

An American Among the Riffi

BY
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Illustrated



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INTRODUCTION

THE civilizing genius of France has been active over the disparate populations of northern Africa since the days of Louis Philippe, when the influence of the French in Algeria came first to a sort of general recognition. Since then French teachers and merchants, soldiers, priests, and administrators have never been idle south of the Mediterranean; Algeria, Tunisia, Morocco and Mauretania, Nigeria, and the equatorial colonies have come under the domination of an empire which is almost always benevolent in its methods and often admirable in its achievements.

The twentieth century has seen most of this development of French influence in Africa, particularly in the huge sherifian empire. Since 1902, when Delcassé, then Minister of Foreign Affairs, began the negotiation of the treaties which consecrated France's special position of privilege in Morocco, the status of the sherifian country has changed immeasurably: the anomaly

INTRODUCTION

of an inchoate and semi-barbaric feudal state in a modern world has disappeared, and a rationally administered and recognized French protectorate has taken its place. The change has been accompanied by a minimum of violence, all things considered; the period 1902-12 was taken up by the diplomatic struggle to regularize France's position, and the period 1912-25 by an equally peaceful struggle to construct and administer inside the protectorate.

When the protectorate was proclaimed, in 1912, an arrangement was made whereby Spain received a sort of subsidiary protectorate in the northern zone of the sherifian empire, from the Mediterranean down to the imaginary line drawn on the maps in 1904 by Delcassé, when France and Spain made their first tentative division of "spheres of influence." Since 1912 Spain and France have been on trial, and surely there is no room for doubt that the Spanish have failed as signally as the French have succeeded.

Spain's failure belongs to history now; for the past year the Spanish have been, as the result of military defeat, restricted to those coast zones which they should never have abandoned. The

INTRODUCTION

Spanish civil administration never existed, and the military administration has been a mockery. One does not risk discomfiture in predicting that Spain's only rôle in the future of the Moroccan problem will be to participate in the final and inevitable peace conference which will readjust the conflicting interests of European powers to the undeniable necessities of the subject populations.

France's success, so brilliantly contrasted with the debacle in Spanish Morocco, is a success of administration and construction. The doubters have only to see the fabric of civilization the French have imposed on Arab sloth: popular education, good roads, clean streets, telephones, telegraphs, ports, bridges, culverts, and a medical and veterinary service admirable beyond everything else in a distinctly admirable régime. To say that there had been no opposition from those most directly benefited would be untrue; even in Fez and the fertile middle districts of Morocco, where the mixed population is neither warlike nor high-spirited, opposition has always existed. But it has been handled, managed, lulled, or vigorously suppressed—depending

INTRODUCTION

upon circumstance and opportunity—by the great proconsul Lyautey, so that progress has seldom been, in a serious or important way, impeded.

Marshal Lyautey's presence in the drama of northern Africa is so providential that it is difficult not to think of him as a sort of *deus ex machina*, intervening thus late in the day to save the treasured doctrines and excuses of imperialism. At least that is a point of view; the French socialists and communists, even when they admit the dazzling effectiveness of Lyautey's policy in Africa, argue that he is only mortal and that there is only one Lyautey. How much of France's triumph has actually been due to Lyautey's personal delicacy and force, his far-sightedness, and his genius for administrative detail, nobody can say until God or the myopic politicians in Paris remove him from the scene; but certainly he has been the greatest single force so far employed in the process of extending the boundaries of Western civilization south of the Mediterranean.

The situation he faced in 1917, when the organization of contemporary French Morocco

INTRODUCTION

really began, was chaotic. He had, as Resident General to the Sultan of Morocco, unlimited power over an uncoun-
ted but enormous population of multiple race and single religion. The empire extended from the fertile areas on the Atlantic coast to the Sahara in the southeast, and to the Rif mountain range on the north. The races were sufficiently different to constitute a problem in themselves. There were the pure Berber tribes of the Sus (the hinterland of Agadir and Mogador), savage, primitive, warlike; the Arabs of the desert, the Bedouins; the sedentary tribes of the Chaouia (the hinterland of Casablanca), mixed Berber, Arab, and some negro; and the very mixed races of the central Moroccan areas (the "granary of the world") around the great cities of Fez, Meknes, Marrakesh. The sedentary tribes were not warlike enough to give trouble: they accepted the machinery of civilization as they would have accepted anything else ordered by their superiors in the name of the sherifian sultan, Mulay Yusef. The nomadic tribes, to the north and the southwest—that is, in the direction of the Rif boundaries and the Sahara—were more difficult, and it cannot

INTRODUCTION

rightly be said that Lyautey has ever made a decisive conquest or a sure acquisition of territory in either direction. In the Sus, where war has never ceased since recorded history began, Lyautey's advent made little difference; the semi-nomadic, semi-sedentary Berber tribes there are still fighting as they fought five hundred years ago, and without a determined effort involving inexcusable loss of men and treasure the Sus could never be really subjugated.

Weighing the values of things material, Lyautey's decision of policy, made in 1917 and rigidly adhered to since then, seems both strategic and statesmanlike. He determined to concentrate the efforts of French administration on the more productive and more easily conquered areas, protecting them by adequate military outposts, and pushing those outposts farther out toward the frontiers as opportunity presented itself. Caution was to be the ruling principle, and peace wherever and whenever possible. The wisdom of the course has been proved in the eight years since then; the districts under Lyautey's rule have developed beyond all previous hopes, and the frontiers have been very slowly but steadily

INTRODUCTION

extended. The French still govern only about one third of the territory shown on standard maps as belonging to the French protectorate; but it is conceivable that the whole territory would, in say twenty years, come under the benevolent despotism of Rabat were Lyautey spared that long or his policies religiously continued.

War has been constant, of course; but it has been a necessary minimum of war. How slowly France has gone in the sense of military conquest may be gaged by the fact that it was not until two years ago that the serious operations were completed in the so-called "Tache de Taza," north and west from Taza, where the present line of French outposts exists. The results of rapid and energetic development inside the war frontiers have been as illuminating as the results of this very cautious and perhaps unimperial attitude toward additional military conquest; no comparison whatever exists between those areas which are under French administration and those which are not.

The orderly processes here broadly indicated might have gone on indefinitely, it seems, except

INTRODUCTION

for another *deus ex machina*. The second providential factor in the Moroccan conflict is Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

\ Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim is the leader without whom the blind forces of Islam could never have reached any kind of organization in Morocco. His qualities of mind, his characteristic genius do not bear comparison with those of Marshal Lyautey, but he stands nevertheless in sharp opposition to the figure of the great administrator. And he has now definitely assumed the rôle of Islam's leader against Christian invasion. His appeal to Islamic consciousness has been succinct and forceful; he has attacked France in the name of the common religion of all northern Africa, and his significance by far transcends the local importance of a frontier war. He has become, whether he consciously endeavored to do so or not, the champion and hero of the revolt of Islam in the western half of the vanished Islamic empire; he has become one of the important exemplars of that racial and religious movement which everywhere is pitching subject Asiatic populations against their Western conquerors. The effectiveness of any revival of

INTRODUCTION

energy in the simpler races and religions, when directed against the mechanistic civilization of Europe, springs from the fervor its leaders can arouse; fervor is the force, as it is the weakness, of Islam. Abd el-Krim has accomplished the feat of arousing that fervor in a country where no Islamic leader has appeared for many decades; and therein lies his principal menace to the powers interested in north Africa, as well as his chief significance to the world movement of which he is a part.

Abd el-Krim's career had humble enough beginnings, and until 1921 his influence even over his own tribe of the Beni Warriaghel was not great. His single-mindedness induced him, however, to pursue a campaign which Spain could not quell by presents of money; and since 1921 he has driven the Spanish from his own country—the Rif—as well as from the Rho-marra and the Djebala, the great western division of Spanish Morocco.

By the beginning of 1925 the Riffi chieftain had established himself as sovereign over the whole territory belonging to the so-called Spanish protectorate, with the exception of the

INTRODUCTION

coast zones at the two ends of the kingdom. There came a breathing-spell at this height of achievement; Abd el-Krim last January and February was monarch of all he surveyed. He could have accepted an autonomy amounting to independence within his established frontiers, if he had wished to surrender the actual principle of independence; he had France and Spain willing to consider peace, and he had his Arab allies—particularly those on the French border—clamoring for war.

His decision came in April, after three or four months of consideration. During the past winter he had enrolled and trained large numbers of Arab tribesmen belonging to the Djebala and the southern edges of the Spanish zone; he thus tripled his fighting strength, but found war the desire of most of his ardent and fanatic new followers. Communication with Mohammedan leaders showed that he was considered a leader of Islam, one of the hopes of the Moslem revival. At the same time France and Spain hesitated to consider frankly the necessity of giving an independent status to the country Abd el-Krim ruled; Spain was too weak to do more than assert

INTRODUCTION

a paper "protectorate" over the territory where no Spanish soldier had been permitted to remain, and the French were bound by their whole machinery of treaties and agreements to maintain the sovereignty of their sultan, Mulay Yusef, over the entire Moroccan Empire.

In this contingency, where peace was made impossible for him, Abd el-Krim ordered the attack on the French posts north of Fez. The attacking troops were Arabic almost entirely, with reinforcements of Riffi regulars only where necessary; it is conclusively shown that so far the Rif leader has not exerted his own full strength against the French. His purpose appears to have been twofold: to satisfy his belligerent Arab adherents, who look to him to drive the Christian from El-Moghreb; and to force the French into some move toward adequate settlement of the Moroccan problem.

The attack was made along a front of about fifty miles, from Kiffen to Bibane, the French outposts south of the imaginary Franco-Spanish frontier. The evacuation of the French posts along the Wergha River was ordered by Marshal Lyautey when it appeared that to attempt to

INTRODUCTION

hold them would be to court disaster. The posts in that district were small blockhouses which could never hold out against serious attack, and between which communications could be maintained only with inordinate difficulty. This temporary success of Abd el-Krim's was, we may be sure, magnified by report from one end of the sherifian empire to the other, so that the legendary element in the prestige of the Riffi leader was thereby increased.

The French tactics have necessarily been defensive. In the rude mountain country which lies between French Morocco and the Rif, invasion could be possible only in great force; an effort of some magnitude would be involved in any "punitive expedition" to the north, and even then victory would be thoroughly uncertain. Too many centuries have proved the impossibility of conquest in the Rif Mountains and the mountainous Arab country just south of the Rif; the process would cost enormously in men and treasure, and when completed it could not, by the nature of the land and the nature of its inhabitants, be permanent. This fact prevents any really decisive move on the part of the

INTRODUCTION

French; the officers directly concerned—Cambay and Freydenberg as well as Lyautey and Pétain—are too well acquainted with the geographic and racial conditions in the Spanish zone to wish anything like an offensive campaign there.

Yet it is equally impossible to allow Abd el-Krim to defy France and establish himself in sovereign state over a large section of the sherifian empire France has sworn to protect. The dilemma is cruel for France; conquest, real conquest of the Rif, is virtually impossible. Even supposing that the grants of money and men necessary could be obtained from the French parliament, and that Spain did not raise serious objections, and that the Rif proved conquerable,—which it has never seemed to be during all history,—there still would remain the ogre of public opinion in France, profoundly opposed to unnecessary or expensive colonial expansion and anxious to avoid the loss of life in colonial wars. Let one serious casualty list be published in Paris, with French names for once on it, instead of Algerian and Moroccan names, and there would be an end of any plan for a conquest

INTRODUCTION

of the Rif. Marshal Lyautey knows this so well that he and his closest collaborators have repeatedly asserted their intention to avoid war at any cost consistent with the maintenance of French authority in Morocco *as a whole*.

And there, precisely, is the rub. If the French continue their present policy of repelling attacks when attacks occur, and otherwise abstaining from active campaign, they risk a diminution of prestige in the sherifian empire more dangerous to their ultimate destinies in Africa than a parliamentary storm at home. It is hardly within the possibilities of the situation that they could allow Abd el-Krim to be elevated into the position of a national religious hero to many millions of subject Mussulmans, any or all of whom might at any time throw in their lot with the enemies of France and the enemies of Western progress. The psychological effect of a gesture of weakness would be—has already been—extremely bad for the morale of the subject populations, who are credulous, ignorant, and intensely Islamic. France must choose between the passive and the active attitudes, and the choice is hard

INTRODUCTION

Abd el-Krim's objective in the French war is political and not military: he wishes to force France—or, rather, to frighten France—into a settlement which will consecrate his independence and give him a rational and guaranteed frontier. If France proves stubborn, however, Abd el-Krim is an opponent as pertinacious as any; the war will not be over "in a few weeks," as the Paris newspapers said three months ago, nor yet in "a few months." It is just as likely to be a few years.

In this preliminary stage it is difficult to discern any decisive advantage on either side; the campaign of 1925 has ended with the French reestablished in the lines from which the Riffi drove them last spring. Yet more important than the temporary and local shifting of advantage in a frontier campaign, is the use Arab minds make of it, the mysterious augmentation and aggravation which any bit of Islamic triumph or Islamic energy undergoes in transmission to the far corners of Islam. Just as some of the soldiers of Abd el-Krim now believe that Mustapha Kemal Pasha gave crushing defeat to the troops of the English, French, and Ameri-

INTRODUCTION

cans in battle, so now undoubtedly the Bedouins of the desert and the Berbers of the Sus, as well as their sedentary Arab brethren, believe fantastic fables of the prowess of Abd el-Krim. This is the essential danger France faces: the danger of a general movement toward revolt, or of simultaneous uprisings in widely scattered places where the Abd el-Krim legend has spread. The hatred of the stranger,—the “Christian dog” or the “foreign devil,”—the natural mass feeling of an alien subject people, is the demon the white race has everywhere to exorcise; but nowhere could it be more intense or more full of ominous possibilities than in the ignorant and fanatic Arab empire of Morocco. Forty thousand French functionaries and colonists are attempting there to civilize a population of many millions, with the aid of eighty thousand troops, chiefly Mussulmans. If Abd el-Krim is not defeated and crushed, or pacified by diplomatic means and granted his not unreasonable demands, then there may as well be an end of the French effort in Morocco, for the protectorate will have lost the European’s one convincing argument, the superiority of force.

INTRODUCTION

The conflict here is one of the most sharply significant of all the conflicts wherein Islam, or any other Asiatic religious civilization, is asserting its right to independence. It had this significance as soon as Abd el-Krim compelled the Spanish to evacuate the largest part of their protectorate; for he is the first Islamic leader in many decades to win a genuine and permanent victory over the troops of an important European nation.

In the interval between the decisive victory over Spain and the present indecisive war against France, Abd el-Krim's country was comparatively at peace, organizing the newly conquered Arab tribes and considering the fruits of victory. It was at that time I first crossed the Rif and the Djebala, in an attempt to make out the men and motives involved in this new revolt of Islam. Very little was known of the stuff of the movement, or even of the country which produced it: it was therefore for me, as it may be for some of you, a voyage of discovery.

VINCENT SHEEHAN

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I—CARAVAN	8
II—CAPTIVITY	85
III—CRIMSON MOUNTAINS	92
IV—THE DIWAN OF ADJDIE	121
V—SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ADB EL-KRIM	154
VI—THE SPANISH MAIN	187
VII—THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS	220
VIII—ROBIN HOOD	254
IX—ER-RAISULI	278
X—THE DJEBALA	303
XI—TANGIER	380

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
WITH EYES TURNED TOWARD THE RIF <i>Frontispiece</i>	
FRENCH MOROCCAN NATIVE SOLDIERS ON THE OUDJDA-TAZA ROAD	8
PART OF A MULE CARAVAN	24
PART OF A CAMEL CARAVAN	82
NATIVE MERCENARIES HIRED BY THE SPANISH . .	49
OUT OF EVERY HOLE IN THE GROUND SOME GROUP OF TRIBESMEN STARED INQUISITIVELY . . .	52
A "SUK" OR NATIVE MARKETING-PLACE . . .	61
VINCENT SHEERAN IN RIFFI COSTUME . . .	72
IN THE BORDER-LAND OF THE RIF . . .	100
MOROCCAN "FELLAHEEN" THRESHING GRAIN BY TRAMPLING	109
THE SPANISH ISLAND OF ALHUCEMAS IN ALHUCEMAS BAY	112
MULAY IDRIS, A FANATICAL ISLAMIC STRONGHOLD WITHIN THE FRENCH ZONE	129
THE SOLIDIERY OF ABD EL-KRIM	186

ILLUSTRATIONS

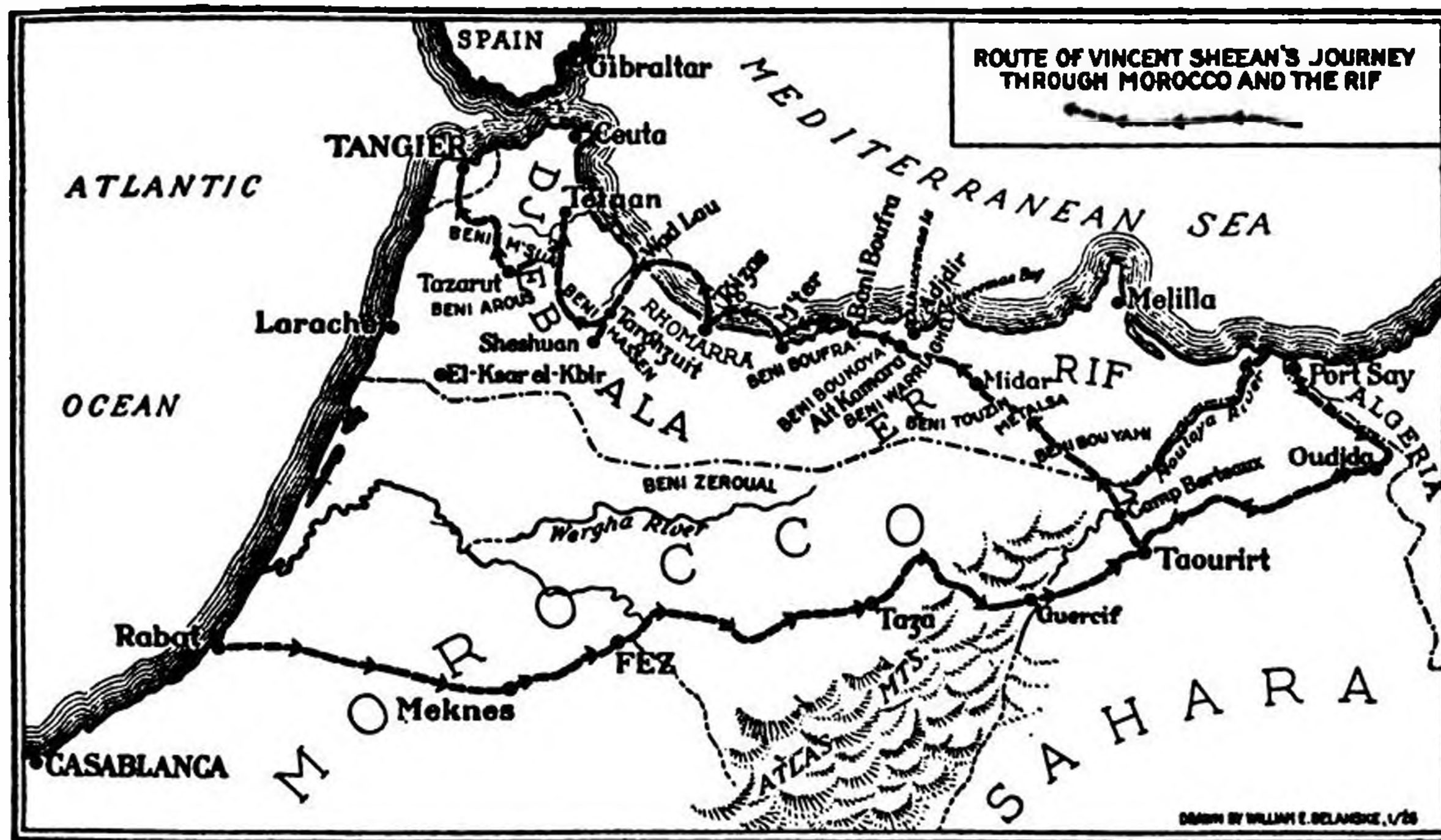
	FACING PAGE
RIFFI STRATEGY IS ALWAYS TO HARASS, BESIEGE, AM- BUSCADE, AND SNIPE UNTIL THE ENEMY SURREN- DERS OR RETIRES	165
SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM	172
MULAY YUSSEF, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, AND MARSHAL LYAUTEY	180
HOW TWO MAY RIDE	189
IT IS THE BEDOUINS OF THE DESERT AND NOT THE RIFFI, CONTRARY TO POPULAR OPINION, WHO FIGHT FROM HORSEBACK	196
TWO MERCHANTS OF TANGIER	205
IN THE HAREM GARDEN OF A MOROCCAN HOUSEHOLD	213
PRIMO DE RIVERA, DICTATOR OF SPAIN, SURROUNDED BY JEWISH GIRLS AT EL-KSAR EL-KBIR	220
M'HAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM, BROTHER OF THE SULTAN ABD EL-KRIM	229
A DETACHMENT OF SPANISH REGULARS IN THE RIF	236
CELEBRATING THE PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY	256
A MOROCCAN SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLOCK	273
LUXURY AND MAGNIFICENCE TYPICAL OF MOORISH PALACES	289
"HARKAS AMIGAS"—NATIVE MERCENARIES FIGHTING AGAINST ABD EL-KRIM	297

ILLUSTRATIONS

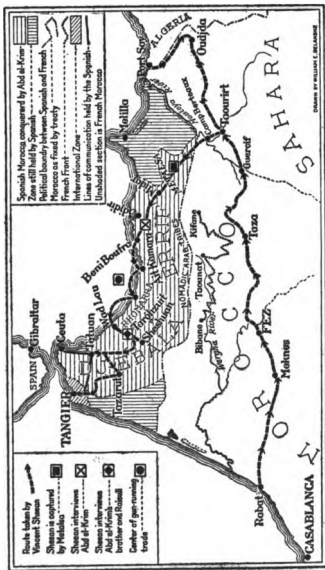
	FACING PAGE
AN INTERVIEW WITH M'HAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM (SECOND FROM THE RIGHT)	804
THE SPANISH RETREAT ALONG THE SHESHUAN- TETUAN ROAD	809
A SPANISH CAVALRY CHARGE	816
AT THE RIGHT IS DARKOUI, CAID OF THE BENI ZEROUAL, AN IMPORTANT NOMADIC TRIBE BETWEEN THE RIF AND FRENCH MOROCCO	821
COUNTRY WOMEN OF THE DJEBALA GATHERED IN THE MARKET-PLACE	886

MAPS

	PAGE
ROUTE OF VINCENT SHEEAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO AND THE RIF	xxix
KEY MAP OF THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE	xxx
THE RIF'S PLACE IN AFRICA	2



ROUTE OF VINCENT SHEEAN'S JOURNEY THROUGH MOROCCO AND THE RIF



An American Among the Riffi



THE RIF'S PLACE IN AFRICA

An American Among the Riffi

CHAPTER I

CARAVAN

THE house of the Caid Haddu rose high over the sea, a fortress brown and ancient, like the Barbary coast itself. Its rocky loneliness seemed less forbidding under the sun of spring; the blue waves were smooth at the foot of the cliff, and there was a lazy peacefulness over the Arab houses clustered on the shore.

"The Caid Haddu is not here; he has gone on one of his voyages," the Algerian customs collector said, nodding mysteriously. "If you want to climb up to the house, there is the path."

The path lay across a marshy field, lush with

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

long green grasses. At the foot of the cliff it turned, where steps were carved in the stone, and, twisting tortuously, led up and around the great rock of Port Say, to a point hidden from the shore, a point suspended over the blue and radiant Mediterranean. Here, abruptly, it switched into a little staircase in the rock; at the top of the staircase was the courtyard of the castle, alive with chickens and goats.

"Caid Haddu?" Breathless, I confronted one of the scrawny, leathern-faced hags who ran about among the animals.

She stopped and stared inquisitively; then she yelped, in Arabic, over her shoulder. A man, or the aged wraith of a man, drifted out from one of the gaping doorways about the dirty little courtyard. He was smoking his hashish pipe, and his little watery eyes were indifferent and old.

"Caid Haddu is gone away," he said dully.

"When will he be back?"

The old man puffed at his pipe, then knocked its contents out on the crumbling brown wall.

"I do not know. Sooner, or later, *Inshallah!*"

"Where has he gone?"

CARAVAN

"I do not know. Algiers, Oran, Fez. . . . I do not know."

The crone had been standing, head cocked on one side, while her ancient companion spoke. Now she lifted her voice again in rapid, crackling Arabic, emphasizing every phrase with a crook of her skinny fingers or a nod of her weather-beaten head. Of her speech I understood nothing except the words "house" and "son." It was to be guessed from her vigorous gestures that she was advising me to go to another house and ask for the Caid Haddu's son. When I left, she was still talking, brandishing her arms with grotesque friendliness, pointing over the valley to the hills beyond.

At the foot of the Caid Haddu's feudal cliff a group of Arabs sat on a low stone wall chewing long grasses and spitting reflectively into the marsh. One of them betrayed a flicker of interest when asked about the Caid Haddu.

"Over the road to the left, behind the hills," he indicated vaguely, "lives the son of the caid. He may tell you, *Inshallah!*"

He got off the wall, stretching his long limbs, and walked to the little custom-house by the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

river. There my wiry little French chauffeur was having a glass of vermouth with the sad-eyed Algerian who collected the customs.

"The car can go over the hill . . . perhaps," said the Algerian, dubiously. "You can only try."

The road led to the left, over a long, slight slope through flat fields where the *fellaheen* were bending in their endless effort to get a living out of the earth. After twenty minutes' drive the first hill rose, desolate and uninviting, with no hint of vegetation on its rocky side. A trail . . . hardly more than that . . . turned from the main road up to the left.

"This will be very hard on the Renault," the driver prophesied. "It is the road the caid built for his own cars, and it is a very bad road."

Nevertheless he struggled on over the brow of the hill,—half an hour's job,—the Renault chugging and protesting at every rock it was compelled to climb. Once we had reached the top, the very bad road went on from bad to worse, through uncultivated fields to a flat, treeless space where the new house of the caid stood, white and ugly.

CARAVAN

Here the Renault uttered an expiring chug and ceased its efforts for a while. The driver got out and began administering restoratives.

The house of the caid was as unprepossessing as four bare white walls on a barren level could be. A path led to the side of the dwelling, where Allah reserved unexpected good fortune. A young Arab was standing there, aimlessly gazing out over the flat top of the hill to the Mediterranean horizon. He was thin and keen-looking, like a new blade; his narrow, aquiline face and somber eyes showed no sign of surprise at the intrusion. He wore a close-fitting white turban resembling the *reza* of the Rif; and instead of a djeellaba he had on a gray woolen overcoat of light, warm stuff like camel's-hair.

"Can you tell me where to find the son of the Caid Haddu?"

He looked on out at the Mediterranean without interest.

"I am Mohammed ben Haddu," he said.

"Is your father away? I have business with him."

"He is gone away," said Mohammed ben Haddu. "What is your business with him?"

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Mohammed looked secretive, morose, mediæval, in spite of his gray woolen overcoat and the tennis shoes which encased his unstockinged feet. He looked like the kind of son who would know his father's affairs, particularly if they had to do with intrigues dubious and dark. He looked, indeed, like the most thoroughly unscrupulous of lieutenants.

"My business," I told him frankly enough, "is to get into the Rif. I had hoped he could smuggle me in, somehow."

Mohammed turned slowly from his contemplation of the sea. He still betrayed no interest whatever.

"Why do you want to get into the Rif?"

"To see Abd el-Krim; to cross the country, clear to Tangier, if it can be done."

Mohammed turned away again, contemptuously.

"It cannot be done," he said with careless finality. "It is impossible."

He made no move to go, however; so I unburdened myself to him: how I had spent a month inside the Spanish lines, trying to get through to the Rif, and had come all the way



Holmes from Galloway

FRENCH MOROCCAN NATIVE SOLDIERS ON THE OUDJDA-TAZA ROAD

CARAVAN

around through French Morocco, from Tangier to Rabat and Fez, Taza and Oudjda, counting upon the great Caid Haddu, the representative of Abd el-Krim, the powerful and all-important secret agent of the Riffi sultan. Flattery of the father proved grateful to the son; he turned and inspected me with more attention.

"My father is a great man," he admitted. "My father can do anything."

With maddening deliberation he picked up a long grass and began to chew it.

"But my father is in the Rif now," he stated. "He will not be back for many months. It is very dangerous to go into the Rif, unless it is all arranged beforehand with the sultan, and troops are sent to meet you at the frontier. . . . Even then . . . I know the trail; I know all the trails, but it is very dangerous. There are tribes which kill Europeans, or any other strangers. There are the Beni Bou Yahi and the Metalsa. There are the Spanish airplanes in the daytime and the raiders in the night. Europeans do not know how to do these things. You have money?"

"A little," said I. "Enough."

He reflected further.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"I could go into the Rif, myself," he volunteered at last. This was tentative, but the first hopeful sign in many weeks. The efficacy of a little tactful urging was indicated; a little unostentatious clinking of Spanish silver.

"When could you go, if you did go?" I asked, after ten minutes of this talking around the subject.

"Any time." He said it as indifferently as might be, looking at the rapidly sinking sun over toward the purple coast of Melilla. "Now, if you have room in your car. Now is better."

He looked toward the white walls of his father's house.

"I must tell my mother," he added calmly, "and get a djeellaba."

He disappeared into a doorway.

He could not have been more than nineteen or twenty, at the most; yet he ordered his own comings and goings with an easy fatalism which must have been a little cruel to the passive figures of the harem. One wondered how his mother would take the casual announcement that her son was going away for a month, or two months, or six, or possibly forever. There did arise a brief wail

CARAVAN

from inside the white-walled house, but in five minutes Mohammed was out again, a white woolen djeellaba thrown over his arm, and no other evidence of prospective traveling.

My curiosity got the better of me as we clambered into the Renault.

"Did your mother object?"

"Object? She did not like it, but she is a woman," he said contemptuously. "Women understand nothing. They are good only for weeping."

The sun had disappeared behind the purple mist of the Melilla promontory; at Saidia, where a little bridge led across the river which divides Algeria from Morocco, Mohammed ben Haddu leaned out to cry a careless greeting to the Moroccan frontier official.

"I need no papers at all," he loftily explained. "They all know the son of the Caid Haddu."

The broad, hard-pounded road led through the gorges of the river Kiss to the hills north-east of Oudjda; the Renault, freed of the rocky trail at last, leaped like an Irish hunter. Three hours of steady speed through the gathering

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

dark, and we were in the outskirts of the French Moroccan town.

Mohammed had said nothing during the long drive; puffing at his vile-smelling Algerian cigarettes, he emitted only an occasional exclamation of pleasure when we passed another car on the road, or when we whirled through a village, scattering Arab babies.

In Oudjda I took him to the Hotel Transatlantique, where the clear-eyed, precise lady manager was at first of two minds about giving him a room.

"It is the son of the Caid Haddu," I told her, wondering if she would be impressed.

"*Vraiment?*" She approximated awe. "Certainly we can find a place for him."

She bustled about, preparing a room; the rapid ablution over, Mohammed was ready for dinner.

We went into the European dining-room, where a party of perhaps eighteen American school-girls, fluttering and chattering excitedly, were comparing their impressions and trying out their French on one another and on their eagle-nosed Parisian chaperon. The same party, touring in a huge charabanc of the Compagnie

CARAVAN

Générale Transatlantique, had turned up at every stage of my trip across French Morocco, from Rabat to Taza. They were pretty and various, like a mixed bouquet; and it was no trick at all to divine that they thought themselves adventurous beyond belief to be in Morocco at all, even safe in the excellent hotels and motor-cars of the C. G. T. Under their frank stare Mohammed became instantly self-conscious.

He experimented with European food, drank some beer in reckless disregard of the Prophet's teaching, and glanced furtively at the flower-like faces of the little American girls. Some of them could not have been more than fourteen; one, exquisitely dark and slim, was perhaps seventeen. She looked more than once at Mohammed; and it became apparent that there would be no trip into the Rif unless he could be kept under control.

After dinner he wandered foolishly about, looking for the American girls—particularly for the dark beauty who had returned his glances at dinner. It became an actual peril after about ten o'clock, when Mohammed had imbibed three

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

or four brandies; I had visions of a contretemps, an arrest by the vigilant French police, and the end of all adventuring into the country of Abd el-Krim. Mohammed was as elemental as if France and his father had not between them spent a small fortune on his education at Tlemcen, Algiers, and elsewhere; he had to be locked in his room, at last, until morning.

The next day the American girls went on in their motor-car to Oran and Algiers; Mohammed, after a brief rebellion and an unreasonable assertion that he was going to follow them, calmed down enough to inspect my wardrobe. He pronounced it good, but perhaps a little too good. My Arab clothes were all new, the clothing of a city-dweller, and had been bought in Tangier. The djeellaba was long and white, of excellent thick wool; it was the djeellaba of a sherif, a descendant of the Prophet.

Mohammed rehearsed me briefly in the winding of a turban, and then took me into the Arab town, to a native barber. There, in the dark, sweet-scented shop, we sat on cushions while a deft Moor with a villainously big razor shaved off our hair.

CARAVAN

By that night we were in Taourirt, a little Arab-French village, the point of departure for caravans to the Rif. And it was here that the first serious misgivings about Mohammed ben Haddu began to make themselves felt.

Mohammed, somber and moody as always, had talked of the Rif without ceasing, ever since the early morning. He told stories of how Spanish airplanes were brought down by nothing more than Riffi rifles; stories of death and desolation for the Christian dog; stories of the greatness and wisdom of the sultan, as he called Abd el-Krim. Stories, moreover, of the degradation of the Spanish girl prisoner called La Rubia, at Adjdir. The more he talked in his grandiose, heroic manner, the less sympathetic he seemed. So it was no surprise when, after the swift motor trip to Taourirt, he displayed symptoms of wanting to return home.

"It is impossible," he said flatly, just before dinner in the dirty little inn. "I have made inquiries. The roads are closed; the Spanish and the French have made a complete blockade. If we go any farther we are killed. It is impossible."

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

His countenance, in the light of these words, looked no longer morose, but only sullen.

"If the son of the Caid Haddu," said I, craftily, "is afraid, let him return home to Port Say."

He fired up with fury.

"Who says the son of the Caid Haddu is afraid?" he swash-buckled. "I am afraid of nothing! When I was sixteen I had already killed eight Spanish dogs. Afraid!"

He rambled on in this vein through dinner, a provincial French meal with the *pot-au-feu*. It was Twelfth Night, the *nuît des rois*, and in the little frontier inn, as in every household and restaurant where French is spoken, Twelfth Night was adequately celebrated by the cutting of the king's cake. At the end of the meal the cake was brought in and sliced; the celebrants were Monsieur and Madame of the inn, myself, Mohammed ben Haddu, a young Corsican officer of one of the Bataillons d'Afrique, and a fat, tinkling-voiced telephonist who worked for the French frontier offices. The telephonist, under the influence of a glass of champagne (paid for by the Corsican subaltern, who had found the cabalistic bean in his cake and thereby became

CARAVAN

king), imparted to me the information that she knew all about me and where I was going. Every French post had been notified by telephone, said she. This was tidings.

Early the next morning I marched Mohammed ben Haddu down to the offices of a Certain French Official who shall here be nameless; the telephonist's garrulity and Mohammed's sullen reluctance made me feel that strong backing had become necessary. Mohammed, obviously, could not be trusted; and, also obviously, there was no hope of concealing the least of one's movements from the French authorities.

The Certain French Official looked more than a little amused when he heard that we proposed to enter the Rif.

"You think it is as easy as that, to go without due preparation and warning, yes?" He smiled into his fireplace, smoking a reflective cigar. "Leave us alone, please, Mohammed."

He waited until the young Arab had gone out.

"Do you know who that is?" he asked then, suddenly serious. "He is the son of the greatest rascal in northern Africa. He is the son of the Caid Haddu, who would sell his mother for

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

three Spanish dollars. Do you depend on him to lead you into the Rif? He is untrustworthy, a coward and a thief, or he is no true son of Haddu."

So the argument began. I contended that Mohammed ben Haddu had at least the advantage of cheapness, since he wanted to go into the Rif, himself, and therefore would not charge exorbitantly; any other Riffi of dubious trustworthiness who might consent to risk his life on the enterprise would ask, I knew, five hundred Spanish dollars at the least.

"But this is madness," said the Certain French Official. "Everybody who enters the Rif arranges the trip properly beforehand, sending a letter to Abd el-Krim by an Arab runner. If you did that, an escort could meet you at the beginning of the country of the Metalsa. You have no conception of the difficulties you will encounter. You cannot walk into the Rif as you would walk into a theater. Wait two or three weeks, until the Caid Haddu returns; bad as he is, he is better than this brainless son of his."

The words "two or three weeks" chilled me:

CARAVAN

I pleaded the lack of time and money. The Certain French Official was slow to yield; but at length he made up his mind, and sent for Mohammed ben Haddu. To that young reprobate—not sullen now, but furious—he delivered a long, admonitory lecture in Arabic. Mohammed promised, point by point, faithfully to obey instructions; it was evident that this Certain French Official, who has spent his life among the Arabs and knows them, probably, better than anybody else in the frontier service, spoke with an authority Mohammed ben Haddu dared not flout.

A tall, kind-faced Arab in the flowing white robe of a sherif was brough in next; the C.F.O. had sent also for him.

“The Caid Mimoun,” said the C.F.O., by way of introduction, “rents mules. He will rent you mules for yourself and Mohammed ben Haddu. There is a caravan leaving to-morrow.”

Nobody knew better than I that the C.F.O. was, strictly speaking, exceeding his functions in this help he gave me; but gratitude left no room for criticism. The C.F.O. was doing not his literal duty but something better than that; he

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

saw that I was going in with or without his assistance, and he did his generous best to stave off difficulties.

The Caid Mimoun, it appeared, had very good mules. At least he assured me of that fact, in sputtering Arabic and execrable French, neither of which was wholly intelligible to me. Finally we resorted to Spanish; the business was concluded in that tongue, and two hundred pesetas changed hands. The caid, a hospitable soul after the manner of his race, proposed tea to seal the bargain; the C.F.O. smiled his advice to accept, and Mohammed ben Haddu, Mimoun, and I repaired to the latter's flat-roofed house of pressed mud.

It was good that the Caid Mimoun could speak some Spanish, and that Mohammed ben Haddu could not. In the low-ceilinged, windowless room into which Mimoun led us, we took off our shoes, squatted about the glittering bronze tea-machine, and talked. Mimoun told me much about the roads, the posts, the tribes between the last French stronghold and the Rif. Mohammed ben Haddu, looking with glowering suspicion from one to the other of us, broke

CARAVAN

forth now and then to demand what had been said; he was fearful of information given or received. One could not help realizing the treacherous discontent of him then, as he drank glass after glass of honey-sweet, minted tea, looking darkly over the edge of his translucent colored tumbler. For the first time I began to suspect the truth: Mohammed had never really intended to go into the Rif, but only to travel whatever distance would be necessary in order to fleece me. Mohammed, whom I had considered a piece of pure luck, thrown at me unexpectedly by a beneficent Allah, was in reality a dud. This was so apparent that even the Caid Mimoun, friendly under the influence of the tea, dropped a casual warning against too much confidence in my companion.

"There are many good men in the caravan," he added reassuringly. "Three men of my tribe return, to-morrow, to the Rif. They are good *Moros*. Believe what they say. And tell the sultan, when you see him, that we are loyal to him, we Riffi who live in the French zone."

The innkeeper woke me at four the next morning; the sudden, terrible chill of the Moroccan

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

winter night was over the country, and the air of the room was polar. I lit my candle and dressed for the first time in Arab clothes.

American underwear I kept, and a white woolen sweater over my Riffi shirt; the rest of my clothes were the clothes of an Arab city merchant: green corduroy breeches, that capacious garment like a kilt sewed up at the bottom; a green *bedaya*, or waistcoat; woolen stockings and heelless yellow leather shoes with no upper part except across the toes. Over all this, my voluminous white woolen djeellaba, which reached almost to the ground. As finishing touch, the white turban of the Rif, which I wound over a new red tarboosh brought from Tangier.

Deposited about my person, and rolled up in my prayer-rug, were tooth-brush, tooth-paste, a French-Arabic dictionary, a carton of Algerian cigarettes, some tinned sardines, a loaf of French bread, and a copy of M. Joseph Caillaux's book, "Agadir," brought from Rabat. My other luggage was a huge German overcoat, bought in Düsseldorf during the cold Ruhr winter of 1923; it would have to do for covering at night, since I had no blanket. It was as shapeless and woolly

CARAVAN

as any blanket ever seen, and had cost only thirty-six *Billionen* of paper marks.

In the deep pocket stuck by the Tangerine Arabs in the front of their djeellaba I put my two passports, one from the State Department in Washington and one, an emergency paper, from the American Embassy in Madrid. They were impressive, with their great red seals, and would be essential.

Mohammed ben Haddu came in as these preparations were completed. He grunted with surly disdain.

"Allah! You bring too many things. The mule will have a broken back."

The street beneath my window gave no sight or sound of life. The moon was low, and it was not late enough for the beginning of dawn; the blank darkness was as unresponsive as the desert. We stood there ten, fifteen, twenty minutes before a low whistle from the shadows indicated the presence of Mimoun. He called cautiously, briefly, "Mohammed ben Haddu!"

We went down the rickety stairs, into the courtyard of the inn; near the *patron's* door I left my European clothes. I suppose they are

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

there yet. Mimoun led us through the dark village; I gathered that some of the caravan, at least, must be of a variety not so easily described as "good *Moros*," or he would not have been at such pains to speak in whispers.

In the evil-smelling courtyard of Mimoun's stable all was active, whispering confusion. Occasionally a restive camel jingled to his feet; a dozen Arabs were flying about loading mules, like busy black ghosts in the dark. I stumbled through to where Mimoun stood, an indefinitely lighter spot in his white djeellaba.

"This is your mule," he whispered, "and your muleteer, Said."

Said was another shadow in the confusion; he got my prayer-rug tied to the mule's flat saddle, and the German blanket-overcoat thrown over it, and, what was more, me on top of that.

Riding a mule, I discovered, was like sitting on a piano bench sidewise, except that a piano bench does not wobble. Such a seat might be restful for a few hours, perhaps, but it held suspected possibilities of irksomeness. The rest of the caravan got itself in order somehow; and as we passed through the courtyard to the village



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PART OF A MULE CARAVAN

CARAVAN

street, figures began to be more distinct, detaching themselves in darker splotches like ships in a fog. There were seven camels, heavily laden, and five mules. At the courtyard gate Mimoun stretched up to whisper:

"Cover your face if the French look too closely, and trust M'hammed from Midar. He is of my family."

Mohammed ben Haddu, on his mule, sidled over.

"Keep still, you fools," he admonished.

"*Adiós!*" said Mimoun.

The camels took the lead, stalking with majestic slowness, their bells muffled and their drivers cursing only in intense undertones. Ten minutes later we were out of the village and on the open plain.

Here the dawn began abruptly, rolling down without warning from the purple hills before us. In half an hour came the sunrise—a sunrise extravagant and reckless, squandering gold and orange over the flat earth like jewels on a wooden platter. It might have incited youth to high endeavor, or at least to a caracole of joy at the opening day; but unfortunately I was mounted

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

on a soulless mule which had its own ideas of gait and no eye at all for a sunrise.

"When you want to make your mule go faster," a friendly voice advised, "you must say to him, '*Arria!*' Like this: *Arria!*" The speaker rolled out the *r*'s at my reluctant mount, simultaneously smiting him a resounding whack across the rump. The animal bounded forward with unexpected nervous energy; on the flat wooden saddle, stirrupless and slippery, I had all I could do to keep my sidewise perch.

"Mules," said my friend, "are not like horses."

So he smote the animal again, and rehearsed me in the approved manner of saying, "*Arria!*"

In this wise we traveled on until about nine o'clock, when the caravan stopped for food. A little fire was kindled, the flat black loaves of Arab bread heated over it, and dried figs produced. Mohammed ben Haddu opened the sardines we had brought from Taourirt, and distributed some cigarettes to those who had acquired the habit of smoking; popularity is thus easily achieved. The muleteer Mimoun had sent to accompany me, a curiously Chinese-looking yellow boy in a dirty orange-colored turban, began

CARAVAN

to sing through his teeth as we started again. His songs were tuneless, almost wordless, pitched in a tessitura which would have been the despair of any Italian tenor. The tune or noise, whichever it was, jiggled and see-sawed about over two or three notes, demitones, quarter-tones, with quavers and quirks between. Sometimes, when the songs—all of them Algerian or of the low-land Arabs, for the Riffi are too orthodox for music and dancing—died out, the muleteer would start a chant, "*Allah illah el-illah Allah*," which the other drivers took up with sonorous or wheezy devoutness.

By noon we had left the plain, which stretched now in a kind of yellow floor behind us. We were mounting steadily into foot-hills scraggy and unpromising; at Camp Berteaux, a tiny French post on a plateau surrounded by a huddle of Arab houses, we stopped again for food.

To the left of the caravanserai a low, wide-spreading tent invited mule- and camel-drivers to rest. There were many Arabs and Riffi there, most of them going to or coming from the regions beyond, where technically nobody was supposed to go. It was both kind and politic of the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

French officer who inspected us to look the other way when he saw me; for Mohammed ben Haddu and I were one in the opinion that my costume did not make my face any more like the aquiline and bearded swarthiness of an Arab.

We threw off our shoes and sat around the pot of coals where tea was in the making. Mohammed ben Haddu, wide-eyed, listened to the long narrative of a camel-driver who had arrived that morning from the Rif. Excited question and answer flew about; the faces of the men in our caravan grew grave.

"It cannot be done," Mohammed ben Haddu said to me, with an air of authority. "We must either stop here for a few days or go back to Taourirt."

"Why?"

"This man has come from the Rif. The trails are closed: the sultan has ordered that nobody shall come in or go out. And the Beni Bou Yahi are raiding; they have killed many in the caravans. The Spanish airplanes drop bombs every day, and the Beni Bou Yahi kill at night. It is madness. I do not know what my father will say. We must go back to Taourirt."

CARAVAN

My friend of the morning, a thin-faced, sad-eyed Riffi youth of twenty or twenty-one, had been looking at us speculatively. He was, I had learned, M'hammed from Midar, kinsman of the Caid Mimoun.

"M'hammed," I asked him, "are you going back to Taourirt?"

"No, señor," he said wonderingly. "I have tea and sugar and leather shoes for Midar, to sell in the market."

"Are you going on to-day?"

"Yes." He said it with decision. "It is bad, what this man says, but it will not be better ever, perhaps. Therefore I am going ahead. I know all the roads, and we shall come through safely, *Inshallah!*"

This made Mohammed ben Haddu seem more than unnecessary; with his perpetual sullenness and his accesses of nervous fear he was an unpleasant encumbrance. I told him to go back to Taourirt; this, evidently, was no more to his liking than going on. He argued furiously, and mentioned money; if I had given him more money he would have turned back. He was both afraid to go on and fearful of losing a good opportunity

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

for thieving if he did not go on; in the end his cupidity won, and he came after us protestingly, a glowering, murderous-eyed figure, beating his inoffensive mule.

The weary hours dragged on somehow; I was so stiff from riding the unaccustomed wooden saddle that I walked much of the time in the late afternoon, borrowing the staff of M'hammed from Midar. The hills were succeeded by plains higher than those before Camp Berteaux, the plains again by other hills, steadily mounting in barren regularity. As we stopped for the evening prayer, just after sunset, M'hammed explained:

"We must go on all the way to-night; the news is very bad from the roads ahead, and we must be at the first Riffi post by morning. I am afraid to go through Hassi Wenzga; I think the French would stop us there. We go to the other side of Hassi Wenzga, between the last French post and the first Spanish post."

We made that detour, then, to the northeast of Hassi Wenzga. Here was another vast, silent space with no sight of habitation and no sign of human life. Words could hardly more than in-

CARAVAN

dicating the misery of riding a mule after fourteen hours aboard the beast; those who are mule-broken can just do it—uncomfortably. To a novice it meant excruciating pain, exhaustion complete and unalloyed. At this juncture M'hammed, who had shown phenomenal patience throughout the afternoon and evening, saved the day for me by proposing a rest.

We took it at about eight o'clock, beside a tent pitched in the middle of that enormous plain. It was the tent of an Arab who made his living by selling tea and shelter to the weary runners of the blockade as they came from or entered the Rif. It was beyond the protected zone, off Hassi Wenzga but within range of the French cavalry raiders; it was thus in no-man's-land, but comfortably near its edge, so that the protecting arm of France could be at least divined, if not actually felt.

We straggled in, an exhausted band. When the animals had been relieved of their packs and set out to graze, I dropped on a pile of saddlebags and dirty matting outside the tent and fell asleep. After vain endeavors to make me get up for tea and food, M'hammed at last gathered

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

some blankets and threw them over me. The blessed delight of stretching drowsily under those vermin-infested blankets was for several hours the last thing of which I was conscious.

At midnight the animals were loaded again, and for the first time I noticed that the camels had left us.

"Where has the camel caravan gone?"

"They rested only an hour," M'hammed explained. "They are three full hours ahead of us now."

The moon was up, generously full and silvery white; the mules, refreshed, ambled a little more willingly, and in another half-hour we had begun to climb into the empty hills.

That long night was an evil dream: relentless moon on cold bare hills and plain, fatigue more deadly than before, and a nervous tension more unpleasant than either. There was no speech, except in whispers; we were in the country of the Beni Bou Yahi, and at any moment, from any shadowed gully or ravine, their raiders might spring forth. M'hammed, who was now definitely in charge of the diminished caravan, walked ahead with his rifle ready under his arm.



Kadel & Herbari

PART OF A CAMEL CARAVAN



CARAVAN

Once he stopped, stared toward something over northward, left the trail for a few minutes, and came back to where we waited.

"Something has happened to the camel men," he announced briefly. The body of one of them, naked, could be seen in the moonlight, where M'hammed pointed; but there was no trace of the camels and no sign of other men, under the moon.

The last two or three hours were torture dull and constant. Toward dawn we had reached mountains higher than any yet, and M'hammed spoke cheerfully in his ordinary voice.

"In half an hour we shall be with the Metalsa," he promised. "We can have tea and food at Suk Tleta of the Metalsa, and rest one whole day. Then, to-morrow night, to the Rif."

Suddenly, at dawn, a pass opened before us in the mountains. It was a sharp V-shaped pass, with a blockhouse or fort of some kind visible on the crest of each of the ridges at its sides.

"Suk Tleta of the Metalsa," said M'hammed.

We climbed slowly up the road toward that pass. Then black shadows began to run down the ridges on each side; Mohammed ben Haddu

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

and M'hammed from Midar drove their mules near mine, so that I rode between them.

"Put up the hood of your djeellaba," M'hammed directed.

As we came to the pass, dark bearded figures bearing rifles barred our way. There was a rapid colloquy in Arabic; M'hammed from Midar spoke for us. The rifle-bearers then began to pass us singly before them.

"Dismount!" Mohammed ben Haddu whispered.

I slid off my mule and leaned against it. One of the riflemen spoke to me in Arabic, and when I did not answer he tossed the djeellaba hood back from my face, with a fine crackling oath.

"We are finished," Mohammed ben Haddu contributed glumly.

He dismounted and began to talk rapidly to one of the rifle-bearers. There was a broad, flat rock beside the trail. Too exhausted to care what happened to any of us, I stretched myself on that rock and instantly fell asleep.

CHAPTER II

CAPTIVITY

M'HAMMED, shaking my shoulder vigorously, woke me into the cold, unpromising dawn.

"Come," he repeated two or three times.

Two of the riflemen of the Metalsa stood beside the rock on which I had been sprawled. The colorless, disheartening light showed no house or hut or tent; the hill was bare rock, ending in cliffs where the dried river-bed edged the plain beneath.

"What has happened?" I stumbled after M'hammed down the slope.

"We are stopped here," he answered vaguely. "I do not know what is happening. The Caid of the Metalsa wishes to see you."

At the cliff above the river-bed there were steps, some cut in the stone and clay, others made

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

of big rocks brought from the upper hills. The cliff curved sharply here in a semicircle, and a natural ledge provided a sort of shelf half-way down to the river. Here stood bedraggled Arabs, staring. In the face of the cliff, behind the ledge, were three irregular openings; into the center hole of the three M'hammed ducked, kicking off his shoes as he stooped. The opening was hardly three feet high; to me it was agony in every mule-stiffened limb to get through it.

"*Salaam waalicum!*" said three or four voices from the darkness inside.

The place was a little cave scooped irregularly out of the cliff. A child could hardly have stood erect in it; it was about four feet high at its highest and three at the edges; the width was almost exactly seven feet, as I discovered afterward, and the length about ten feet. The floor was covered with some kind of rug laid over rushes. In the gloom no faces nor figures were visible, but in the first clear space against the side, where I curled up cross-legged, Mohammed ben Haddu raised his voice.

"Now you see where your madness has put us," he remarked agreeably.

CAPTIVITY

"What has happened, anyway?"

"Keep still; do not speak French here," he answered.

I had no desire to speak anything at all; when I discovered that by taking off my turban I could make a pillow on top of a pile of rifles against the farthest wall, I fell again into an impenetrable sleep.

Toward noon Mohammed ben Haddu shook me.

"Wake up and eat," he commanded. "The Caïd of the Metalsa wishes to talk to you afterward."

The sun came obliquely through the entrance of the cave and cast a sort of dusty half-light over the figures sitting in a circle there. Next me was Mohammed ben Haddu, and next to him M'hammed from Midar. Said, the muleteer, and the three men who had accompanied M'hammed were nowhere to be seen.

Facing me was a magnificent Arab of perhaps forty, with something both savage and majestic in his bearing. He had that curiously definite air of authority which, in any of the more primitive Arab tribes, marks the chief as the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

natural and inevitable commander. He was handsome, in an impassive sort of way: brown as mahogany, black-bearded, with ox-like shoulders, but hands white and slender. They were the hands of a man who has never done any kind of work except to pull a trigger. He was obviously the Caid of the Metalsa; Mohammed ben Haddu told me his name, Hamid ben Dada.

Next to him in the little circle was a thin, ascetic-looking Arab with the brilliant eyes of a fanatic; he was wrapped voluminously in two or three djeellabas, and coughed rackingly into his sleeve from time to time. He bent upon me the most intent and unwavering of glances; although he was obviously not a man of war, one felt that his would be the most relentless judgment. This was Sidi Ali, scribe of the Metalsa, born of the Beni Bou Yahi. I was afterward to discover that he had tuberculosis, although of course he did not know it; the suspicion of it crossed my mind then, and I remember reflecting that of all potential enemies, a tubercular fanatic with eyes like Sidi Ali's could certainly be the worst.

Beside Sidi Ali sat a sherif—a fat-faced, guile-

CAPTIVITY

less sherif, with the pursed lips and merry eyes of a child. This was Sidi Mohammed, whom I remember as one of the most naturally stupid creatures I have ever seen. His was an unmalignant stupidity, however; naïveté might be a better word for it, but for the common naïveté of them all. Sidi Mohammed certainly could not be dangerous except under command; he had no definite adult character to make him so.

Beyond him sat the second scribe of the Metalsa: a friendly face at last. He was as highly decorative as all Arabs are in their thirties, but with a kindly, unvenomed eye and a look of natural intelligence which distinguished him from the others. He would be more curious, one felt, but would know better how to direct his curiosity. This was Si M'hammed, who was destined—Allah be praised!—to befriend the Christian intruder.

Next to Si M'hammed was a terrifying bogymen, a brigand who might have been an illustration for the "Thousand and One Nights." He was so wild, so scowling, so darkly, ferociously beetle-browed under his ragged, dirty turban, that it was difficult not to laugh at him.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

He looked, the Caid Absalem, as if he went out every morning and killed Christian babies for breakfast; he looked as richly evil as all of the Forty Thieves put together, and one instantly liked him, as the botanist likes the specimen he has been long in collecting.

This completed the circle of the governing group of the Metalsa, and it was easy to see that they were assembled not only for the midday tea but to pass judgment on their unexpected Christian visitor. They talked busily among themselves, chiefly about the intruder; but Mohammed ben Haddu warned me against speaking before I was spoken to. I sat silent, fascinated, gazing on a scene which would have seemed wholly unreal upon a stage or in a film. Theatrically effective those seated Semites were, and quite fantastic. Civilized men could not possibly look so different, one from another, as did the Caid Hamid ben Dada, Sidi Ali, Sidi Mohammed, Si M'hammed, and the Caid Absalem. They had in them the range of all human types; yet none of them could conceivably have been produced by surroundings or background different from the surroundings and background of any other of

CAPTIVITY

them. They expressed the infinite variety of mankind much more strikingly than if the processes of education had been applied to furnish artificial distinctions and discriminations; they disproved utterly the doctrine—if it needed disproving—of abstract democracy. Uniform processes had produced this multiform result; and I wondered what more civilization could do except accentuate distinction to the brink of cruelty. In fact, as I considered these people civilization began to seem a pretty shabby façade; and by the time tea was brought in I was almost ready to admit the futility of all cultural changes.

“Civilization” had certainly done nothing for me except spoil my meal; for if I had come from a more natural organization of the human species I should not have minded the stickiness of the glasses from which we drank our tea, or the fact that the glasses were shifted from one to another regardless, or the fact that my glass was twice used for the taster by the evil-eyed Caid Absalem.

They sipped their tea noisily, cup after cup, until they had downed six rounds of it. Then the Caid Hamid ben Dada began his interrogatory. First he wanted to know why I had come into

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the country of the Metalsa. I said, through Mohammed ben Haddu, that I was on my way to the sultan, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

"Are you French?"

"No."

"Are you Spanish?"

"No. I am an American."

"Merikan? Merikan? What is that?"

Here was a tremendous difficulty; the Caid Hamid ben Dada was not prepared to admit that such a thing existed. Mohammed ben Haddu tried to prove the existence of America by characterizing it as another nation of the same general class and type as England, France, Germany, Italy and Spain. The caid had heard of all those countries and their peoples, but obviously he considered the statement that I was an American a brazen attempt to deceive him.

"Tell him," I said mendaciously, "that the Americans are like the English, only in a separate country—like the Arabs of Algeria and the Arabs of Morocco."

Mohammed ben Haddu conveyed into Arabic this highly elementary definition of an Ameri-

CAPTIVITY

can. A sigh of relief went round the circle, and they all murmured, "*Glinai*," with evident satisfaction.

"What is your business with the sultan?"

"Business for a newspaper?"

"What is a newspaper?"

Here again we were baffled. There is no Arabic word for newspaper, except the Algerian *journan*, a mere corruption from the French. Or, rather, the Arabic word *jerida* is not used west of Egypt. Mohammed ben Haddu tried to define a newspaper, but the Metalsa remained puzzled; none of them had ever been outside their own hills. In a lucid interval I searched for and found the paper in which our sardines and bread had been wrapped.

"This is a newspaper," said Mohammed ben Haddu, exhibiting an old copy of the "*Heraldo de Madrid*."

The caid took it gingerly in his tapering fingers. Exclamations of surprise came from the whole circle as the sheet was passed around and astonished eyes fell upon the photograph on the first page. The caids did not wholly approve of this; the scribes, at least, knew their Koran well

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

enough to realize that the image of human face or form is unholy.

Still they did not understand what the printing signified. Mohammed ben Haddu contrived some sort of definition of a newspaper as a sheet for printing news about the Rif campaign and other battles; and when Hamid ben Dada, only partially enlightened, asked if these *journans* were printed by the Government, it seemed easier to say yes.

The caid thus arrived at a conception of my status:

"You are a scribe, then?"

"Yes."

"Scribe to the Glinzi Government?"

"No: American."

"Scribe to the Maghzen el-Merikan?"

"Yes."

Here my passports were produced for inspection. They made a noticeable impression; they passed from hand to hand while the caid and his two scribes asked questions. What did the great red seals mean? Was the Maghzen el-Merikan very powerful? Was my tribe large and warlike? Did my Government mean to help

CAPTIVITY

Abd el-Krim, the sultan, with big ships and guns?

It seems reasonably certain that most of the statements I relayed through Mohammed ben Haddu at this stage of proceedings would never have received the benediction of the State Department. I told them something very effective might be done in the way of aid to the sultan, if the sultan were only better known to the Maghzen el-Merikan. I had come to speak to Abd el-Krim of many things, and ask many questions; then the Maghzen el-Merikan might decide to help him, said I.

The Caid Hamid was satisfied with this, but had one more vague question to ask:

"What do you want to find out from the sultan? Why do you want to talk to the sultan?"

After ten or fifteen minutes' effort on this subject it became apparent that Mohammed ben Haddu was a most inefficient interpreter, or that the caid was too stupid to understand what was said to him. To bring matters to a head a stronger tone was adopted. Flourishes. I had come to see the sultan on important business which concerned the sultan alone, and if I were

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

not freed at once and allowed to go on through to the sultan, the sultan's mighty wrath might be expected to descend instantaneously on the Metalsa and all their friends.

This manoeuver was only moderately successful. The caid answered with perfect indifference:

"We do not allow anybody to pass through the Metalsa. You will remain here until we decide what to do with you."

Mohammed ben Haddu took an exquisite pleasure in translating this edict; he added a pert remark to the effect that it was quite what he had expected, and what he had always said. Mohammed was worried; his dark, knife-like visage was pale under its layer of sun-brown.

The Caid Hamid ben Dada then launched into a long speech describing the glories of the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, and the prowess of the sultan's troops in battle. He gave a highly colored version of the Riffi victory known to Europe as the "Annual disaster" of 1921, when General Navarro and twenty thousand of his men were captured by six thousand Riffi under the younger Abd el-Krim brother.

CAPTIVITY

“There were many millions of Spanish in the field,” said the caid, warming to his subject. “They fought a little while, and then they ran away. They flung down their rifles and fell upon their knees, and cried out, ‘*Moro bueno, moro bueno, no matar! Amigo! amigo!*’ And the Riffi killed and killed and killed, until there were one hundred and sixty-four thousand million Spaniards dead upon the field. And when the Riffi were tired of killing, all the rest of the Spaniards were taken as prisoners to the country of the Beni Warriaghel, to the house of the sultan. And Generan Barro and all the *coroneles* and *tenientes* and many thousands and thousands of men worked for the sultan, on the roads and as slaves. The sultan is very great; the sultan is the Lord of Islam. The sultan can defeat all enemies in battle. The sultan has many millions of fighting men who will sweep the French and the English and all the Christians out of the Arab’s country. When the sultan has driven the Spanish into the sea, he will go to Spain and drive them out of there, too. Spain is Arab country. The Riffi will kill until he is tired, and he will take all the rest prisoners.”

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

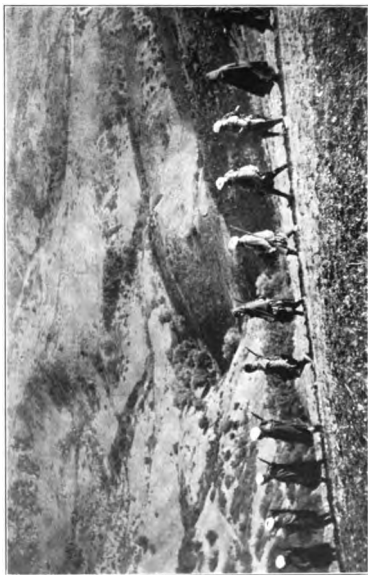
This oration was delivered with indescribable gusto and a fine dramatic feeling, a profusion of gesture, which suggested an irate Italian cab-driver. The part about the Spanish soldiers on their knees, begging for mercy and calling the *Moro* friend, was especially histrionic. The whole circle rocked with laughter, and the Caid Absalem, my evil-eyed specimen, cackled fiendishly.

"Mulay Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim," he shouted at me, waving his arms aloft, *"Sultan el-Islam, dj'der ba-ba Español!"*

He repeated this several times, emphasizing it with fierce scowls, until Mohammed ben Haddu told me I was expected to repeat it after him. I did so; it was only later that the whole phrase was explained to me: "Our Lord Mohammed, son of the Slave to the Generous One, Sultan of Islam, Breaker of Spanish Heads."

Caid Hamid ben Dada resumed his speech, after the excitement caused by his first peroration had somewhat abated.

"The Spanish have been driven out of the whole country of the Arab," he began—and actually seemed to believe it. "The sultan rules in



P. & A. Photo

NATIVE MERCENARIES HIRED BY THE SPANISH

CAPTIVITY

the whole Rif, the Rhomarra, and the Djebala. The sultan rules all the cities and the mountains and the plains. The Spanish have only Melilla and Ceuta; very likely they have lost Ceuta by now. The sultan has captured Sheshuan and Tetuan and all the Spanish posts, and very soon he will have Tangier.

“The Riffi fights better than any other fighter. He kills until he is tired. One day the Spanish *aeroplano* came to the Metalsa and flew over Suk Tleta, and flew too low. We shot with rifles and the *aeroplano* fell down. The men in it were burned up by Allah. The Riffi has no *aeroplano*, but he does not need it. The *aeroplano* is no good.

“The Riffi goes straight to heaven when he dies fighting the Spaniard. Good man, bad man—it makes no difference. The fighter for Islam goes to heaven when he dies. The Spaniard goes to hell. All Spaniards go to hell. All people who fight the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim go to hell. Hell is for Christians and bad Mussulmans who do not fight for Islam; heaven is for the Mussulmans who know how to fight for God and the Prophet. The sultan cannot be defeated,

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

because God fights with him; the Spaniard does not know God."

With this the caid ended his discourse and struck up the chant, "*Allah illah el-illah Allah.*" The others all joined in fervently; the full one hundred repetitions were completed while the Caid Hamid ben Dada, the scribes, and the Sherif Mohammed fingered their wooden rosaries. Mohammed ben Haddu, a little ashamed to acknowledge his identity with his countrymen, sang too; he had never seemed more despicable than when with a half-hearted grin in the corner of his mouth he chanted the praise of Allah.

After the chant, and a brief period of meditation during which the Caid Hamid and the two scribes seemed to be muttering prayers, the cave emptied suddenly. All the Metalsa leaders had work to do; the Sherif Sidi Mohammed had a Spanish automatic revolver to clean, Hamid ben Dada rode away on a white horse, into the hills, and the Caid Absalem, with Si M'hammed, vanished somewhere up the river-bed. Only Sidi Ali remained, lying in a heap on the floor of the cave, trying to sleep and coughing occasionally in uncomplaining agony.

CAPTIVITY

I put on my sandals and went out on the little ledge outside the cave. M'hammed from Midar stood there, aimlessly scratching his chin and looking worriedly over the river-bed to the plain.

"Let us go somewhere where we can smoke," I suggested.

He stuck his head inside the cave, and asked permission of Sidi Ali. Then he led the way up from the ledge to the hillside, where he paced along moodily.

On the hilltop, near the battered and deserted Spanish blockhouse, we squatted among the rocks and smoked, where no too-religious Metalsa could see us.

"It is very bad for you," said M'hammed, by way of encouragement. "The muleteer Said returned to Taourirt this morning; the Metalsa sent him back. They send me on to Midar tomorrow morning. I do not know what they will do with you."

The sun was warm on the smooth rocks of the hilltop. I smoked lazily, and pondered M'hammed's information.

"What could they do?" I asked at length. M'hammed puffed smoke wickedly.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"They could put you on your mule and turn you loose in the direction of Hassi Wenzga," he said. "You would never get there, of course. You would lose your way and the Spaniards or the Beni Bou Yahi or the *harkas amigos* would kill you. Or they could let you go on to the sultan at Ait Kamara. Or they could keep you here and make you work. Or they could kill you, themselves. But I do not think they will do that; you have not enough money or goods, and they are afraid of the sultan. I do not know what they will do."

"What does Sidi Ali want to do with me?" I asked it out of plain curiosity, remembering the glittering eyes of the scribe.

"He wants to send you back toward Hassi Wenzga, alone," said M'hammed. "But the caid says to wait. I do not know what they will do."

We walked a while over the two hilltops. The Metalsa had honeycombed with caves the cliffs above the river; out of every hole in the ground some bearded tribesman with his rifle, or some group of tribesmen, stared inquisitively as we passed. Except for the regular booming of the Spanish bombs, sometimes far off and sometimes



Keystone View Co.

OUT OF EVERY HOLE IN THE GROUND SOME GROUP OF TROBESMEN STARED
INQUISITIVELY

CAPTIVITY

rather near, there was nothing to indicate a state of war over the country-side; the sun was hot and peaceful on hills and plain. In the river-bed was the only spring to be found near Suk Tleta; it was a spring of delicious mineral water, slightly sulphurous but cold and pure, bubbling from under a rock at the foot of the cliff.

When we returned to the cave of the caids I saw for the first time a Spanish air raid. One of the planes which had been bombing, probably, in the direction of Tizzi Azza, to the northwest, flew over the country of the Metalsa. It passed directly above our caves, and one bomb was dropped on the hillside, others in the plain just beyond. The tribesmen crowded to the openings of the three caves I could see, and from each cave two or three rifle-shots were fired at the noisy plane overhead. All the Metalsa unwrapped some folds of their turbans and crossed them over the lower parts of their faces—a precaution, ineffectual enough, against asphyxiating gas. But the raid did no damage whatever; I wondered then, as I had wondered before and have wondered ever since, why the Spanish aviators wasted bombs on spaces where not even a

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

mule was to be seen for target. There was no effort at all to bomb the actual Suk Tleta, although the Spanish must have known that this was the headquarters and main cliff-dwelling of the Metalsa.

That night all the caids and men of Suk Tleta—about two hundred of them—gathered on the flat hilltop above our caves for the evening prayer just after sunset. The Sherif Mohammed was the muezzin, crying out, "*Allah akbar!*" with the long, chanting accent on the last syllable of *Allah*. It was unexpected but authentic beauty, the sight of those massed figures on a hilltop, reverently turned toward the east, with the fading light behind them.

After the prayer the caids descended to their cave again, where their two little slaves—one boy of about twelve or fourteen, another of nine or ten—were busy preparing food. A fire had been built just outside the entrance of the cave, and water boiled there in a shining new kettle of copper. Some evil-smelling mess had been a-stew in the huge iron pot since before sunset.

Inside the cave I sat again at the farthest end,

CAPTIVITY

against the rifles, while the chiefs of the Metalsa crowded in a circle against the walls. There were four or five new caids who had not appeared before; they showed less sharply marked characteristics than the five I already knew, and Mohammed ben Haddu said they were all caids *el-hamsain*, or chiefs of fifty men.

The slaves were both named Hamid, with that bewildering indifference to individual nomenclature which puzzles the foreigner in Arab countries. One Hamid was an imp, very brown and grinning, inconceivably dirty and ragged. He was the cook, and sampled the broth often by sticking his filthy fingers into it and then licking them. He had a healthy case of eczema, like most Arab children. The other Hamid, the boy of nine or ten, was a round-faced yellow child with a pigtail sticking out from under his turban. He smiled only rarely, a slow, serious smile, and when he went down to the spring for water, he carried a Spanish Mauser rifle which was taller than he was. A quiet child, much bullied by the elder Hamid; but he knew how to ride and shoot as well as any grown man of fifteen or sixteen.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

The hot water and the tea-kit were brought in by the two Hamids, and the evil-eyed Absalem—apparently the pride of the Metalsa when it came to making tea—began pounding up the great five-pound cones of glutinous Spanish sugar from Melilla. Three or four chunks of it went into the pot with the tea, water, and two fistfuls of fragrant but dirty mint leaves. One glass was solemnly filled and the brew tasted; more sugar was put in, while Absalem blew stertorously on the live coals under the tea-kettle. When the coals showed signs of darkening to ashes in spite of his efforts, he stirred them up again with his bare fingers.

We drank the usual six rounds of tea, each glass brimming full and sweet. Then the pig-tailed Hamid removed the tea-kettle, the pot of coals, and the glasses, while the brown imp Hamid carried in a big wooden bowl of meat swimming in dark, noisome grease. It was a goat they had killed earlier in the afternoon; the grease was, I learned soon enough, the *zeite* or very crude olive-oil of the country, vile-smelling beyond belief and evil to the palate.

The Caid Hamid ben Dada broke the bread

CAPTIVITY

over his knee and threw hunks of it at each person in the circle. It was flat, hard bread of the usual Arab variety, only blacker and heavier. One suspected the baker, somehow, of having used clay in it. Hospitably the caid motioned to me to join the circle about the pot.

It was a little difficult to shove the hand in and tear off a piece of meat while ten other people were reaching greedily into the same pot. It was possible to accomplish the feat, however, and I conveyed a juicy chunk of goat to my mouth—only to become instantly a confirmed vegetarian. The dish was sickening, thanks to the crude olive-oil; I asked Mohammed ben Haddu to explain to the caid that in my tribe people never ate meat of any description.

My request caused no lull in the storm; the caid, smearing his face and beard generously with the meat and oil, only nodded wonderingly. They ate like pigs from a trough, with a fine, hearty, unrestrained enthusiasm. No words interrupted the process, which had the one recommendation of being swift. In an incredibly short time the whole goat had been consumed and the chiefs sat back on their haunches, wiping their

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

bedraggled beards with their sleeves or with their turbans.

Then the wearisome questioning began again; the Caid Hamid, and particularly the scribes, Sidi Ali and Si M'hammed, were tremendously interested in the vegetarian habit I had ascribed to the tribe of the Merikan. It seemed that in Islam a vegetarian was not only a freak but in some wise a holy man. I rose, therefore, in the general estimation: it was asserted—and duly translated to me—that the tribe of the Merikan, being so ascetic, must be infinitely better than the other outlander tribes. This led my hosts to believe that the Merikan were not Christians like the Spaniards and French, but only a branch of Islam. When Mohammed ben Haddu told them about prohibition, they were even more sure of it; in spite of all attempted explanations, some of the caids kept up for days their belief that the Americans, like the Turks, were another variety of Mussulmans.

Here I tried for about half an hour to get some sort of statement out of the caid regarding what, in fine, they had decided to do with me. He evaded the issue. What interested him chiefly

CAPTIVITY

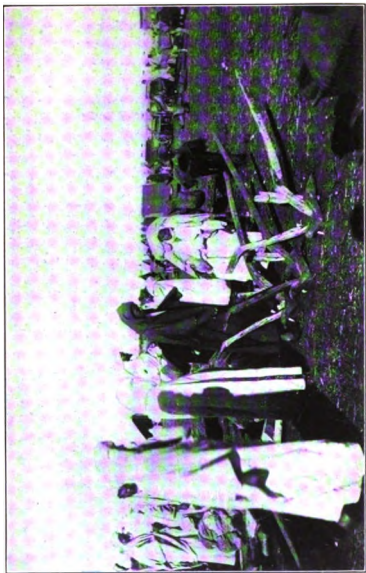
that night was my wardrobe. Where had I bought my djeellaba? How much had I paid for it? Did the Arabs of Tangier all wear the *bedaya*? And an infinity of other similar questions.

Two candles had been lit when the food was brought in: under the flickering half-light the scene in the cave looked more than ever unreal, fantastic. These bearded Arabs of the frontier hills were more authentic than their fellows of the civilized areas in French Morocco, and more authentic than their fellows of the Rif, as I was to learn. These were what I had begun, somewhat hopelessly, to call the Real Thing; they owed nothing to any influence since the hejira. The centuries had passed over them without making any essential impression; they were fellows to the Wahabis of Nejd, and their ancestors who conquered all northern Africa in the eighth century were not more terribly simple than they. The evidence of fanaticism was overwhelming; like all true believers, they were as straightforward and honest as natural forces. They told me, with considerable glee, what had happened to the camel-drivers of our caravan the night

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

before: they had all been killed by the Beni Bou Yahi just before dawn. This incident appeared to them as a judgment by the unrighteous on the more unrighteous; for while they did not quite approve of the outlawry of the Beni Bou Yahi (a tribe closely connected with the Metalsa), they still preferred them to the tame Moors of the French protectorate. And our camel-drivers, it appeared, were tame Moors. When I asked what had happened to the famous Sheik Amesian of their tribe—a Metalsa brigand who holds stray Christians for ransom, and whom I had been particularly instructed to avoid—they spoke of him in the highest terms. The Sheik Amesian, it seems, is still a great man in his own tribe; this in spite of the fact that he is disapproved of by Abd el-Krim and now holds little power.

The bootless talking over, I went out on the hilltop to look at the moon. Now it was at its fullest; Suk Tleta ceased to be a barren cliff beside a dried river-bed, and came into a cold white beauty of its own, purer because of the treeless, uninhabited spaces. Each yawning black hole in the cliff had a flicker of dying coals



International Newsworld

A "SUK" OR NATIVE MARKETING-PLACE

CAPTIVITY

visible before it, where the fighting-men of the Metalsa had been brewing their eternal tea. From cave after cave, down the hills, came the sound of the night's chant: "*Allah illah el-illah Allah.*" There seemed, oddly, great truth in the speech of the Caid Hamid ben Dada. What force of mechanical civilization could, or ultimately can, stand in the way of this singleness of devotion, this unwavering spirit of Islam?

It was easy to believe the essence of what he said—of the force of faith, of the might of the hosts of Allah, bearing true witness under the moon.

Inside the dugout eleven people had to sleep, wedged tightly one against the other. No layers of clothes were taken off, but more were put on against the bitter chill of the January night. Blankets there were none, but the caids had their field djeellabas and a stray rug or two. I had my German overcoat, and blessed the department-store of Herr Carsch in Düsseldorf. It was a good overcoat. My prayer-rug, bundled over the remaining cigarettes and M. Joseph Cailaux's "Agadir," made a highly satisfactory pillow; I had the pile of rifles against my back, and

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the capacious shoulders of the Caid Hamid ben Dada beside me. Almost as soon as the last chant of *Allah illah* had ended—a chant begun, annoyingly enough—when lights were out and one expected a respite from devotions—the cave and its crowded chieftains were blotted out in sleep.

In the morning, the grayest possible beginning of a morning, the caids were up and praying again. It was long before sunrise, but I was routed out by Mohammed ben Haddu because the Caid Hamid wanted to say his prayers. I unfortunately lay in the easternmost end of the cave, where the praying chieftain would see no vision of Mecca, but an intruding Christian carcass.

At sunrise there was more tea, and Mohammed ben Haddu, agreeable beyond the promise of his best previous moments, chatted to me about Suk el-Arbaa, the Metalsa marketing-place for that day. We should need food, he said: oranges, nuts, and raisins, since I would not eat meat. He generously volunteered to go get the food for us, and tea and sugar as well; the Metalsa would give us nothing after the first day, said he. Such

CAPTIVITY

affability should, I suppose, have caused me to suspect something, but unfortunately it did not. I was mildly grateful for the offer, and Mohammed ben Haddu went off to consult the Caid Hamid about it.

The slave-boys moved me out of the caids' cave shortly after sunrise, and led me to the first of the three caves on the ledge—a hole in which the slaves and such beggars as came that way were lodged. It was a cavern a little larger, or at least higher, than the cave of the caids, but had neither rushes nor rug, and was filled with refuse. The pigtailed Hamid succeeded in making me understand that I was to remain there until the caid came to me.

I waited, browsing in Monsieur Caillaux's book and the Arab dictionary. This cave had at least one advantage: I was alone in it and could smoke. When I endeavored to go out, however, one tribesman or another materialized from somewhere to motion me back in. After about an hour or an hour and a half Mohammed ben Haddu returned with the Caid Hamid ben Dada.

They crouched on the floor of my cave, and a very curious conversation began. It seemed curi-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ous then only as an example of the stupidity of the caid; for the questions Mohammed ben Haddu translated to me and the answers I gave him to translate to the caid covered everything we had already gone over the day before. Afterward the whole talk stood out as a remarkable *tour de force* on the part of Mohammed ben Haddu; for I was to learn that he had been carrying on one conversation with me and quite another with the caid, translating to me questions the caid had not asked and giving him statements I had never made. Then it seemed only a natural but tedious *procès verbal*.

Hamid ben Dada left us after about three quarters of an hour of this; and Mohammed ben Haddu, ill at ease, lounged about the place, going out and coming in with a kind of nervous restlessness which should have warned me. At last he announced that he was ready to go to market.

I produced a Bank of France note for one hundred francs.

"It will be difficult to use French money in this country," he observed affably. "If you give me your others, I can change them for you, at

CAPTIVITY

the market, for Spanish money. There will be some merchant or other there who can take them, some merchant who goes out to Taourirt sometimes."

This seemed reasonable; I turned over to him all the money I had. It would not have made much of a flurry in Wall Street, but it was all I had.

"If you let me have your watch," said he, still affable, "I can tell better when to come back."

This was too much; I supposed he had some scheme of selling the watch at market and afterward declaring it lost. He sulked a little at being refused, but brightened up considerably when the pigtailed Hamid stuck his head in to announce that Mohammed's mule had been brought up from the plain.

I went out on the hilltop with him and saw him mount the beast; as he turned away, with four or five of the Metalsa afoot, he cried out a cheery "*Au revoir!*" And that was the last I ever saw of Mohammed ben Haddu.

The hours dragged on in irritating uneventfulness, the sun reached its height and went down, and Mohammed ben Haddu did not come

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

back. M'hammed from Midar had left almost immediately after sunset, and there was nobody else among the Metalsa who spoke a Christian language.

Toward noon the pigtailed slave Hamid, shy but good-humored in his grave, childish way, came in with a pot of coals and made tea. He drank it with me, and I tried out my Arabic on him, with no shining success. After he left there were four or five hours of complete solitude. Monsieur Caillaux's reasoned study of the political aspect of the Moroccan problem had long since begun to pall; I had read it two or three times; and, anyway, the Moroccan problem, considered as a topic of foreign-office conversation, seemed as remote and futile as a mid-Victorian lady's embroideries. It was difficult not to feel an ill-natured grumpiness with respect to Monsieur Delcassé, Monsieur Caillaux, Kaiser Wilhelm, and all the other people who had had a hand in directing the destinies of Morocco; they knew, one felt, so damned little about it!

Every time I stuck my head out of the slaves' cavern to get a sniff of fresh air, somebody was there to whisk me back. It became pretty annoy-

CAPTIVITY

ing by sunset; moreover, I had had nothing to eat all day. Between sunset and the evening prayer I made up my mind that something should be done—something oratorical and gesticulatory, at least. I howled for Hamid, the pig-tailed slave-boy.

“Call the Caid Hamid ben Dada,” I demanded in what might pass, at a pinch, for Arabic. A certain diapason effect of the voice had to make up for whatever was wrong with accent and grammar; after the fashion of the foreigner from time immemorial, I shouted to make myself understood. Hamid got at least the name of the caid; he answered, “*Shrweeia shrweeia*,” which means “immediately,” or “in a short time.” *Shrweeia shrweeia* (phonetic spelling; the French transliterate the same word *chouïa chouïa*) was apparently the equivalent of a Roman waiter’s *subito*; it promised more than it fulfilled. The slave-boy loitered over his commission; it was past sunset and the Sherif Mohammed was going up to call for prayer when the caid finally entered my cave.

“Where is Mohammed ben Haddu?” I made no particular effort at courtesy.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"Gone back to Taourirt," replied the caid, displaying considerable surprise. He followed his answer with a few fluent periods which I did not understand at all.

"Taourirt? Taourirt? He said he was going to the market, the Suk el-Arbaa."

The caid shook his head emphatically and delivered another oration, out of which I could gather only that Mohammed was now well on his way to Taourirt and not only had never intended to go to market but had made no arrangements at all about food.

"He has taken all my money," I got out at last, with the aid of the dictionary. "He was to buy oranges, raisins, nuts, tea, sugar, and bread. He took my money for that, and for exchange. What are you going to do about it?"

To impress him with the acuteness of the crisis I waxed indignant, flourished my American passports in the air, and shouted mongrel sentences of bad Spanish and worse Arabic, pronouncing again and again the names of the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim and the *Maghzen el-Merikan*. The caid was a little disturbed, and more than a little puzzled; but he could not make me

CAPTIVITY

understand the tale he told of Mohammed ben Haddu. It was hopeless; he rose with a heavy sigh of "Allah!" and went up to prayer.

That night was by way of being the nadir. I was hungry enough to eat even a goat cooked in olive-oil, had any goat been offered. And when the dark came, before the rising of the moon, the slaves' cavern was crawling with vermin and people. The night before, I had been too tired and travel-sore to notice the vermin; this night they became active as soon as I was rolled up in my German overcoat. Some old beggar in the last stages of tuberculosis crawled into the cave before the moon was up, and the brown imp Hamid shoved him about and administered sundry kicks when he coughed too much. I could hear the caids and others preparing their tea and supper outside the other caves; the horses of the principal chiefs were brought up and hobbled, whinnying, on the ledge. After the chiefs had finished eating, at perhaps nine o'clock, the pigtailed Hamid came in with another pot of coals to make tea. It was his own tea, his and the brown imp Hamid's; it might, somehow, have been expected that the slaves would share their

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

food with a stranger—what food they had—when the chiefs would not. I was grateful to the two Hamids, and drank five cups of the dirty, sickly sweet brew. We had only two glasses, as the others were in demand by the tribesmen; the two slaves, the beggar, and I took turns.

When the chants were over, dying out in even the farthest hills as the tribesmen sought rest, I went down to the spring for water. Hamid the pigtailed and conscientious trudged alongside, with his rifle ready under his arm. He was a curious yellow figure in the full moon.

Back in the cave, I rolled again in my overcoat and tried to sleep. The tubercular beggar groaned and coughed unceasingly; somebody else crawled in and lay in the middle of the floor. Presently the two Hamids came in, their night's work done, and went to sleep. They took off their djeellabas and put them on again upside down, so that the hoods covered their bare feet. I could hear them swearing and groaning in the darkness, in the manner of Arabs and camels retiring for the night. The beggar, the slaves, and the unidentified tribesman moaned, "Allah!" countless times, with that long, sighing accent

CAPTIVITY

on the second syllable. Presently the cave fell into a silence broken only occasionally by a devastating cough from the old beggar.

I remembered having read once, in Tangier, a book of Mr. Cunningham Graham. He had been in the Sus, the hinterland of Mogador and Agadir, where for several weeks the Berber tribesmen forced their hospitality upon him. My situation was similar to his, except that he had a party with him—and food. Unfortunately I could not recall how Mr. Cunningham Graham had got out of his predicament. I was sure he had got out, alive and whole, but for the life of me I could not remember how he did it. He wrote a letter to the London "Times" about it, I remembered; but somehow a letter to "The Times" seemed, at that juncture, wofully inadequate. I might write one, anyway, and pray for a wind to take it off; a fine, indignant letter about how badly things were being done in Morocco, inquiring why the British Empire didn't do something about it, and ending with an expression of the devout conviction that in our grandfathers' time something would have been done about it. Something hearty and British, with

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

blood and iron in it. A discreet hint, perhaps, that everybody would be benefited by the inclusion of Morocco in the territories consecrated by the Union Jack.

If the vermin had been a little less active, I might have succeeded in composing such a letter as would have aroused every old gentleman in London to a white heat of fury, ending in a very flood of letters to "The Times," demanding that something be done about it. But by that time where should I be? Still sitting in my cave, with rifle-bearing Metalsa all over the place? It seemed more than likely. I had never had such an illusion of permanency; I could see myself in 1930 still imbibing glutinous tea and scratching, wondering whether Mr. Mussolini was still prime minister of Italy, and whether the Ku Klux Klan had definitely made America safe for the Nordics. It was a somewhat dispiriting prospect, but it might in some ways be better than coming out to learn that Mr. Mussolini was really still premier of Italy, and that the Klan had really seen it through. It was the antithesis of the crowded hour of life and the cycle of Cathay; if Cathay had been a little more alluring one might



VINCENT SHEEAN IN RIFFI COSTUME

CAPTIVITY

easily have foregone the crowded hour of life. Especially if it was a question of *force majeure*. There was remarkably little chance for a choice: one might as well call it Cathay and be done.

At about this stage of my reasoning—it may have been midnight, and the cave was quiet and dark—a candle appeared at the opening, and a figure crouched there, holding the light.

“Señor!” said the figure, employing the one universally known Spanish word.

I crawled over to the light and blinked at it. It was held by the friendly soul I had seen in the cave of the Metalsa; Si M’hammed, the second scribe.

He smiled slowly, a wide, kindly smile, as grateful as a feather-bed to aching bones. In the folds of his djeellaba he held three oranges and a pile of mixed raisins and walnuts.

“*Comer*,” he advised briefly. It was the one other Spanish word in his vocabulary.

The oranges fell into the folds of my own djeellaba. He smiled again, nodded silently and mysteriously, and disappeared.

I went back to my corner and ate. The oranges were good; the nuts had all been cracked

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

and mixed with the raisins. Why and how Si M'hammed had managed this in the middle of the night, I did not know. It was one of those times when almost anybody might agree that kind hearts are more than coronets; Si M'hammed at that moment outranked all the peerages put together.

The next day was like the day before, interminable and solitary. No food appeared, but the two Hamids shared their tea with me. For the rest, I re-read Monsieur Caillaux and finished the last of my cigarettes. There was no use trying to go out of the cave; obviously it had been decided that the open air would be bad for me, and the guards were faithful to their duty. Might as well have been in the Tombs.

Toward sunset a ragged, beardless creature in a gray turban of something like tent canvas crawled into the cave and crouched, grinning.

"*Tu hablar Español?*" he queried, in that gibberish the natives call Spanish.

"A little." It was a relief to hear even this much of a language I could understand.

"What you do here?" he asked, still grinning. He was an Arab youth of perhaps twenty or

CAPTIVITY

twenty-one, broad-faced and glabrous. One of his eyes cocked alarmingly sidewise; it looked as if it might turn around and disappear entirely at almost any moment.

"I don't know," I truthfully said. "I want to go into the Rif to Abd el-Krim."

"If you pay," he suggested, "the caid will allow you to return to the French zone, and will send somebody with you."

"I do not mean to return to the French zone." This with a great show of firmness. "If the caid does not allow me to go on into the Rif the sultan will be very angry. The sultan will punish him severely. Great boats," said I, threateningly, "will come and bombard the whole country from the sea. Terrible things will befall the Riffi and the Metalsa."

The daily Spanish air raid, with its ludicrous lack of effectiveness, rather spoiled this thunder; obviously my Metalsa had no fear of bombardments.

"You cannot go to the Rif. It is not permitted."

The younger Hamid stuck his head in at the opening to the cave and summoned us. We fol-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

lowed him around the ledge to the caids' dug-out, which I had not entered for two days.

The chieftains sat in a circle as before, counting their rosaries. "*Salaam waalicum!*" we said to them. Si M'hammed smiled and nodded; he was as hearteningly friendly as before. The Caid Absalem was scowling from his corner; Sidi Ali, with closed eyes, murmured prayers. The sherif, Sidi Mohammed, was busy with his Unceta automatic, applying a childish earnestness to the job of cleaning it. In the farther corner sat the Caid Hamid ben Dada, as impassive and magnificent as ever.

Then began another interrogation, from which I learned as much as or a good deal more than did the chieftains themselves. For instance, beyond telling them I was a scribe to the American Government and wished sooner or later to go to Abd el-Krim, Mohammed ben Haddu had told them nothing of the truth. He had stated that I had plenty of money, and would pay liberally for food after he left. Further, he had declared it was my wish that he, Mohammed ben Haddu, return to Taourirt. I learned that the whole conversation with the caid, when I thought we were

CAPTIVITY

arranging for food from the market, had been tricked. And last, I discovered that the caids had not yet decided what to do with me. It was apparent that there was a division of opinion, due probably to the hope that if they held me a while I might arrange for the payment of ransom. I used this opportunity again to flourish the passports at them and utter high-sounding threats in the name of the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, the American Government, the British, the French, and the Almighty himself.

Si M'hammed, apparently, was for me; Sidi Ali, it was clear, was against me. It was Si M'hammed who produced food again, before them all, and gave it me; and it was Sidi Ali who insisted that I must not stay in the cave of the caids after the evening prayer.

In the slaves and beggars' dugout my Metalsa who spoke Spanish (if one might call it that) spent the night. We talked for hours, devising a scheme. He had been a servant to Spanish officers in Tizzi Azza as a boy, which fact explained both his knowledge of the language and also his hair-raising oaths. He said that money would do anything; that without money nothing

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

good could happen. Spanish silver was the key, he said, to freedom and the Rif road.

We evolved at last what looked like a workable scheme. I could bribe the Caid Hamid ben Dada, with my watch and other belongings, to send a runner out to Taourirt, where he could get some money for me from a Certain French Official; he would return with the money, as his life would not be worth much in the eyes of the Metalsa if he did not. Then I could use the money to bribe the Caid Hamid again, this time to send a letter through to Abd el-Krim. Eventually, I was sure, Abd el-Krim would, as "The Times" might say, have something done about it.

In the circumstances it was the only thing to do. To try to get away from the Metalsa would have been ridiculous: escape was impossible, in the first place, and in the second, had it been possible, it would have meant wandering about until death overtook me. To confess this plight to a Certain French Official was to lay myself open to a host of I-told-you-so's, but it was better than innocuous desuetude among the Metalsa. And, besides, there was always the

CAPTIVITY

possibility that one of the chieftains might get impatient some day and kill me by way of exercise; it had happened to many other strays in recent months. One has a sort of sneaking fondness for life, whatever happens.

It took two more days to win the Caid Hamid ben Dada over to my scheme. At first he did not understand it, so I presented him with my cheap gold-plated wrist-watch, bought in the Spanish bazaar at Tetuan. The gift oiled his comprehension considerably, and when I gave him my gaudy tarboosh from Tangier (which I had left off wearing anyway), he was almost agreeable. The presentation of gifts took place the next night, and as a result I remained to tea and supper with the caids.

After supper, before the last prayer for the night, the Caid Hamid ordered the two slave-boys to bring in my German overcoat and my prayer-rug. This meant that I was definitely moved into the cave of the caids, where I remained for the rest of my time among the Metalsa.

Two days later my Metalsa interpreter, he of the cocked eye and the canvas turban, was sent

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

off to Taourirt to get money for me. He took all manner of oaths, before going, not to tell the French officials anything in particular, and to make it clear that I was being very well treated. I wrote a little note on the fly-leaf of my Arab dictionary, tore it out, and gave it to the cock-eyed one, with explicit directions. On the same night the caid, trusting in the money I was to get from Taourirt, sent off a runner to Midar, to tell my story, or some version of it, to Abd el-Krim's officers there. At least he said he was doing this; it was a little difficult to believe him.

It was a not too unpleasant interlude, this enforced stay among the Metalsa, after I had acquired a definite status as a man who was going to pay money to get released. Even Sidi Ali became almost friendly; and Si M'hammed, the smiling second scribe, spent hours trying to teach me Arabic. The days were long and empty, the nights virtually sleepless; but I was now allowed all the freedom a prisoner could reasonably desire. After sunrise in the mornings I took long walks in the river-bed or over the hills; sometimes for hours I was allowed to be alone, but

CAPTIVITY

always if I wandered a little too far the grave-eyed, pigtailed Hamid would appear from somewhere with his rifle, waving me back. I came to know all the crevices of the cliff along the river; and when the Spanish air raids came, as they did every morning at ten o'clock and every afternoon at three, I burrowed into the earth like the native inhabitants and waited until the bombing ceased.

These Spanish air raids were a curious sort of comic-opera affair. The aviators must have had excellent German watches, like all the other excellent German equipment of the Spanish officers: the raids came at the same time every day, hardly ever ten minutes off, one way or the other. We knew exactly when to expect them, and how many airplanes there would be. They never raided at night, and they never threw bombs anywhere near the cliffs of the Metalsa soldiers. On Sunday there was only one plane, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday there were two airplanes, and on Thursday, because it was our market-day, there were three. The bombs were thrown with such evident lack of effort to do any damage that one

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

supposed the Spanish aviators must be rather like boys distributing hand-bills.

It was easy to imagine the airman sitting up there in the cock-pit, with a pile of, say, twenty-five bombs to get rid of in a comparatively short time. He would be reading, perhaps, the "*Vie Parisienne*," holding the magazine in his left hand and tossing bombs overboard with his nonchalant right. And then returning to Melilla and telling some blood-curdling tale of damage done to the *Moros*. From reading the Spanish communiqués, and listening to Spanish generals talk, I had supposed a Spanish plane never dropped a bomb without killing at least fifty Arabs; but the truth was so ludicrously far from the official fiction that the raids became nothing more than a way of telling time, like looking at the sun.

Market-day meant a gathering of the whole Metalsa tribe, and most of the Beni Bou Yahi, in the plain below our cliff. It was for this market—held at the "Suk Tleta" or third marketing-place on Thursdays—that the Metalsa's present headquarters was named. Men, women, and children came from the hills around

CAPTIVITY

to the flat space across the river-bed, where they bought and sold their live goats, chickens, mules, or donkeys, and their oranges, walnuts, raisins, dried figs, woven cloths, and smuggled teapots and kettles. There was very little money in circulation; generally one bought a tea-kettle and paid with a goat, or bought a goat and paid with a tea-kettle. Plain barter was the rule rather than the exception, and leathern-faced little hags, more like animals than women, did most of the bargaining. They were ugly beyond belief, and they almost never made an attempt to veil their faces. Seldom was there an even passably good-looking woman to be seen on market-day; Si M'hammed told me the good-looking ones all stayed at home in their huts or caves.

Eleven days or twelve—I do not know which—passed in this wise. Eleven days may be only eleven days, or again they may be eleven years. With no very clear idea of what might be in store for me, and with no definite chance to find out, I found the days endless and the sleepless nights troubled of vermin and black thoughts. The waiting was worse than anything else might have been. Nobody could possibly say whether

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

or not the cross-eyed interpreter would really return from Taourirt with the money. And without money I could never leave the Metalsa for Abd el-Krim's country. The sequence made the future more, or less, than problematical, during those many nights I lay in the cave of the caids while the chieftains snored.

Two or three days after the cock-eyed one had departed for Taourirt, the Caid Hamid ben Dada, upon the advice of my good friend Si M'hammed the scribe, permitted me to write a letter in French to Sidi Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, asking him to give orders for my release. This was the first positive bit of encouragement; the caid must be confident of the money from Taourirt, or he would never have sent on the letter to Abd el-Krim. As it was, however, he took for recompense everything I had with me: a silver pencil, a few stray pesetas, a leather note-book, and my woolen socks. These were the guerdon for the messenger, he said. Then more weary waiting; the officers at Midar perhaps had not received my letter; the messenger, perhaps, had been killed. I did not know, but wondered.

CAPTIVITY

Sometimes I rode out with the Caid Mohammed of the Uled Driss, a young chief who had come to Suk Tleta on my fourth or fifth day there; he told me tales of the campaigns of the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, and asked questions about the great world outside. He had heard of a mighty leader of Islam who had arisen among the Turks; I told him as much as I could remember about Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who seemed to him an exact parallel to Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. The young caid, like Si M'hammed and my friend the pigtailed Hamid, called me "Been-sent," with a strong accent on the second syllable.

At night, over the tea and after supper before the final prayer, there was much talking. Again and again I tried to explain what and where America was; one evening I drew a map in the back of my Arab dictionary, indicating Spain, France, Italy, the Mediterranean, and all four parts of northern Morocco. Then Si M'hammed stumped me with a simple question; he did not know the great empty space between the west coast of Africa and what I said was the east coast of America. I told him it was "*el-b'har*,"

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the ocean. He said that was impossible; the ocean lay between Morocco and Europe. I could not convince him that another, larger ocean existed to the west of Tangier.

I learned the simpler prayers and sang them with the caids: the full hundred of the *Allah illah*, and the impressive short chant to Mulay Mohammed the Prophet: "*Ah, salato, Allah, Mohammed, ah ha bib-na, Mulay Mohammed!*" Caid Absalem, he of the evil eye and the terrible scowl, dramatized for me again and again the scene of the capture of General Navarro by the Beni Warriaghel, alternately shrieking the supposed prayer for mercy, as the Spanish soldiers cried for quarter, or the stern command to surrender, as the sultan was alleged to have issued it in noble accents.

"You are learning to be a Riffi," said the Caid Hamid, generously. "We shall capture some Spaniards and let you kill them. If you kill two Spaniards you will be as good as a Riffi, and will go straight to heaven."

Like the other Metalsa, he seemed to consider himself a Riffi since he had, more or less, thrown in his lot with Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim;

CAPTIVITY

these people did not know the real differences between Arab and Riffi, and to them a Riffi was anybody who fought for the Sultan Mohammed.

I counted rifles, and learned that about three quarters of those possessed by the Metalsa were Spanish Mausers, captured on the field of battle, and the rest French Saint-Etiennes, smuggled in from Algeria or stolen from French outposts, or sometimes taken by raiders. There was much talk of war, much cleaning of rifles, yet no attacking or raiding; the Metalsa were restive, but had orders not to attack in the Melilla zone until the sultan gave the word. Again and again they said the spring would bring a "great war," which I took to be the long-delayed attack on Tizzi Azza and Melilla. I suppose now it may have meant the drive against the French, which the Metalsa and their allied Arabs had long urged upon the reluctant Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

Summer days and winter nights, this time presents itself as a series of pictures: the Caid Hamid ben Dada, magnificent on his white horse, riding into the hills toward the Rif one day; Sidi Mohammed the sherif forever cleaning his auto-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

matic revolver; little Hamid with the pigtail, carrying water with his left hand, a Spanish rifle in his right. Sometimes other people, strangers: a tribesman from the Beni Bou Yahi, who screamed insults and shook his fist and tore out his beard when he saw the *kelb rumi*, the Christian dog; a thin-faced, evil-looking young sherif who had come all the way from Sheshuan, and went one night from cave to cave chanting long singsong verses from the Koran; and then, at last, a courier.

He came, this courier, after sunset one evening. He was brown-skinned and blue-eyed, with features like an Irishman; and he wore the orange felt turban of a minor caid in the regular army of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. He brought the sultan's order, written in crabbed Arabic on a wisp of rice-paper; it was passed from hand to hand in the cave of the caids, and each chieftain kissed it reverently before it was turned over to Si M'hammed to be read.

Although Si M'hammed was a scribe, he was not exactly proficient at reading; with the other scribe, Sidi Ali, he puzzled out the paper word by word, while I held my breath. At last they

CAPTIVITY

made it out: it directed that I be released at once and allowed to go through the Rif to the bay of Alhucemas.

As if Allah were tired of raising obstacles, that same night, after we were asleep, the cross-eyed interpreter returned from Taourirt with money from a Certain French Official. It was enough to pay my ransom money, or whatever it should be called; and my cave-dwelling days were over.

It cost enough to leave the Metalsa; the Caid Hamid was not to be compensated with a few paltry duros. He took almost all I had, for himself, for the two Metalsa who were to accompany me to Midar, and for the runner who had gone out to Taourirt. He took the money with an air, moreover, of granting a favor; considering that it was plain ransom, extorted as forcibly as if the Sheik Amesian himself were pocketing the funds, our caid's manner indicated a good deal of practice in the art of keeping up pretenses.

Just after sunrise the next morning this was: Hamid ben Dada led me up to the hilltop, where, inside the abandoned Spanish blockhouse, he sat cross-legged on a rock and issued judgment.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"You will not need money in the Rif." He looked like an oracle and appropriated most of the money I had received from Taourirt.

Half an hour later my mule—Caid Mimoun's mule from Taourirt, lean and dispirited from the scant food of mountain pastures—was led up on the hill and my poor old vermin-filled German coat flung over the wooden saddle. Sidi Mohammed the sherif and Si M'hammed the scribe, the two slaves Hamid, and the beetle-browed Caid Absalem had come up to see me off. We all touched hands in Arab fashion, carrying our forefingers to our lips afterward in the sign of respect. To Si M'hammed I had given my prayer-rug with its woven inscription, *Allah illah el-illah Allah*. He would use it ever afterward, I knew, morning and night, on the hill above the cliff. He smiled again, his slow, friendly smile, like the smile of that night when he brought me food against the wishes of the other caids.

Absalem, frowning viciously, growled out:

"Mulay Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, Sultan el-Islam, djder ba'ba Spañol!"

This had become the classic joke of those long evenings over the tea in the cave of the caids;

CAPTIVITY

as always, I repeated it after him, imitating his snarl:

“Our Lord Mohammed, son of the Slave to the Generous One, Sultan of Islam, Breaker of Spanish Heads.”

“*Adiós!*” they all said.

Si M’hammed raised his voice last:

“*Emshi besselama!*”

The trail led through the pass where our caravan had halted, and over the crest of the hill toward the Rif.

CHAPTER III

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

IT was almost incredible at first, this freedom to move. Beyond the crest of the hill I had never been permitted to go; if the Caid Mimoun's mule received a few unexpected whacks, and was forced to amble along a little more spiritedly than it wished, the spring morning and the unexpected feeling of liberation must take the blame.

The trail led across a bare and deserted valley, into another series of hills. No more than two hours after we left the Metalsa we came upon a forest; its trees were the first I had seen since the gardens of Fez. After another hour, along the trail winding through scrubby pines, we passed a group of Riffi women with bundles of wood on their backs, trudging toward some village. Once,

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

in a clearing, we saw a house. It was only a mud house, of course, but even a mud house has points of superiority over a cave.

My companions were Metalsa—one a boy hardly fifteen, honest-faced and stupid, who spoke a little Spanish and clucked his tongue against his teeth in disapproval when he heard I had paid six duros for his services as guide.

"The Caid Hamid gave me nothing," he said. "It is a pity."

The other was a rascal. It had got to be an operation as easy as adding two and two, this business of deciding upon the merits of Arabs; they were so simple that there was no room in their souls for conflict. Where evil preponderated, evil conquered; where there was an intent to be decent, decency triumphed with no trouble at all. They were as simply good or bad as the heroes or villains of a popular-magazine story; no grays or neutral tones, but straight black or white. Civilization might have leveled the rascal and the decent youth into something like moral equality; but here there was no room for doubt. It was comfortably reassuring to know that the rascal's rascality was not even half concealed.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

He had a villainous cast in his eye, as all rascals should, and his first effort was to sell me a pair of grass sandals. Yellow leather sandals from Tangier did look a little gay for the forest trail, but they were stouter than grass, at any rate. Woven grass sandals sold in the market, when there was anybody to buy them, for three soldi a pair. Generally people made their own sandals or went without. My swarthy rascal tried to sell me an extra pair of grass sandals for one duro—five pesetas. Iniquity could go no farther.

The argument about the sandals lasted us for conversation throughout the morning. It was gratifying to be able to keep from buying them; after being mulcted of many duros in recent weeks, one got a sense of improvement out of saving a few pesetas. The feat had a further advantage, as well: my friend the rascal grew disgusted with Christian penuriousness and quickened his pace until he was far in advance of us, appearing only when the trail swung up to some rocky height, and then vanishing again before we could catch up.

At noon we stopped to eat bread, dried figs, and raisins; I had a djeellaba pocket full of food,

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

the parting gift of the Caid Mohammed of the Uled Driss. The broad-faced and stupid Metalsa shared the meal willingly; the other was gone, and there was enough for two.

After this we saw no house or human being until sunset. The trail led over what I took to be a definite range of mountains, although I could find none marked on my little French map. After this range we were in valley country for about two hours, where through a vast river-bed ran the merest brook of water. My stupid Metalsa's conversational gifts were limited, and there was little to observe along the endless rocky trail; but there were plenty of questions to ponder. To most of them I have never seen any answers, and perhaps the world is just as well off without knowing; but they were great puzzles then.

Why, for instance, do Arabs use the Italian plural "soldi" to designate Spanish five-centimo pieces? It seemed very curious; for no Italians have ever tried their hand at the Rif or the Arab country around it.

Why did the Spanish aviators drop bombs into vast empty plains? Surely they could see there

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

were no houses, men, or animals there. We watched one plane pursue its ineffectual way across a huge plain where even a mouse might have been visible; and the airman dropped four expensive bombs into it. Why? These were evidences of the illogical nature of things.

Another riddle was the attitude of the French. One never could make the French out, no matter how hard one tried; in Paris they talked, at least in the press, as if Abd el-Krim were the greatest scoundrel now at large, and yet on the frontiers they permitted extraordinary leniency about the blockade-runners. Every chieftain or person of importance was equipped with a French rifle; a Bréguet war-plane had been flown boldly from Algeria into the Rif, and two French civilian aviators had been allowed to go into Abd el-Krim's country to teach his people how to use it. There seemed to be one policy in Paris and another in Morocco; and, most curious of all, the French appeared—at least the Moroccan French did—to rejoice at Abd el-Krim's every victory over the despised Spanish. Yet Abd el-Krim's people, if one could judge by his allies the Metalsa, had no more love for the French

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

than for the Spanish, and seemed to be biding their time. . . .

And then, another thing: how had the Arabic language degenerated into such grammarless gibberish as is spoken in Morocco? Where had the verb-forms gone to, anyway? And the prepositions? English and Arabic, there you had it: one language loaded with prepositions with hair-splitting distinctions, the other virtually destitute of them. A fellow in Paris used to say that a nation which had lost its case-declensions, like the French and the English, was decadent and must fall to ruin before the Germanic and Slavic races which are still rich in declensions; the Roman Empire fell, he said, because the Romans allowed their declensions to become corrupt. Well, in the decay of the Arabic tongue he could have found plenty of proof for his theory. . . .

Why didn't the Arabs of this district eat more vegetables? They could have grown them easily enough. They ate meat and some kinds of fruit, like oranges and figs, but a vegetable was a great rarity. Their meat was bad; the animals had all kinds of diseases, and vegetables would

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

have saved a lot of grief all round. Their use would have meant less tuberculosis, for one thing. These people need Mr. Bernard Shaw to do a little evangelizing. No matter how many thousands of them die of perfectly obvious endemic or epidemic diseases, you never can get an Arab to admit that there was anything preventable or curable about such a visitation. He will insist that Allah planned it all out. You cure his pains and aches and remove his tumors and gall-stones and when it is all over he will go out and say his suffering was Allah's will; Allah caused it in the first place, and Allah got rid of it. Allah created missionaries and little brown mules, and Allah pulls Arab boys up to heaven by their pig-tails when they die. What a simple place the Arab makes the world!

Beyond the river, below Midar, was a fertile plain, a comparatively fertile plain. We came to it at sunset, and there were heartening signs of human life about. In one place we passed as many as six women in a group, trudging home from market; in another place we saw two mud houses, under trees. And here came one of the unforgettable experiences of many weeks. There

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

was a planted field, and near it we caught up with our rascally friend the Metalsa; he allowed us to pass on, and when he rejoined us he had five large carrots in his fist. He had stolen them from the field.

Great salmon-pink, hearty carrots they were, sound all through, more agreeable to the palate than any luscious sweetmeat. We washed them in the brook and went on, munching. I have never seen such carrots before or since, and during the rest of my time in the Rif I tried in vain to find any carrots at all. I believe these huge *sennariya*, as the Arabs call them, grow only south of Midar; some day, when the Rif is as tourist-cursed as Switzerland, the production of carrots will probably mean millions to somebody. A real carrot enthusiast could never forget them; but by the time the Rif is made safe for carrot enthusiasts, the place will probably be inundated with French cooks, and that king of vegetables will lose its succulent charm in the conquering stew-pot.

Through this stretch of fertile country south of Midar, blessed by water, one was aware as a matter of academic knowledge that one was in

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the Rif; but there was certainly no other means of knowing it. The tribesmen and their women showed no physical difference from the border Arabs, and they all spoke Arabic. Clear up to beyond Midar, and through most of the great Beni Touzin tribe of Riffi, the Arab strain was predominant; geographically and historically the country was the Rif, but the infiltration of centuries of Arabs had made these Berbers as Arab as the Metalsa. The only distinctive thing about them was that they showed no signs of any additional race mixture; while the Arabs of the plains, especially those of French Morocco, often display skins and features which prove that their ancestors have mixed the pure Semitic Arab blood with that of the negroes from the south, these Riffi about Midar were indubitably white men. Not so Nordic as one had expected: about half Semitic, half Hamitic. It takes a Moham-medan people to show indifference to ethnic boundaries; this insensible gradation was an effective contrast to the European frontier habit, the persistent something which makes Hendaye so definitely French and San Sebastian, at the other end of the tram line, so definitely Spanish.



V. Fobin

IN THE BORDER-LAND OF THE RIF

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

Until sunset the cannonading from the direction of Tizzi Azza had been continuous, and we could hear its constant rumble; there had also been the usual Spanish air raids in the morning and the afternoon. But by sunset the Spaniards, with their laudable regularity, quit work; if they had stayed at it fifteen minutes longer, through the twilight, they could have bombed many Riffi at the evening prayer on the hills. We went on through quickly gathering dusk, passed out of the fertile plain and up again into hills. Midar was in sight—or so the Metalsa guides said—just after sunset, half-way up another range of mountains.

Here, at the foot of the trail which led up to Midar, I met my old friend M'hammed of the mule caravan from Taourirt. He was going out through the somewhat porous blockade to the French zone, to buy tea and sugar and smuggle them in. I dare say he also intended to buy rifles; he had brought some in in the caravan which was stopped by the Metalsa. He halted his mule and talked to me; my misadventure with the Metalsa had caused great anger, he told me, against all those responsible; and the sultan had

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ordered the Caid Haddu, father of my Mohamed ben Haddu, to be placed in prison. The Metalsa were going to get into great trouble, M'hammed asserted. This was the gossip at the *sidna*, or headquarters, in Midar.

M'hammed went on his cheery way, and I did not see him again. I suppose, unless the Beni Bou Yahi or the *harkas amigos* of the Spaniards, or the French themselves, have killed him on those border plains, he is still making his untroubled trips in and out of the Rif, to take in tea and sugar and sometimes rifles.

The last few miles of the trail to Midar were the usual agony; I wondered if fourteen hours of anything could be worse than fourteen hours on a mule. Walking was not practicable; the mule was far more proficient at navigating the rocky ascent than I. Toward nine o'clock, when the moon was up, we reached the village, which lay sprawled over a plateau and up the sides of a gorge. Up this gorge, almost perpendicularly it seemed, the trail led; and at the very top, in a place commanding a view of the rest of the village, were the *sidna* and the house of the caids.

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

The house was a large mud structure, where dozens of Arabs and Riffi were visible around the tea-kettles in the rooms to left and right of the courtyard. A minor caid, who seemed to know who we were and to have expected us, escorted us to a clean, bare room, and brought a candle. The room was the typical rectangular one of all the mountain houses: four bare mud walls and a floor with a broad, solid block of whitewashed mud filling one end which served as a bed. A mat was brought in and flung upon the floor, for us to sit upon.

Without waiting for food, my Metalsa rolled themselves in their djeellabas to sleep; with the Düsseldorf overcoat I did likewise. Presently a fat little Riffi soldier came in and prodded our weary limbs with a rifle; we were to sit up and eat. With the tea, brought by the same Riffi soldier, came the Caid of Midar himself. He was the first true Riffi I had ever seen on his native heath; a man about six feet tall, blue-eyed, red-bearded, with fine sunburnt skin and a manner both intelligent and noble. He spoke Spanish fluently and even correctly, although he showed little disposition to talk; and for the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

first time in many days I had no trouble in explaining what I wanted.

"We received your letter, and we should have telephoned it to the sultan immediately," he said with a slight smile, "if you had written it in a language we could understand. Unfortunately, there is nobody here who can read French; so we were obliged to send it overland by courier. We regret infinitely what has happened, and I am sure the sultan will see that justice is done. These things must be expected, however; the Metalsa have been under our *maghzen* for a comparatively short time only, and I am afraid they may have given you a false idea of us."

The tone of this speech was startling, even more so than the practised ease with which the speaker used the language. He might have been a European officer apologizing for some slight frontier inconvenience. After the semi-savagery of the Metalsa his polish came as a complete surprise. He chatted for a few minutes, pointed out that Midar was in the center of the richest iron-ore country of the Rif, and deprecated the lack of good food. Midar, as the military headquarters for the whole district, was constantly

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

under attack, he said. And with a sort of desultory campaign perpetually going on around Tizzi Azza, comfort was not to be expected. He was as agreeable and easy as a diplomatic attaché.

This officer's name was Mohammed, the commonest of all names, and unfortunately I did not write down his patronymic to identify him further. He was born, however, of the Beni Warriaghel, the tribe of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, and claimed a fairly close relationship to the sultan—was a cousin, I believe. He had been placed in command of the Riffi post at Midar, the most important in the region, in August, 1924, and was present at the battle of Azib el-Midar when the great Riffi brigand and intriguer, Abd el-Malek, was killed fighting for Spain against Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. He told me he had a garrison of four hundred men at Midar, and that it was continually being augmented for special occasions when raids were made about Tizzi Azza.

Caid Mohammed was an example—one of the best, as I afterward learned—of the Riffi army leader. His position corresponded about to that

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

of a colonel in a Christian army. His four hundred men were eight *hamsains* (fifties, or companies) of the Riffi regulars. And eight *hamsains* of Riffi regulars cover more ground and represent greater mobile force, in guerrilla at any rate, than a regiment of Christian soldiers. The commander had been educated at Melilla, and had visited Tangier, Cadiz, Seville, and Madrid. One of his ambitions was to see Algiers and Paris; another was to get the war over and return to his house and farms on the bay of Alhucemas, in the Beni Warriaghel country. He told me arrangements had been made for me to sleep in his house near Adjdir the following night.

"Then," said he, "you can eat food which is not quite so bad as this. We are not really an uncivilized people, you know, no matter what our enemies say."

Caid Mohammed did not break bread with us, as he had already had his own supper; my Metalsa and I shared the bread and tea, and the caid sent me in two hard-boiled eggs to eat while the others were consuming goat's meat cooked in *zeite*.

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

At dawn the next morning Caid Mohammed conducted me to the gate of the courtyard, where two of the Beni Warriaghel tribesmen, who were returning to Alhucemas Bay, waited. My Metalsa came along, expecting, perhaps, Spanish silver; they looked a little disgruntled when the *adiós* was said and no clink of coin rewarded the hungry ear. I felt, somehow, that the tribe of the Metalsa had profited sufficiently already.

My Beni Warriaghel guides were placid souls, one a man of perhaps fifty and the other about twenty years younger. They carried great staves of oak which added immeasurably to their Biblical aspect; climbing patiently up the almost perpendicular mountain, they made one think of a pair of Israelites on their way to the Promised Land. One was called Mohand, the other Abdallah. Neither spoke anything but Arabic and Shilluh, but it would have done no good if they had had the gift of tongues; they were the most silent pair one could meet in a year's journey, passing hour after hour along the difficult trail without exchanging a word with each other or with me.

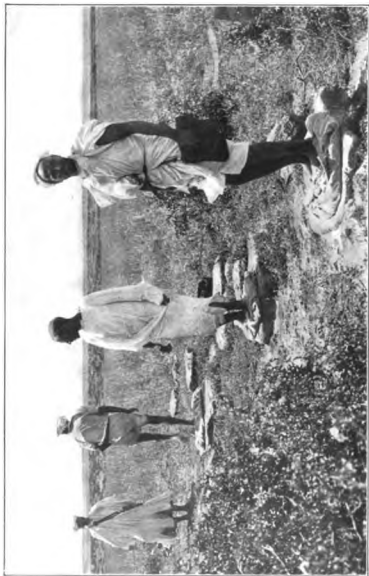
Between Midar and the shores of the bay of

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Alhucemas lies a country beautiful beyond the dream of a poet. Midar is half-way up the south side of the great Rif mountain range; on leaving the village we climbed steadily, slowly, precariously, for about three hours, the mule making his own way, with the three of us in single file crawling after him. At the summit, and along the winding trail just beneath it, the mountain commanded the lesser hills and a far sweep of plain. Sunrise came about an hour after we left Midar; by the time we had reached the top of the ridge the sun was up, full and glorious over the empty green hollows beneath.

After crossing this ridge the trail descended precipitately over great rocks where the mule slithered alarmingly in frost and snow. At the trail's end a spring gushed out of the rock, its waters falling with an icy delicacy over white stones between the pines. We drank here, long drafts of a water which does not exist south of the Rif Mountains—as cold and exhilarating as champagne fresh from the ice.

Another long, slow climb here over the side of a mountain which commanded a superb view of the whole region of Tizzi Azza, where the can-



Homers from Galloway

MOROCCAN "FELLAHEEN" THRESHING GRAIN BY TRAMPLING

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

non had resumed their intermittent roar. On the east side of this mountain began the no-man's-land between the organized and governed Riffi country and the Spanish-governed zone of Melilla. The remaining Spanish posts were picked out in black against the gray-green of the lower hills and hollows under the sun of spring. Tizzi Azza was active; the cannon boomed throughout the morning. But those *fellaheen* who lived on the mountain slopes northeast of Midar were like the peasants about Vesuvius, careless of familiar danger.

The military telephone, by the way, was no fiction of boastful Arab; an actual field telephone did exist, beginning at Midar and running, almost always with our trail, to Adjdair and Ait Kamara. It was a French system—French telephone and wires—brought in four months before from Algeria, and had been installed, after much acrobatic effort along the rocky summits, only a few weeks before.

On the other side of this second range of mountains began the veritable Rif, the Rif of Arab and Shilluh song and story; crimson mountains flung against a sky of hieratic blue, gorges

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

magnificent and terrifying, peaceful green valleys between protecting precipices. Between the first and second ridges of the Rif Mountains one might think of Colorado; after the second ridge no comparison exists with any otherwhere. That deep burning red of far-flung hills is, so far as I know, unique; a mining engineer in the country of the Beni Touzin would have thought only of the fabulously rich iron deposits underneath it all, but to a mere traveler it was a picture instantly recorded and worth carrying forever, where the remembered pictures are carried, against need of beauty.

The Spanish aviators did their best to spoil the morning for us; for just when we were spending a toilsome three hours on the summits overlooking the lower mountains, the planes began to buzz over us again. Once two of them in rapid succession flew over us at what could not have been more than fifty or sixty feet above the mountain's peak; we tethered the mule and sat under an overhanging rock while they went their way, dropping noisy and ineffective bombs.

The whole range of the Rif Mountains, properly so called, appeared to be uninhabited; we

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

passed only one village in the whole day's journey, and that in the upper foot-hills. In the high Rif no travelers passed us; but as we crossed what might be called the Great Divide—a third and towering range of rocky crags—a man from Midar caught up with us and trudged along for two or three hours before turning off to some cave or hut in a ravine.

That Great Divide, by the way, provided a moment unexpectedly exquisite. We rounded a jutting edge of rock, where my mule gingerly tried every step before making it definite, and the whole country of Alhucemas Bay lay spread out before us like a colored relief map, crimson hills subsiding into purple and then into green, all sharply ended by a crescent of joyous, brilliant blue.

"What is that?" I asked the silent Beni Warriaghel, Mohand. There was something inexplicably exciting in the glimpse of that blue crescent.

"*El-b'har.*" He grinned in comprehension.

It was the Mediterranean, an assembly of waters one had always taken for granted, a definite something mapped out in school-books

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

and permanently visible under different aspects at Monte Carlo, Barcelona, and Spezzia. It was cerulean at Monte Carlo, old silver at Spezzia, and a serviceable but bedraggled Oxford blue at Barcelona. Here it was something different again, something breathless and youthful, as unexpected as those crimson hills. Moreover, it had suddenly become a very political ocean, an ocean as optimistic as a foreign-office communiqué, allying friendly France and friendly Spain and ineluctable Italy. Nothing untoward could ever happen, one unreasonably felt, under the blue gaze of that kind, familiar sea; there were comfort and delight under the sun. *Es lebe das Leben.*

The trail descended, and the azure crescent was lost again behind the hills. In one place we found a village, and hunger bade us make something of a row for food. It was a village deserted of men, like most of the smaller places in the Rif; but there was one house with flowers growing beside it, which argued a humane inhabitant. We made a hopeful racket at the door, but a woman's voice—one of those raucous and trembling instruments proper to old Arab women—shouted to us



Wide World Series

THE SPANISH ISLAND OF ALHUCEMAS IN ALHUCEMAS BAY

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

to go away or its owner would shoot. This was inhospitable; but in the hills, no doubt, the women and old men and boys sometimes had marauding visitors. We gave it up and went on.

Toward sunset our trail began a steady descent in the gentle foot-hills which surround Alhucemas Bay. It was a long day's *trik*, and a weary one; the sun was already gone when we reached the plain and started on our interminable trudge across it to the western edge, where the hills began again.

It may have been about ten o'clock when we finally reached our destination, a village of adobe houses clumped on the western side of the first of those hills. Abdallah left us here, sitting on the visitor's step outside the *selamlik*, the men's part, of one of those houses. Presently he came through from the other side, after greeting his wife and sons. He was one of the servants or dependents of the Caid of Midar, and this was the house of the caid. He unbarred the door and let us into the cheerful light of a high-ceilinged room where a low dais covered with a rug invited weary bones to rest.

We sat there, the three of us, while Abdal-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

lah's boy, seven or eight years old, pattered in and out with the pleasant prospects of food. He brought an iron pot of coals and a kettle full of water; he brought a great woven basket filled with black bread, and in his gathered-up djeel-laba he carried dried figs, any quantity of them. We had many steaming glasses of tea without mint, and bread, figs, and an orange each. The oranges, as it happened, we had been able to buy shortly before sunset, from a man returning from a market—ten oranges for five soldi, which is about three American cents.

While we ate, the younger son of Abdallah, a noisy, happy-eyed child of three or four, hopped about, making a great fuss over his father; he looked unbelievably clean, as did almost everything else in sight. I began to realize that I was actually at last in the Rif, where people wash their faces and change their clothes occasionally. Little Abdallah's shirt—a white linen Riffi shirt, his only garment besides his stout brown djeel-laba—was spotless. Here was evidence, finally, that this was no Arab country; for an Arab boy, unless he were the son of a rich man, would have no shirt at all. He would have rags tied together

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

at the middle and on the shoulders, covering insufficiently a diseased and dirty body. This child looked healthy as any sturdy-limbed, strong-boned mountain boy; there was no evidence of the disease which racks every child born in Arabic Morocco. One could not help contrasting him with the pitiable, malformed children of Fez and Meknes, with their universal hereditary syphilis and their almost universal eczema and rickets. His condition was proof of cleaner living, certainly, and greater intelligence, as well as better climate.

The climate might explain why tuberculosis was not common in the Rif, but only a certain rudimentary cleanliness and regard for hygiene for generations could account for the fact that this child, like all the children I was to see later, had been born into the world without the dreadful curses of syphilis, and malformations, and sub-normal mentality. Herein lay the most striking difference between the Riffi and the Arab, a difference which required no knowledge of language and traditions, no machinery of ethnology to discover: the Riffi child was born healthy. It is a difference which explains a good deal.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

For some reason which had to do with the women of the harem, and concerning which inquiry would therefore have been risky, I could not sleep in Caid Mohammed's house. Probably there was an overflow of wives' mothers, or something of the sort, and the room in which we sat was needed. At any rate, Abdallah conducted me, after supper, to a larger house, the house of the village caid. My host was a pleasant, white-skinned Riffi with a lively sense of humor, who told me stories about Spanish cowardice—the favorite Riffi topic—and insisted on giving me more tea before I went to sleep.

He was able to explain something which had puzzled me all day. I knew Abd el-Krim had one Renault automobile and two Fords, which had been brought overland from French Morocco; I knew also that a French surgeon and a French midwife had been brought into the Rif by motor-car from Algeria, three months before, when the sultan's beloved sister (wife of Sidi Moham-mahdi bel Hadj Hitmi) was delivered of a child. How these motor-cars had crossed the mountains was inexplicable; the trail we had taken clung so precariously to the eyebrows of those towering

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

precipices that it would have been impossible for two men to walk abreast on it. The caid explained: there was another way, a way almost exclusively through lower hills and valleys, which took about three times as long, but was passable—barely passable and no more—for the sultan's motor-cars.

The caid's house was a large adobe structure, and the sleeping-room of the *selamlık* was a loft reached by a ladder from the courtyard. That courtyard was full of goats, chickens, cows, and calves brought in for the night, and underneath our loft was a stable where the horses were noisy until morning. In the *selamlık* there were four or five men, all members of the caid's family, who were perhaps wifeless. Still, nothing could ever be proved by this business of *selamlık* and *haremlık*. A man sometimes slept in the *selamlık* three or four nights running, I discovered, and when one got up enough courage to ask him why he had never taken unto himself a wife, one found he had three or four wives spending a husbandless night across the courtyard in the *haremlık*. The men slept where they chose, with a fine Mohammedan disdain for what the women might

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

think; and if all Arab and Riffi women are as stupid as I reluctantly came to believe them, it is small wonder their men confine themselves to such brief and businesslike visits to the harem.

In the morning—after sunrise, this, as the next journey would not be long—the village caid walked with Mohand and me down the trail which skirted the western foot-hills. He was a genial man; every *fellah* working in the fields about hailed him with a friendly greeting, and he stopped to talk to them paternally. He was going to market, a market of the Beni Warriaghel half-way to Adjdîr. We stopped at a hut beside the road—for this, mind you, was a road—where we had tea and accumulated five or six other marketers, including a sherif. The sherif looked askance at me because I wore a holy man's robe and had no right to do so; but the caid explained that I was an outlander, and no blood flowed.

Here, in the exuberant air of that January spring, evidence of the racial distinction of the Riffi popped up right and left. Not only in manner and in cleanliness were the people different, but the physical characteristics were as marked as anybody could wish. Some of the

CRIMSON MOUNTAINS

fellaheen were red-haired,—or, rather, red-bearded,—and many of them had blue eyes. Their skins were fairer, too, in spite of the African sun, than the skins of most Spaniards; certainly they were of much purer race than any inhabitant of southern Spain, and had less of the Arab in them. They all belonged to the tribe of the Beni Warriaghel, of course, which is, with the Beni Boufra, the purest blood of the Rif; put them in European clothes and some of them could have passed for Irishmen, some of them for Scots.

There was no means of verifying a statement I had often heard: that the cranial indices of the full-blooded Riffi are Nordic, like the Englishman's or the northern Frenchman's; but it is easily credible. No Mediterranean race in its average product shows such long-limbed, fair-haired, square-jawed men as these. If the Riffi are Berbers, as it would seem they are, they must be of the purest strain; assuredly the Berbers of the Sus, Hamitic though they may be, have been much more heavily seasoned with Arab and negro.

The whole stretch of fertile plain, green and

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

grateful after weeks of mountain and border, promised well under the cheerful sun. Presently we met groups, bands, great crowds of people going to market; and as our friend the caid left us, to join the throng in an open space between two hills, we turned northward straight for the bay of Alhucemas. After four hours' ride through peaceful valley farms we made the bend of the last of those western hills and reached Adjdir.

It had begun to seem like a Promised Land indeed, promised so long that one had trouble believing in its existence; but there it lay, at the foot of the hill, with its garrison village of Asrar straggling up a broad ravine from the plain, and green slopes behind it. Over the crest of the next hill would be Ait Kamara, and in Ait Kamara would be the sultan, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

CHAPTER IV

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

THE next few days were a parade of the energies which have forced upon reluctant Europe the political significance of the Rif. It was not only that the men who surrounded Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim exhibited character and intelligence beyond one's previous conception of them; that fact was of no particular importance, except as showing how little anybody in Europe knew about the Rif, under the best of conditions. Above the individual capacity of these men, and the impression of single-purposed energy they gave, a certain definite religious and nationalist concept projected itself, dwarfing even the most impressive of its adherents. The men themselves did not so much believe in or create specific formulæ of nationalism and religious superiority; rather it seemed as if they had been created by that spirit, and grew out of it.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

The same unity of purpose made their military organization a product, an instrument of this awakening nationality, and not a brute force exploiting nationality as a road to dynastic or tribal conquest. The difference is fundamental; one felt sure that the permanent acquisition was the nationalist spirit, the common fire which is deathless. The army itself might collapse before a superior force, or the sultan and all his diwan be wiped out, but the thing which had produced them would produce others to take their places. As in Ireland. One realized, at Adjdir and Ait Kamara, that this was no personal movement, xenophobe in its aim, or merely quarrelsome; it was of the nature of the most persistent and heroic nationalism. It contrasted effectively enough with some of the other nationalist phenomena in recent years; it was far more real than most of them, and more deeply grounded. A thousand years and more of fighting against invaders had brought about the present situation; and it was not much less instinctive to-day than it had been when the Riffi tribes resisted, successfully, the Arab conquest.

The men were distinct enough against their

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

background of national consciousness: Hamid Boudra, Mohammahdi bel Hadj Hitmi, Mohammed Azarkhan, Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, Liazid bel Hadj, Mohammed Boujibar, and Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. They, with the absent M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, the sultan's younger brother, were the instruments of their Islam, an Islam specific and practical but devout, which had little to do with either the hysteria of the Arab or the cynicism of the Turk. The Arab ranted over his hashish about an Islamic unity which would restore the golden days of the Emir Abdallah; the Turk with shameless perspicacity exploited Islam until the battle was over, and then kicked Islam out. Here the people, the ordinary soldiers and *fellaheen* as well as their leaders, contrived to be religious without acting merely drunk, and practical without making their religion perfunctory. It was the spirit of Islam organized and applied.

Adjdir, like Angora, is a miserable little place, unconscious of its importance, the squalid and inadequate scene of a notable renaissance. Indeed, Adjdir, as a mere military post with a few houses, is even more inadequate than Angora;

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

but every country must have a capital, supposedly, and since Abd el-Krim established his central government there in 1921 the outside world has assumed Adjdir to be the capital of the Rif. Abd el-Krim no longer lives there, himself, and the village has largely migrated with him to Ait Kamara, thirteen miles or so away. But there is something pleasantly defiant about Adjdir, sitting boldly on a slope facing the Spanish island fortress of Alhucemas, and exposed night and day to the guns of fortress, cruisers, and airplanes. Adjdir is a brave gesture, in itself, and when peace comes the village will very likely be the beginning of that capital which Abd el-Krim hopes to build.

That afternoon in January when we arrived at Adjdir none of the diwan of Abd el-Krim was there. We rode up to a wooden shack, where the soldiers of the Riffi guard lounged about, looking aloft for the approach of Spanish airplanes or gazing lazily out to the peaceful sea.

The caid in charge of the garrison came out and exchanged salutations with me. He was a friendly soul, with a vocabulary remarkably variegated within its decided limits. He knew one

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

or two words in each of four European languages, and tried them all on me in the first three minutes. He had worked, as a boy, for the German mining prospectors who penetrated the Rif in an adventurous effort to acquire some of the Beni Boufra and Beni Touzin fields for the Mannesmann interests.

My Beni Warriaghel guide, Mohand, left me here and departed for his own house, in the farther hills behind Ait Kamara. The caid said he had been expecting me and was instructed by the sultan; he walked with me across the wide, flat space at the foot of the Adjdir gorge, to a long, low house of adobe, white under the brilliant sun. This was the house of the Sultan Mohammed; in it he had lived during the first two years of his organized government of the Rif. An orange-turbaned guard lounged at the door, but drew himself up in a smart salute as we passed through. The salute was German, as exaggerated as the goose-step; but it had its points of superiority to the slovenly and unmilitary salute of the Spanish infantryman.

Through an arched doorway we went into an undecorated courtyard where a negress was di-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

recting two very young girls in the business of sifting cement. This was for the repair of one corner of the "palace," which had been demolished by a Spanish bomb a few days before. Like slaves everywhere, these women made no bones about showing their faces; they stared frankly and curiously, for a space suspending work on the cement. The elder negress, evidently the mother of the younger, was a well-built, healthy animal with great stretches of white teeth. She wore a yellow turban and silver ear-rings, and her dress was one of those red-and-white cloths woven by the Beni Warriaghel which are so curiously like the work of Ukrainian or Balkan peasants. The younger negress could not have been more than thirteen or fourteen years old. She was permanently occupied in maintaining a sort of half-audible giggle. The other young girl was white, white as a piece of old Spanish ivory, great-eyed, indifferent. She was the first beautiful Moroccan native I had ever seen, and her beauty was as swift and captivating as the sight of flowers growing in a rocky place. These three, the two negresses and the wide-eyed white girl, were to become a part of the enduring picture I

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

formed of Adjdir; they were, with me and my boy servant Farradji, the only occupants of the sultan's house.

This Farradji, who made his appearance after I had been in the house about five minutes, was perhaps ten years old. He had the face of a cherub and the eyes of an imp of Satan, and he was a part of the bad luck I had come to associate with the name of Haddu; he was a nephew of the Caid Haddu and first cousin to my Mohammed ben Haddu of evil memory. Appointed to cook and do the chores for me, he turned up dragging a huge mattress and a pair of gaily striped blankets for me, which he deposited in a clean-swept room of the deserted *haremlík*. This was to be my room—a large, bare whitewashed place without windows, opening on the second or inner courtyard. It was next the corner room which had been virtually demolished by the Spanish bomb but was being rebuilt rapidly.

Farradji was an obviously legitimate scion of the house of Haddu; he inspected everything I had, which was little, and inquired if I was well supplied with money. Since the caid of the garrison had instructed me to pay for nothing, Far-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

radji got small satisfaction. I was sure, however, that he would accomplish a bit of thievery whenever it seemed feasible, so I transferred my scant funds to an inner pocket.

The boy produced kettles and a pot of coals; slowly, and as if he hated to perform the service for a Christian, he boiled two eggs and made tea. When he had finished he sat silent and grinned at me while I ate.

That afternoon I talked to the caid of the garrison and saw the quarters of the Riffi soldiers there: quarters no different from any other Riffi habitation, except for a slight overcrowding. We walked out toward the bay, where the island city of Alhucemas sits proudly surrounded by the Riffi sea. There were no Spanish cruisers or gunboats there that day; but the airplanes from Melilla were as busy as usual until sunset. They flew over Adjdir three times, but at a safe altitude. Two bombs went into the gorge, the rest were wasted, according to custom, in uninhabited parts of the hills. Their method of approach to Adjdir signified a healthy respect for Riffi rifles, but since there was not an automatic rifle at the post their fears were groundless. Nobody shot at



International Newswire

MULAY IDRIS, A FANATICAL ISLAMIC STRONGHOLD WITHIN THE FRENCH ZONE

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

them, and after sunset they disappeared in the direction of Melilla.

In the morning, after Farradji had reluctantly prepared breakfast and covered the blanketed mattress with a gay red rug, the caid appeared, to announce the coming of Sidi Mohammahdi bel Hadj Hitmi, brother-in-law of the sultan.

Sidi Mohammahdi dismounted from one of the best Arab horses I had yet seen: a long-necked, dazzlingly white animal saddled with a fine piece of Arabian leather-and-silver work. Mohammahdi himself was simply dressed and looked as immaculate as a trained nurse in uniform. His linen, I could have taken oath, was starched; it surrounded his brown and cautious countenance with a white frame of stiffness.

He greeted me pleasantly enough, in meticulously correct French. He regretted my misadventure with the Metalsa; he regretted the bad behavior of the son of the Caid Haddu; most important, he expressed the wish of the sultan to replace the money which had been stolen by Mohammed ben Haddu, and he pushed it politely under the edge of my rug.

"You wish, I suppose, to see the sultan?" he

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

asked at last, smiling a discouraging smile. "I am sorry to say it is quite impossible. The sultan sees nobody. There are so many people who wish to see the sultan; and then his health has not been too good. He has much work to do, and directs all the military and civil government by telephone from his house at Ait Kamara. He never goes out of the palace now, you know; three times in the last four months people have been sent here to assassinate him."

This was the point of departure for a long argument, during which I emphasized the advantages I was brazen enough to allege would accrue to the Riffi cause from such an interview. Sidi Mohammahdi did not seem impressed; he asked me, however, for a list of the questions I wished the sultan to discuss if such an interview were granted. He contended it would be just as well to secure a written declaration from the sultan covering these questions; and at the end of our long talk, in the course of which we covered dozens of subjects, he left me still uncertain whether the personal interview would be granted or not.

Sidi Mohammahdi was a civilian type new to

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

me then, and he remained unique even after I had run through the gallery of the other Riffi leaders. He had an active and adventurous mind, perhaps, so far as its directed curiosity went; but in statement, in analysis, in conjecture, he was as cautious as a New England spinster. There was nothing about him which could be called daring; he did not court ridicule by expressing the exaggerated pretensions of some of the Riffi and Arab caids. He spoke good French, but in a manner so tentative and slow that he reminded one of an Arab mule, trying out every step along a mountain trail before venturing forward.

Sidi Mohammahdi had charge of almost all the correspondence of the sultan's government, and was deeply interested in problems concerning the exploitation of the mineral wealth of the Rif. He said he himself had conducted some of the negotiations with English and German interests, in the winter of 1922-23 (the year of the occupation of the Ruhr) in Paris, where none of the French authorities were aware of his presence. Every negotiation for the purpose of bringing foreign capital into the development of the Rif had failed, he said. The most hopeful had been

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

with the English, but after a protracted conversation in Paris, London, and Tangier, through various agents of Abd el-Krim and of the English syndicates, this project too had fallen through. Sidi Mohammahdi expressed himself as willing to admit the logic of the foreign capitalists' position: they saw a country which, from the purely legal and abstract point of view, was in a state of rebellion against the recognized political authority, and they were unwilling to risk investment without more security.

"But what more security do they want?" he went on. "We are absolute masters in our own house; we conduct an orderly, systematic government, far superior to any government which could be established in this country by a European protectorate. We administer the Rif as it has never been administered since the beginning of time. We have wiped out tribal feudalism and have established a nation. Work could go on now at the mines between Alhucemas Bay and Adjdir or in the Beni Boufra country as quietly as if no political problem existed. And whoever comes first will receive the best concessions, the most liberal conditions. All we want is to work,

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

and to work in peace. The Spanish defeat is definite, and nobody can ever reasonably assume that a Spanish protectorate exists over a country which is not even occupied by Spanish troops and can never be occupied. The capitalists are worried about problems which exist only on paper; if they want to work the mines they can do so, and sooner or later we are going to come to an arrangement with the Spanish which will end the blockade of this coast. Then nothing can prevent the development of the Rif as a great industrial country; and those who come first with the money will get most out of it."

This Riffi official seemed thoroughly informed on most European problems, and discussed them with the militant intelligence of a peace-loving civilian. He brightened up amazingly over the Ruhr question, for instance, and expressed his opinion of Monsieur Poincaré in terms sharp and uncomplimentary. On the general question of reparations after a war, however, he declared the principle was sound; and he insisted that Spain, when peace comes in Africa, will be obliged to pay for the damage done in the Rif by the retreating Spanish troops and by the air raids.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Sidi Mohammahdi took away with him the list of questions for the sultan, written with his excellent American fountain-pen on a sheet of his excellent English foolscap paper, taken from an equally modern despatch-case.

Hamid Boudra, *wazir el-harb* or minister of war, and Liazid bel Hadj, whose functions correspond to those of minister of the interior, visited me in the afternoon. I was far out toward the bay of Alhucemas, walking with the caid of the garrison, when the dignitaries arrived from Ait Kamara; Farradji, breathless and hot from running, summoned me to the sultan's house.

Hamid Boudra was a gruff, authoritative tribesman who spoke nothing but Arabic and Shilluh. Liazid bel Hadj, minister of the interior, was a man of greater education, and less directly tribal than his colleague. Liazid could manage a little Spanish, and conducted the conversation for the three of us in that language, which Hamid Boudra understood only in a fragmentary sort of way.

They were men of action, both, as opposed to the starched and almost dainty precision of Sidi

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

Mohammahdi. Hamid Boudra was far from friendly at first, and took every occasion to explode in wrath against the Spanish, the French, the English, and the Germans. Fortunately he had nothing against the Americans except the fact that they did not interest themselves sufficiently in the Rif; he mentioned—a sore point with them all—the reluctance of foreign capital to engage in the mineral exploitation of the country, and covered his anger at that reluctance with a bit of swash-buckling.

“They will all discover,” said he, aggressively, “that the Riffi can develop his own wealth in his own way. We don’t need the foreign capitalists.”

Liazid bel Hadj, more reflective but no less downright than Hamid Boudra, offered it as his opinion that the European powers were, by their short-sighted policy in Africa, making it obvious that only the Germans or the Americans would ever have a chance at the Golconda which lies behind the bay of Alhucemas.

From the long and wandering conversation with these two *wazirs* I extracted a series of notes on the military and civil organization of the Rif

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

and the adjacent territories under Abd el-Krim's rule. These were all checked over afterward in conversations with Sidi Mohammahdi, with the brothers Abd el-Krim, with the various chiefs from Alhucemas to Tangier, and by personal observation, and may therefore be taken as approximating the truth. Where any doubt exists, as in regard to the numbers of the troops or the sources of money, it arises not from any attempt on the part of the Riffi to deceive, but from the political necessity which any European or American statesman can call to his moral rescue when faced with his own mendacity.

The central government of Abd el-Krim consists of a council or diwan of six *wazirs*, besides the sultan himself, who acted as his own grand *wazir*. The *wazirs* were Hamid Boudra and Liazid bel Hadj, Mohammed Azarkhan, whose functions were chiefly political and corresponded roughly to those of a minister for foreign affairs; Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, secretary of finance; M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, brother of the sultan, heir to the "throne" and commander-in-chief of the army; and Sidi Mohammahdi bel Hadj Hitmi, brother-in-law of the sultan, general sec-



International Newswire

THE SOLDIERY OF ABD EL-KRIM

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

retary for the whole administration. To these six was often added a seventh, Mohammed Boujibar, an educated man with a reputation for great shrewdness. Mohammed Boujibar I never saw; he was on the French frontier when I was in the Rif. His rôle, I gathered, was that of general adviser to the sultan, with special functions in the direction of propaganda.

Besides the seven, Abd el-Krim could, of course, always call anybody into his diwan whenever he chose; in fact, I have often heard that his remarkable mother—an old lady who even two years ago used to ride horseback and have her photograph taken without a veil, things unprecedented in Islam—was one of his advisers at times. This statement should be taken with a sizable grain of salt, however. Riffi women are anything but intelligent on the whole, however active they may be.

The only civilians in the permanent diwan were Sidi Mohammahdi and the sultan himself; the others were fighting-men who could and did lead troops in battle. The government was administered with almost no departmental independence; of course, in our sense, no departments or minis-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

tries existed. The *wazirs*, except M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, all lived in Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim's house at Ait Kamara. The diwan was not so empyrean a body as the cabinet of Mr. Stanley Baldwin; it had to decide everything, from the general lines of Riffi policy toward, let us say, the French protectorate, to a detail judgment on what should be done with a peasant who had been caught stealing a mule. The sultan's judgment was always final in any decision.

Hamid Boudra was chiefly responsible for the organization and discipline of the army, in everything except the actual campaign. Sidi M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim had always been the unquestioned commander-in-chief of the army under his brother the sultan and by a long series of brilliant successes had justified his absolute power. Hamid Boudra's functions consisted principally in the establishment, maintenance, and inspection of the military posts, the disposition of personnel, and the training of the new levies. His also was the principal rôle in the army supply department, which obtained arms and ammunition, registered them, and issued them to the troops. Negotiations with the gun-

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

runners were almost always made by Hamid Boudra or his closest agents.

The army consisted of twenty or twenty-five thousand trained Riffi troops, augmented by Arab tribesmen who may have brought the total up to seventy thousand. At least, seventy thousand was the figure all the *wazirs* seemed to have agreed upon; considering the indiscipline of the Arab recruits, however, and the impossibility of reckoning their exact force, this seems to me an exaggerated figure. I saw all the principal posts and doubt very much if the strength of the Riffi army and its Arab allies, even in time of greatest crisis when every stick and stone was mobilized, could have been more than thirty to thirty-five thousand.

The organization of the army is not tribal. The old tribal system was one of the first evils Abd el-Krim attacked when his victories of 1921 drove the Spaniards from the Rif. The picture of savage Riffi tribes fighting fanatically under their barbarous chiefs is a totally false picture; it was first put out by the Spanish adventurer Diana in his book "Un Prisionero en el Rif," in 1860, and Europe has believed it ever since. What actually

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

exists is a definite military force maintained by conscription—although “conscription” is a strong word for universal military service when nobody wants to be anything but a soldier—and officered by trained caids drawn from all parts of the Rif, the Rhomarra, and the Djebala.

The army unit is the *hamsain*, or fifty; the officers are called caids *el-hamsain* (fifty) or *hamsa-ashrain* (twenty-five). The greater caids command three or four divisions of fifty; but in an ordinary Riffi post there is seldom more than one *hamsain*. The whole army is infantry and artillery; the idea that Abd el-Krim ever fought a cavalry campaign or a cavalry battle is, like most of Europe's ideas concerning the Rif, ridiculous. The officers alone are mounted. The men, when they have long journeys to make, make them afoot. Since the rise of Abd el-Krim to power the actual fighting has been with very few exceptions guerrilla, ambushade, night fighting, or sniping.

The artillery is small but adequate. All posts—like Midar, Kifane, Adjdir, Ait Kamara, M'ter, Tgizas, and Wad Lau—have machine-guns; Adjdir was defended by three nests of

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

them in the hills over our heads. About half the machine-guns in use are Hotchkiss guns made in Spain and captured from the retreating Spanish troops; the other half are Hotchkiss guns made in France and brought in either from Algeria or by gun-runners on the coast.

The important posts, and of course the main army under M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, are equipped with mountain cannon as well: sixty-five millimeter cannon made by the Schneider Company, for the most part, and all either captured from the Spanish or bought from the French. Indeed, so large a part of the arms and ammunition of the Rif came from French sources that it was increasingly difficult to make out what the French meant by it all. They were arming the Riffi tribes, and have been doing so for three or four years, without realizing, apparently, that these arms sooner or later might be used against themselves. It is important to note, in passing, that there is no shred of evidence indicating complicity on the part of the French authorities in this operation; certainly, however, if the Moroccan and Algerian governments did not assist in the arms and munitions trade

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

with the Rif, they did nothing to prevent it.

Liazid bel Hadj's ministry, controlling the civil government of the territories under Abd el-Krim's rule, is simple but efficient. Government is administered by the military officers, and only the direction of Liazid indicates where military government ends and civil government begins. That cross-division of responsibility makes every post commander answerable to all the *wazirs* at once, and to the sultan. Liazid told me he had accomplished some quite far-reaching reforms. He had emancipated the slaves, for instance, and stamped out the hashish traffic. While this is, so far as I could discover, quite true in the Rif, hashish is still extensively manufactured in the Rhomarra and is consumed everywhere in the Djebala. The slave markets also still exist in both Rhomarra and Djebala, for those who are wealthy enough to have slaves. Another of Liazid's reforms, which has taken much of his time in the past year, is the abolition of the forms of local government established under the old tribal feudalism. The communal village, under a sheik, or head of a subdivision of a tribe, has vanished; justice is administered, taxes collected,

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

and improvements made by the central authority, through the military caids. Liazid has been very successful as a roadbuilder, considering all the handicaps; and the road from Adjdir to Ait Kamara and the Beni Boukoya country is as good as most country roads anywhere. In this work he uses the Spanish prisoners, who are concentrated for the purpose at Ait Kamara.

Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, a fussy little man who collects taxes and keeps the books for the government, has a difficult position, and a mysteriously important one. The one puzzle to which I never got a satisfactory answer in the Rif was the question of funds. Where Abd el-Krim's government gets the money with which to pay the exorbitant sums demanded by all the shady Frenchmen and Portuguese and what not who supply him with arms and ammunition, I cannot guess with any reasonable chance at hitting the truth. I know, for example, that Abd el-Krim paid thirty-five thousand francs through the Caid Haddu for that worthless Bréguet airplane about which so much excitement was raised in the Spanish press; it was worth perhaps three thousand francs for the metals it contained—perhaps.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Where he got the thirty-five thousand which went to the French jobber in Algiers is quite another matter.

I know he pays from a hundred to a hundred and fifty pesetas for every rifle he gets from the coast or the French zone. There again is a puzzle. The money cannot come from the Rif, because it is not there. There is so little Spanish money in circulation in that scantily populated country that even confiscatory taxes would not supply enough to maintain the Riffi Army and Government. Moreover, taxes are of the simplest variety, and are collected almost exclusively in kind—products of the soil, sold by the government agents in every market-place, for other products or for cash.

It has been suggested that the Riffi movement is financed by Soviet Russia. After due consideration of all the evidence, such a theory seemed to me completely untenable. In the first place, Russia's gain by any success of Abd el-Krim's would be very small; there is better opportunity for Soviet propaganda in Tunisia or even in Algeria. In the second place, Abd el-Krim himself and all his advisers have very decided views

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

on Bolshevism, and there is no room for communist theory in the heads of so practical a race as the Riffi. And, in the third place, there is no direct evidence at all of Russia's hand. The two Bolshevik agents who entered the Rif three or four months before I did—immediately after the fall of Sheshuan—were conducted to the French frontier within ten days of their arrival, and I have reason to believe they got no satisfaction whatever.

The only tenable theory regarding Bolshevik aid to the Rif is concerned not with Russia but with France itself; I mean with the French Communists. It would be neither interesting nor particularly relevant to present the evidence on this point, but I came to believe that the French Communists had given Abd el-Krim some minor financial aid in the hope that he would eventually turn from Spain to France and shake the foundations of the French African empire. No great help ever came to the Riffi movement from them, however; they are all very poor, and "promise much but give nothing," in the words of Hamid Boudra.

Nor do I believe the money comes from Eng-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

land. The Morocco Minerals Syndicate, Ltd., of London, is the organization principally interested in the future of the Rif, and I was given pretty positive evidence, both inside and outside the Rif, that this company sticks to its concessions under the Treaty of Algeciras, refuses to recognize Abd el-Krim, and has never seriously negotiated with him for the grant of rights to the iron-fields. The idea that it, or any other important British company, has paid any considerable sums to Abd el-Krim for options on the iron or copper mines is on a par with the other inventions of the Paris and the Madrid press.

The one possibility which appeared plausible was Germany. The subject is one about which it is very easy for any investigator to make himself ridiculous, and the fantastic tales of German officers, German subsidies, German this, and German that, are made up, of course, in Fez, Rabat, Tangier, Paris, and other places remote from the Rif. There remain two or three strange circumstances, nevertheless, which would take some earnest explaining from the German Foreign Office. The Riffi troops are drilled in German fashion and do the goose-step on parade as

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

I have never seen it done anywhere except by the *Schutzpolizei*. Four German officers, according to Sidi Mohammahdi, did all this: the four artillerymen who were then at Kifane, in charge of the machine-gun division. These Germans are supposed to be soldiers of fortune, with no official standing whatever, who came into the Rif two years ago and organized the artillery division of the army, training the Riffi in the operation of machine-guns and cannon, and incidentally helping with the drill. These Germans, with the twenty-three German deserters from the Spanish Legion who were conducted to Tangier and released early in January, are responsible for the strong German tinge of the Riffi military drill.

These things might be—indeed, probably are—accidental, and may have no connection with any organized effort on the part of Germany to disrupt the status quo in Morocco. What cannot be accidental, however, is the action of the Mannesmann interests, which had an agent in the Rif when I was there and which afterward conducted negotiations with an important agent of Abd el-Krim's in Paris under the very nose of the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

French Foreign Office. The Mannesmanns once owned almost everything in Tangier worth owning, and either had the biggest part of the mobile wealth of the Spanish zone specifically under their management or had an option on it for the future. The war and the Treaty of Versailles swept Germany out of Morocco—the world thought, for good.

Is Germany trying to reënter by way of the Rif? I do not know. It would be gratifying to be able to present some positive evidence one way or the other; but everything is not so simple and definite as the Paris newspapers believe. Certainly almost everything which has been printed in Paris, about German participation in the Riffi campaigns, and cabled from Paris to all parts of the world, is false. There are no German officers in the Riffi Army except the aforesaid four artillerymen. There is no connection between Abd el-Krim and the German Government. But what may be true, and what seems, unfortunately, more than likely, is that private German interests (Mannesmann and Stinnes) have been supporting Abd el-Krim financially and with advice in exchange for promises, or definite con-

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

tracts according them certain privileges in the Rif.

Of course the Germans have as much right to their "peaceful penetration" as anybody else, but it is sadly apparent, after these many years, that Germany's "peaceful penetration" is more than likely to end in bloody war. Anybody with an affection for the simple and kindly folk who live in northern Morocco would watch with regret such penetration here; for in the end the Riffi, not France or Spain or Germany, would be the sufferers. What will happen if the Rif does definitely place itself under the domination of the Mannesmann and Stinnes interests is all too obvious: the old rôle of Spain, as Germany's cat's-paw in the Moroccan struggle against France, will be so completely assumed by Abd el-Krim that nothing but war can ever solve the problem.

Two days were passed at Adjdir in interviews with the *wazirs* and caids before I had any intimation of the sultan's decision on whether or not he would receive me. One morning—it was my third at Adjdir, I believe—I came out at the arched entrance of the sultan's house to look for my imp Farradji, who had gone on a search

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

for cigarettes in the *cantina* across the way. (Adjdir boasts a *cantina* where Spanish *cigarillos* of Habana tobacco are for sale; captured stock.) Squatted about the entrance of the house were the usual nondescript group of hangers-on. One of them looked so particularly bedraggled and miserable that he would have attracted attention in a lazar-house. He was pale, with the pallor of fever and exhaustion, and his weak blue eyes dwelt wonderingly on space. He wore grayish rags, held together in some inexplicable fashion about his lean shanks. On his head he had an incredibly dirty turban, not ragged but shredded. He would be, one conjectured, a servant or a sick man or other person useless to the army; otherwise he would have been given the trim brown djeellaba and white shirt which are the Riffi guard's uniform.

When the man spoke to me in French, I started. To speak French at all was great distinction for a Riffi; to speak it so fluently as this was unknown. He made some comment on the weather, with a hurried eagerness, as if he longed for a chance to talk.

"You speak very good French," said I.

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIB

"Grand Dieu! I am French," said he.

He was a deserter, one of the many who have made the Rif a port of missing men. We talked long then and afterward, walking toward the bay; he told me his whole story, a story typical of them all. He was twenty-two, and had escaped from the second Bataillon d'Afrique two years before, into the country of the Beni Warrenne.

Captured and brought back before he could reach the Beni Warrenne hills, he was court-martialed and received a severe sentence; he escaped with three other men, killing a guard, and made his way across to the Beni Warrenne. There he was about to be killed—for the Beni Warrenne kill all strangers—when the famous Caid el-Hadj, the Robin Hood of the border district, came to his rescue and took him as a personal servant. He submitted to circumcision and became a Mohammedan, was renamed Said, and lived among the Beni Warrenne until some time before Christmas of 1924, when he escaped again and wandered into the Rif. Here the sultan had no use for him—for Abd el-Krim's general principle is to trust deserters with nothing of

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

any consequence—and he was put to work on the roads and doing odd jobs about the sultan's house in Adjdir. His friend who had escaped with him from the Beni Warrenne was lying ill with the Moroccan endemic fever, *paludisme*, he told me.

We went around to a lean-to built against the sultan's house almost directly behind my own room. There, in a hovel of indescribable filth and noisome odors, the other Frenchman lay on a pile of rags. He was a boy of about twenty, who after circumcision had been renamed Abdallah. The two of them earned, by their work on the sultan's house, two and a half pesetas a day. With that they could buy bread and occasionally dried figs, but nothing else.

Abdallah was in the comatose state which comes frequently to victims of *paludisme*; I did not speak to him then, but sent Farradji around with tea and oranges later in the day. On the next day, with the brusque change which marks the true Moroccan fever, he was up and walking weakly about the Asrar gorge; but when I left Adjdir, he was again sunk in that heavy and terrible sleep. Both Said and Abdallah were pathetically anxious to learn what I thought of their

THE DIWAN OF ADJDIR

chances of escaping from Morocco altogether; when I told them the amnesty bill, applying to all deserters except those of battle, had been passed through both houses of parliament, they almost wept for joy. Said told me he would try to make his way to Tangier and get aboard a ship bound for South America, or for Portugal as a stage in the way to South America. "After the other dies," he added with terrible resignation.

One day—the date, I think, was January 20th, but it may have been a day later—Sidi Moham-mahdi appeared again. He had come to take me to Ait Kamara, to the sultan.

CHAPTER V

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

FROM Adjdir to Ait Kamara the road built by the Spanish prisoners crosses the crests of two hills to a gentle valley half hidden from the invader's airplanes. The road is as good as most roads in unfrequented places; the sultan uses it for his Renault touring-car and his two Fords. Sidi Mohammahdi and I went on horse-back; it was a pleasure to sit a horse after bitter experience with the beast men call a mule.

This was a day in spring—the January spring of Africa, like the June of more temperate climes. As we mounted the hill directly behind the gorge of Asrar I began to marshal in my mind the facts I had gleaned from Sidi Mohammahdi, Hamid Boudra, and the other *waxirs* and caids concerning this man the Christian world calls (quite incorrectly, but no matter) Abd el-

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

Krim. They were slender facts, and not numerous, but they are all the facts anybody had been able to gather, and they would have to do for background to the hieratic figure of Islam's new redeemer.

He was born, this Mohammed, in Melilla, about forty-two years ago. Nobody was quite sure of the date of his birth; Sidi Mohammahdi placed it at about 1883, or possibly 1882. Mohammed's father was a Riffi of some education and means, named Abd el-Krim (Slave to the Generous One). The young Mohammed—whom we call, following the Spanish ignorance of things Islamic, by his father's name—was brought up in his father's house in Melilla and among the tribesmen of the Beni Warriaghel, his father's people, on the shores of Alhucemas Bay.

Mohammed's youth was spent in a Rif which Spain had to some extent pacified and conquered. That is to say, Spanish posts had been planted at various points all over the eastern part of the country, under pretext of defending Melilla, and Spanish columns had overrun a large part of the countries of the Beni Warriaghel, the Beni Boufra, and the Beni Touzin, executing those

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

dreadful marches of destruction and death known to European generalship as "punitive expeditions." After such expeditions, designed to strike fear of the Christian God and his Most Catholic Majesty into the hearts of the Riffi, the Spanish columns generally retreated to Melilla or to the zone surrounding it—a zone which had been steadily growing larger, under one pretext or another, ever since the Spanish fleet bombarded and captured Melilla in 1496, under Isabel la Católica, founder of the splendor of Castile and Aragon.

The young Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim inherited the consciousness of a historic struggle. This consciousness must have been peculiarly developed by the very conditions of his life in Melilla and on the shores of Alhucemas Bay; his father was the *cadi* of the Arabs and Riffi in Melilla, and a man of some consequence in the Beni Warriaghel tribe. In Melilla Mohammed was made conscious of the rule of Spain, and it was by Spanish favor only that his father retained his position, judge and to all intents and purposes civil ruler of the Mussulmans in Melilla. Among the Riffi of the hills he met the

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

hatred of those who have inherited hatred of Spain and have been taught hatred of Spain since they were old enough to be taught anything; the Beni Warriaghel have ever borne the brunt of the fighting, and no boy of the tribe reaches the age of ten without learning that Spain is his enemy by the consecration of centuries.

Mohammed received education, the education of a Riffi in easy circumstances who grows up in a Spanish presidio. He went first to the Arab school, where he memorized the Koran like all Arab boys, screaming it verse by verse, year in and year out, in a little crowded room where a score of other Moslem boys were screaming the same or other verses at the same time. When he had learned the Koran he learned the corollary sacred books or commentaries, enough to qualify him as a lawyer in Islam; for Islamic law is only the law of Mohammed as taught in the Koran. And afterward, as a boy of thirteen or fourteen, he went to a Spanish school in Melilla and learned the Castilian language, some history and literature, geography, arithmetic, accounting, and the "sacred history" and catechism which are taught all children in Spanish schools.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

As a young man he worked for his father the judge and in the *Oficina Indigena*, or bureau of native activities in Melilla. From 1911 or 1912 to 1917 or 1918 he was in this *Oficina Indigena*, drawing up title-deeds, examining title-deeds, and investigating the legal aspect of the mineral properties in the Rif. It was in this period of his career, while his brilliant younger brother was at school in Madrid, that Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim first encountered the English and Spanish mining engineers who undoubtedly influenced much of his later life. He was particularly occupied in the investigation of the title-deeds to the Beni Touzin iron-fields, and actually worked on the papers which define the concessions given under the Treaty of Algeciras, by the international arbitration commission in Paris, to the Morocco Minerals Syndicate, Ltd.—concessions which he is now in a position to declare illegal without further negotiation.

To a keen-minded and sensitive Mohammedan of the purest Riffi race, heir to a blood-feud hundreds of years old and sufficiently educated to appreciate the worth of his discoveries, it must have been a revelation, that work in the Spanish

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

Oficina Indigena at Melilla. In the first place, he saw the shameless corruption and incompetence of Spanish administration in all its cynical frankness; in the second place, he learned the immense value of the mineral deposits there in the Riffi hills, which were to be exploited by Spain to the detriment of the rightful owners.

Such work must have given such a man long thoughts at night. At any rate, about 1918 (it may have been a year earlier or a year later; the Spanish are unable to shed any light, and the Riffi place it at 1918) Mohammed was involved in some supposed conspiracy against the Spanish authorities and was accused of communication with the rebel tribesmen who have always, in a desultory way, kept up the age-old war with Spain. He was thrown into prison, but escaped with the aid of a Riffi guard. In that escape he broke a leg, according to his own story, and has ever since been lame.

He went into the hills of the Beni Warriaghel, into hiding, and perfected his plans during the months in which he lay there waiting for his leg to get completely well. It was never difficult to obtain a following among the Riffi tribes, for

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

anybody who wanted to lead a revolt; but Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, unlike most of the would-be leaders, laid his plans carefully first.

It was he who worked out the strategy which has been consistently his policy and that of his brother ever since: never to give open battle except in case of the direst necessity, and always to harass, besiege, ambuscade, snipe, until the enemy is worn out and surrenders or retires before the invisible forces of Islam.

By 1919 this revolt was only beginning; in 1920 it was much more clearly defined, and virtually the whole Beni Warriaghel tribe had come under the influence of the magnetic Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, who promised victory with so much conviction that the tribesmen believed him. It must be remembered that he was in no sense a born leader of the tribe. To be sure, his father was a judge in Melilla, but that was rather detrimental to his prestige than otherwise, since the position depended upon Spanish favor. Mohammed's leadership was natural; he was neither caid nor sheik nor sherif, and had nothing but his brain and his sword to offer his less intelligent or less daring countrymen.

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

It was in 1920 that Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim called to his aid the younger brother, M'hammed, who had been expensively and thoroughly educated in Melilla and Madrid. M'hammed, this younger brother, is the most "civilized," in a European sense, of all the Riffi; he brought to the elder Abd el-Krim's cause a mind trained in mineralogical science, in military engineering, and in field tactics. Together they began the year 1921 at the head of something which approached an organization; as yet it included only the Beni Warriaghel, their own tribe, and parts of the Beni Boufra, Beni Boukoya, and Beni Touzin; their own intelligence had to fill the gaps in training and equipment of their men.

They were very cautious and wary; nothing could be more absurd than Europe's idea of the Riffi tribesmen riding wildly into battle like the Bedouins of the desert, mounted on fleet Arab "stallions shod with fire." They fought with a full knowledge of their means and their limitations; in 1921 they had a total force of five or six thousand men, at the highest figure anybody ever dared estimate, against Spain's forty or fifty thousand advance troops and unlimited reserves.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

They had no machine-guns, no cannon, no air-planes, no tanks or armored automobiles, and no automatic rifles. All they had were Spanish Mausers, bought or stolen or captured from Spanish soldiers, and French rifles smuggled in from Algeria and French Morocco—but very few of those.

The brothers Abd el-Krim used their untrained tribesmen as untrained tribesmen can best fight, in guerrilla. And their aim was always to cut off communications, to make the enemy think they were much stronger than they actually were, and to establish a state of siege, psychological as well as physical, which would induce surrender. Brave, even heroic, as the Spanish soldiers generally are, there has ever been but one opinion about their officers; they were, and are, stupid and incompetent, when they are nothing worse. Most of them enter the army to make their fortunes; and they dance and play cards at Melilla or Tetuan or Ceuta, as the case may be, while the isolated advance posts are besieged.

Several Spanish posts had fallen to Abd el-Krim before the spring of 1921; but it was then

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

that he achieved the great victory which established his fortunes and apparently ended all hope of Spanish rule in the Rif. With a force of untrained tribesmen numbering between five and six thousand men, equipped with antiquated Mausers, he cut off and captured General Navarro—now a member of Primo de Rivera's government—and twenty thousand of the picked troops of the Spanish Army. They surrendered a few miles west of Annual, with all their arms and ammunition. Here was the material of war for another year at least.

The rest of the story is known in almost all its details. Post after post was captured or an evacuation forced; it was obvious that against Riffi fighting cautiously, familiar with every inch of their native mountains, the Spanish troops could do nothing. They die very well, the Spanish soldiers; but they do die. And to prevent their dying in too great numbers, which is always bad for Spanish internal politics, the military authorities in Madrid and Melilla ordered evacuation after evacuation, retreat after retreat.

By the beginning of 1924, a little more than

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

two years after his first great victory, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim had established his government on a firm basis, and ruled over the entire Rif except the eastern tip about Melilla. He pushed the war into the province between Wad Lau and Beni Boufra, known to Europe as a part of the Rif, but to the Arabs as the Rhomarra. There, too, the Spanish were driven back. The year 1924, like 1921, was another great year in his epic: for in the summer and autumn of 1924, secure in the Rif and strong in the strength of unwavering triumph, he carried the war against Spain into the Djebala, the westernmost division of northern Morocco.

In the Rif itself he had only one enemy to fear. That enemy was not Spain, but Abd el-Malek, the wily Riffi chieftain who had spent most of his life in the service of Germany, stirring up revolts against the French in the districts north of Fez. After the war the German Government no longer felt disposed to waste large subsidies on an intrigue in Morocco; Abd el-Malek then, in 1919, entered the service of Spain and became the principal leader of the Spanish *harkas amigas*, or native mercenaries.



International Newsred

**RIFI STRATEGY IS ALWAYS TO HARASS, BESIEGE, AMBUSCADE, AND SNIPE UNTIL THE
ENEMY SURRENDERS OR RETIRES**

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

Abd el-Malek fought his last battle against Abd el-Krim in August, 1924. On the fourth of that month the hireling chief was killed at Azib el-Midar, and Spain's cause in the Rif lost for good.

In the meanwhile Abd el-Krim's agents had been carrying the war into the Djebala with a vengeance. Revolts had been organized from the Wad Lau and Wad Ras countries to the Beni Gorfet Mountains east of Larache. Riffi regular troops—by this time trained and equipped, thanks to M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, the German volunteers, and the captured arms and ammunition—had been sent into the Djebala in small detachments. Finally the main army, about sixteen thousand, besieged Sheshuan, the Holy City of El-Moghreb. Sheshuan is that forbidden white town of sacred shrines and holy men where no European was supposed to have set foot until General Berenguer, at the head of his invading Spanish army, marched in four years before, in the spring of 1920.

And the Riffi had aroused the whole country around Sheshuan to revolt; the Spaniards were besieged there so effectually that all their com-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

munications were cut, and to escape complete disaster in the surrender of the whole garrison Primo de Rivera was obliged, in November of 1924, to send a column under General Castro Girona to their relief. Wad Lau had already been evacuated; Sheshuan was next. After this there was no choice; the Djebala was definitely lost, and Spain retired to the coast and the Tetuan-Tangier road.

This had been only two months before. On November 17th Sheshuan fell, and the Spanish Army began that terrible retreat of which I was to see the gruesome evidence a short time later. That day in January, as I rode over the hill from Adjdir to Ait Kamara, Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim was sovereign from the zone of Melilla to the zone of Tangier, and had been proclaimed sultan by his devoted followers in every village and hamlet throughout the Rif, the Rhomarra, and the Djebala. For the first time in recorded history all, or virtually all, of northern Morocco was ruled by one government, one man.

Nothing in the Christian world's slim knowledge of the Rif and the Riffi could give any clue to the personality of this man. The accounts

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

were as different as the people who wrote them. From the first authentic piece of writing ever published about Abd el-Krim (Mr. Ward Price's extensive interview in the "Daily Mail," London, March, 1924) to the last and most obvious invention made up in Madrid and splattered over the newspapers of three continents, almost everything was in contradiction to everything else. And most of it, quite obviously, was false.

Of his private life I knew very little, except what Sidi Mohammahdi had told me. He seemed to possess an instinct for the family which outran the harem-mindedness of his countrymen; he was very fond of his mother, for example, and permitted her all manner of liberty until last year. His sister, Sidi Mohammahdi's wife, was very dear to him, too; he had paid fantastic sums to that French doctor and midwife who came into the Rif when she gave birth to her child. As for his wives, he had, according to Sidi Mohammahdi, four of them and no more; a moderation which indicated much. He had three children, all boys, the eldest five years old. This child, who is described as intelligent and healthy, is

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

named Abd el-Krim; as Abd el-Krim ben Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, he may some day rule over the kingdom now established by Mohammed his father. This can only be after the death of Mohammed's brother the general, however; the Mohammedan rule giving the throne in every case to the eldest male relative, no matter what his relationship to the deceased sovereign, would on the death of his brother raise M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim to power wherever the flag of Abd el-Krim has penetrated. M'hammed has already been proclaimed "heir to the throne."

Of the sultan's habits, too, there was little to know. He had been democratic, genial, friendly, throughout the first years of his successful war against Spain; lately, since the many attempts to assassinate him, and particularly since he was proclaimed Sultan el-Islam, he had lived in the greatest possible seclusion, so that even at Adjdir, I was told, nobody had caught a glimpse of him for many months.

As we reached the first evidences of organized life at Ait Kamara—barracks and prisons, long, low adobe houses where the captured Spanish or

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

their Riffi captors lived—one could not help thinking of the irony of the story. Since 1496. The glory of Castile and Aragon ending here, against the flinty obstinacy of Islam. Centuries of “crusade,” centuries of jihad, and the pride of Castile at last humbled. That Last Will and Testament of Isabel la Católica, for instance; the great Queen of Castile, with all her acumen and almost uncanny far-sightedness, had never been able to realize the unresilient, eternal hardness of the “infidel” whom no Spaniard could finally conquer upon his own ground.

Queen Doña Isabel wrote great proud words in her Last Will and Testament. I did not remember them textually then, as we rode into Ait Kamara, but they were written in the back of the Caillaux book. Here they are; they are a fit frame for the picture of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. She wrote:

E ruego e mando a la princesa mi hija, y al principe su marido, que sean muy obedientes a los Mandamientos de la Santa Madre la Iglesia e protectores e defensores de ella como son obligados: e que no cesen de la conquista de Africa e de puñar por la fe contro los infieles.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

[I request and command the princess my daughter, and the prince her husband, to be very obedient to the orders of our Holy Mother the Church, and protectors and defenders of her as is their duty: and that they do not stop in the conquest of Africa and the fight for the faith against the infidels.]

“The princess my daughter”—Juana la Loca, the madwoman, with her progeny of epileptics, syphilitics, madmen, and moral weaklings. They were to “*puñar por la fe contro los infieles*.” Hapsburg and Bourbon through the centuries upholding as their ideal the fulfilment of that famous command of their great ancestor the Lady Isabel. And it ended . . . with Abd el-Krim. Poor Lady Isabel, silent under the marbles of Granada!

Ait Kamara was the largest collection of buildings and people I had seen since leaving French Morocco. The village housed between twelve and thirteen hundred Spanish prisoners then, and has acquired from six to eight hundred since. There was a garrison of four hundred Riffi guardsmen of the oldest and best-trained troops, almost all Beni Warriaghel and

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

fanatically devoted to the sultan. The prisoners I saw on the road to the west of Ait Kamara, toward the Beni Boukoya country, were working lazily, as is the way of Spaniards everywhere, while three or four Riffi guards watched them, leaning on rifles. In Ait Kamara itself the prisoners had three of the long adobe houses, in which they must have slept huddled pretty much against one another; there was none too much space at Ait Kamara. I spoke to some of the prisoners, dejected and unshaven, hopeless; their quarters were no different from the quarters of the Riffi soldiers, and their life was better than it would have been in the mud and terror of the campaign in the Djebala, but they were unhappy, poor youths! Ait Kamara is far—much farther than a distance in miles—from Andalusia.

The Arab village had a *cantina*, where tea, sugar, and such-like provender could be bought by those who were too lazy to go to the usual Riffi market; there was also a hut which served as a sort of café, probably the only café in the Rif. The village lies cupped between two hills, and nestles there peacefully enough; there were

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

no airplanes aloft, and nothing to suggest that this was the working capital of a nation at war.

There were planted fields to left and right, for two or three miles before we reached the village; Abd el-Krim has engaged extensively in the cultivation of the potato, and most of the deserters who leave the French or Spanish Foreign Legions or regular armies to take up romantic service under the Riffi lord find themselves condemned to nothing more thrilling than planting, weeding, and digging up the most prosaic of vegetables.

The sultan's house, a structure of mud like all the rest, but larger, lies to the north and east of the village proper. The road leads to it and stops; it has been used for Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim's automobiles, and is better than any other in the Rif.

Sidi Mohammahdi and I dismounted at the outer gate, and four Riffi guards saluted. He spoke to them, and we were led through a courtyard very like that in the sultan's house at Adjdir, where I lived. Beyond this was another courtyard, and at the end of that a room before



P. & A. Photo

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KHIM

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

which another guard stood. This room we entered without removing our sandals. It was a square, bare room, with a table and three chairs, the first I had seen in the Rif. The table was covered with papers, and behind it was Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

He looked at us with a slow, appraising glance, brown eyes set penetratingly at last upon the Christian visitor. He was a short, dark Riffi of perhaps what would pass for medium height elsewhere and was inclined to stoutness. He was dressed with the greatest simplicity in brown homespun djeellaba and spotless white linen. He extended his hand; I touched it with mine and raised my fingers to my lips, Riffi fashion.

"The sultan prefers to conduct the conversation in our own language, and I shall translate into French," Sidi Mohammahdi said.

Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim examined the paper before him. It was the sheet of foolscap on which my six questions had been written; the margins were covered with notations in Arabic script. Sidi Mohammahdi had told me these questions had been examined by the diwan the day before, and the answers which would be given

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

might be taken as definitive. The first question had been a request for a statement on the Rif's attitude toward pan-Islamism and relations with the pan-Islamic movement, if any such relations existed.

"The pan-Islamic movement does not exist." Definitive, to be sure, and categorical, this: Abd el-Krim spoke levelly, in a low, firm voice, using the Shilluh tongue. No evasion of the issue: straight talk.

"The pan-Islamic movement does not exist. All the talk about pan-Islamism has the sole object of frightening the French and English into an attitude of opposition to the Rif Government in its struggle with Spain. We have no relations whatever with any movement in French Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, or Egypt, and we do not intend to attempt establishing such relations. Our struggle is exclusively national, and our only real enemy is Spain. This is through Spain's will and not through ours, as nothing would suit us better than peace with Spain and with the whole world."

He pointed out that the geographic conditions of northern Africa made any systematic com-

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

munication between the Islamic communities impossible, and dismissed, with a contemptuous gesture, all notion of an alliance between the Riffi authorities and the dissident groups of the Sahara, the Sus, or other war-ridden zones of Africa.

"As for peace, it can come whenever Spain is willing," he went on, referring to my second question, concerning terms of peace. "We desire above all things peace and the liberty to work. And before all other nations we could wish Spain to be at peace with us and act, if possible, as our friend and ally. But as the terms of peace we have certain irreducible demands. First and foremost, every Spanish soldier in Morocco, from the Atlantic to the eastern frontier, must be withdrawn to the two presidios of Ceuta and Melilla, or to Spain.

"Nothing less than the complete surrender of the Spanish protectorate will satisfy us. We demand this in the name of the whole Moroccan nation, as the Spanish protectorate has brought and can bring nothing but misery and desolation on our people. The protectorate protects nothing, not even the Spanish soldier. If Spain

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

will surrender her claim to this spurious protectorate, we are willing to go into peace negotiations on the following terms:

“First, the independence and national sovereignty of the Rif shall be clearly recognized:

“Secondly, all territory from the Melilla zone to the zones of Ceuta and Tangier shall be attributed to the Rif.

“We are bound by sacred promises to the tortured populations of the Angera and Larache countries to liberate them from Spanish rule, and we shall do so, no matter how long it takes. But once Spain has surrendered her so-called protectorate, we are willing to consent to any arrangement within reason—any compromise arrangement, that is—for the government of the coast zone from Tangier to the French frontier. We do not demand recognition of our sovereignty over these areas, comprising the country of the Angera and the country south of Tangier toward Larache. It is true that we now actually maintain sovereignty over these countries, but all we shall ask is that the Spanish protectorate there be abolished. Afterward, we can discuss the future government of those zones. But

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

Spain must go; we have promised this, and we shall see that our promise is fulfilled.

“We propose peace on a general basis, with all powers interested in Morocco as participants in the settlement. We shall never consent to the Spanish protectorate over any part of Morocco; Spanish rule has proved cruel, inefficient, and ruinous to our people. However, if some compromise can be suggested—such as the internationalization of the coast zones—we are willing to enter into discussion with the interested nations.

“Spain is entitled to the presidios of Ceuta and Melilla, which are virtually Spanish now, after all these centuries, but to nothing else. The rest of Morocco must be governed by our own *maghzen* or by a responsible international régime which can be evolved in a compromise settlement.”

Mohammed made these statements slowly, stopping after each sentence or long clause while Sidi Mohammahdi translated. It was a long process, particularly as I wrote down virtually every word; I had plenty of time to study that remarkable face as he spoke. Shrewdness I saw,

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

great shrewdness and biting intelligence, allied to a certain healthy cautiousness which made Mohammed resemble, faintly, Sidi Moham-mahdi; this sultan was no barbarian and no fool. But neither, I felt, was he a genius, a genius of the pure tradition: he was not the flame-like and prophet-like creature one might have expected. He was a superior brain attacking a difficult national problem: no more.

"When peace is finally established we purpose to continue our present form of government," he said, attacking my third question, concerning the ultimate form of government in the Rif. "I suppose you call this system an absolute monarchy. We shall continue to rule by absolute monarchy; it has been demonstrated to be the best for our people. Eventually, in time, we intend to transform the government into a constitutional monarchy, on broader, more liberal lines; we hope to establish a national assembly, a representative legislature like the assembly at Angora. But not yet; not for at least a generation.

"The name 'Rif Republic' is a sad case of bad naming," he went on. "It was given us first by

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

the English newspapers, and also by some of our well-meaning English agents. We have never had a republic in the Western sense, and have never contemplated one. In fact, the Spanish word *república* has been adopted into our language to designate small local groups, even smaller than tribes—like the Spanish officers' *juntas*. We have several 'republics' in every company of Riffi infantry, for instance; and the word republic means nothing more to our people.

"As for the authority of the Sultan of Morocco, so called: we do not recognize the sovereignty of Mulay Yusef, and we do not intend ever to recognize that sovereignty. Mulay Yusef's dominion over Morocco is a fable which all the powers have agreed to believe, out of deference to France. Yet everybody knows that Yusef is a prisoner of the French and can take no action in his own name. It is not the intention of the government of the Rif to recognize the sovereignty of any prisoner, even if he is called a sultan.

"Even if we were prepared to admit the authority of a Moroccan Arab sultan, who is under the thumb of Marshal Lyautey, you must

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

remember that Mulay Yusef has no title whatever to the throne. Both of his elder brothers, lawful rulers, were removed from power; his brother Mulay Hafid, now in Spain, was forcibly deposed by the French because he was not sufficiently docile. Do you think we, an independent and proud people, conscious of our great past, will ever bow to the authority of a puppet like Yusef? If any Sultan of Fez had the right to command in the Rif, it would not be Yusef; it would be his brother Hafid. But we do not admit the basic principle of their sovereignty; the Rif is independent by nature. So long as the sultans are successively prisoners of the French, we mean to continue to refuse to recognize them, and to induce our neighbors to do the same."

He approached next the question which was, perhaps, the most difficult of all: a definition of the Rif's attitude toward the French. If I had known what I know now, that the Rif was even then being pushed by its Arab allies into war with France, this statement would have taken on extra significance.

"Our attitude toward France is friendly in the extreme," he declared. "We have never desired



V. Forbin

MULAY YUSSEF, SULTAN OF MOROCCO, AND MARSHAL LYAUTEY

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

anything but peaceful relations with France and we have no intention of attacking French Morocco. To me, war with France is inconceivable, unless we are attacked. If we are attacked, we shall defend ourselves, but that eventuality is too remote to be contemplated. It is certainly not in France's interest to attack us. We extend a friendly hand to France, and we sincerely hope our friendship will be accepted. Certain stipulations must be fulfilled, however, before such a friendship can be practical.

"Frontier difficulties, such as those in the Beni Zeroual country, can never be avoided under present conditions. But I affirm that we have never yet attacked a French corps or friendly tribes, and that not one Riffi regular soldier has ever crossed the actual French frontier as established by the French advance posts.

"Frontier skirmishes can be avoided by only one means—that is, by regular delimitation of the frontiers.

"This, we suggest, should be made one of the terms of peace when the inevitable peace conference comes. A frontier commission should be established to draw practical boundary lines be-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

tween our country and French Morocco. The present frontier is a line existing only on maps and in the minds of the diplomats who made it. It was drawn in 1904 by the negotiators of the Franco-Spanish Treaty. We do not recognize that treaty and cannot recognize that boundary, which passes through the middle of tribes and sometimes the middle of villages. I can guarantee that were a practical and natural frontier established, regulated by rivers and mountains, we should never again have any trouble with France."

It must be remembered that this statement was made by a man constantly under pressure from both sides. It needed no great penetration to see the two parties represented at the court of Abd el-Krim: the one, represented by Hamid Boudra and Liazid bel Hadj, was warlike and wished no peace with either Spain or France; the other, represented by Sidi Mohammahdi, wished peace at almost any price which would conserve the national integrity of the Rif itself. Sidi Mohammahdi's party had never cared particularly for the conquest of the Djebala, and was always the strongest influence in maintain-

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

ing peace on the French frontier. Abd el-Krim himself, in his statement, was taking middle ground: difficulty with France could be avoided, he said in effect, if the frontiers were made rational, but could never be avoided if they were not changed.

Ending the formal part of the interview, the sultan returned to the prospect of peace with Spain.

“If Spain wishes peace, she can ask for an armistice and call a conference to establish the terms of peace,” he said. “If Spain wishes war, we are ready for war for an indefinite term of years. We have enough arms and ammunition to last us for the next two years, and the supply will never cease so long as Spanish soldiers have anything to lose. Our people are hardy and warlike, and determined to fight. Our successes in the past four years, since my government was established, have given us virtually all of northern Morocco, and we are confident that six months’ time will be sufficient to give us the rest. We do not wish war, but we shall fight until peace can come on terms acceptable to a free and independent nation.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"The Spanish retreat from the Djebala, which has just been completed, is a greater misfortune to Spain than was the Annual disaster of 1921. This retreat has tripled our fighting strength, for it has given us the allegiance of the whole Djebala, not to speak of our two thousand Spanish prisoners and our many thousands of newly captured rifles and machine-guns, as well as our great gains in material treasure. We are at the very least three times as strong as we were last August. Every tribe in western Morocco has joined us, save only one: Raisuli's tribe, the Beni Arous, whom we are now preparing to conquer by force."

This mention of Raisuli was a stirring aside. I wondered when and how it would be brought about, the conquest of the old by the new, of Raisuli by Abd el-Krim. The sultan refused to discuss it; he went on to talk of the organization of the Riffi Government, confirming many of the statements which had already been made to me by his *wazirs*, and exploding the Soviet-gold and German-officers myths. He talked of the mineral wealth of the Riffi country, and expressed the devout hope that American capital would one

SIDI MOHAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM

day see the advisability of coming into the Rif before it was too late.

"The future of our country is unlimited," he said. "We have confidence in our industrial capacity and in our ability to distinguish ourselves in peace as well as in war, and we ask the outside world in the name of justice to give us our opportunity. If the world will not give us peace now, when we are ready for it, we shall fight until we have gained it by our swords and the will of Allah."

That ended it; nothing could have been more royal than his air in dismissing us. Sidi Mohammahdi rose, and I, reluctantly, after him. The sultan extended his hand again, smiled, and told me that by his own orders all arrangements had been made for my further journey. He did not rise and he returned to his papers before we had left the room. I had no chance to see how much, or how little, his lameness incapacitated him for physical activity.

We rode back to Adjdîr through an enchanting spring landscape, over slopes tinted by the bluish rose of the almond-tree in flower. And as we rode, I mused on Mohammed ben Abd el-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Krim. What manner of man was this, who had come from the dark and cramped office of an Arab lawyer to a position unique in the story of his race? Was he charlatan blessed with luck, or hero of epic, or sheer sword of Islam, fanatic as the first conquerors out of Arabia?

A little of all three, perhaps, but most of all a shrewd child of the twentieth century, a man keen and capable, world-wise. No genius here, but something better: the capacity to appreciate and direct collective forces. The individual was nothing; one had to go back to Isabel la Católica for a world based on individual distinction. Here was an intelligent instrument of a national spirit, no more and no less. That he was shrewd one knew, and cautious: the fact that he did not speak in Spanish, although he can use that language fluently, betrayed a certain sensitiveness before what might be—he could not know—a critical audience. But there was no great nobility in his mien, no special imprint of greatness moral or intellectual. Only the force of a collectivity applied. . . .

Ah, Doña Isabel!

CHAPTER VI

THE SPANISH MAIN

A DJDIR, for all its lazy charm of spring, was not imperatively attractive after its usefulness for purposes of information was gone. The sultan's words about Raisuli, vague as they were, held promise of something better: I plied Sidi Mohammahdi with questions to which he gave only the most indefinite answers.

"I do not know if the order has been given yet to attack," he admitted. "Raisuli is at Tazarut, where he has three or four hundred good fighting tribesmen of the Beni Arous. He has been besieged for weeks, but every time the sultan has sent him a message demanding submission, he has sent back insulting answers. He is a bad man—Raisuli—in spite of the fact that he is a sherif. Soon he will be a prisoner if he does not take advantage of the offers of the sultan."

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

One thing at Adjdir which was to me a perpetual source of astonishment was the unquestioning reverence with which everybody gave Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim the title of sultan. Sidi Mohammahdi was not an ignorant man, and he knew that in Islam no man may become sultan, or hold any royal rank or prerogative, except by virtue of descent from the Prophet Mohammed or his family. Sidi Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim was not descended from the Prophet, and had no right to be called either sultan or "Mulay Mohammed"; yet he was so called by everybody, from his closest advisers to the common soldiers and the young boys goose-stepping on the plain. It was an object-lesson in that curious trick human nature has everywhere: the trick of investing the man of the hour with all desirable virtues, regardless of logic or fact.

Leaving Adjdir was not the matter of a few moments. Sidi Mohammahdi said full arrangements must be made all the way to the western headquarters of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, the sultan's brother, so that no misadventure might befall. More care could not have been taken of a set of Lowestoft china. It was finally



Holmes from Galloway

HOW TWO MAY RIDE

THE SPANISH MAIN

decided in the diwan that I should be allowed to cross the whole country to Tangier; Sidi Mohammed and Abd el-Krim's nephew were responsible for this permission, arguing that my crossing would demonstrate the inefficacy of the Spanish blockade, and prove the sultan's claim to rule up to the gates of the international city.

Thus it was agreed; and two days after my visit to Ait Kamara, a nephew of the sultan appeared in the gorge of Asrar with a horse for me. There was no packing to be done; I threw my Düsseldorf overcoat over the saddle, and said good-by to the caid of the garrison, to the dull-eyed Abdallah and the soprano-voiced Said, to Farradji, to the two negresses and to the flower-like white girl with her indifferent, wondering stare.

We rode over the same road to Ait Kamara; at the *sidna* of Adjdir the sultan's nephew, a great hulk of a clean-shaven Riffi who looked like a Yale football player, gave me the *emshi besse-lama*. A skinny little Riffi about eleven or twelve years of age came pattering out into the road ahead of me and started a steady trot westward.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"That boy will guide you to the Beni Boufra," said the sultan's nephew. "You will be there by night."

The Riffi boy did not turn round, but ran on steadily for perhaps half an hour, with me jog-trotting behind him. When we were once safe beyond the view of anybody in Adjdîr, over the hill toward Ait Kamara, he stopped and demanded to be taken up.

"Two can ride," said he. "It is a long way to the Beni Boufra."

We passed Ait Kamara without turning off to revisit it; at the cross-roads a peasant coming from the village met us and kept us company for a while. He had a mule laden with oranges for market, and a wife who, for a peasant woman, displayed an uncommonly pretty face. She was unveiled and paid no attention whatever to stares. I could hear my Riffi guide telling this peasant that I was a Turk who had been to see the sultan; the statement created an instant impression.

It was a long day's ride, through the hills of the Beni Warriahgel, where we met women and peasants going to or from market, and across

THE SPANISH MAIN

the valley of the Beni Boukoya. The Beni Boukoya are the tribe which produced the family of the Caid Haddu, and a large house of his—bigger, it seemed, than the sultan's—was visible on a slope to the right of the trail. The Caid Haddu was a type not entirely unknown outside the Rif; he was a war profiteer, who made three or four hundred per cent. profit on everything he smuggled into the Rif from the French zone. Like other profiteers, he was very cautious and clever; he had taken Algerian citizenship early in life, and never surrendered it. For as an Algerian he enjoyed the fullest protection of France; whereas as a Riffi or a Moroccan Arab he would have, sooner or later, encountered the merciless justice of his fellow-countrymen. A wise man, the Caid Haddu, with the river Kiss between his most treasured possessions and the Moroccan problem. He had a house and a harem in the Rif, but only as a sailor might have a house and family in a port of call; his real establishment was that estate at Port Say, safe under the tricolor.

As long days will, this one eventually ended. Some time after dark it was, probably about ten

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

o'clock. The Arab saddle is an invention which makes a horse, after a few hours, almost as tiring to Christian legs as a mule. The stirrups are very short and set far back on the saddle, so that the rider's position is very like that of an Arab squatting. After the fifth or sixth hour it became acutely painful to rise in the stirrups; the strained position plays havoc with unaccustomed muscles, and the hard iron and silver of the stirrup-hoods cut into bare shanks without mercy. The saddle itself is very like a Mexican saddle; if the stirrups were set farther forward it would be as good as any. But there is no shame in confessing that riding was a great cross that first day; when we arrived at the Beni Boufra village I was all too glad to take to the bed which had been made ready.

We were lodged in the house of a sherif named Ali ben Abd el-Kadr, an old man with a kind, tolerant grin through his grizzled beard. He insisted on bringing in food from the harem. There were hard-boiled eggs, figs, walnuts, raisins, and tea. There was, moreover, a chicken cooked in butter, a very delightful dish; Sidi Ali evidently knew that Christians could not eat

THE SPANISH MAIN

the crude olive-oil of the country. He sat counting his rosary benignantly while we ate.

The house was a two-storied building of some pretensions, set among almond-trees now all in flower. There was a bed, a great oaken bed from Spain, covered with thick rugs and silk pillows of many colors. On the dais just beside the bed more rugs and pillows were laid for the Riffi runner from Adjdîr. In the corner was the great stone with a drain, for the ablutions. The house was that of a very rich man; and although it was made of mud, the rugs within would have made the fortune of a dealer on Fifth Avenue or the rue de la Paix.

The Beni Boufra country lies to the west of the bay of Alhucemas; it extends straight down to the shore of the Mediterranean, protected from the Spanish island fortress of Alhucemas by that sturdy stretch of land which forms the western horn of the crescent about the bay. In the morning the sherif Ali took me for a long walk through the country of the Beni Boufra, around the village. It was prosperous country, rich in almonds, figs, oranges, and vegetables. No houses seemed to have been damaged by the daily

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Spanish air raid, but every hut had its cave behind it, and there the inhabitants took refuge twice a day, when the raids came. There was an assumption of communal ownership about these caves; when the planes arrived, one ducked into the nearest dugout, no matter if it were full of somebody else's harem. The sherif and I did so just before noon, and found the little cavern full of women and children. There were comparatively few men at Beni Boufra; the Beni Boufra are one of the strongest and most loyal of the Riffi tribes, and most of the able-bodied men were away at the war, on the western or the southern frontier.

That night, after sunset, the sherif turned me over to one of his servants or dependents, who was to guide me to the shore. It was about three hours' ride to the sea; there was no moon, and the trail led across a last low range of hills fringing the Mediterranean darkly. The sherif, kindly soul, had loaded me with hard-boiled eggs and loaves of barley bread, which filled every pocket and my djeellaba hood; some of them I gave to his servant when we at last reached the shore.

There was a rock jutting out here, high above

THE SPANISH MAIN

the sea; and on the top of it a tent and a blazing fire. The rock helped make a sort of natural little harbor here, where the beach curved in sharply. Against the lighter darkness of sea and sky a one-masted boat was outlined in black. At the foot of the rock was another tent. I turned over my horse to Sidi Ali's servant, whom I wished good night; inside the tent would be the blockade-runners.

There were five or six of them sitting about a fire where a kettle was boiling. They noticed me not at all, and I took a place by the fire, quietly. They had tea and barley bread for their supper, and were warming the loaves while the water boiled. No stranger band of cut-throats could have been; they had the sort of weather-beaten, villainous, misshapen faces and figures which generally go with kindliness and unthinking bravery. One was fat and beardless, with a djeellaba of dirty brown homespun rolled up about his waist, and a curved knife stuck through the belt of his ragged breeches. He ate ravenously, and now and then took a handful of raisins out of some private store in his djeellaba, sharing them with nobody.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Another was a merry blackguard with flashing black eyes and sharply cut nut-brown features, whom I learned to know as La Spada, the Sword. God knows what his right name was; nobody called him by it. He looked like a professional murderer of the Italian Renaissance and had a swagger even in drinking tea. His head was bound with a red cotton kerchief instead of turban or tarboosh; he wore gold earrings, and no djeellaba at all, but voluminous green breeches and a red *bedaya*. La Spada talked all the time. He might have been a pirate if he had lived a hundred years ago; as it was, he probably indulged in a little piracy when opportunity presented itself, and gun-running between times.

None of the group wore djeellabas except the fat and beardless one, and none of them prayed when they finished eating. They were, no doubt, a godless lot, but they led a life which could hardly have been conducive to godliness. How could they be expected to go through the prayers and ablutions of the day, when they seldom rose before sunset? Their work was all at night, running the Spanish blockade with pas-



Holmes from Galloway

IT IS THE BEDOUNS OF THE DESERT AND NOT THE RIFFI, CONTRARY TO POPULAR OPINION,
WHO FIGHT FROM HORSEBACK

THE SPANISH MAIN

sengers, guns, messages, or whatever the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim chose to send by them. They were sailors all; La Spada had been a boatman for many years, had sailed to Greece and Italy on cargo boats from Ceuta and Melilla, and had knocked about Asia Minor, Egypt, and Tripolitania. He was the natural leader of the men; they had never, any of them, been any farther away than Gibraltar, and they respected him.

After the meal they turned at length to me, as if seeing me for the first time. It developed that they all spoke Spanish; Spada took the lead in the inevitable series of questions. They were most interested in the sultan; none of them had seen him—as very few persons in the Rif have, it seemed to me—and in consequence their attitude toward him was that of peasants toward a semi-legendary king. They were astonished to hear that he wore a plain brown homespun djeellaba like anybody else.

Presently the *capitán*, as they called the owner of the felucca, came down from the lookout on the promontory. He was a hearty, voluble seaman, cordial and full of explanations. The night

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

was an excellent one for running down the coast, said he; this was the sort of night he preferred, when no wandering Spanish cruiser or gunboat could see far enough to interfere. Of course, there was the wind; he hoped the wind would be favorable, in which case we might hope to reach Wad Lau in the morning.

Toward midnight we were off. The felucca was a broad, low-lying boat with one great sail and six oars. There was room for twelve to fifteen cases of rifles; indeed, it was for carrying rifles that the captain's sturdy little craft was chiefly used. It also made weekly journeys down the coast, from the Beni Boufra to Wad Lau, however, and the trip was much shorter this way than overland across the Rhomarra. With much splashing and inordinate noise of shout and swearing the felucca was launched, and the passengers made a run for it through the breakers, first discarding breeches and djeellabas.

There were four passengers besides me. One was a severe, timid little fellow from French Morocco, who probably put wax on his beard and certainly had henna on his finger nails. He was going to visit a relative at M'ter, down

THE SPANISH MAIN

the coast, and disapproved highly both of the felucca and of the Arab and Riffi boatmen. He had prayed on his rosary all the hours we waited to get away; and as soon as he was established in the bow of the felucca he was at it again. Another was a Riffi regular soldier, from the Beni Boukoya, going to western headquarters at Targhzuit after a month's leave in the Rif. He was a friendly soul, and talked too much. He had with him his younger brother Mohammed, fourteen years old and singularly silent, who was on his way to join the regular army.

The last passenger was an amazingly ragged old fellow with a wispy, patriarchal beard. In this case "ragged" means ragged; there was literally not a scrap of whole cloth about him, but shreds of gray and black and white clinging incomprehensibly to his bony frame. He did not have a duro with which to pay his passage, and was not wanted on the felucca; but he came charging through the breakers and got aboard anyway, and the captain was too good-natured to throw him into the sea. That made only one paying passenger; for I was the guest of the sultan, and the Riffi soldier and his aspiring young

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

brother were of the army and passed free. The severe little man from French Morocco paid a duro; but it was small money for such a voyage.

The night was black but clear, and the little light there was seemed to come from the middle distance of a million stars. The wind deserted us before we had got well out from the Beni Boufra shore; the boatmen set to with a will at the oars, and the captain took the rudder. Spada struck up a ribald song in Spanish, which it would never do to set down here; the boatmen all joined in, and nobody seemed to fear the noise they were making across the silent water. The captain, carrying on a desultory conversation with me, spoke disparagingly of the Spanish *fregatas*; they were as blind as the aviators, he said, and almost never succeeded in making any trouble for the Riffi feluccas. This particular felucca had brought in many hundreds of rifles and much ammunition; the captain merely ran through the blockade on a dark night, met a French or a Portuguese ship a little way out at sea, unloaded the rifles, and returned to the Beni Boufra. Sometimes the guns came on small French or Portuguese or even English or Italian ships, and

THE SPANISH MAIN

then the run was very short, the cargo ship coming nearly to the shore.

The Beni Boufra shore was and is the center of the gun-running on the Rif coast. The pother stirred up in Paris and Madrid about the supposed gun-running at Adjdir, under the shadow of the Spanish fortress of Alhucemas, was due no doubt to a brain-storm in the French Foreign Office, based on nothing more substantial than a vague notion; the French secret service in Morocco knows exceedingly well where the guns come in. And so, for that matter, do the Spanish; but the Spanish Navy is not capable of policing the coast. For the most part the cruisers dare not come close enough to indulge in a bombardment; the guns on shore might damage them, and one cruiser damaged would mean one fifth of the navy gone. If the French ever take it into their heads to demand the right to bombard that coast, my poor friends of the Beni Boufra may have some difficulty in running the blockade, or even keeping an intact boat to use in the attempt.

After Spada and the other boatmen ceased singing, one by one the passengers fell asleep.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

The leaky old craft took water as fast as it could be bailed out; we went to sleep on boards laid over the bottom, and awakened with djeellabas soaked and feet deep in water. Every time this happened, Spada, with the air of one making a great discovery, would sputter hair-raising oaths in several languages, and order somebody to attend to the bailing. Thus, sleeping fitfully from time to time, we got on toward morning.

By sunrise we had made little progress; we were not yet at M'ter, the first important Riffi post on the Rhomarra coast. The wind had deserted us utterly; not once during the night, said Spada, had there been enough wind to blow out a candle. And the sun had hardly made its first rays felt before the captain and Spada simultaneously detected on the horizon the gray hull of a Spanish cruiser. It was some time before the rest of us could see it; curiously enough, every one of the sailors could see it before any of the five landsmen aboard was sure. At last it was definite, a low gray body steaming our way.

The men bent mightily to their oars, and we headed straight down the coast toward the on-coming *fregata*. We might be able to reach

THE SPANISH MAIN

M'ter, the captain thought, before the Spanish saw us. We were hugging the shore, ready to take to cover as soon as the cruiser showed signs of having seen us. A wind sprang up suddenly and blew us briskly along; Spada and the captain cursed it with eloquence. It was a fine wind, and if it had come in the night we could have scudded along to Wad Lau in eight or nine hours. Now we should be in luck if we reached M'ter safely after seven hours at sea.

The rocks of the coast were perilously near, at times; but the captain knew every channel there, and took us between jutting rock islands which seemed more dangerous to any boat than a distant Spanish cruiser. But the cruiser was becoming less and less distant; at last, as we drew near M'ter, the cannon bel-
lowed at us once and a shot came over the water. We headed straight for the strip of level shore which began around the last rocky promontory. We were just in time, and the boat was beached safely behind the great rock. Here there was sand, the beginning of the beach of M'ter; if we had been driven in by the cruiser fifteen minutes earlier we should have had no landing-place but

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

jagged and inhospitable rocks where the felucca would have been dashed to pieces by the breakers.

The captain and Spada, with the rest of us at their heels, took to the woods which fringed the shore. There, behind convenient boulders, we watched the cruiser come closer, fire once, and pass on. It was a matter of fifteen minutes. The Spanish crew knew we had landed there, but did not know our strength or whether or not there were cannon and machine-guns on the shore; they went on their way to Melilla, and our boatmen restored their rifles to their backs.

The ragged old beggar built a fire of drift-wood then, and we warmed our naked shanks before launching the boat. There was no use putting on any clothes below the waist, when we had to go through the breakers again with the boat; but it was bitter cold. When we made our rush, at last, and headed for M'ter, the old beggar was left behind. His rags floated piteously in the stiff wind.

"No matter," said the captain, contemptuously. "He can walk to M'ter. It will not hurt him."

In less than an hour we had driven in on the



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TWO MERCHANTS OF TANGIER

THE SPANISH MAIN

broad, brilliant sands of M'ter. The beach here was a gentle slope of thick, fine sand, where a child would have been delighted to play; the little village above it had a pleasant look in the suddenly warm sun. The captain, Spada, and I made for a hut at the end of the beach, where a half-dozen Arabs were sitting about, smoking hashish and drinking coffee or tea. It was easy to see that this was outside the Rif; whatever the geographies and encyclopædias say, the Rif ends with the Beni Boufra, and this little café in the Rhomarra was as Arab as anything in Tangier or Larache. There was a French deserter there; in every Riffi post there seemed to be at least one. This one was a half-caste, the son of a Moorish woman and a Frenchman, who had deserted from the French Army in Algeria two years before and had made his way to the Rif and the Rhomarra. He chattered eagerly in French, and made many large statements. For one, he said that the native troops of the French Republic would never take up arms against Abd el-Krim.

"When the sultan is finished beating the Spaniards," said he, "he will sweep the French out

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

of Morocco. And all the people in Africa will rise in support of the sultan."

This was a curious notion, but I had heard it expressed before. As evidence, it meant nothing; that is, it did not mean what it was supposed to mean. It was certainly not true that the French native troops would take Abd el-Krim's side in battle and fire on their own commanders, as this deserter said; but it might be true that they would be reluctant to fight the troops of Islam. It was something the French would have to reckon with; fanaticism made anything possible. Yet I did not then believe any war between Abd el-Krim and the French possible. It would have seemed madness for either of them to engage in such an adventure, when neither had anything to gain.

M'ter was one of the most important Spanish advance posts until the autumn of 1924. Only a few months before, the fortress on the hill had controlled a considerable country-side. Now the Spanish fort had been partially demolished by Riffi cannon, and the Spaniards had been forced to evacuate and take to their boats. This had happened, as nearly as I could fix the date,

THE SPANISH MAIN

toward the middle of September. Three Spanish cruisers had superintended the operation; under cover of their bombardment the garrison, or some of it, got away in safety. The fortress had been considered almost impregnable, but one night's fighting had forced the call for the boats and the evacuation.

We went up to the fort, where there was an official Riffi post, with a telephonist and a bookkeeper. The telephonist insisted on going out and buying me a chicken, although I did not want a chicken; he said the sultan had ordered that I was to be fed a chicken at every stopping-place. The field telephone was busy; there were many conversations with the posts up and down the line, and the bookkeeper (a fighting caid with some education) took the telephonist's place. He could read and write Spanish like a Christian, could this bookkeeper, and he was proud to demonstrate the ability. He had a copy of a Spanish magazine of the fashionable variety, full of pictures of Queen Victoria Eugénie at San Sebastian, King Alfonso at Biarritz, and other members of the royal family disporting themselves. The photographs, especially those of

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Doña Victoria and various fashionable women in Madrid, had shocked the bookkeeper inexpressibly; he wanted to know if it was true that Christian women displayed their throats and bosoms as these photographs indicated; and, if so, what their husbands did about it. The magazine was nevertheless his most cherished possession; he had kept it ever since the capture of M'ter threw it into his hands.

At noon, after the telephonist and the bookkeeper had held excited converse over the telephone, there was much rushing about and calling up of the men of the garrison, or such men as had not gone to market. Then the cannon boomed a salute: eight guns. Above the fortress the flag of Abd el-Krim was run up—blood-red with a white diamond in the middle, and the green crescent and star of Islam riding on the white. In the Rif the flag is never flown on week-days, except over army headquarters and the house of the sultan. On Fridays it is flown at every post; but this was not Friday and I saw no reason for the flag.

When I followed the telephonist and the bookkeeper out on the ramparts I learned the truth.

THE SPANISH MAIN

Raisuli had been captured that morning, shortly after dawn. The news was being telephoned from post to post, with orders for special rejoicing. The scant garrison sang a jubilant *Allah illah* as the crimson flag fluttered out from the hilltop. Rejoicing there was—from everybody but me, for the news which had come over the telephone meant that I was not to reach Tazarut in time for the capture of the old sherif.

The telephonist had received no particular details. Tgizas, the next post down the line, had notified him only that Raisuli had been made prisoner at eight o'clock that morning, surrendering his sword to the Bashaw of Targhzuit after an all-night battle. It was January 25th of our calendar; Raisuli had been besieged in his mountain fastness since early December. So, after all, the new had vanquished the old; great things were astir in the country of Abd el-Krim. This would mean not only the end of Spanish rule in the Djebala, but the end of the old order: for Abd el-Krim could not be expected to countenance in the western mountains those institutions he had driven out of the Rif: tribal law and slav-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ery, feudal disorder and internal war. With Raisuli fell the old Moghreb; its splendor might go too, for Abd el-Krim's simplicity was fairly intolerant. He was no believer in mosaic palaces and exquisite harem gardens; four wives was the limit he allowed his own people; the slavery of the negroes would go, and the castration of the harem attendants be abolished; the telephone would be pushed on to that Old-World mountain country, and much of the luxury of the feudal lords be sacrificed to the common good. The Djebala would become both a fitter country for the modern world and a less "interesting" one. After all, I could not help feeling, they might have waited a few days so that this stray Christian could witness an actual demolition of the ramparts of the past. *Voici s'écroulent les remparts du passé*—it was as true of Raisuli as of anybody.

We took to our felucca again at sunset. The crew was legitimately excited at the great news from the west; Spada told me many stories of the greatness of Mulay Ahmed ben Absalem ber Raisul, the princely brigand Christians call Raisuli. Of his great treasures and many wives, his

THE SPANISH MAIN

glittering palaces and his undaunted spirit of evil. How he stopped at nothing: stories of men buried alive, women stabbed and strangled and strung up by their heels, prisoners held politely and mockingly for ransom. Spada knew Raisuli and had feared him; he said Mulay Ahmed was the greatest man of the Moroccan western world. Mulay Ahmed had been born the Sherif of Tetuan, son and grandson of powerful and cruel tribal princes; Spada was from Tetuan, and knew whereof he spoke.

There was undisguised admiration for Raisuli; Spada showed it, the captain showed it, and each of the boatmen in his turn showed it. They could not help feeling that a man who had torn so much out of the unwilling fingers of the world was deserving of respect. A respect mitigated, however, by the reflection that he was old and ill and could not sit upon a horse. Like all Arabs, they admired courageous wrong-doing, but connected it with the physical power of a true Arab chieftain. Raisuli somehow, obscurely enough, appeared to have deserved his fate not because he represented retrogressive and destructive forces, but because he was no longer able to ride

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

a horse. The reasoning was simple and downright.

The wind was up, and we tore along through the gathering dark. No Spanish cruiser or gunboat appeared, to interrupt our progress, but the captain, bending anxious eyes upon the towering peaks of many islands off shore, was obliged to strike out for more or less open sea. He wanted to run no risk of crashing upon an unexpected rock in those dark waters.

Toward ten or eleven o'clock we saw the great bonfire which was the beacon of Tgizas, high on a rock beside the wide stretch of beach. The wind had developed alarmingly, and the sea rolled in great towering waves. The landing was difficult; it occupied about an hour. A dozen figures appeared out of the straggling trees along the shore and aided in beaching the boat after we had all, finally, got through the breakers to land.

A wooden hut, built, evidently, by the Spanish gave us shelter. It was a sort of inn or café, used by the boatmen and gun-runners who landed at unexpected hours on the shore at Tgizas. There was no floor, but dirty, vermin-infested pallets



William Thompson

IN THE HAREM GARDEN OF A MOROCCAN HOUSEHOLD

THE SPANISH MAIN

lined the walls. Here we all wedged in, and Spada produced hashish for everybody. The two pipes passed around, each man enjoying two or three puffs. They spoke of Raisuli and Abd el-Krim, always; here, too, the capture of the sherif had been the great news of the day. They asked many questions about the sultan; one thing I discreetly did not tell them—and I learned afterward the wisdom of the course. Abd el-Krim had left Ait Kamara, the night of January 22d, as Sidi Mohammahdi had told me, and wished none of his people to be aware of his absence. He was gone to the country of the Beni Zeroual, on the French frontier; since none of his people ever saw him anyway, his absence would not be noticed. These were curious things; I wondered why he had taken to the French frontier, what he meant to do there, why the people were to be kept in ignorance of his movements, and if he even knew the great tidings of his enemy's fall.

Heavy-headed from hashish, the crowded inmates of the hut slept soon. The storm at sea continued; the captain said we could not put out again until it had subsided.

In the morning we rode on very small and un-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

intelligent donkeys to the *sidna* of Tgizas, about an hour's ride from the shore. The village was a collection of heavily thatched mud huts covering the side of a hill. It was market-day, as usual, and most of the inhabitants were gathered on the plain below. In the *sidna* we found two Riffi officers in charge. The captain and I had the midday meal with them: eggs, dried figs, oranges, and tea. Tgizas was the center of the best orange country in the Rhomarra, and the trees of the valley were bent with the plenty of them—luscious little fruits no bigger than tangerines.

There was some good-humored grumbling. One of the Riffi officers had been stationed too long at Tgizas, he felt; he complained that he was getting stale, that the people were stupid and uninteresting, the post unimportant. He wanted the war to be over soon so that he could return to the Rif. He complained of inaction; nothing ever happened but the Spanish air raids, said he, and those hardly counted as events. He talked for all the world like a British or a French or an American post officer.

One of the surprising things in this country

THE SPANISH MAIN

between the Rif and the Djebala is the definiteness with which the geography is fixed in the mind of the people. Europe seems to be excessively wobbly on the geography of northern Morocco; all standard works of reference—even the sacrosanct *Britannica* and all its authorities—seem to believe the Rif begins at Tetuan and goes on to Melilla. Which only shows how little they know about it. To the inhabitant of the country the Rif is a definite land beginning at the Beni Boufra country west of Alhucemas and extending to Melilla, and south to the Arab tribes of the French border. Even the most ignorant of the natives would never refer to all of northern Morocco as “the Rif,” as even well-informed European statesmen often do. The Arabs of the country here, the Rhomarra, although strongly imbued with Berber blood, certainly do not speak the Shilluh language, do not wear the Riffi pigtail on the left back side of the head, and do not belong by tradition to the Riffi tribes. And nothing could be more evident than the contempt of the true Riffi, like our Tgizas officer, for the Arab of the Rhomarra.

We slept that night until the dark and moon-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

less period just before dawn. Then, in a very much more tractable sea, we launched the boat again and headed for Wad Lau. Another Spanish cruiser did its bit for us that morning, and we made a forced landing on a very inhospitable coast where it seemed the felucca must be dashed to pieces. Like the other, however, this *fregata* passed on after sending a casual shot our way. It really did begin to look as though the blockade by sea were as porous as the blockade by land.

By about ten o'clock that morning we beached at last on the sands of Wad Lau. A ten minutes' walk brought us to the post, a village laid out with some evidence of plan, over a flat-topped hill. It was a Spanish village, and the signs of Spanish occupation were everywhere. A café bore the pretentious sign: *Casino Español: Vinos y Licores*. Only three months before, this had been the center of the typical life of a Spanish post, with Andalusian girls to dance with the officers, and plenty of *Tio Pepe* sherry wine to drink. Now the village was almost depopulated, except for its small Riffi garrison; it was too ex-

THE SPANISH MAIN

posed to the guns of passing cruisers for a civilian Arab population to enjoy living there.

The *sidna* was a long wooden shack with a tin roof, once the Spanish officers' quarters. It had beds and some Spanish stores, including a roomful of worm-eaten dog-biscuit of the sort Spain supplies its defenders in the field. A hunk of this was offered me, as a great Christian delicacy, by the garrison commander.

In front of the *sidna*, to the left, was a hillock of rubbish. It had been brought there to fill up a wide hole where the Spanish had planted a mine before they fled to their boats. The mine had exploded three or four hours after the entry of the victorious Riffi troops, and four hundred men had been killed by it, according to the commander at Wad Lau.

This had been one of the most important of Spain's footholds in Morocco. The attempt of the Riffi to capture it began in March, 1924, and I had distinct and unpleasant memories of the attitude of the Spanish Government during that campaign. Primo de Rivera had been sure that Wad Lau would never be captured; so sure that he dealt high-handedly with anybody who ven-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

tured to consider a contrary possibility. Yet it had been captured; and Spain's nearest center now was the city of Tetuan itself, with its huddled outposts.

The commander at Wad Lau had orders to feed me and pass me on whenever I wished to go; I voted for immediate departure. M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, brother of the Sultan Mohammed, was at Targhzuit, the western headquarters; and Raisuli would be there or at Sheshuan, a prisoner. There was no time to be wasted in looking at tin-roofed huts.

That commander was a thoughtful soul. He had to pay the troops—two pesetas a day, they got—and asked me difficult questions like this: If you have two hundred pesetas to pay a hundred men, how many pesetas does each man get? I thought at first, after three or four such questions, that he was joking, but he seemed in dead earnest, and looked both puzzled and grieved when I could answer without figuring it all out on paper. He got his pencil to work and checked over the answers, and then gave up with a despondent sigh. He said he did not understand how such things were done without figuring; it

THE SPANISH MAIN

was a superiority of Christian education, he admitted, which the Koran could not combat.

"The Caid el-Hadj Alemán," said he, "can do that too."

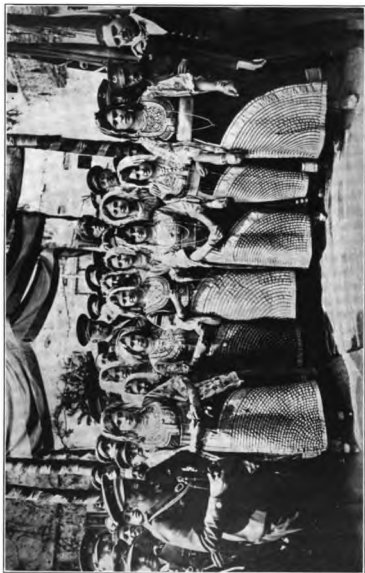
Spada and the captain, with the others, bade me *adiós*. I gave them some money for tea and hashish; they touched hands gravely and deprecated the gift. Spada was the last one I saw, hands on hips and ear-rings glittering in the sun, standing like a pirate chief on the rubbish heap.

CHAPTER VII

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

TARGHZUIT lies high in the mountains of the Djebala, to the west and south of Wad Lau. The little Riffi soldier Abdallah, and his young brother Mohammed, who had come down from Beni Boufra in the felucca with me, were my guides from Wad Lau. There was but one mule for the three of us, and much of the day's *trik* was covered afoot.

The river Lau was the Spanish front for many months, and our trail ran over hills which had recently been battle-fields. Everywhere were evidences of the Spanish retreat: shell-holes, abandoned blockhouses, and uprooted fig-trees. In retiring from the Wad Lau country the Spaniards had systematically destroyed everything they could destroy, and the fig groves would not bear again this year.



International Newsgreel

PRIMO DE RIVERA, DICTATOR OF SPAIN, SURROUNDED BY JEWISH GIRLS AT EL-KSAR EL-KBIR

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

The mountains began abruptly half an hour after we left Wad Lau. Here a certain extravagant grandeur of rock and cliff recalled the mountains of Colorado; again and again some cañon or gorge presented a picture which might have been a corner of the American Rockies. My Riffi soldier kept up a running comment on the country-side: it was easy not to listen to his railings at the Spanish while my memory browsed on the scant pasture of knowledge about the Djebala. What manner of country it was, I knew only in a general way; the German scientists, of course, said it was Berber country of almost pure Riffi fundamentals, glossed over by the Arab conquerors. It was more interesting to think of those gay fantasies of the voyaging ancients: Atlas, for instance, the unlucky king of Mauretania, turned into these mountains to support the roof of the world. And his daughters the Hesperides, who lived on an island in the river Lixus, forever beautiful in their fabled garden. Of course the river Loukkos now showed no signs of any such island; but it was pleasant to believe it had once existed, near that

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

dirty Arab town of Larache, when Atlas was king.

Just now Atlas seemed to be rather solid rock; he had got used to his metamorphosis in all these centuries, and had forgotten, poor fellow, how it felt to be a king of Mauretania and possess daughters more beautiful than the dawn. We kept climbing up his bare and rocky sides all day long; toward sunset, surely, we had reached his shoulders. Here was a spot where the contact with the roof of the world was intimate, really intimate; there was a great sweep of sheer white rock from a high place, and over the rock a fall of water thundering into beautiful and abysmal depths. It was the gorge of Targhzuit, and at the top of the mountain beyond it was the village itself, the capital of the western world.

A natural bridge of rock covers that gorge, and it may well be one of the loveliest spectacles on the broad earth. At the other side of the bridge the trail mounted sharply, perpendicularly, a steady, laborious climb of half an hour. At the mountain's top, unexpectedly, was a grove of trees with a little white mosque in the middle lifting its minaret over the village beneath. We

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

passed through the trees and down a shaded slope to the village lane. My Riffi, Abdallah, seemed to know the way to the headquarters of the Lord M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim; we left the young brother to guard the mule, and went on.

It was quite dark now, and the moon had not risen. The village seemed to be a huddled mountain town of mud houses, larger than most, and perhaps more prosperous by reason of the fertility of this high plateau. The lane was narrow and twisting, and ended in an open space where a broad white tent, trim and very European, commanded a cleared space lit fitfully by two great torches.

As we rounded this tent we saw that it was the largest of three which formed the three sides of a quadrangle there. At the open end of the quadrangle two smart Riffi guards stood motionless. The space at that end had been bastioned with sand-bags, so that a small entrance to the general headquarters was made and guarded. There were also sentries on each side of the quadrangle. The flag of the Rif flew over the largest tent, the tent of the younger Abd el-Krim.

There was an altercation at the entrance, and

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the guards showed no disposition to let us in. An officer heard the argument, however, and barked a few sharp questions at me. He disappeared into the largest tent and returned in perhaps five minutes with two other officers.

"I am Hassan, secretary to the prince," said one of these officers in very polite and correct French. "*Monseigneur* cannot see you to-night, but you are expected and arrangements have been made. If you will come with me I will show you your quarters."

We turned back into the lane, four of us now: Sidi Hassan, Abdallah, and I, and the second officer, invisible in the dark. This unseen companion suddenly gave me a start; he spoke—tentatively, hopefully—in German. This was sufficiently unexpected; I wondered if, at last, I was to encounter some tangible evidence of the presence of German officers on the Riffi general staff.

"You are a German?" I ventured.

"I was a German," he answered, not without humor. "But now I am a Riffi."

He did not speak again until we reached my quarters. I had been assigned the house of the

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

Bashaw of Targhzeit, that same bashaw who had captured Raisuli at Tazarut. We ducked under a hole in a mud wall and entered a courtyard crowded with goats and chickens. Wading through them, we reached the farther end, where Sidi Hassan unlatched the door.

My room was narrow but long, at one end a high-built mud bed covered with rugs, at the other the bath-stone. Before the broad ablution-stone many gauzy white pieces were hanging over a cord, the washed turbans of the bashaw's household. A great pile of rugs had been laid upon the floor; it was in every way a comfortable room.

Sidi Hassan lit candles, which he had brought with him, and we sat cross-legged in a little circle, waiting for one of the women to bring food and tea. Sidi Hassan was a young man, perhaps twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, lightly bearded and with very white skin. He spoke the French of a careful foreigner, and reminded me in more ways than one of Sidi Mohammed, his kinsman. He was Riffi, of the tribe of the Beni Warriaghel, and had their blue eyes and regular features. He had been edu-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

cated in Algiers, and had visited both Paris and Madrid, as I learned in later conversations. His duties with the younger Abd el-Krim (whom he called always "the prince") were purely secretarial, but he had fought in most of the campaigns since Annual.

The German was a brown-eyed, brown-skinned, black-bearded fellow who looked for all the world like one of the darker Riffi. He could have passed anywhere for one of his adopted countrymen; and he wore the homespun djeel-laba and orange felt turban of a caid *el-hamsain*, or captain in the Riffi regular army. He was a little reluctant to speak while Sidi Hassan was present, but the secretary rose and left as soon as tea was brought in.

"Did I hear Sidi Hassan call you 'Hadj'?" I asked him then.

"Yes," he said with a grin, "I am the hadj. The Caid el-Hadj."

This, then, was that famous Caid el-Hadj Alemán, the Robin Hood of the border district, an adventurer as well known to the people of the Rif and the northern Arab country as Abd el-Krim himself. Everywhere, from the French

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

Moroccan posts onward, I had heard of him and his strange exploits, his night raids with the Beni Warrenne on the French posts, his wild career as a chief of the Bedouins in the Sahara, and his trick of leaving his "card," a piece of white paper with "Hadj Alemán" written on it, wherever his marauding and romantic spirit drove him.

"I am not unknown to the people of this country," he remarked with some pride. "It is my adopted country, and I am glad to have made a place for myself here."

We talked long that night, and the other nights and days when I was at Targhzuit. A strange fellow, that Caid el-Hadj; German of the Germans, kind-hearted, sentimental, romantic, but capable of unlimited ferocity in organized combat. He flattered himself that he was quite weaned away from the memory of all things German; yet when I discovered he was from Düsseldorf, and showed him my poor battered overcoat with its Düsseldorf label, he came near having what the French so histrionically call a *crise de larmes*. The appeal to his sentiments was made by the fact that he did not recognize the label of

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the Carsch Company in Düsseldorf; he considered that a pathetic symbol of his distance from his youth and family in Germany. When he heard that the Carsch place was now actually one of the largest department-stores in the Rhineland, and realized that he had never seen its glories, he was inconsolable.

It was curiously affecting, this, to be asked by a man of perhaps forty years dozens of eager and puerile questions about the country he had so definitely forsworn. He was eager to learn what had happened in Düsseldorf and Cologne since he saw those cities; he wanted to know if Wiesel's restaurant in Cologne still had the best Johannisberger to be had in the Rhineland, and what new buildings had gone up in Düsseldorf since 1907. He asked whether or not Cologne had been bombarded during the war. He waxed indignant over the fact that the British officers had taken the best hotel in Cologne for their club.

"That is just what I should expect the British to do," said he, malevolently.

A simple soul, this Hadj Alemán!

In the morning I rose early to see a parade of



Keystone View Co.

M'HAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM, BROTHER OF THE SULTAN ABD EL-KRIM

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

Spanish prisoners who had been marching from Sheshuan since before dawn. The Caid el-Hadj and Sidi Hassan came for me, and we stood with the officers of the general staff on the drill-ground in front of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim's tent. The prisoners numbered two hundred and ninety-five, including a captain and three lieutenants. Most of them had been taken in the Beni Gorfet Mountains during the general Spanish retreat. The campaign in the Beni Gorfet region was still going on in a desultory way, and some of these prisoners were recent captives. They had come up from Sheshuan under guard of one *hamsain* of Riffi regulars, who stood now in company formation across the drill-ground.

The prisoners, an unshaven and miserable-looking lot, did not quite know what was awaiting them, but had the air of not caring particularly. The captain was brought up to speak to Sidi Hassan. He was a weary man of middle age, and made no pretense at courtesy. Sidi Hassan took him in to see M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim. The lesser officers watched their guards do the rifle drill, while the Spanish infantrymen talked listlessly to one another. The Hadj Ale-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

mán had climbed to the roof of the long, low barracks facing the drill-ground, and snapped three or four surreptitious photographs. He had a camera, the only one in the country, and was allowed by Abd el-Krim, indeed encouraged, to use it so long as he did not openly offend the religious scruples of the inhabitants.

After this review of the prisoners I talked to various of the staff officers, and found them by and large an intelligent lot, less curious and less literal-minded than most of their countrymen. The organization of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim's staff headquarters really exhibited military precision and efficiency; it was obvious that this younger Abd el-Krim represented, in his own country, the most progressive and Europeanized element. His own guards were superlatively well trained, and saluted with the snap of German infantrymen. Like the troops at Adjdir and Ait Kamara, these showed the results of German drill, and during the time I was there they goose-stepped regularly every morning on the parade-ground in front of M'hammed's headquarters.

For lunch that day the Lord M'hammed sent

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

me—Samaritan act!—a great wooden bowl of macaroni cooked with milk and butter. It had been prepared in true European fashion and was not in the least like Moorish *cous-cous*. I wondered who had cooked it, and supposed—with reason, as I learned later—that it had been made under the direction of the prince himself. The Caid el-Hadj ate with me, in the bashaw's house, and talked much of Raisuli.

Raisuli, it appeared, was to be brought to Targhzeit as soon as any means of conveyance could be found. The old sherif was ill, too ill to think of traveling either on a horse or in a horse-drawn litter. Some way had to be contrived, and M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim (whom the hadj referred to simply as *sidna*, or "our lord") believed a packing-box would serve the purpose. The Caid el-Hadj and all the officers of the Riffi general staff were just as curious to see Raisuli as any total stranger could have been; they had, most of them, grown up under the weight of that tremendous name, which signified a sovereignty and a whole code of ethics at once. And despite the fanatical devotion the Abd el-Krim brothers inspire in their men, it was

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

easy to divine the awe with which Raisuli, even imprisoned and fallen, was regarded. No gesture of Abd el-Krim's could seem impious to his followers, but if any gesture of his had approached impiety, it would have been this last, the siege and capture of the Sherif Raisuli.

After lunch Sidi Hassan appeared, to take me to headquarters. M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim sat at his desk in the great tent, going over a pile of maps and papers. The furnishings of the Riffi general's headquarters could not have been simpler: there were the large table at which he sat, his own high-backed chair, three camp stools, and a canvas curtain behind which his Spanish camp bed was set up.

M'hammed himself was a dark Riffi of medium height, a little stout and very powerfully built. His features, and especially his eyes and mouth, had a certain nobility which I had not been able to detect in the face of his brother, the Sultan Mohammed. His gaze was direct but courteous, his manner impersonal and polite. He wore the usual simple brown homespun, with starched linen and a turban of yellow gauze, rather larger than most of the Riffi turbans. From the mo-

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

ment I came into his presence I felt the influence of an extraordinary personality—an influence compounded of the intelligence of his gaze and the nobility of his mouth, but most of all, perhaps, of a serene dignity, a dignity as far removed from haughtiness as possible. Here was, at last, the Great Man. Every movement is supposed to have a Great Man, and the Riffi movement had seemed to lack one so far. By definition a Great Man could not be merely shrewd, or merely intelligent, or merely cautious, capable, and clever; this man, unless his prepossessing exterior lied beyond credibility, was the Great Man of the movement.

The general began to speak in Spanish, and explained that his French had rusted a little since he had gone to the wars. Sidi Hassan remained beside me, however, to spring to the rescue if we had any difficulty in conversation. M'hammed discussed my journey for a few moments, and in a tone of mild amusement spoke of the newspapers.

"I am constantly being surprised by the things I read in them," he said. "The French and Spanish papers are the only ones I see, of course; but

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

they are entertaining reading. They appear to have not only no idea of geography, but no idea of anything else important connected with this war. If the Spanish generals were as ignorant and ill-informed as their own press we should have finished with them in four or five months."

M'hammed speaks the purest Castilian. He must have studied it from his earliest childhood, for he uses the language without a trace of accent and without a fault of grammar. His pronunciation, too, is Castilian: that is, he has Castilian consonants, *c* and *z* and *d*, with the pure, sharp *ll*, and never lapses into the ugly Andalusian sibilants which come out in the Spanish language every time it is domesticated in another country. The ordinary Riffi—even, indeed, the educated Riffi—speak Spanish with excruciating disregard for grammar and with a pronunciation as nasal and sibilant as a Cuban's or a Mexican's. The typical "nigger Spanish" phrase is the sentence with which my Metalsa interpreter had always introduced every translation from the Arabic while I was the prisoner of the Caid Hamid ben Dada: "*Tu no saber el que te dijo el jefe?*" said he. The language of

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

Calderón and Cervantes could not possibly sink lower than that; but the Arabs' usual native method with Spanish was to simplify everything by learning only one verb form—generally the infinitive, as *saber*, or the first person present indicative, as *dijo*—and applying it to every conceivable form of the verb. The speech of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim has none of these defects; it is pure pleasure to hear him speak. His Spanish is considerably more elegant than the Spanish of General Miguel Primo de Rivera, for instance; Primo uses Castilian in public, but in moments of excitement in private conversation he lapses into a sloppy Andalusian pronunciation which does not add appreciably to his dignity. M'hammed's ease and elegance extend even to the tricky Castilian subjunctive, which he handled in a manner to arouse my deepest envy.

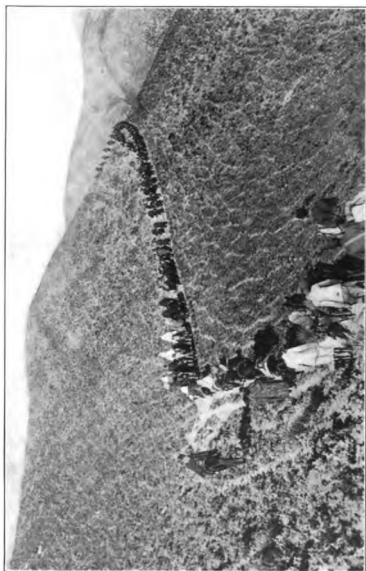
Discussing Raisuli, M'hammed displayed no more emotion than if he were talking about any new Spanish prisoner.

"What has happened to the sherif is his own fault," he said. "It is important to make clear that we desire nothing but peace with the whole

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

world. It was not our wish to fight Raisuli or make him prisoner. We should never have molested him if he had given up his allegiance to Spain when invited to do so. It is our intention now to send him through to the Rif, where he will very likely have to stand court-martial trial for treason. I do not believe he will be sentenced to death; he is very old, and we do not wish to hasten his death. But his refusal to recognize my brother the sultan made the situation in the Djebala impossible; we were obliged to destroy his power in order to accomplish the unity of the country."

He gave me the official account of Raisuli's capture, and of the Spanish air raid which followed. But at no time did he show that he shared the common attitude of Riffi and Arab toward Raisuli; he regarded the sherif as an objectionable old rebel, and no more. He left that subject with some evidence of relief, to talk of other matters: the organization of the army, the progress of the campaign, and the present military situation. Many details which have already been written down in this narrative he first told me or first definitely confirmed; he even spoke of



Illustrated Newsreel

A DETACHMENT OF SPANISH REGULARS IN THE RIF

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

gun-running and the numerical forces involved in the various campaigns, displaying an honest frankness to the full limits of possibility in the circumstances. Turning to Primo de Rivera's more recent strategy, the withdrawal of the Spanish army to the coast, he said it was destined to fail as everything else Spain tried had failed.

"This Spanish retreat," he pointed out, "had two purposes. One was a military object: to blockade and isolate the interior, and to cut off our food supplies, as well as to divide the peoples of northern Morocco against one another if possible. Spain believed the Djebala would fight the Rif, and the Rif the Djebala. The second object was political: so to shorten the Spanish line that the numerical strength of the troops in service here might be materially reduced, thus improving the position of the Spanish Government in internal politics.

"Both purposes have been utter failures so far. We are neither blockaded nor isolated. You will see that for yourself when you pass through the Spanish lines to Tangier. Our postal service to the Angera country goes through the Spanish

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

lines every night. We have plenty of everything we want to eat or wear.

"The reason for the failure is that in order to maintain such a line as Primo de Rivera has attempted to establish, and to keep it water-tight against contraband traffic, Spain would need a million men. Nothing less would suffice in this country, where we know every blade of grass and every hummock in the hills. Spain is trying to hold that Primo de Rivera line with little more than a hundred thousand men. It is impossible. Spain will therefore inevitably be obliged to withdraw still farther.

"As soon as we have completed our reorganization of western Morocco and enrolled our new subjects under the banner of the Rif, we shall make sure that Spain does retreat still farther. At present the Spaniards control only the Tetuan-Tangier road and the Larache zone. The Tetuan-Tangier road is at our mercy and can be cut at any time, whenever we need to cut it. It is so cut every time we want to pass any large detachment of prisoners or ammunition between this part of the country and the Angera.

"As for the political ends of the Spanish re-

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

treat, they have been even worse failures. For every two soldiers whom Primo de Rivera has been able to return to their homes he has been obliged to substitute three new conscripts, and I wonder just how long he will be able to make the Spanish people believe that this retreat was accomplished without heavy losses. You will see the battle-fields for yourself, and you can compare them with the accounts given in these." He tapped a pile of Spanish newspapers on his desk.

M'hammed displayed no rancor against the Spanish; he spoke of them as impersonally as if they had been the Chinese or the Eskimos, remote from anything which had to do with his day's work. He reviewed the field of Spanish generals, spoke with some respect of Primo de Rivera, and remarked that the dictator was an astute man but ill-advised. Primo's ignorance of the Arab people had made him, M'hammed said, dependent to a very great extent on the advice of persons of little scruple; in fact, M'hammed, like all the other Riffi chieftains, considered the Spanish to have erred principally in scorning to learn the customs and mentality of their "protectorate." Like other Riffi, too,

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

M'hammed displayed genuine respect for General Riquelme, the one Spanish leader who really knows the Arab and can manage Arab populations.

The younger Abd el-Krim displayed another side of his personality in a later conversation, when he showed me his collection of rock and clay samples from various parts of the Rif, all carefully ticketed so that the assayer could tell exactly where they had been obtained. There was the evidence of iron in the Beni Touzin and Beni Boufra and copper in the Beni Boufra and Beni Boukoya, besides much analysis of the soil of the other districts. M'hammed is a trained mineralogist, as well as a military engineer; he is deeply and passionately interested in the future of his country, and struck me as possessing a much clearer insight into the possibilities of its development than his brother the sultan had exhibited.

And in still another conversation, the night before my departure from Targhzeit, the general went at great length into the terms of a possible peace, going over the notes I had made at Adjdir and Ait Kamara, clarifying them greatly by his

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

common sense and his real understanding of the issues involved. He comprehended fully the difficulties, and knew exactly what a hornet's nest lies south of the Strait of Gibraltar; he strove to make it doubly clear that when peace comes to Morocco it must come by coöperation of the interested powers, with England, Italy, France, Spain, and the government of Abd el-Krim represented.

M'hammed himself, of course, would be the representative of his Government at any such conference; Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim would never venture into a meeting where he would be faced by European statesmen of the first rank. Not that he feels in any way inferior; but M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, the younger brother, is naturally indicated as the diplomat of the family, as he was naturally indicated for generalship. The elder brother, the sultan, finds his strength less in his actual qualities either of soldier or of statesman, than in that hieratic legend he has succeeded in creating about himself, which a too-frequent appearance on the stage could only dissipate.

M'hammed made in this connection a state-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ment which has not since been borne out by the facts. He said he intended to visit Paris and London in the late spring of 1925. The object of the visit would be principally political, but would also bear on the negotiations which are eternally pending with regard to the Riffi iron mines. He intended to take with him a small suite, including Sidi Hassan, his secretary, Abd el-S'lam el-H'Ktabi, Mohammed Azarkhan, and possibly the Caid el-Hadj. The whole group would have to make its presence known to the French and British governments, of course; he did not explain how this was to be done, but as it has been done before no doubt it could be done again. Such a visit would be secret, except that the foreign offices of the countries visited would necessarily know of it. The French war—into which the Arab allies of Abd el-Krim undoubtedly forced him inopportunately—has postponed this visit, perhaps for good.

The total impression conveyed by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim was powerful, more powerful than my previous experience in the Rif had made seem likely. He would have been, clearly, a distinguished figure in any civilization; his mere

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

external stateliness was enough, without the collaboration of his swift and vigorous mind. As a person he seemed a very gallant gentleman, and as patriot and general he touched greatness. Yet I thought then, and still think, that he alone could never have aroused and directed the national energies dormant in the Berber tribes; he was too much beyond and above them for that. Without his brother, that brother who seemed so disappointingly small in comparison with M'hammed, the younger Abd el-Krim could not have brought the movement to its remarkable success; the elder Abd el-Krim, with all his limitations of intellect and education, had at least the one essential quality of single-mindedness and vision which inspires the legend.

And without inspiring a legend obviously nothing could be done toward making disparate and anarchic Berber tribes into an organized nation. The legend was a vital necessity; the elder Abd el-Krim supplied it, but the younger Abd el-Krim supplied the reality to maintain it. The outstanding advantage of this division of function was that Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim ceased to be universally necessary in the flesh;

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

he could die, for instance, and so long as the tribesmen did not know of his death the legend would still be operating on its mysteriously effective course. If he did die, nothing would be changed in the Rif; certainly no announcement would be made of the fact, and the Government could and would be carried on almost indefinitely in his name. The whole arrangement worked as a guarantee of continuity; so long as the elder Abd el-Krim kept himself secluded and myth-enveloped, nothing could disturb the processes of orderly government and systematic development toward nationhood.

Life at Targhzeit was a tranquil interlude, almost domestic. The bashaw's house, where I lived, was the best in the village, and the bashaw's harem, which came with the house, was industrious and able to cook. That harem was a disappointment, like many another matter of reality; only one girl in it was good-looking, and the other two were old crones. The one girl was really exquisite, as the mountain Arab girls are likely to be at fourteen or fifteen; she had been married two years, and had borne a son. For this reason she was the favored member of the household;

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

she never carried water or milked the goats or chased refractory chickens, as did the elder women. She managed her baby boy and sometimes watched the goats when they needed watching. Generally she kept her face covered, but sometimes, with the easy frankness of the mountain people, she went about for hours without her uncouth homespun wrappings.

The eldest wife, a hag somewhere between twenty-five and eighty—all Arab women look the same after their first youth is gone—kept a jealous eye on this young beauty; and too much dalliance in that direction would have earned me a knife between the ribs, no doubt. As it was, even without such surgery, the nights were troubled and invaders frequent. Struggling out of deep sleep on those heavy rugs high at the end of the room, I would become conscious of shuffling, mysterious feet and many presences, ghostly visitors in the enveloping dark. At such times I descended from my perch and lashed out boldly with a big stick; for experience had taught me that the night visitors were always inquisitive and sleepless goats from the crowded courtyard.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

The Caid el-Hadj spent much time with me, and he, with Sidi Hassan, seemed to have been particularly charged by the *sidna* with my care. It was the hadj who aroused me, the morning after my first talk with M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, to witness the arrival of the son of Raisuli.

He was about sixteen, this princeling; and he came up the mountain from Sheshuan under guard of ten Riffi warriors. This alone showed that Raisuli had no following left among the mountain Arabs; for ten Riffi could not have resisted any relieving party in force. The son of Raisuli—Mulay Absalem ben Ahmed ben Absalem ber Raisul, his name—was fat and pudgy, with a beardless, cheese-colored face and sullen, sensual lips. He wore many rings on his puffy white fingers, and his nails were delicately pointed and covered with henna. He was accompanied by one eunuch of his father's household, who rode behind him on a broad-beamed Spanish mule.

Absalem himself was merely an ignorant, spoiled Arab boy, fond of sweetmeats and totally devoid of ideas. I tried talking to him, with M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim's permission; but

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

it was useless. He had nothing to say on any subject, and was not even curious as to what Abd el-Krim intended to do with him. He was more interested in food than in anything else.

But his eunuch was a much more unusual personage. He was coal-black, with a spreading, barbaric nose, and a sort of vast, inchoate, savage muscularity which suggested a volcano on the very verge of erupting. He was dressed in the ordinary brown djeellaba, but when he threw it off, inside the house where he was lodged with his young lord, he displayed raiment as gaily colored as any one could wish. Decidedly, he was the most animal object I had ever seen; it would have been fantastic to suppose he ever thought about anything. The only quality discernible in whatever mental or spiritual equipment he may have had was his loyalty; he never allowed the young prince to go out of his sight, and he was present even when Absalem was received by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim. The eunuch had been permitted to retain his rifle, and he clung to it obstinately as he stood guard over his master. This type of slave was new to me, and the officers and Sidi Hassan explained that

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

it was peculiar to the great households of the feudal Arab lords.

It is customary for such personal slaves to kill themselves when their masters die; they are taught nothing whatever, not even the rudiments of the Mohammedan religion, and they are no more able to go through the prayers than a woman would be. All they know and hope to know is loyalty; and it is partly to insure and retain an undivided devotion that the chieftains have them castrated. In the families of the negro slaves the strongest and healthiest of the male children are chosen for castration, and immediately afterward are assigned to the particular service of one male member of their owner's family. A prince like Mulay Absalem owns one or two eunuchs from birth, and is guarded with this special and animal-like devotion; later, when the princeling acquires a harem, it is protected by the same dog-like negroes. Among the many slaves Raisuli kept at Tazarut he had thirty-two eunuchs, all of whom had been born in the household of the great Raisul family.

The next day the Caid el-Hadj and I visited Sheshuan, the Holy City of El-Moghreb. It is a

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

little white mountain town full of shrines and sherifs, but absolutely devoid of Jews. This merited remark; for in every true Arab city the greater part of the ordinary business of buying and selling is done by the black-gabardined Jews. It was explained to me that the Spanish, on evacuating Sheshuan, had taken all the Jews along; the Jews had most of the wealth of the town, and it was felt by General Castro Girona that this wealth was better on the Spanish side than in the hands of the Riffi.

The occupation of Sheshuan by General Berenguer in 1920 marked the peak of Spain's success in the conquest of Morocco. Until then it had been *mouharrem*—forbidden to Christians and difficult for Jews. It had been guarded by a fanaticism as ardent as that which surrounds Mecca itself. Nevertheless some travelers had been there before the Spanish; for instance, Walter Harris, on one of his jaunts into the interior before the war, had visited Sheshuan, in Arab costume, posing as a Moor from Tangier. I envied Mr. Harris; Sheshuan might have been dirtier then, but at least it was not shoddy. The Spanish imprint had succeeded in making it look

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

shoddy, with the eternal "Plaza de España," and the tin-roofed drinking saloons which, in the case of Spain or almost any other Christian nation, follow the flag.

The capture of Sheshuan by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim on November 17, 1924, was the last and most decisive blow the Riffi had struck at Spanish power. To M'hammed's people it was a tremendous thing; if they had taken Fez or Tangier it could hardly have seemed more important to them. The city had for them a religious significance which transcended its other importance; and its capture did an infinity of good to the cause of Abd el-Krim with his sometimes lukewarm Arab allies. The leader of Islam now had an Islamic shrine, and stood in a measure consecrated by it in spite of his lack of ancestry. M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim, great and simple soul for all his European learning, had signalized the entry into Sheshuan by a characteristic gesture; he had dismounted at the gates and removed his shoes, walking barefoot and with bent head into the Holy City, his Riffi veterans marching reverently behind him.

The Spanish had left untouched their military

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

hospital in Sheshuan. It is curious that they destroyed almost nothing in the city before evacuating it; perhaps they were too sorely pressed to bother. The hospital was there still, with all its equipment: a really excellent and well-arranged little building, with an operating-room and three wards of eight beds each. It was now in charge of a Danish surgeon from Tangier, who had come out early in January to take service under Abd el-Krim. As, like many other Europeans who take to the wilds, he had had some trouble or other, in Tangier, it might be kinder not to use his name. He was a man who gave the impression of capability, at least, and he had willing though ignorant helpers in the Arabs detailed to that service by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim.

In Sheshuan, also, was the prospective fifth wife of the Caid el-Hadj, to whom he was to be married in another six weeks. A very old girl, he said; possibly seventeen, which is past the marrying age for most mountain women. The hadj left me with a group of Riffi officers while he paid a courtesy visit to the father of his intended.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

We returned to Targhzuit that night, the hadj and I. Raisuli was not at Sheshuan, as we had known before he went; but many of his wives and slaves were. I was undecided whether to go back to Targhzuit or go on to Tazarut, where the imprisoned sherif still lay, waiting for some kind of conveyance to be invented for him. We learned at Sheshuan, however, that a box had been contrived, and that the sherif would be on his way to Targhzuit probably the next day. It seemed better then to await him there, where M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim's friendliness might assist in arranging a conversation with him.

Back in the house of the Bashaw of Targhzuit that night, over the steaming tea, the Caid el-Hadj was expansive in the manner of a traveler resting after a five hours' ride. It was as good a time as any to hear his story in some connected form; I had been piecing it together for weeks, wondering what surge of tide or force of unexpected storm had thrown him up here to spend his life among a people so different from his own. He was friendly and confiding, the hadj; I was the first Christian he had seen in months, barring those twenty-three German deserters from the

THE SHOULDERS OF ATLAS

Spanish Foreign Legion who had been escorted to Tangier and set free the month before. And from them, I could well believe, the hadj had had many reservations.

He did not require over-much urging. After all, his recital was one which appealed to his determinedly romantic spirit; he could dramatize himself all he pleased within the rigid limits of the truth, and still risk no overstatement. It would be useless to try to tell his story exactly as he did; his speech was so polyglot, so indifferently compounded of German and French and Arabic, that it would not bear representation in English at all. He was one of those people who can chatter a sentence composed of a main clause in German, with dependent clauses in French and Arabic, and explanatory phrases, here and there, in very bad Italian, English, or Spanish. His manner of speaking lent a certain nimble charm to his conversation, and indicated the patchiness of the experience which had produced him.

He finished his tea, lit a surreptitious pipe of the forbidden hashish, and began.

CHAPTER VIII

ROBIN HOOD

IT would be wrong to suppose that I am only a transient visitor, a soldier of fortune, a Wandering Jew compelled to go on forever from one world to another. I am happy here. I have my family: three wives and a son in the Rif, a wife and son in the Beni Warrenne, and another wife at Sheshuan in a few weeks. I have three horses and five mules, and so long as the sultan rules in this country—which will be a long time, *Inshallah*—I shall have everything I need or want. I have forgotten Germany—well, almost. I am a Mohammedan, and a devout one. This is my country now, and I shall never leave it. My children will know that I was once a Christian, but that is all they need to know. I have no desire ever to see Germany again.

“Still, it was beautiful, the Rhineland, when I

ROBIN HOOD

was younger. I suppose the war has changed many things; but it cannot change the river, and it cannot change the hills. Cologne was a city then; sometimes I think of Cologne, of course; there is that Johannisberger at Wiesel's, and there were other things . . . certain girls, perhaps. At any rate, I lived in Düsseldorf and Cologne, as I told you, until I was twenty.

"As I look back on that part of my life it seems too stupid to be true. Yet then it was all there was to the world; my ambition was to have a good wine business in Cologne and a steady, sensible girl from the town for my wife. I never thought of Morocco, or Africa, or the deserts or the mountains; I doubt if I knew such places existed. I was of the *petite bourgeoisie*, you know. It was a small life, nice enough in its way; my family had lived it for centuries, never wandering from Cologne and Düsseldorf. Perhaps I did not tell you my real name. Klems, Joseph Klems of Düsseldorf.

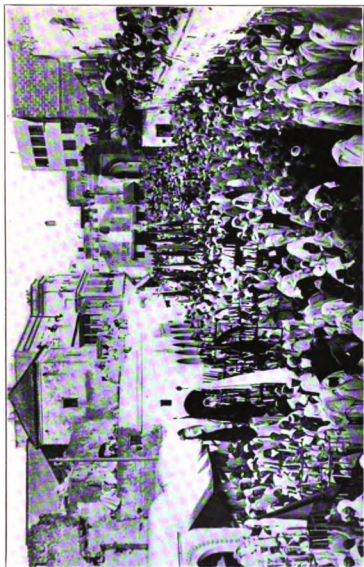
"When I was twenty, something happened. As it is always when we are twenty, this had to do with a woman. Well, there is no harm in telling it now; before the war it would have been

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

very bad for me, because it meant that I was evading military service. She was an actress, a singing actress; I met her in Cologne. And I ran away with her to Paris, with a police permit which nobody had any reason to believe would do me any good after three months were up. That was . . . let me see . . . in 1907. I have never been back to Germany since.

"That woman was a very bad woman. Or maybe she was not; maybe she was only a Christian woman. I have almost forgotten; perhaps all Christian women are like that, really. But my mother was not, I know. This was a Christian woman in the sense that when she was tired of me, she left me at once, and went off with another man. No Arab woman would ever do that, or even think of leaving a man unless she was sent away. That is why I like Arab women better than Christian women.

"She left me, hardly a month after we arrived in Paris. We were living in a little hotel up toward Montmartre, and I was paying all the expenses with my own money. I had a little, you know, from my grandfather. But she found a rich man. She was Hungarian; I think even



International Newreed

CELEBRATING THE PROPHET'S BIRTHDAY

ROBIN HOOD

among Christian women the Hungarians are a little worse than the others, perhaps.

“Then I did not know what to do. I was in love. So I went to Marseilles, and took a boat going to Constantinople. In Constantinople, on account of the German military service, I was very careful; I do not mind saying that I used a false name and false papers. There I entered the employ of a company of Europeans, English and French, who bought rugs and other Oriental things from farther east, and for two years I was in Persia and Afghanistan. When I came back to Constantinople I was fairly rich—no matter how; people make money in a lot of ways. I went back to France then; only, instead of going to Paris direct I stopped in Monte Carlo, where I lost all my money. Every sou. I did not have any money at all, but it did not matter. It never matters very much, anyway; one can always get money somehow.

“I got it. There was a very kind but rather stupid old Englishman there . . . but no matter. I went on up to Paris, and lived there for a year. It is what you call in English living by your wits. Most people who do it have no wits,

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

and do not live very well, I think; but I was not witless, and I did not starve. It was in 1911 that I left Paris and traveled down, through Spain, to Tangier. I liked Tangier, and went on farther, to Rabat and Fez. Then, in 1912, after the French protectorate was proclaimed in Morocco, I took service under the French as an ordinary infantryman.

"This was at a time when I was out of money; but that was not the only reason. I had seen enough of Morocco to know that the country appealed to me more than France or Germany or Spain or any of the other countries I knew. The French did not care any more for Germans then than they do now, but I was recommended as a German who had evaded his military service to Germany. It did not matter to them that I had not intended to evade my service, but had been dragged into evading it by a woman.

"I served under the French for eight years, from 1912 to 1920. And by 1920 I was a lieutenant in the Foreign Legion. You may say that it was unnatural of me to fight in Morocco for France while France was fighting my own country in Europe; but I had been away from Ger-

ROBIN HOOD

many so long that all that meant very little to me. And so long as one fights, does it matter very much whom, or why? Unless there is a personal feeling, of course. . . . This period of service for France did something for Germany, too. I do not mean that I was a spy; I have never been a spy. But my eight years' service in the French Army did one thing: it made me an enemy of the French.

"For this the French are to blame, not I. I fought very loyally for France; it is my nature to fight whole-heartedly for any cause I make mine. I fought the Berber tribes of the Sus, and I fought the Bedouins of the Sahara; I was in all the engagements of 1917 against Abd el-Malek, to the north, and it never occurred to me to try to betray the French, who had, I thought, become my friends.

"But toward the end of the war they regarded me with suspicion and loaded me with half-insults. I had risked my life for them thousands of times, but that meant nothing. Often, I could tell, some of the officers could hardly keep from calling me "Boche," only because I was born in Germany. After the war it became far worse;

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

their arrogance was insufferable. I was in the Sahara until 1920, and in constant action I had little time to think of this; but when I came back to the north in that year, and was posted on the border, it became unbearable. My hatred of the French grew almost beyond limits then; I was holding myself only until an occasion should make it reasonable to do my best against them. The occasion presented itself.

"It was at a little dinner in Fez, and a certain captain—my superior officer in the Foreign Legion, and a Frenchman—got drunk and called me a Boche. I knocked him down, and got out before the guards came to arrest everybody in the *mêlée*.

"I rode directly back to my post, arriving at about dawn the next morning. Then I proceeded to take all the money there was at post headquarters, rifling the place thoroughly. Putting on the Arab clothes I had often worn in little excursions into native life, I started for the hills. I knew every inch of those hills, for I had mapped them a dozen times, and had fought over them against the marauding Beni Warrenne. I knew the last sentry post which had to

ROBIN HOOD

be avoided, and was well on my way by noon.

"It was while I was in the Beni Warrenne country that I was captured. I was afoot, and had hoped to avoid the notice of any Beni Warrenne tribesmen until I could reach a village and explain myself to the local sheik. But a group of eight or ten of the Beni Warrenne, out looking for straggling or scouting Frenchmen, got me neatly enough, stuck me on a horse behind one of them, and rode for the nearest village.

"At that time I could speak very little Arabic, and not a word in the corrupt dialect of the Beni Warrenne and their kindred of the border. I could not talk to these men well enough to make them understand anything, so I did not try. They were happy to have come up with me; they seemed to feel they had done a good day's work, especially after they had searched me and found my money. When they made that search they discovered another thing; I had kept my whole French uniform on underneath my Arab clothes. At this, it seemed, they were more than ever jubilant.

"The village was one of these groups of mud huts with an open space in the middle. They

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

beat drums—for the Beni Warrenne are as savage as possible, and not really Mohammedan or Arab in the civilized sense—and got all the men and women of the village out. I was bound hand and foot and left there while all the old crones began digging a hole in the middle of the cleared ground.

“I watched them idly for a while, but presently it became clear what they meant to do: they were going to bury me alive. They were eager to have me realize it, turned me so that I could watch them work, and pointed at the growing hole and then at me, chuckling happily. I lay there perhaps half an hour, almost suffocated already by the prospect. There seemed to be nothing to do. I could not move; even if I had been able to use my arms, and they had not taken my revolver, they would have been too many for me. That is perhaps the only moment in my life when I experienced what you could call despair.

“The hole in the ground was deep enough to hold five men when suddenly I saw that something unexpected was happening: the men of the village were standing in a little group to one side of the open space, arguing with one another.

ROBIN HOOD

"Then I realized something of which I had only been half-conscious before. There was an old woman squatting close to me, and she had been making small clucking noises for the past fifteen or twenty minutes. I looked at her more closely, and could tell that she was friendly; the clucking noises were friendly too, and it was plain that she wanted to encourage me. It might be only a trick, I thought, to increase the shock of the end, and to make me cry out and beg for mercy. I closed my eyes and waited, not daring to hope, and trying to think of nothing. In a few minutes the old woman began loosening my bonds. I opened my eyes and struggled to my feet, while the men of the village stood in a disgruntled circle about me. The women who had dug the grave for me were now filling it up again. They looked anything but pleased.

"One of the men in the circle about me was a sheriff, judging from his white robes; he smiled at me encouragingly, and when my arms and legs were finally unbound motioned me to follow him. He was an old man with a beard nearly white, and he must have been a man of tremendous power over his fellow-villagers, for undoubtedly

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

he had saved me. It was months later that I heard the full story, and learned how hard he had had to fight for my life. He had engaged himself to take me as a slave if they would allow it.

"The sherif had the largest house in the village, and the old woman who had sat near me while he argued with the villagers was his eldest wife. He had two others, neither of them young; but he had also in the *haremluk* a very lovely daughter, a girl of about fifteen, whom I saw that same day for the first time.

"I was given food and drink, and lodged with the two men who kept the sherif's flocks and worked in his garden. On the next morning I was circumcised and made Mohammedan. They taught me their prayers; it was very easy, for I knew most of them already, and the Arabic of the prayers is the same in every country. After circumcision I was called Hassan, but I did not keep the name long.

"For I must tell you that I have an ease with languages, and that within three weeks I could talk with the Beni Warrenne as fluently as I can talk with you. And when I could talk, I

ROBIN HOOD

told them my whole story, and urged them on to more raids against the French. They were simple folk, and had never been outside their own tribe; they believed me to be a very widely traveled person, and called me therefore 'el-Hadj,' or the Pilgrim. Of course, in any but the most ignorant Arab tribes the word 'hadj' is used only for the holy men who have made the pilgrimage to Mecca; but to the Beni Warrenne anybody who has been outside their hills has been to Mecca. After I had explained to them that Germany was a great tribe and an enemy of the French, they were friendly toward me, and it was only a question of time until I should cease doing shepherd's or woman's work and go out with the men on their raids.

"This mark of confidence was delayed by an effort on my part to avert a certain hideous occurrence. A young French officer—he was not more than twenty-two—was captured and brought in one day, and of course condemned to die. I could not prevent this: I was not armed, and I had no influence. But when I saw how the young Frenchman was to die, I could not restrain myself. They took him out to an open

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

space at the foot of a near-by hill and dug his grave. But it was the shape of the grave which struck horror into me. It was about five feet deep and only three feet across. They were going to bury him standing up. He was a boy with a fine face, and I was glad he kept his eyes closed. I did not know him, but I could not have borne his eyes on me.

"Then they put him in the grave, with his head well above it, and filled in the earth all around. There were thirty or forty of them, and only one of me, but I made up my mind to try to dig him out when night came. The plan would never have worked anyway, I suppose, as some of the bloodthirsty women would have been sure to be sitting there to watch his tortures all night long. But I was not able to try even that; for after he had been buried to the neck the women brought a great bowl of thick brown honey and poured it over his head.

"In a flash I saw how he would be tortured before he could die . . . the long hours in that scorching sun, the insects and the animals. I suppose I went mad. I struck out at them, knocking down three or four of the tribesmen, and

ROBIN HOOD

made for the grave. But in a moment they had me, ten or fifteen of them at once! I know I made a good fight of it; I had grabbed a stick, and belabored them well for a while, but they only had to make a rush and I was down. They took me back to the sheriff's house, where I was tied hand and foot and left in a room guarded by the sheriff himself.

"I do not think that kind old man wanted the captured French youth to die such a horrible death. But he could do nothing, either. It was only through the greatest good fortune for me that he was not compelled to give me up, too, to such a death, after having paid a good amount in money and goats for me.

"Five or six days I was kept there, bound. The sheriff fed me. Oftenest it was his daughter who brought in the tea-kettle and coals when he wanted to make tea. I used to imagine I could hear the screams of the young French officer in his agony; but I suppose it was not true. He was not near the village; and perhaps they had taken pity on him and killed him the first or second day. At the end of the week I was allowed to get up again and work.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"I told the sherif that I wished to take active service against the French. About two weeks after the death of the young French officer I was given a horse—one of the sherif's—and rode with the men of the Beni Warrenne for the first time in a night raid. It was a raid on a very small French blockhouse, where only eight men were stationed. We captured the blockhouse and killed all the defenders. It was not a very glorious exploit, but it was my first against the French, and I do not mind saying that I enjoyed the thrill of gratifying my hatred. You must not think that I am soft-hearted because I could not endure the idea of a Frenchman's being buried alive with jackals eating his head; that revolted me only because it was fiendishly cruel. In actual fight I like to kill people, especially Frenchmen.

"From then on I rode in every raid with the Beni Warrenne. Sometimes we raided the villages of Arabs within the French zone, killing many men and carrying off their women, if they had any good ones, or their mules if they had not. We tried particularly to intercept French convoys and capture French stragglers, and in two

ROBIN HOOD

or three months I had distinguished myself sufficiently to be acknowledged as a leader among the Beni Warrenne. This was because I could ride as well as any of them, and shoot better; and because I knew the French routine so well that I could always tell the best time and manner for attack.

"I had been in the Beni Warrenne for about four months when I married the daughter of the old sherif and became the recognized chief of my section of the tribe.

"The daughter of the sherif was a beautiful little creature of about fifteen, with great brown eyes and a *Rosenknospe* mouth. She was in love with me, of course, from the time I came into the house! Arab girls are always in love with the first stranger they see. She was my first Arab wife, and I learned much from her. She held her beauty remarkably well, too; when I saw her last she was eighteen years old and had had a baby, but was still very pretty. Generally one or two years of married life is enough to make an old crone out of any ordinary *Arabiya*.

"The sherif became very fond of me, and as his daughter was his only child he gave her, for the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

wedding portion, a large flock of sheep and goats, four mules, and a house. I have said that he was accounted a rich man.

“With this marriage I was established as the Sheik el-Hadj, and the part of my life which you have heard about began. I had kept my French uniform, as you know; and sometimes at night I would make my way across the hills to one or the other of the French posts, while the officers were at dinner. I wore my Arab clothes until I had safely crawled past the sentries, of course. Then, in some convenient dark corner, I would remove them and walk boldly out in my French lieutenant’s uniform. No ordinary poilu who saw me would ever question me; much less an Algerian conscript or Moroccan so-called ‘volunteer.’

“In my uniform I was able to make the rounds of the officers’ quarters, collecting automatic revolvers, a rifle or two, or anything else of value which might be found. It was my custom to scrawl on a piece of paper, ‘El-Hadj Alemán’ (the German Pilgrim) and leave it prominently displayed. Leisurely, then, I could put on my Arab clothes and make my back to the village.

ROBIN HOOD

I must have done this twenty times at least in the course of two years.

“Also, when I burned a French house or succeeded in any other enterprise against the French, I made sure to put my name on the work: ‘El-Hadj Alemán.’ Thus when we left the bodies of nine Frenchmen on the road once, after surprising and taking off a small convoy of supplies, I ticketed their sergeant with my name. There is no doubt that the Frenchmen of the border know the name of the Hadj Alemán!

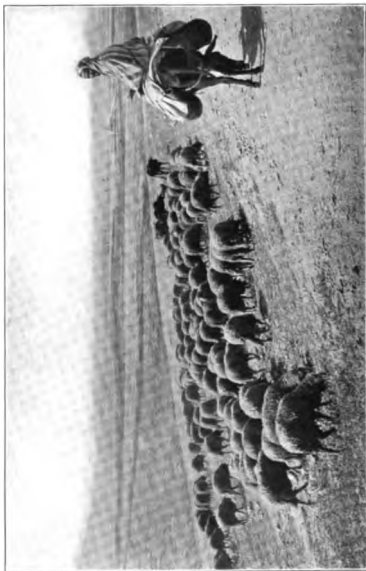
“But I also saved the lives of several Frenchmen in that time. I have told you that I would kill without mercy in a fight, even if the enemy is much less numerous. I have no sentiment about that. But it seemed to me very foolish to kill every captured Frenchman, when so many of them could be put to better uses. I have never approved of burying alive or of any torture before death, and I have never believed in castrating the captured. At first, as you have seen, I was unable to do anything; but when I became the Sheik el-Hadj, I could and did. The Frenchmen you saw at Adjdir, the two deserters Said and Abdallah, owe their lives to me; I persuaded

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the Beni Warrenne to let me take them as servants. Said, unfortunately, was castrated; I could not prevent that. Toward the end of my leadership of the Beni Warrenne every French captive was questioned by me; if he was a deserter and did not wish to return to the French, his life was spared and he was put to work. If he was a straggler only and did not mean to desert to us he was shot.

"Sometime in the winter of 1921-22 I left the Beni Warrenne for two months and made my way clear across French Morocco to the Sahara. This is considerably more of an exploit than you imagine: I had no papers of any kind, and should have been shot out of hand if the French authorities had ever caught me. Of my work in the Sahara you have no doubt also heard. I tried to do all possible harm to the French by organizing raids and telling the Bedouins that the fighting was going very much against France in the north. I did good service, I think. It lasted almost a year.

"Then I returned to the Beni Warrenne, after another of those dangerous trips across the French zone. The tribesmen were glad to have



Holmes from Gallenay

A MOROCCAN SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLOCK

ROBIN HOOD

me back; my experience always gave the Beni Warrenne a greater probability of success than they would have had under another leader. This time I stayed with them six months, marauding on the French frontier, and taking care to leave my label wherever it was possible, so that the French should know whom to thank.

"Rumors had been coming in, month after month, of the successes of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim against the Spanish in the Rif. It was difficult to tell what was true and what was not, for all we had in the Beni Warrenne were occasional visiting sherifs or caids from the north, who told such fantastic stories that we knew they could not all be true. One story, I remember, was that Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim with fifty followers had massacred six thousand Spanish troops at Azib el-Midar. Absurd, of course, but the kind of thing that is believed across the hills.

"I made up my mind to leave the Beni Warrenne. It would be necessary to do this secretly, for they did not want me to leave them again and were a little watchful of me now. I sold my flocks, in a quiet way, and got together some money in Spanish silver, which would be useful

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

later on. It affected me somewhat, I admit, to leave my wife, who was still pretty and had a little son; but she was, after all, only one woman, and I made no doubt there were prettier women in the Rif.

"One night I got away, just before dawn, with my horse and what few valuables I possessed, three rifles, two automatics, and some ammunition. I struck out for the Wergha country, reached the Beni Zeroual, and there was captured again. This time, however, I had less difficulty. I could speak Arabic fluently enough to say that I was a former Christian officer, now a devout Mohammedan, who wanted to take service under Abd el-Krim. The Beni Zeroual were then, as they are now, divided between those who recognize our sultan and those who recognize the French Government's sultan, but they were sympathetic because they believed that sooner or later, when he had disposed of the Spanish, Abd el-Krim would descend upon this part of the country and begin war on the French. They only took all my money, arms, and ammunition. Then they sent me on with a guide to Adjdir.

"At Adjdir I was received by the sultan. I

ROBIN HOOD

believe that was in or about November, 1923. (Of course I have lost track of the Christian months, pretty completely.) Abd el-Krim questioned me shrewdly on my whole past, and drew out of me about everything there was to confess. He saw me ride; he saw me map the country surrounding Ait Kamara, and he tried me out on a chemical analysis. Then he gave me a chance to take photographs, and saw that I was proficient in photography. In the end—it took him about three weeks to decide—he made me a caid in his own guards, with special functions as topographer.

“When the sultan decided to trust me, he was generous. He does not always—indeed, not often—trust deserters; but when he does, it is to the deserters’ good. He immediately gave me a wife, a mule, and a house, so that I had a real home in the Rif. The house is at Adjdir, and that wife now has two companions in the harem. One of these, Fat’ma—two of my wives are named Fat’ma, as half of all Arab women are—has a son, whom I have called Mohammed. She is very pretty and very good, the little Fat’ma, and she weaves very well. The clothes I wear

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

are made by her; the cloth was woven by her. She makes good rugs, too. I have not been at home since September, when I joined the sultan's brother M'hammed here on the western front; but I have no uneasiness about my family. Adjdir is much safer for women and children than Paris or Berlin. My son will grow up to be a real Riffi, I hope, and shall never go outside this country, to learn the evil ways of what you call civilization.

"Here on the western front I have been chiefly map-making. You need not think it is a tame job to be making maps after a career spent chiefly in fighting; map-making is much more dangerous and a good deal more exciting than fighting, because it demands solitary reconnaissance, which I do myself. I mapped the Spanish post at Dar Ben Karisch, near Tetuan, from a place not five feet away from a Spanish machine-gun nest. I have mapped every inch of the present Spanish front, along the Zinat-Tetuan line, and you may believe me that it was exciting work.

"And that is how I come to be here. But as for why I stay . . . well, this is my place. There

ROBIN HOOD

is very little left for any man to do in Christian civilization if he wants excitement, pleasure, or happiness. The only world fit for a man to live in is the Mohammedan world. Germany? *Herr Gott!* I am a Riffi, and my children shall be Riffi, and Germany is only a lesson I learned in my childhood. I have outgrown the lesson, and all the other lessons of the Christians—may Allah be praised!”

CHAPTER IX

ER-RAISULI

A SOUND of shouting came up the side of the mountain. Through the village lanes the women were hurrying, forgetful of their kitchens and their goats. Everybody in Targh-zuit was moving riotously, good-naturedly toward the parade-ground.

The Caid el-Hadj, breathless and excited, appeared at the house of the bashaw.

"Kommen Sie, schnell!" he bellowed, sticking his head in at the door. *"Es ist der Raisuli!"*

We reached the parade-ground with the others. The guards of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim were drawn up across the open space, at ease, waiting. The crowd trickled on behind them, where a brief plain ended in the mountain's slithering slope.

The caid and I made our way to the edge of the slope, where, looking down, we could see a

ER-RAISULI

curious caravan marching upward slowly enough, while the gathering above them shouted greetings and cheers.

They reached us soon, and passed on to the parade-ground. First came a detachment of twenty Riffi regulars, with their orange and green felt turbans and their uniform short brown djeellabas. They had straggled on the mountainside, but formed again when they reached the top, and passed us with regular tread.

After them came the contrivance which carried Raisuli. It was a huge square box of wood, with a pole extending from each of its four corners. Each pole rested on the shoulders of four men, so that sixteen men in all bore the weight of the box. Inside, on a pile of rugs and cushions, lay the sherif himself.

He was lying on his haunches, half turned to the right, with his elbows supporting the upper part of his body. He was bloated beyond human semblance, from the dropsy which had victimized him these four years past. His face was hidden under the folds of his turban, drawn tightly across; only his furious beady little eyes, darting angrily from side to side, gave hint of life under

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the white mass of his robes. Beneath the fold of the turban across his face protruded the tip of his beard, dyed a brilliant red.

This was the "Prince of the West," Mulay Ahmed ben Absalem ber Raisul. He did not in any sense decorate his significance. The blood of the Prophet flowed in those sluggish veins, and the heritage of Arabia. Proud life through centuries; the conquest of lands flung over many continents; the power and the glory. The almond-trees on this mountain had blossomed for him twelve hundred years ago and every year with the early spring of Africa. At birth he held his world in his grasp. Not a very large world, to be sure, but his world nevertheless. Allah spread gifts extravagantly under the palms of his feet; there was nothing refused him. Fountains played in his palace at Tangier; the fairest daughters of Araby brought youth and beauty to his bed; swords were made to defend him. And there he was—God help him!—muffled like a dead pig in aspic, waiting to be carved. They might cheer all they pleased; here was, no less, an End.

After the sherif rode four women, erect and

ER-RAISULI

disdainful, upon Spanish mules. These might be the beauties of his harem; they were formless and featureless behind their veils. Three black eunuchs, impassive on their mules, rode behind them. The black men bore rifles under their arms, ready to shoot; they were loyal defenders of their master's house. After them came seventeen pack-mules laden with rugs, cushions, garments, jewels, precious woven stuffs from the palace at Tazarut.

The procession was closed by a further detachment of regulars from the Rif, green-turbaned.

The Caid el-Hadj and I followed it, with the rest of the people of the village. On the parade-ground the company of M'hammed's guards stood at attention, and the guards of the Sherif Raisuli disbanded. Two officers advanced and led the way for the litter-bearers, down the lane to a mud hut not ten feet away from my own. Here the improvised litter was lowered to earth, and the women dismounted from their mules. A group of officers who had arrived from headquarters began urging all the crowding men and women to go away so that the sherif would not

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

be embarrassed in his journey from the litter to the house—a distance of four feet.

The people departed one by one, and the Caid el-Hadj and I with them. A detachment of Riffi guards had arrived and surrounded the hut of the sherif; under their eyes alone Raisuli was removed from the litter to the house. I do not know, but I suppose it must have taken eight or ten men to carry his enormous weight that little distance.

It had been tentatively agreed that I should be permitted to talk with the prisoner; M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim had gone so far, but did not wish to force an unnecessary interview on the old sherif if the latter proved unwilling. The hadj and I went to M'hammed's headquarters, where we found Sidi Hassan deep in conference concerning the program of Raisuli's journey across the mountains to the Rif. Sidi Hassan promised to do his best for me; he thought that by sunset the conversation might be arranged.

I went back to the bashaw's house to wait. Raisuli seemed at that moment a magic figure; what I thought I could get out of him, I do not now know. But he was so completely a symbol

ER-RAISULI

of the passing order in the northern mountains that it became almost essential to form some picture of his mind in its final phase, staring at disaster. What would he make of it? What, indeed, could he make of it, with only a career of undeviating triumph to shape his attitude? His long life might have taught him many things, but it certainly could not have taught him how to bear disgrace, ruin, imprisonment, death. . . .

All that the Arabs knew of Raisuli was little. He was born in Tetuan perhaps seventy years ago. There were those who said he was eighty or ninety years old; but this could not be. He was probably in his late sixties. His father, Absalem ber Raisul, was one of the great sherifs of the North, who obeyed and respected the sultan at Fez when he wanted to and disobeyed when he pleased. Mulay Ahmed—our Raisuli, the third who has been so called—received no education whatever beyond the necessary training in knowledge of the Koran, horses, and women. At the age of twenty years he was lord of the tribesmen of the Beni Arous and overlord of the Beni M'sua, Beni Hassen, and others in the Djebala, with a territory which extended up to the begin-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ning of the Angera country, facing Gibraltar. At thirty his control was absolute over the whole western Moroccan mountain region, including part of the Angera country; his father was dead, and Raisuli had extended his domain.

This Raisuli was no believer in law or order, ever; he was probably the last of the true Barbary pirates, running a whole fleet of feluccas on the Mediterranean and Atlantic coasts for the purpose of obtaining what could be obtained in the way of goods, money, or prisoners. Prisoners fell into two categories: those who were good for ransom, and those who were not. Those who were not good for ransom were generally killed at once, but some were saved for slavery.

War or rebellion never dismayed Mulay Ahmed ben Absalem ber Raisul. It was said of him that until recent years he was never at peace with his neighbors and vassals; but he lost nothing through tribal warfare. At the beginning of the twentieth century he ruled as far south as the domain of the Sherif of Wazann, his nearest great feudal rival.

His palaces were in Tetuan, Tangier, Arzila, Larache, Zinat, Sheshuan, and Tazarut. He had

ER-RAISULI

a passion for lordly Moorish edifices rich with mosaic and surrounded with stately gardens. Every addition to his wealth added some treasure to his store; for he seems to have possessed a genuine, if barbaric, love of the beautiful. His record in wives alone would prove that, without those exquisite palaces which will long be the pride of northern Morocco. . . .

During his most famous episode of brigandage, when he kidnapped Ion Perdicaris from Tangier and held him for ransom, he had a brief appearance on the larger stage of the world, where he cut as pretty a figure as any statesman or criminal, politician or motion-picture star. One may doubt if he ever realized the extent of the damage done then or afterward to interests he had never considered, or had, indeed, never recognized as existing. It was then that Theodore Roosevelt (or John Hay; accounts differ) sent that somewhat celebrated ultimatum: "We want Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." The American, French, and British fleets steamed into Tangier, the Sultan of Morocco—Abd el-Aziz—was threatened with direst punishment if he did not produce Perdicaris, and as a result

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

paid the ransom and retrieved the American Greek prisoner.

But the significant point about the episode is that Raisuli was neither frightened nor hurried; he had captured the wealthy American for ransom, and he surrendered him when, and only when, the ransom was paid. Probably he never even heard of President Roosevelt's message, and would not have cared if he had heard. No Sultan of Morocco was powerful enough to read lessons to Raisuli.

He had other profitable ventures into the ransoming department of piracy. One was with the Kaid Sir Harry Maclean, Scottish military instructor to the Sultan Abd el-Aziz. Another was with Walter Harris, the Tangier correspondent of the London "Times," a man of singular talents and influence in Morocco and a friend of successive sultans. The Sultans Abd el-Aziz and Hafid had excellent reasons for distrusting and fearing Raisuli; at any time one of his pirating feluccas might swoop down on the beach at Tangier, gather up a person of importance, and spirit him off to prison in the mountains while the powers of Europe and America thundered terror into

ER-RAISULI

the hearts of the powerless sherifian rulers at Fez.

The coming of Spain into northern Morocco, under the Protectorate Proclamation of 1912, marked the end of one phase of Raisuli's activities and the beginning of another. He wasted some time in resisting the Spanish advance, but soon discovered that it would be vastly more profitable to aid it. Raisuli was in every respect a Moorish gentleman of the old school; it mattered exceedingly little to him what happened to that agglomeration called Morocco, so long as events turned to profit for the Sherif of the Djebala. And Spain's advance was Raisuli's profit; the Spanish generals can be very open-handed when they please. It is the glory of General Berenguer that he occupied the Djebala in 1920 with little organized resistance, flying the flag of Spain from Sheshuan and building that excellent Sheshuan-Tetuan military road; it is less to his credit, perhaps, that he effected these triumphs largely through the agency of Raisuli, on a pay-as-you-enter basis.

Raisuli's subsidy from the Spanish Government was in 1920-21 sixteen million pesetas, or,

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

at present rates, more than two million dollars; in addition he received aid, when he needed it, in destroying dangerously important neighbors, in rebuilding and redecorating his palaces, and in assuming the harmless, necessary mantle of respectability.

Respectability became a necessity with Raisuli only in his later years, when his enormous wealth made the machinery of Christian economics useful to him. Banks, for example: he found it safer and more profitable to deposit his funds in the Bank of British West Africa, the *Crédit Lyonnais*, and the *Banco de Bilbao* at Tangier, the three great European banking-houses. The old bandit had no particular confidence in such institutions at first, but when, on the advice of his Spanish friends, he tried them, he discovered that they not only were too foolish to steal his money but actually paid interest on it. His respect for Christian intelligence certainly suffered, but nevertheless he did deposit the largest share of his fortune in Tangier and Madrid.

It was through one of the Tangier banks that he negotiated the purchase of the great palace of Mulay Hafid in Tangier, the show place of the



William Thompson

LUXURY AND MAGNIFICENCE TYPICAL OF MOORISH PALACES

ER-RAISULI

whole country. A more exquisite example of sherifian taste than this palace does not exist. It is a jewel-like structure of marble and mosaic set in a garden like the paradise of Mohammed. No traveler ever visits Tangier without seeing the palace of the sultan; but for three years the palace of the sultan has belonged to Raisuli. I wondered what would become of it now. . . . And his other palaces: the small but beautifully decorated house at Zinat; the mysterious white house at Tetuan; the stately palace at Arzila. I remembered the Arzila palace particularly, because of the hours I had spent in it many weeks before, trying to persuade Raisuli's nephew Mustapha to smuggle me through the Spanish lines into the Djebala. Mustapha Raisuli, whom Spanish favor has made Bashaw of Arzila, is fat and stupid; but the mosaics in the arched splendor of his great reception hall made up for no end of obese imbecility.

All these things Raisuli possessed when he made his final mistake. In the summer of 1924, when Abd el-Krim began to push the war against Spain into western Morocco, he made his first overtures to Raisuli. The sherif haughtily re-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

fused to have any communication with the Riffi leader, and to every message responded with insults. Once he had the ears of one of Abd el-Krim's messengers chopped off; another time he had the messenger's beard shaved—a dastardly thing to do to any Mussulman. All this was not out of loyalty to Spain: Raisuli had never hesitated to betray Spain when it was to his advantage to do so—had indeed small cause to be loyal. Spain had received full value for her money, and the reputation for a conquest for which pesetas more than bayonets were responsible. But Raisuli's ire was aroused by the thought that any ordinary Mussulman—above all, any ordinary Riffi—with no drop of the blood of Arabia in his veins, should dare assume leadership in a movement against the Christian invader. When the troops of M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim actually entered the Djebala, after the conquest of the Wad Lau district, and besieged the Spanish in Sheshuan, Raisuli devoted his tribesmen of the Beni Arous to the Spanish cause.

Between August, 1924, and November, Raisuli lost every tribe which had acknowledged his overlordship, except his own tribe, the Beni

ER-RAISULI

Arous. They remained faithful, although they hardly knew why; Raisuli had never been an easy lord to them. The rest went over to Abd el-Krim, from the Angera across from Gibraltar to the Beni Gorfet toward the French frontier. Abd el-Krim was the new leader; Raisuli, bed-ridden through dropsy and gout, unable to get upon a horse or a mule, had little chance of retrieving his lost power.

Yet he never realized it—never, that is, until, a prisoner, he was being taken across the hills to the Rif, to stand trial for treason. To the very end he believed in his own invincibility and in the power of Spain. Even when Sheshuan fell and the last of the Spaniards were withdrawn to Tetuan, Raisuli refused to entertain the idea that Abd el-Krim could rule the Djebala, where no Riffi had ever ruled before. The Spanish wished to take Raisuli with them on their retreat; General Castro Girona offered to rescue the sherif from Tazarut and convey him to Tetuan with the army. But Raisuli refused.

After the fall of Sheshuan, Abd el-Krim summoned the aged sherif to surrender, to acknowledge the overlordship of the Rif and the sov-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

ereignty of the new sultan. Again Raisuli refused, although he was isolated in his mountain fortress of Tazarut with only about four hundred of his own tribesmen to protect him. Between the beginning of December and the end of January Abd el-Krim ten times invited Raisuli to submit. He offered the sherif a position equivalent to that of governor of the whole Djebala, knowing full well that Raisuli could never again govern anything. Each time Raisuli refused, with more and more pointed insults.

Finally the Riffi sultan's patience was exhausted; he ordered his brother M'hammed to proceed with the siege and capture. Detachments of Riffi troops had been posted around Tazarut for the preceding month, interrupting all communication between Raisuli and the coast. The operation now demanded was straight battle. The Bashaw of Targhzuit, the owner of the house in which I lived, was sent with an additional four hundred men to take command.

The assault began about midnight on January 24th and continued until about eight o'clock on the morning of January 25th. Raisuli's tribesmen were valorous enough, and excellently

ER-RAISULI

equipped by the Spanish; but they were greatly outnumbered, and when after a night of desultory fighting the Bashaw of Targhzeit ordered a rush for the walls, Tazarut fell easily into the hands of the Riffi. Raisuli had been unable throughout the night to leave his bed; the bashaw went direct to him there, and demanded his sword. The sherif took the weapon from a eunuch and gave it to the Bashaw Hassan, then, without speaking, covered his face with a fold of his turban. Since then no person had seen his whole face, and for four days he had neither eaten nor spoken.

The Caid el-Hadj stood in the doorway.

"We are permitted to speak with the sherif," he said. "Or, rather, we are permitted to try. I do not know whether or not he will talk."

The house of Raisuli was surrounded by green-turbaned regulars from the guard of Abd el-Krim, and the curious loitered at a distance, peeking unavailingly. We passed the guards with a word, and went through the courtyard of the house to a room at the farther side. The house was in all respects like my own, a mud hut

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

of greater dimensions than most, built about a yard wherein the goats and chickens would be harbored in another hour. At the door of Raisuli's room a great black eunuch stood with his rifle at his shoulder, keeping guard. He did not want to let us pass, but the Caid el-Hadj spoke peremptorily. The eunuch turned before us and dashed into the room, to the far corner by the bath-stone. Entering, we saw what had aroused his loyal activity.

When Raisuli was captured and the conveyance was contrived for his journey to the Rif, Abd el-Krim had given orders by telephone that the sherif be permitted to take with him any four wives he chose, as well as three personal slaves and whatever jewelry, clothing, cushions, or rugs he desired. Raisuli had been true to himself in choosing the four youngest wives of his harem of forty-one. One girl was not more than fourteen at the most; the eldest of the four was about eighteen. And these were the reason for the eunuch's sudden flight.

The women were standing in a little frightened group in one corner of the room, unveiled and without their disfiguring over-robcs of white

ER-RAISULI

wool. Four exquisite women, but one more exquisite than the rest: a girl slim and starry-eyed, with a great sweep of black hair falling down her back. In her cheeks was the faint pink of almond blossoms, and her glance stirred vagrant pulses as the wind stirs dead leaves. The Caid el-Hadj bent an appreciative eye upon her. It was Lalla Ayesha, of whom legend in the Djebala said many things—as that the sherif would surrender all the rest of his harem for her, and that her great weight of hair was carried by four negro slaves when she walked in the palace gardens. She was beautiful without kohl or henna, and she was going into imprisonment with the ancient bandit who was her lord.

The eunuch lost no time. The Caid el-Hadj and I were staring; it cannot be denied. The cord which generally hangs before the bath-stone was conveniently suspended across this room; the eunuch gathered up a rug from the floor and threw it over the cord, so that the women were hidden from us even as they reached frantically for their veils. All the rest of the time we were in the room we could hear them there, rustling sometimes silkenly or whispering.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

At the opposite end of the chamber, on a dais built fairly high from the floor, the Sherif Raisuli was lying in a welter of rugs and cushions richly worked in many-colored silks. His body was a huge, shapeless mass in white woolen robes, two or three of them; his turban was still lashed across his face tightly, and his head was sunk in his hands. He rested the upper part of his body on his elbows and stared at us with his little beady eyes, like the eyes of a wild pig in his native hills. His fingers wriggled sometimes from his covered face to the protruding ends of his henna-colored beard. His hands captured the imagination: long, white, delicate, like the hands of an Arab lady, henna at the nails.

He burst out furiously at us as we squatted on the floor before him.

"Why do you come to me?" he demanded. "I have said I wished to see nobody. I want nothing but to die. I have asked to die. I do not want to be the prisoner of dogs and the sons of dogs."

The Caid el-Hadj hurried through the translation of this for me, while Sidi Hassan, who had just come in, tried to calm the woulded sherifian



V. Forbin

"HARKAS AMIGAS"—NATIVE MERCENARIES FIGHTING AGAINST ABD EL-KRIM

ER-RAISULI

feelings. The hadj interjected a plea for me: I had come, he explained, to see if the sherif had anything to say for the world outside of the Djebala. Raisuli said nothing; his cruel, lady-like fingers played nervously with the ends of his beard and he looked about the room angrily. There were no slaves there to kill us for him; but it was clear that he would willingly have ordered our execution.

"The outside world can forget Raisuli," he said at last, blurting it out in rapid, crackling Arabic. "Raisuli only wishes to forget the outside world. I have asked to die and I want to die. Why do they not kill me at once? Raisuli will never be a prisoner and a slave to dogs in the place where Raisuli reigned as lord. They have taken my horse and my saddle. Let them take the rest. The Prophet will receive me in heaven."

The hadj made shift to translate this for me, with a rapidly added footnote to the effect that the sherif had been overheard mumbling in this vein for four days, whenever he spoke at all. Sidi Hassan talked soothingly again. There was a renewed silence, until I ventured to suggest that we ask him if he resented Spain's action in

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

abandoning him to the Riffi enemy. Boldly enough the hadj asked him.

"Spain? Do not say that word!" Raisuli broke forth. "The lord of the mountains served Spain. And the lord of the mountains is a prisoner. Who are these strangers who come here to taunt Raisuli? Let me tear out my beard and die."

With weak, trembling fingers he pawed at his beard.

Sidi Hassan saw how useless it would be to make any further attempt at conversation. He gave orders to prepare tea, and a slave of the house came in with the kettle and coals. Raisuli watched the preparations in silence, and then announced that the tea must be removed or given to the women. But M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim had ordered that he must eat. Sidi Hassan tried persuasion.

"Lord," he began, "you have neither eaten nor drunk for these four days."

"I do not want to eat or drink," Raisuli said. "I ask only to die."

This was the burden of his incessant refrain, but never yet had he spoken with such intensity

EL-RAISULI

of feeling; the very slave almost turned pale with horror. To Sidi Hassan also the idea was very terrible; such a will to die savored strongly of suicide, which every Mussulman knows is one of the blackest of crimes.

"It is not the will of Allah that you should die, O Lord," said Sidi Hassan, quietly. "It is written that you should live as if your life were eternal, and as if each day were to be your last. You must wait upon the will of Allah."

In the "thees" and "thous" of Arab speech—or even of the German into which it was translated—this quotation from the Koran had an Old-World persuasiveness. To live as if your life were eternal. . . . But Raisuli still refused the tea.

We sat there, then, and drank it, endeavoring from time to time to lead the sherif into conversation. He took no heed whatever, only breaking out now and then to repeat his prayer to die, to demand why they had taken his horse, and to utter maledictions against Abd el-Krim and all the Riffi race. He was an object evil, evil, evil beyond belief; everything about him, from the heavy scent he used to the henna on his nails and

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

the glint of his pig's eyes, was evil. One could hardly look at those delicate, supple fingers without thinking of their victims, the prisoners and the wives, some of whom, his people said, he had choked to death with his own hands. . . .

The scent in the room was almost insupportable, and the women behind the rug were no doubt anxious for their tea. The thought of those four slim women in a little room with a great dropsical pig, all perfume and henna and desire, was disturbing. I went away, and the Caid el-Hadj with me.

I had asked to see the sherif's horse, which would be ridden in future by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim. Now the Caid el-Hadj took me to the slope beyond the parade-ground, where the spotless white animal had been tethered for two days. And what a horse! For nearly four years the old sherif had not been able to ride, yet the animal was as lithe and beautiful as the horse of an Arab's dream. We went to headquarters, too, to see that famous saddle which it had taken so long to make, and the loss of which seemed to be one of the major grievances of the old sherif. It was made entirely of gold and gold thread, a

ER-RAISULI

richly Moorish masterpiece too heavy for any but a paragon of horses on the briefest of parades. It was a saddle as much superior to other saddles as the white horse yonder was superior to other horses, and as the white, startled girl in the hut there was superior to other girls. . . .

"What will become of her?" I asked the hadj.

"Of whom?" He plainly did not understand.

"Of the girl there—Ayesha?"

"Oh, she will go into the Rif," he answered carelessly. "Sooner or later the sherif will die, and then she will be a widow. She may return to her father, if he will have her; or she will work, in some harem, for the other women. What does it matter? To be sure, she is very beautiful, but she will be a widow."

"Can't *we* do something?"

He looked at me pityingly.

"Christian madness," he said. "That's what is the matter with you. Christian madness. What does it matter?"

A widow; making rugs or roasting chickens or perhaps at the worst taking a mule's place in the fields to pull the plow over the stony fields of the Rif. . . . Or, with the slender hands I had so

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

lately seen, beating out the dirty clothes of other, husbanded women, on the bank of some distant mountain stream. Truly, a widow is a withered branch in Islam!

CHAPTER X

THE DJEBALA

M'HAMMED ben Abd el-Krim was a thoughtful host; the night before I was to start across the Djebala to Tangier he sent me a new turban, of thin white gauze.

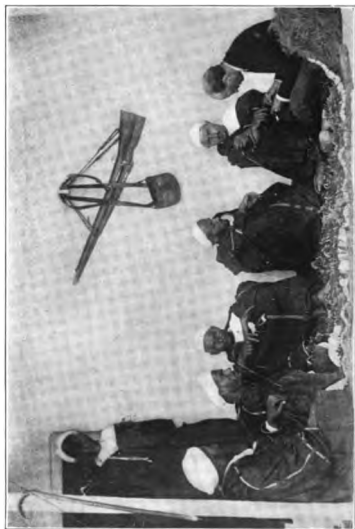
"You cannot ride across the country without a turban," said Sidi Hassan, with a look of disapproval for the wisp of rag which was the remains of my own head-dress.

And again, in his parting gift, Sidi M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim was generous. I stood beside the horse he had turned over to me for the trip, while the Caid el-Hadj and one or two of the officers gathered about with good wishes and admonitions. Sidi Hassan appeared from M'hammed's tent and motioned mysteriously. When I joined him he put an envelope into my hand, with the smile and blessing of the Arab. The envelope contained five hundred pesetas in

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

crisp notes of the Bank of Spain. Sidi Hassan appeared to be considerably pained when I refused the money. I asked him then to send it to the hospital at Sheshuan, or to divide it among the lesser officers. He promised to explain to the kindly prince that the refusal of the customary parting gift meant no offense; but still, in spite of his European education and his elegant French, Hassan himself looked puzzled. The tradition of Arab hospitality was, after all, stronger in him than the grammar and multiplication tables he had learned in Algiers.

My guide from Targhzeit was Mohammed bel Hadj, of the tribe of the Beni Boukoya, caid *el-hamsain*, or captain, in the guard of the sultan. And of all the good and simple souls in the service of Abd el-Krim, Mohammed bel Hadj must be, surely, the simplest and best. He was long and lean as an American Indian, and on horseback looked a centaur. Mohammed bel Hadj was—and I hope still is—a Riffi fighter of the best type: keen, brave, chivalrous, guiltless of cruelty or treachery or avarice, and with none of the shiftiness and indirection of the Arab. He spoke some Spanish, badly but with un-



Keystone View Co.

AN INTERVIEW WITH M'HAMMED BEN ABD EL-KRIM (SECOND FROM THE RIGHT)

THE DJEBALA

ashamed vigor. Here was a companion fit for any trail; M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim had done well by me in giving me for the journey one of his finest officers.

The Caid el-Hadj rode with us to the brow of the hill, but he had maps to make that day and could go no farther. I promised again, as we started down the mountain, to send him from Tangier an English dictionary and some photographic materials; and he, grinning amiably over his shoulder as he turned to go, shouted, "*Auf Wiedersehen!*"

Mohammed bel Hadj and I pushed on westward at a good rate, making for the Sheshuan-Tetuan road. The trail led down the cavernous gorge to the west of Targhzuit and across a series of decreasingly rocky mountains to something more like the clay-cliffed hills of the usual north-Moroccan landscape. Here we encountered a troop of horsemen making for Targhzuit.

The leader of the troop was a richly dressed, slightly plump, and exceedingly handsome Riffi, with quick, clever eyes and an air of authority. At sight of him Mohammed bel Hadj was both surprised and alarmed.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

"Sidi Abd el-Krim!" he exclaimed. "*Válgame Dios!*"

Sidi Abd el-Krim reined in his horse—a particularly high-necked and handsome animal—to look at us questioningly. After a word to Mohammed bel Hadj, he turned to me and spoke in excellent English.

"I am going to Targhzuit for instructions, rather unexpectedly," he explained. "M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim intended to send you through the Djebala to Remla, near Tangier, and expected me to be there to arrange your passage through the Spanish lines, into the city. But I am obliged to go to Targhzuit, to remain perhaps three days. Will you come back with me now, or do you want to take your chance of getting through anyway?"

Mohammed and I held a consultation, and voted to go on without Sidi Abd el-Krim's assistance. The chieftain was courteous about it, but it was evident that he thought us both a little lacking in good sense.

This Sidi Abd el-Krim was a celebrity of the first water, in northern Morocco, and had been one of the most important agents in the develop-

THE DJEBALA

ment of the Sultan Mohammed's power to the westward. His full name was Sidi Abd el-Krim bel Hadj Ali, and he was not related to the Riffi sultan whom we call Abd el-Krim. He was an educated Riffi of the Beni Boukoya, who spoke French, English, and Spanish, and had lived much in Tangier. In his youth he left the Rif for the Djebala and Tangier, and his natural talent for political intrigue made him a figure to be reckoned with in the western country.

Sidi Abd el-Krim was not, I believe, particularly trustworthy; yet in many cases he was the only person available for certain important work, and he was long the official ambassador of the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim in and near Tangier. When the English or French or Spanish wished to communicate with the great Abd el-Krim this past winter, for example, they did it through his less-known namesake. The sultan's namesake thus had opportunity to attain both power and profit; to name only one means, he had purchasing authority for the Riffi sultan in Tangier and could make a small fortune, if he pleased, dishonestly. No doubt he had done so; but still he was a great deal less of a bandit

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

than the Caid Haddu, who exercised the same functions for Abd el-Krim at the other end of the Rif, in the French zone.

Sidi Abd el-Krim bel Hadj Ali was one of the people I had been most anxious to see; in December, at Tangier, I had encountered the first evidences of his political activity, and had met an English agent of his who operated more or less openly in the international city. From the short conversation I had with him on the trail that day, I was considerably more impressed than I had expected to be; he seemed a fairly straightforward and honest kind of man, in spite of his somewhat excessive cleverness. He discussed the situation in the Djebala, and declared that the Beni M'sua (the last and most important tribe to the westward, extending to the gates of the international city) had now definitely thrown in their lot with the Riffi cause and were being trained daily by Riffi officers. He also showed me a sheaf of American automobile advertising, which he was bringing in to display to M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim. Very likely he was persuasive enough to sell the Riffi council three or four motor-cars on that trip; but how they could ever



International Newsreel

THE SPANISH RETREAT ALONG THE SHESHUAN-TETUAN ROAD

THE DJEBALA

be driven across the mountains I do not know.

Mohammed bel Hadj and I rode on to the Sheshuan-Tetuan road. To Mohammed this Sidi Abd el-Krim bel Hadj Ali was a great man, and no criticism was indicated; but to me the political chieftain we had passed seemed a disturbing phenomenon. His mental agility, his ease with languages, his enthusiastic motor-car salesmanship, represented qualities which one felt were in nowise essential to the Riffi cause. Adroit he might be, and no doubt was; but his dexterity cheapened the cause he served. Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, the breaker of Spanish heads, had been sent into the theater of war to sweep away old things, tribal barbarism, retrogression, and slavery; he was the liberator who destroyed invading foreigner and native obstructionist alike, and acquired in the doing a certain epic significance. Was Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim, in the end, destined to be superseded by this kind of energetic traveling salesman? The likelihood was pretty clear, and the desirability of it doubtful.

We struck into the Sheshuan-Tetuan road below Dar Koba, between the Holy City and the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

first Spanish post along the road. The horses had hardly gone ten feet before we came upon two or three half-naked and piteous corpses whereon the dogs and crows had been feeding.

"Foreign Legion," said Mohammed bel Hadj, pointing to the collar of one of them. He nodded a little grimly: "We shall see more," said he. "At Dar Koba and Xeruta we shall see many."

The Sheshuan-Tetuan road is an excellent military highway, built by General Berenguer when Spain's Moroccan adventure was in its heyday—that halcyon year of 1920. A great deal of water had run under the bridges since 1920. In 1920 General Berenguer and the Conde de Romanones had, between them, revived the legend of Spanish military and colonial empire. With the American colonies all gone and overseas ambitions ended forever, Romanones said, the "true future" for Spanish energies lay to the south of the strait.

So the conquest had entered its great phase—mildly great, although brief. Queen Isabel la Católica would not have called it great; but modern Spain is less exacting. The Djebala was made subject to Spain, and this road from Tet-

THE DJEBALA

uan to Sheshuan was built as the imprint of empire. As a road it was pretty good, almost as good as some of the lesser roads in French Morocco. But as a gesture it was futile. For the highway planned to show Spain's superior civilization—the "*obra civilizadora*" which all Spanish newspapers mention in discussing their shabby adventure in Morocco—had served, toward the end of 1924, for the line of march in the final and hopeless Spanish retreat.

The Spanish garrison in the Holy City of Sheshuan, besieged for months by the Riffi Army and so hard pressed that it seemed only a few days would bring surrender, was relieved by General Castro Girona's column on November 17, 1924. Then, executing the plan of a general retreat to the coast as drawn up by Primo de Rivera, Castro Girona evacuated Sheshuan and started the march to Tetuan, relieving each Spanish garrison along the way and evacuating all the posts. The road that day, three months after the last Spaniard had gone, told the story of the retreat—in forms all too easy of comprehension.

Evidently the Riffi had not molested the re-

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

treating Spaniards for the first six or seven miles of march. They were busy, themselves, entering the abandoned city. But detachments had been posted along the road to await Castro Girona's army, and fresh Riffi troops had been sent forward after the retreating Spaniards as soon as M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim was within the Holy City.

At Dar Koba we came upon the first valley of death, where the black birds flew low over the bodies of Girona's soldiers. Mohammed bel Hadj wrapped his turban tightly across the lower half of his face so that the smells were excluded; he motioned to me to do likewise, and to breathe only through the folds of gauze. In this manner we escaped some of the nausea of an old battle-field; but our poor horses reared and plunged in terror at the smell of their own kind lying half-devoured along the hillside.

Dar Koba was an important post built on the eastern side of the Sheshuan-Tetuan road, and had been evacuated with heavy losses. The Spanish generals were obliged, so they have said, to build all posts in the interior with respect to water-supply. In many cases, as here and at

THE DJEBALA

Xeruta, this belief induced them to plan fortresses in hollows commanded by the surrounding hills. Thus, when the command was given to evacuate, the men marched out in regular order and died under the fire of invisible enemies in the rocks above them. No bodies had been buried in the three months since then; the Spaniards' retreat had been too hurried and too dangerously harassed to permit of their burying their dead, and the Moors had been too busy since.

Xeruta was a still more terrible spectacle than Dar Koba. At Xeruta, surely, the incompetence of the Spanish generals was incontestable. The post was built so low that it could never have been easy to defend, even against the merest handful of enemies; and to evacuate it was virtually impossible. Here the bodies lay sometimes five and six deep, blackened and half devoured, or sometimes isolated and picked clean, with bones whitening in the brilliant African sunlight. I tried counting them as we took our way down that hillside to regain the Sheshuan-Tetuan road; but the terrified horses could not be made to cover much of the ground, and Mohammed bel Hadj did not care to linger. There were six hundred

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

bodies, or more, in that space no larger than the stately courtyard of the Ministry of War in Madrid.

Mohammed pointed out scraps of uniform here and there, with muffled explanations through the folds of his turban. Both Foreign Legion and Spanish conscripts there seemed to be, with the former a little thicker toward the west, nearer the Sheshuan-Tetuan road.

I remembered a letter which had come from a woman in Seville while I was at Adjdir. It was addressed to the "Señor General Don Abd el-Krim de los Moros," in care of the Spanish native office at Melilla, and had been sent through by the Spanish to the Riffi chief. It recited the loss or disappearance of the woman's son, one Manolo or Manolito or Pepe or Paquito, who had been in the "army in Africa," and who was nineteen years old. She wanted to know if he was a prisoner in the Rif, and what his ransom would be; she was a poor woman, she said, but a collection could be made at her parish church in the Triana quarter of Seville, to pay for her son. She inclosed the photograph of a wide-eyed Andalusian boy. I had helped Sidi Mohammahdi

THE DJEBALA

bel Hadj Hitmi try to locate the original of that photograph, but he was not among the prisoners at Adjdir. How infinitely more likely it was that he lay here, one of the shapeless things on this hillside or the next! And no doubt the woman is still waiting and writing letters, in the Triana quarter of Seville.

When we regained the road after the spectacle of Xeruta, the horses had a little respite from the smells which had unnerved them. The highway beyond Xeruta runs into a wide plain, where no shelter was afforded the Riffi troops and the retreating Spaniards were comparatively unmolested. Only an occasional body or group of bodies, lying as they had fallen at the side of the road, showed that the Riffi had not been entirely idle. Many of those who fell in the open road must have been men wounded in the relief of Dar Koba or Xeruta, who marched until they dropped. In this plain we came on some mounds to the right of the road, where, Mohammed said, the Spanish had had time to bury a few of their dead when they stopped for the night. On this plain I, straggling behind Mohammed, came suddenly upon a dog which was tearing at the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

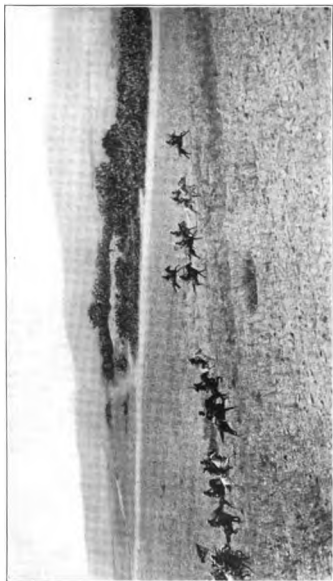
body of a Spanish soldier. It was unreasonable to shoot the animal with M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim's revolver, but there was relief in doing it. Yet undoubtedly other dogs would come afterward.

Mohammed bel Hadj, reining in his horse, waited for me.

"You waste fire," he said reprovingly. "Dogs which eat Spaniards die anyway, in a very short time."

At a ford which the Arabs call Kantara Wad Habana, on the river the Spanish call the Rio Habana, another battle resulted in the death of many Spaniards. They had stopped there for the night, on the hill beside the river, and had been killed as they came to the stream for water. And in the morning, said Mohammed emotionally—he had fought in the Sheshuan-Tetuan battles—more were killed as they formed for the day's march.

At the Suk el-Arbaa or fourth marketing-place of the Beni Hassen, a Spanish post of considerable importance had stood. It possessed not only the usual tin-roofed barracks but several civilian buildings and a very large cemetery,



Krystone View Co.

A SPANISH CAVALRY CHARGE

THE DJEBALA

which indicated that it had been a center of operations, or of attack, during the preceding summer and autumn. The cemetery housed about six or eight hundred dead, all duly buried under pitiful little crossed sticks which the women of the post, those indomitably religious camp-followers of the Spanish Army, had stuck up at their heads. The more recently buried—that is, those who died at the time of the retreat or just before the evacuation—had been, many of them, dug up by the dogs. The post was on a hilltop and straddled the Sheshuan-Tetuan road. In the road and down the slopes of the hill the dead lay in every direction. Among other things, these widely scattered bodies indicated that the garrison had become disorganized when the attack came, and had died as heroically and foolishly as is the Spanish habit.

The last battle-field I was willing to see was Wad Nakhla, within a half-day's march of Tetuan. Here the same horrible sights and smells offered their testimony to a useless sacrifice; but there was also the battered monument of a deed of Spanish heroism almost Roman in its quality. The monument was a half-wrecked armored

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

motor-car which stood over against the hill and river. In the welter of disaster we had seen that day—disaster brought on by bad generalship and evil politics—the story of the armored cars at Wad Nakhla served nevertheless to show the brave spirit of the common Spanish soldier; he can upon occasion fight as fearlessly and desperately as any in the world.

The retreating army had posted three armored automobiles ("tanks," the Arabs and Spaniards both call them, although they were not tanks) in the middle of the Sheshuan-Tetuan road at Wad Nakhla, to cover the evacuation of the garrison and the retreat of the whole force. The cars were ordered to remain until the column had formed and the march to Tetuan had begun, covering the retreating column from the rear as the flanking parties did from the sides, in the hills beside the road. They were damaged, however, and could not proceed after the rest of the army had gone on.

Long after the army had disappeared the fourteen Spanish soldiers inside the three cars continued to fire their machine-guns and rifles on the Riffi. The main body of Riffi pursuers went

THE DJEBALA

on after the Spanish Army, and a detachment remained to capture the armored cars and make their defenders prisoners. The fourteen Spaniards remained in those cars, without food or drink, for three days, firing every time the Riffi tried to capture them. They husbanded their ammunition, and were on their guard even at night. On the third day the Riffi dragged mountain cannon to the top of a hill overlooking the river bank, and sent their shot plowing through the tops of the cars. Out of the fourteen men, eight were killed and two severely wounded. Four begrimed and exhausted Spanish soldiers, too weak to walk, surrendered to the Riffi.

By order of the Riffi captain (who was Hassan, the Bashaw of Targhzuit) the company which captured the cars stood at salute when the four survivors were brought out. When the heroic four were taken as prisoners to Targhzuit, and M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim heard the story of their exploit, he ordered them to be put first on the list of prisoners to be exchanged or ransomed to the Spanish. I had seen these four men at Targhzuit, and had wondered that such dull scrub as they were could have shown

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

such dauntless spirit; but both before and afterward I heard enough of these tales to know that, however untrained and incompetent their leaders were, the common Spanish soldiers at least knew how to die unwhimperingly.

Wad Nakhla ended my exploration of the battle-grounds along the Sheshuan-Tetuan road. Mohammed bel Hadj would have gone farther in the effort to show me what the Spanish retreat had really been; he was nothing if not thorough. But I had had quite enough, and our horses were anxious to leave these desolate places. We turned to the southwest, and rode across the hills toward the spur of the Sheshuan-Tetuan road which had been built to Tazarut, the mountain fastness of Raisuli. After an hour's ride, we stopped at one of the small villages of the Beni Arous for the night.

Here, in the house of one of the village elders, there was much talk of the Sherif Raisuli. I could see what had never appeared before in the whole journey across northern Morocco: a latent hostility, or at best an unwilling friendship, for the Sultan Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim. These Arabs were too polite to talk politics until we



Underwood & Underwood

AT THE RIGHT IS DARKOUI, CAID OF THE BENI ZERO'AL, AN IMPORTANT NOMADIC TRIBE
BETWEEN THE RIF AND FRENCH MOROCCO

THE DJEBALA

had eaten; but after the meal, when they lit their hashish pipes, the old names came out again: Er-Raisuli, whom the Beni Arous called simply Mulay Ahmed, his true name, and Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim—whom they called, in European fashion, Abd el-Krim. They were not unfriendly, but they smiled slightly each time Mohammed and I referred to the Riffi leader as the "sultan." And upon Mohammed's advice, I tied my money securely inside my *bedaya* before we slept that night. These people of the Beni Arous had no reason at all to love their late feudal lord; but, after all, he was their lord, and it was inevitable that Raisuli's enemies should be their enemies.

In the morning we rode on to Tazarut, the latter part of the ride leading us over the narrow but fairly good hard road which had been built by the Spanish to serve their ally Raisuli. In the mountain village itself, overawed by the spacious white palace of Raisuli, the Riffi under the Bashaw of Targhzuit ruled as conquerors. They were not overbearing conquerors, however, and although we remained only a little more than an hour, time enough for tea and a walk over the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

palace, I saw evidences of the Riffi's effort to conciliate the newly conquered Arabs and enroll them in the service of Mohammed ben Abd el-Krim.

Raisuli's palace at Tazarut—one wing of which had been almost destroyed by Spanish bombs a few days before—was a structure huge enough, but inferior in taste and luxury to his palaces at Tangier, Arzila, and elsewhere. It contained some excellent mosaic work, but most of the valuable jewels, porcelain, rugs, embroidered cushions, and other treasures of the household had already been sent across the hills to the Riffi headquarters or taken with him by Raisuli himself. I was not allowed to descend into the famous caverns beneath the palace, where the old bandit kept his greatest treasures; but the Bashaw of Targhzuit solemnly assured me that the gold and silver stored there had amounted to sixteen million pesetas or more, according to the valuation of the Riffi chiefs. Most of Raisuli's slaves had been sent to Sheshuan, and many of the villagers and free servants had left Tazarut for other villages of the Beni Arous. What was

THE DJEBALA

left was the spectacle of a conqueror in a half-dismantled palace fortress.

Three skeletons had so far been found in the excavations which were going on underneath the palace. These—displayed, for some reason, in the courtyard—were presumably of prisoners the sherif had buried alive; one of them was certainly the skeleton of a woman, perhaps an unfaithful wife or slave. The excavations were proceeding day after day, in the hope that further treasure of precious metal or jewels would be yielded up; but so far none had been found. Meanwhile the Spanish, who had learned too late of the capture of their ancient ally, were bombarding the place daily from airplanes and effecting a good deal of damage. Fifty-four Riffi and Arabs had been killed by the aviators' bombs the preceding week; the raids were coming every day, four or five planes at a time, and caves had already been made for the protection of the defenders and of the remaining villagers.

From Tazarut we rode again across the hills, to the north and west, over the country of the Beni Idhir to the Beni M'sua, the last tribe in the mountains toward Tangier. Mohammed bel

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Hadj wished to reach the Beni M'sua before night, if possible; he distrusted the Beni Arous and was rather unsure of the Beni Idhir. We made good progress that day, and by sunset, riding cautiously and avoiding the crests of the hills, we were near the Tetuan-Tangier road. The last time I had been on the Tetuan-Tangier road—the previous December—I was in a Ford car, plowing along with Spanish soldiers fore and aft; to come near it again meant that the end of the long *trik* was in sight, and we were touching what is rather loosely called “civilization.”

It was long after nightfall when we left the Beni Idhir country at last and reached the first village of the Beni M'sua, perched on a high hill from which we could distinctly see the Spanish camp-fires in the direction of the Fondak of Ain Yedida. Here the village caid, a friendly and chattering Arab full of imprecations on the Spanish, the French, and all other enemies of Abd el-Krim, gave us shelter. As we sat with half a dozen Arabs around the tea-kit, ready for the evening meal, a village boy entered and whispered to the caid.

THE DJEBALA

In a second we had all piled out of the house and drifted toward the open space on the farther hillside from the village. Nothing but a very unusual event would make an Arab leave his meal after he had sat before the tea-kit; and in this case the event was the arrival of a band of Spanish prisoners from the north.

They had marched all day, the poor bedraggled hundred odd of them, and now they were sitting or lying on the hillside in attitudes of exhaustion. Among them was an officer, a captain, who rode his horse dejectedly, wrapped in his cape and resting his chin in the folds of it like that dispiriting Zuloaga figure of a toreador returning from the fiesta. The only other prisoners mounted were two women: one an old woman of about sixty, moaning piteously with the pain of a long day's ride on a mule, and the other a pale, unhappy creature of about thirty, with a little girl perhaps five or six years old leaning against the mule's flank and weeping softly. The men—or boys, for the conscripts were mostly very young—displayed no interest concerning what was to happen to them. They sank to their haunches with the usual hair-raising oaths, and

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

waited for further orders. I sat on a rock beside a group of weary, recumbent figures, and spoke to them in their language. They at once roused up and talked.

These prisoners were the survivors of the garrison of El-Ksar el-Sghir—or Alcazar Seguir, as the Spanish call it. This post in the Angera country, on the coast just across from Gibraltar, had been surprised and captured by the Angera when that tribe first declared for Abd el-Krim, in early December of 1924. For two months they had been held prisoners by the Angera, and had been purchased by Abd el-Krim only a few days before. Then they had begun their march to the south under guard of one hundred Riffi soldiers. The whole band—two companies of Riffi troops and more than a hundred Spaniards—had crossed the Spanish “lines” the night before, passing straight across that Tetuan-Tangier road which Spain had announced was a “wall of steel.” Not a shot had been fired; as usual, the Spanish had gone to sleep and the “line” was a series of “dots.” In this manner was made evident to me the truth of M’hammed ben Abd el-Krim’s declaration that his authority extended

THE DJEBALA

up to the Strait of Gibraltar, both before and *behind* the Spanish lines, and that the Spanish lines could be cut whenever the Riffi judged it desirable to cut them.

The prisoners were anxious to know how they would be treated in the Rif, and one of them, an eager young Estremeño, said he expected to be better off as a prisoner than as a conscript.

"You will be treated just as an Arab workman would be treated," I told him. "The food for prisoners is the same as for the Riffi, and you will work on the roads."

"Well," he said cheerfully; "we have been prisoners two months now, and we have been treated well enough. I hope the war is over before we get exchanged or ransomed, or we shall all have to go back into the army."

He was anxious for his mother and father to know that he was inside Abd el-Krim's country and well; I offered to notify them, and the families of as many others as wished, since I was going out at Tangier. The young Estremeño wrote his name and the address of his father; three or four others gave me their names and those of their parents in Spain. They had all been duly

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

listed by the Riffi officers, and the Spanish consul-general at Tangier had been notified by Abd el-Krim's agents that these men were prisoners; but, like all Spaniards, they had a profound distrust of governmental agencies, particularly Spanish governmental agencies, and they wished to be sure their families did not give them up for dead.

The young woman and the pathetic little girl were the wife and daughter of a man who had kept the *cantina* at Alcazar Seguir. The *cantinero*, whose name was Gonzalo Mendo, asked me to go to the Compañía Colonizadora, the ambitiously named Spanish company which operates drinking-saloons and general food- and supply-stores in all the Spanish posts, and ask them to attempt to ransom his wife and child. The poor man had heard terrible tales of the outrages to which Spanish woman prisoners had been subjected in the Rif; I told him the only Spanish girl prisoner now at Adjdir was the justly celebrated lady called "La Rubia," or "the Blonde," who had been a damsel of easy virtue before the Riffi captured her from an officers' cabaret, and whose only complaint since her imprisonment

THE DJEBALA

had been that the Riffi chiefs did not seem to be susceptible enough to her charms. La Rubia had been captured by my old friend the Caid Hamid ben Dada of the Metalsa, and was sold by him to Abd el-Krim for twenty thousand pesetas, after remaining in the caid's harem for a year. Since her purchase by Abd el-Krim, La Rubia had led an exemplary life, much to her own disgust. As for the *cantinera* and her little girl, they would be treated with respect, I told Gonzalo Mendo; and if ransom or exchange were forthcoming they could no doubt go free very soon. For a woman, the Riffi would doubtless demand either large ransom or eight or ten prisoners in exchange.

The lot of them moved on, by command, into the village school-house beside the mosque; a house where in the daytime the Arab boys recited their Koran. In the dark they soon disappeared, the men sputtering strange oaths as ever, and the piteous old woman moaning atop her mule. The others were facing no hardship too great for young people to bear, but it was not comfortable to think of that huddled old figure of a woman, exhausted and afraid.

CHAPTER XI

TANGIER

THE last day's ride across the Beni M'sua hills brought us to Remla, a village almost at the edge of the international zone of Tangier and less than an hour's ride from the Spanish lines. Throughout the day we were within easy distance of the Spanish posts, and now and again we had to duck the bombs of their airplanes or their desultory cannon-fire. There was comparatively little fighting; toward sunset we came near a minor exchange of bullets, not far from Zinat, but for the most part it was evident that the Spanish, having retreated to the main-traveled road, were quite content to remain there peaceably and leave the rest of the country to Abd el-Krim.

From every hilltop, after the sun was up, we could see, far off and glittering white against

TANGIER

the blue of sea and sky, the minarets of Tangier. Mohammed bel Hadj pointed them out repeatedly, each time with the same childlike enthusiasm; he had been campaigning for four years, and had not seen Tangier meanwhile. He was anxious to see his brother, his adventurous brother who had left the Rif ten years before and was now an attendant at the gambling casino in Tangier. He spoke also of the fleshpots of the international city: the good food, the excellent tea and mint, the sugary plenty of all things. He even went so far as to commend the bathtubs of Tangier, and pointed out that in some of the Arab houses there European tubs with hot and cold running water had been installed. We discussed vermin, and he told me they were almost unknown in Arab houses in the city; it was only in these mountains of the interior that it was impossible to avoid the many crawling things, said he.

That afternoon we visited, briefly enough, the palace of the chieftain of the Beni M'sua—the chief who had taken refuge with the Spanish when the tribe went over to Abd el-Krim. A palace of green and white perched on the side of

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

a mountain, filled with beautiful mosaic. In it were many uprooted telephones. It gave shelter now to two companies of Riffi regulars, the last we should see of the army of Abd el-Krim.

The hills were gentler and less rocky later in that day's trip; over two or three slopes we had good long gallops, grateful to man and beast after weeks of laborious climbing up and down mountains. On a plain we came to three Arab boys, who stood beside the trail and wished a blessing on our heads. We fished for coppers and gave them to the scholars as reward for quoting the Koran.

"It is very bad fortune not to give money when school-boys wish the blessing," said Mohammed.

After dark, winding through a dried river-bed half hidden in luxuriant trees, we came at last to Remla. It was a good-sized village garrisoned only by Beni M'sua warriors. Sidi Abd el-Krim bel Hadj Ali, the Riffi chieftain we had met on the trail near Targhzuit, properly ruled at Remla; but in his trip to headquarters he had taken all his Riffi regulars with him, and left the village in charge of a young tribesman who had

TANGIER

once served in the Spanish *regulares*, or trained regiments of natives.

The young commander's name was Absalem, and he was as cordial as extreme fatigue would permit. He had been raiding across the Spanish lines all the night before, and on guard all day; to-night, he told us, he would have his first real sleep for many days and nights. We were lodged with the village fighting-men, in a large house at the edge of the hill, overlooking a sweep of valley and plain leading to the Spanish posts along the Tetuan-Tangier road.

Around the fire that night I detected no great enthusiasm for the war, but a general weary wish that the old days could come back, even with the eternal danger of having to fight other tribes. After all, the Arab tribesmen in the hills near Tangier had been comparatively prosperous and happy before the Spanish war began; and even as recently as five or six years ago Remla, like other places in the hills, was not an unhappy village. But before 1920 war in the Djebala meant only night raids, the fighting of warrior against warrior and tribe against tribe; it did not mean the bombing of women and children, the

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

use of asphyxiating gas, or the blockade against food-supplies. These people had all lived largely by selling their products in the market at Tangier; now when they went to market it was only with such things as could be easily carried, and even then it was at the risk of their lives.

At Remla, perhaps because it was so close to Tangier, the Spanish air raids really seemed to have done some damage. The lanes of the village had great greenish holes in them, where the gas-bombs had been dropped; one or two women had been killed, and one mule. The people of the village had been told how to protect themselves against asphyxiating gas, however, and on no account did they ever approach one of those bombs for a day after it had landed. They also had burrowed a half-dozen caves for themselves, where the women and children went when the raids came.

On the next day Mohammed bel Hadj and I remained in the village, waiting for night, to make our attempt at Tangier. That day the airplanes were exceedingly active, and though as usual most of the bombs were thrown into the empty plain beneath, five landed in the little

TANGIER

village, all well behind the house of the Beni M'sua garrison. The fighting-men stood about calmly and fired at the planes with their rifles. It seemed a useless gesture, for it certainly did no harm to the aviators, but Absalem explained that the rifle-fire kept the planes from coming too low. A bullet through their wings now and then served as a warning to stay well up in the air.

The long day was punctuated only by these air raids and by the arrival of some Christian eggs. Mohammed bel Hadj had ordered largely of the village's best for me, as directed by M'hammed ben Abd el-Krim; but the village did not boast any too much tea and sugar and had hardly anything else. One woman was discovered who possessed a Christian hen—that is, a hen which had first seen the light of day in Europe, and was therefore larger than Moroccan hens—and Mohammed induced her, in exchange for Spanish silver, to surrender three of the Christian hen's eggs. Mohammed brought them in proudly, washed them with care, and boiled them hard in the tea-pot.

“Are those ducks' eggs?” I said. They

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

seemed very large by comparison with those I had been eating for weeks.

"No," he explained seriously. "They are Christian eggs, from a Christian hen. The Christian hens lay bigger eggs than the Moslem hens; I do not know why it is. The Spanish brought some Christian hens with them from Spain, and there is one such in the village."

If I had been a missionary I should have told him, perhaps, that the Christian hen laid larger eggs by the grace of the Christian God—and converted him on the spot. But Mohammed was as fine a gentleman and as honest a soul as any Christian I had ever known, and the effort would have seemed exceedingly misdirected. After all, Mohammed converted to Christianity might have been only Mohammed with bad habits; for the difference between a converted Christian Arab and a true Mussulman often is that the convert gets drunk and gambles, while the Mussulman does not.

Just after sunset, before the night had really fallen in full darkness, we set out. Our horses we left at Remla, where Mohammed would get them on his return—if he ever returned—and



International Newsreel

COUNTRY WOMEN OF THE DJEBALA GATHERED IN THE MARKET-PLACE

TANGIER

take them back to the Riffi headquarters. Absalem and the whole detachment of fifty Beni M'sua fighters went with us, filing one by one down the trail to the lower hills.

As we came out around the Remla hill and down the steady great slope to the plain an extraordinary spectacle was presented in the thickening twilight. From Remla and from every corner in the hills lines of white figures were trickling out on the plain, where many groups of them could be seen moving in silence, converging by some prearranged plan toward a point perhaps two miles away. Mohammed was as much surprised as I; he swore briefly and expressively—in Spanish, the language reserved for the Arab's obscenities—and remarked:

"There are too many of them. We shall never get through the lines."

The next day, a Thursday, was what is called *es-suk el-kbir*, the great marketing-day, in Tangier, and all the people of the hills were going into the city to sell their chickens and goats, bringing back tea and sugar the following night. It was a thing the Spanish knew very well, and had determined to stop in order to carry out their

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

humane plan of starving the population of the interior. There are three great roads—that is, Arab roads, ancient and celebrated hill trails—to Tangier. One, the principal one, is called the Djebel Habib road and leads from the mountain called the Djebel Habib, south of the international zone. The second trail is from the north, the road of the Angera, behind the Spanish lines. The third, or middle road, was ours of the Beni M'sua; and since the Djebel Habib road had been made impossible by the Spanish searchlights, many of the people from the south had marched all day to join us on this trail.

We tramped on for about two hours, while the night settled down and the moon rose. In a clump of trees in the middle of the plain all the country people who wished to go into Tangier waited, spread out anxiously and whispering. There were perhaps four hundred of them, men, women and children, with their mules, donkeys, goats, and chickens. The children had been brought because it was not considered safe to leave any of the family behind; as is the way of Arabs on market-day, the whole tribe was migrating, lock, stock, and barrel, to the appointed

TANGIER

meeting-place where the tribe had traditionally done all its buying and selling on that same day in every week for hundreds of years. War might make the process a little more difficult, but it would take more than war to change the habit of centuries. They waited good-naturedly, all on the safe side of the little clump of trees. That clump of trees marked the beginning of the zone of danger, and beyond it no country folk were anxious to go until the fighting-men led the way.

It must have been about half-past eight, I think, when the word was quietly given and the tribe began to pass through the line of trees to the other side. A cordon of Beni M'sua fighting-men had been formed across this clump of trees, and only after paying one duro was a *fellah* allowed to pass. The women did not pay, however, unless they brought heavily laden donkeys; and since there were only about fifty or sixty *fellaheen*, the profit of the evening for the fighting-men could not have been great. Our fifty fighters from Remla had been joined here by three other fifties from other sections of the Beni M'sua hills.

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

Deploying on both sides of the trail, the main body of Beni M'sua riflemen had preceded us about half an hour and waited now, invisible in the hollows about the Spanish forts. The plan for this night, and the plan for all nights when any considerable body of people wished to pass through the Spanish lines, was for the fighting-men to attack the Spanish, divert most of their fire, and thus give opportunity for the marketing tribesmen to go through to safety.

Mohammed bel Hadj had arranged for me a body-guard of ten Beni M'sua from Remla, overruling my objections; and he was equally high-handed about the manner in which I made the passage. He had decided that I should pass the lines on a donkey, instead of afoot; and there was nothing to do, in the face of his imperative directions, but mount a little gray-brown beast with panniers on its sides. The ten riflemen from Remla closed around me, and we were hustled along silently but swiftly toward the Spanish forts.

The first fort lay to the right of the road, and the second about four hundred yards farther along, to the left. The whole mass of the Beni

TANGIER

M'sua, shuffling wordlessly down the trail, made no more noise than the sound of a few leaves falling. It was curious how so many people could be so silent under the moon. They were visible, of course, but one wondered how visible; on the white plain the white figures could perhaps not be distinguished at a distance of a few hundred yards. My donkey, which was said by Mohammed to know the trail "much better than a man," stretched his ungainly young legs in an undignified amble, and the chickens in the panniers set up an irritated complaint. We reached the first Spanish fort, and the sharp and bitter sound of rifles began.

The firing was at first on the farther side of the fort, as the Beni M'sua had attacked there to divert the Spaniards; but before we reached the next fortress the rifles of the latter had been turned on us, and a yell now and then punctuated our carefully maintained silence. The whole tribe of us were now trotting evenly toward the second fort, where we should have to pass directly under the Spanish fire. Mohammed was praying steadily aloud as he ran, and the mumble of the women's voices was also heard in prayer. The

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

prayers were no doubt useful, but I should not have given much for our chances if the Spaniards in the second fort had not been too high to train their machine-guns on us effectively.

The second fortress was attacked by the Beni M'sua just as we came opposite it, and the second outburst of return fire, this time with a more pointedly personal air to it, came our way. A woman behind me was wounded; a mule was killed in front of me. But it was an inglorious passage, totally lacking in the legitimate excitement of movement and danger; the chickens saw to that, breaking forth at the most inopportune moments with their angry gabble, concerned only with the inconsiderateness of human beings and the unsteadiness of donkeys. I wished no ill to the chickens, which had all, no doubt, hitherto led blameless lives; but it was comforting to reflect that they would be spitted by the following night. They deserved their fate for destroying the drama of our passage; nobody could take rifle-fire seriously if the chickens regarded it as a mere annoyance.

We were not out of range until we reached the river, and the firing continued faintly after we

TANGIER

had forded the stream. A half-hour, perhaps, had sufficed to take us through the "impervious" Spanish lines: four hundred of us, a little bedraggled and breathless it may be, but laughing. The rear was covered by two fifties of the Beni M'sua, who retreated after us, still firing. One party of Spanish was sent in pursuit, but proceeded cautiously and did not come down to the ford of the river, where the rocks gave shelter for possible ambush.

Across the river our fighting-men left us, and it was a pacific caravan of women, *fellaheen*, children, donkeys, goats, and unarmed men that followed the trail behind the Spanish lines. Here and there the marketers struck up songs; but generally they sang only the *Allah illah*, over and over again, in boisterous gratitude. Mohammed was in high spirits; he smelled already, over the intervening space, those longed-for fleshpots of Tangier.

At the frontier of the international zone the soldiers of the Sultan Mulay Yusef appeared, and we passed before them—four on each side of us. They knew very well who these people

AN AMERICAN AMONG THE RIFFI

were, and no examination was made. The camp of the sultan's troops was a pleasant, unwarlike place; the Moroccan guards there were quite aware that neither Spanish nor Riffi would trouble them. For to trouble Tangier would be to trouble France, England, Italy, and the United States.

Four more hours of riding and tramping across the moon-soaked hills, one final range, and we were at the gates of Tangier. A swift-wandering shaft of light lit up every summit of the hills to the south; the great search-light of Djebel Habib was working for the Spanish blockade, and the sound of firing came from the north, the road of the Angera. In the street across the bridge of Tangier Mohammed bel Hadj and I parted company with the marketers of the Beni M'sua; they went to the left, toward the Arab city, and we to the right.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, and the city was asleep. We tramped around the European town to the beach, curving white under a dark and brilliant sky.

"I cannot come out of my brother's house in the daytime," said Mohammed bel Hadj, "but

TANGIER

I shall come to-morrow night after dark, when the Spanish are not out to arrest me. *Adiós!*"

So he went on, after we had reached the Hotel Cecil, and I rang the bell.

