friend of the chieftain through their dual claim of descent from Mohammed, prevailed upon the old man to send the lad's girl wife into Tangier with ransom money, goats and sugar loaves to secure the boy's release. The old chieftain and a small retinue accompanied the pretty girl.

Raisuli knew, as did all others who have ever lived in Tangier, the evil life that the Calif led, and he knew of the treatment that so comely a girl would receive at his hands. The boy was released the day after the ransom money was paid; but his wife was forced into the harem of the Calif, to be released later and sent back to her young husband.

Then the bandit chief stirred the tribesmen to bitter anger against the Calif, so that the next time he appeared to collect taxes the tribe attacked him and his train. They drove the Calif's forces back to Tangier. The old man they kept captive. Raisuli directed the torturing. A platform of stones was heated, and the Calif, first having undergone the degradation of having his beard shaved off, and of being stripped of his official garments and clothed in women's apparel, was made to do a grotesque

dance on the red-hot stones. Afterward with red-hot gun ramrods they burned out his eyes. Then they seared the muscles and tendons of his limbs, maiming them hopelessly. Finally they strapped the tortured, shriveled creature to the back of his horse, and under the high moonlight in the early hours of the morning the horse halted before the gates of Tangier. It was many minutes before by the light of the old, silver lanterns the soldiers at the gate could recognize in the distorted figure and ghastly shaven face, strapped to the horse the august and greatly feared Calif of Tangier.

I witnessed five months afterward the expedition that the crippled, blinded Calif sent out to revenge the terrible

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An Arabian Sheriff