

NEW BOOKS.

A Lady's Experiences in Morocco.

Since the publication of Pierre Loti's "Au Maroc" there has been no more interesting book upon the subject than "A Lady in Morocco," by Frances Macnab (Lancaster). This is the account of a journey made by two English women and their attendants from Tangiers to Tetuan, and, subsequently, along the western or Atlantic coast of Morocco as far as Mogador whence the travellers penetrated the interior as far as the city of Marakish (Morocco), the capital of the dominions of the Sultan Abdal Aziz. Particularly well worth reading are the chapters in which are set forth the author's observations in Tetuan and Marakish and of the hour which, by virtue of her sex, she was permitted to spend in the harem of a bashaw at El Kasar. Important, also, in its bearing on the pretensions of the French to dominate Morocco is the exposition of the history and actual status of the Sheriffs of Wazan, who seem destined to play a great part in the political future of the country. There are, it seems, more signs of wealth discernible within the Moorish houses of Tetuan than elsewhere in Morocco. The rich Moors of this place, many of whom are descended from inhabitants of Granada, who emigrated at the time of the conquest of that city by Ferdinand and Isabella, manage to keep out of reach of the intrigues which, soon or late, level every one who is not astute enough to guard himself against the wiles of bribery against the despotisms of the Moroccan Government. Tetuan is a manufacturing town if any place in Morocco can lay claim to the title. Two kinds of guns are manufactured, one a muzzle-loader fired with a percussion cap, and another fired by a flint, modelled on the piece used by the Portuguese in their last invasion near the close of the sixteenth century. Great quantities of slippers, also, are made in Tetuan, and shipped from Tangiers to all parts of the Moslem world, especially to Egypt. These slippers are invariably yellow if meant for men and red if intended for women; they are flat in sole and have scarcely any heelpiece, so that they are not easily kept on. The author found that, whenever she was in a hurry her slippers flew off, and before she left Morocco she was constrained to walk barefooted. The skins for slippers and shoes are brought from the slaughter ground to the tan pits and the manufacture of a shoe can be watched from the time the leather leaves the animal's back. Besides shoemaking there is a great deal of weaving. The striped black-and-white jalabias and the striped and checked wrappers worn by the native women throughout Morocco are made here by the thousand. Silks are produced in the neighborhood, the millinery tree flourishing about Tetuan. Our author saw hanks of golden silk hanging in the dyer's shed, side by side with yarns. The pride of the place, however, is its manufacture of tiles. The glazing of the tiles is done with antimony, dug out of a mine in the environs. The tiles vary from those of Fez, being cut into various shapes: octagons, crosses, stars. In fact every shape except a curve. The Fez tiles are always square, and our author only saw them in two colors, blue and white. The secret of the blue coloring of the Fez pottery has been so well kept for centuries that no one outside of the town has learnt it. In her account of her visit to the harem of a grandee in El Kasar, the author expresses the opinion that the poor country-woman who trades along the road leading under her load is less to be pitied than the pampered wife of a bashaw. As the stigma of slavery attaches to work, especially household work, the wives of a Moorish magnate spend their time in painting their faces and dressing themselves, fattening their hands with lace patterns and searching for a spot upon their cheeks where another mark can be added. They are bedecked with savage jewelry, in which huge emeralds are conspicuous. Some of the concubines were pretty girls, and their simple attire was far more becoming than the atrocious make-up of crude colored silks, dyed eyes, false hair and rouged cheeks of the four wives. It is better, it seems, to be a concubine in Morocco than a lawful wife, for a concubine cannot be divorced, and has some provision made for her, just as it is better to be a slave for whom a price is paid than a mere peasant, who is no better than a serf. We are told that the trade in slaves is not so thriving as it used to be. The Moors are not so rich or so willing to pay high prices as they once were. If, however, a black woman newly imported from Timbuctoo is young, good-looking and physically sound, she will fetch a good deal of money. The first time she has a child, the mother and the child are sold together, and the woman then commands a higher price for Moors having a great liking for a slave boy brought up in their own household. The best prices for slaves, especially young women, are obtainable in Marakish, the capital, in Fez and in Tetuan. It is a mild type of slavery that prevails in Morocco, as in all Moslem countries. It is common for a good-natured master to emancipate his slave, and under the law, if the child of a slave woman by a free man is recognized by the father, the child is free. The Sheriffs of Wazan, who are true descendants of the Prophet through the process of the Edirite dynasty, deposed in the tenth century, still occupy a position of prominence in Morocco, that no Sultan can be proclaimed without their sanction. They are, in fact, invested with an hereditary high priesthood, equipped with the power of a feudal baron. At present the Sheriffs of Wazan are virtually vassals of France. The other two Sheriffs, one of whom is represented as living entirely under French supervision, the younger one has served in the French army. It is believed by those who favor the pretensions of the young men that the time is not far distant when the Sheriffs of Wazan, retaining the claim of the Edirite dynasty, will become masters of Morocco. It may be that the first step taken by France in the country when she is actually working will be to restore an independent monarchy of Fez and to place her the throne on the head of one of the princes of the House of Wazan. The author found that the French are warmly regarded by the Moors. What is more, among them as an English word, "to be a Frenchman" is a compliment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the French are warmly regarded by the Moors. What is more, among them as an English word, "to be a Frenchman" is a compliment. It is not surprising, therefore, that the French are warmly regarded by the Moors. 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lived in the island of Corsica in the year 1735. Life was particularly stirring in that island at that time. On the cover of the book we see the young hero, Camillo Negro, engaged in a combat with knives with his cousin Teodor. The knives are fearful-looking weapons. Teodor was not the best boy in Corsica. We are glad that Camillo got the best of it. The second chapter is entitled "The Quarrel," the third "The Duel." This will include the early inauguration and the closely-concentrated succession of exciting events. On page 2 we read of a vendetta and of a big and powerful man with long and grizzled hair who limped because he bore a bullet in his thigh. On page 3 we have a house with windows stuffed with mattresses to keep out the bullets of the enemy. A man went out of this house one day to labor in the fields. Three months afterward they found his bones, which had been picked clean by the eagles. On page 8 Cosario Arrighi discharges his flint-lock gun, a man rolls over and lies motionless with his face to the sky, and two other men bound upon the sunlit scene, one of them with a big vine knife flashing in his hand. On page 9 blood pours from a wound in Cosario Arrighi's thigh and Fabiano Brusco comes blood-stained up the hill, having lost a part of one of his ears. The illustrations further will indicate the lively nature of the story. There is the captive notary at page 34. Plainly enough the brigands have got him. He stands backed up against the fire and Cosario holds a dagger against his breast. The poor notary finds the fire altogether too warm, but he cannot move further away from it, because if he does he will be pricked by the dagger. Merry fellows the brigands. This is their way of settling a question. "Good gentlemen," cries the notary, "there is already the smell of roasting cloth at my back, and the feeling as of a dog's teeth in my legs. If it is for the trifling matter of a few ducats that I am being fried like a chicken I will pay the sum. Noble Cosario, I have 75 florins in my pocket—let me go or they will be melted." Inasmuch as the price is 100 florins, the noble Cosario advances the dagger a little and the shrinking notary gets his extraneous. Thus there is the picture of the hero hurling down a rock upon the heads of the Genoese soldiers, and the picture of Martin, the English sailor, standing in triumph over the prostrate body of a Corsican bully whom he has just knocked out; and the picture of the red Giambini, a dreadful character, glaring in at the window in the ink and middle of the night, and the picture of the hero about to thrust through a sneaky villain who is advancing upon him in the forest with a dagger, a lantern and a savage oath. The pictures are all spirited and fit well with the text, as it is the business of illustrations to do, of course, though we have known of cases in which they did not do it. A great fellow was Martin, the English sailor. They thought at first that he was deficient in spirit because he did not run a knife between the ribs of the leading bully who kept stepping on his heels when he was marching in the ranks of King Theodore's army. When Martin, in his good time, took the bully in hand, he dealt him such a blow on the head with his fist that they are told "there was a crash as when a smith smites on an anvil." It must have been thorough work if sound means anything. The hero went to England with Martin afterward, and there the young

Corsican saw King Theodore in the debtor's prison in London. The unfortunate monarch was King only for one summer, as the title of the story indicates. Twin Singers of Minneapolis. The Chicago River is not the only Pierian spring of Western poetry; the muses nine have in the Mississippi water, too, and from Minneapolis there comes to us a beautifully and artistically printed little volume containing "Poems" by Arthur Upson and George Norton Northrop and dedicated to the members of the Samovar Club (Edmund D. Brooks). The further West we go the greater is literary progress, for authors are unhampered by respect for conventional standards. The poems are divided about equally between the two poets, who both seem acquainted with recent queer French experiments in verse. Mr. Upson tries hard to make us see color in words and expands his theory in what he calls "Songs of Color." These are introduced by a domestic scene: One stormy evening of the many spent Alone, we two, in fellowship most choice, In mingled gas and frolic, with the bent, Bright pressure of your kindly look and voice, And many a clearing touch that makes a heart rejoice. A printed errata slip informs us that fire and light should be separated, so that there can be no mistake about the most choice fellowship occurring in mingled gaslight and freelight, an important factor in dealing with color. Mr. Upson's mother was reacting to him, but he was inattentive, for he noticed "less the sense than color of each word." That idea had occurred previously to a band of disreputable French postasters, one of whom wrote a well-known sonnet on the color of the vowels; it now struck Mr. Upson: I never heard such colors were in sound, Such slips of color woven in a tone. These are samples of his discoveries. Look! this is green word And matched old me see with this, Makes that rare old greenoavety sound, Look sharp: sharp is red and the colors kiss. *Hullabaloo.* I am a crystal turning, In me are whirled All the enchantments of the Colorworld, Whirling, coloring, burning, Yet am I wholly blue. And most shyly all through, But if you wait You see a million melted rainbows there. *Crede.* Hue over hue Unwinding in the air Within my globe that do articulate Little untraded songs and scraps of tune To ears that love old music in the moon. *Nov.* I creep to the arms, dear Thea, For thine magnet in woman's ken So dear, so dear as I can. To thy small, white bride named Nov. We look in vain for the epithalamium of "Ah There," but Mr. Upson can doubtless supply one. With his ear telescope or spectroscopic he goes to the opera, and sees our visions. When Lilli Lehmann sings *Tosca*: A hair of sunset was in her tress, With a smile in beauty where the waves were sheen— An evensong sea whose patens alone Strangely along redid us and scraps of green. There may be a wash of green in the "Liebestod." We don't profess to have followed all the eccentricities of the French decadents. They have played havoc with the spelling and syntax of their mother tongue, and they may have devised the vestibule adjective. Perhaps it may be

an invention of Messrs. Upson & Northrop. This is the color effect of Frau Schumann-Haink's *Ortrud*: Blazed through the dark that orange glow of terra-fire behind where, framed, the grille upper Of horn and drum and viol, barriers My clinging soul, unscorched, peers safely through. It seems a very uncomfortable way of listening to or seeing music. The reader will not be surprised after this to learn that Calvé's voice is yellow; Gade's, is green, and Melba's, blue. In following Mr. Upson's color exposition, we have neglected his partner, Mr. Northrop, who is fully his peer in poetical insight and fondness for queer typography, but shows perhaps more recollection of classic models. A quatrain by him that perhaps justly characterizes this joint output of the Minneapolis bards must suffice: The Drudok, demerited and bent, Lifts up his arms on high: We raise our hands with good intent, But still we go awry. The Mississippi Bubble. The title of Mr. Emerson Hough's romance, "The Mississippi Bubble" (Dowen-Merrill Company, Indianapolis), hardly signifies the lively quality of the tale. Here is Mr. John Law, very much reanimated, and interesting in a number of ways that the title would never suggest. If one should read on the cover of a book "The Great London Fire" or "The Lisbon Earthquake," one would hardly expect to find a romantic novel inside. The suggestion is of history rather than of fiction. Suppose that Mr. Archibald C. Gunter had called his great novel about the Philippine Islands "The Era of American Expansion," what would have been thought of it? Perhaps Mr. Hough wanted to catch serious readers, who would never have looked twice at his book if he had called it "Love, Rapier and Finance," "Dashing J. Law, Banker," "The Coffee House, the Wilderness and the Court," or something of that sort. Whatever his purpose, he has written an exceedingly readable and spirited story. We learn here that John Law came down from Scotland poor, handsome, audacious and lucky; that two fine ladies fell in love with him at sight, even though his clothes were shabby; that he returned the love of one of them; that he had no difficulty in enriching himself at the gaming table; that thereupon he clothed himself in splendid apparel; that he was thrust into prison for killing Beau Wilson in a duel; that he escaped to America; that the two ladies got mixed up at a critical moment in the process of escape, and that he carried to wrong one to America with him; that he lived in the Canadian wilderness with the wrong lady, who tried to kill him in a fit of jealousy; that he returned to Europe and became powerful in finance and socially splendid; that the wrong lady turned up at a little supper of the Regent and died of emotion on beholding the great Jean Las as the French curiosity and characteristically called him; and that after his downfall the right lady came to him, making him far happier and more fortunate than he ever had been before. It is a good story, cleverly constructed, dramatic, well told. There is no page of it that is dull. Mr. Hough's John Law is an unusually interesting person. *New Novels.* From the artistic point of view Mr. Paul Laurence Dunbar's "The Sport of the Gods" *Continued on Eighth Page.*

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NEW PUBLICATIONS. Have you seen HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May? Mrs. Humphry Ward's remarkable new novel begins its life there. WHY READ BOOKS? It depends on the books. Three are published to-day that answer the question themselves. Two of them are fiction and the third is a collection of some of the best stories and newest anecdotes that have ever been published. The title of this book is *Meditations of an Autograph Collector*; and the author is Adrian H. Joline. Incidentally there are reproduced here in facsimile some unusual autograph letters from Napoleon, Robert Burns, Scott, Pope, Addison, Tennyson, Queen Victoria to King and so forth. Some will be interested in both phases— anecdotes and letters. Everybody will be interested in one or the other. This is a limited de Luxe edition printed with fine extra cloth binding and paper label especially for book lovers. Instead of a collection of good stories *Her Serene Highness*, published to-day, has only one. The author is David Graham Phillips. From the "go" and life of the dialogue readers will say Anthony Hope. But the story is different. A young American art collector in search of a rare art treasure meets her "Serene Highness" on the continent. That is the beginning of a love interest and a series of adventures different from anything offered to readers of fiction in a long time. There is a different reason still for reading *Hardwicke*, the new novel by Henry Edward Reed, published to-day. It is an intensely dramatic story of the conflict and struggle of a broad-minded young minister against the narrow-minded religious prejudices of the people of a little village. The theme is one of broadest interest—religious progress. It has never been treated as the author treats it in this new novel. And still very different reasons for reading the stories of A. Conan Doyle that concern *Sherlock Holmes*. Of course, you have read the *Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*; have you read the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*—the second series? The memoirs are even more interesting than the adventures. Reasons for reading the *Gray Horse Troop*, by Hamlin Garland, and *The Right of Way*, by Gilbert Parker, readers have had time to discover for themselves. One continues to be and the other is already among the best selling books of the season. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York. Just Published. IN THE COUNTRY GOD FORGOT. By FRANCES CHARLES. THE GOD OF THINGS. By FLORENCE BRIDGE WHITEHOUSE. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

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