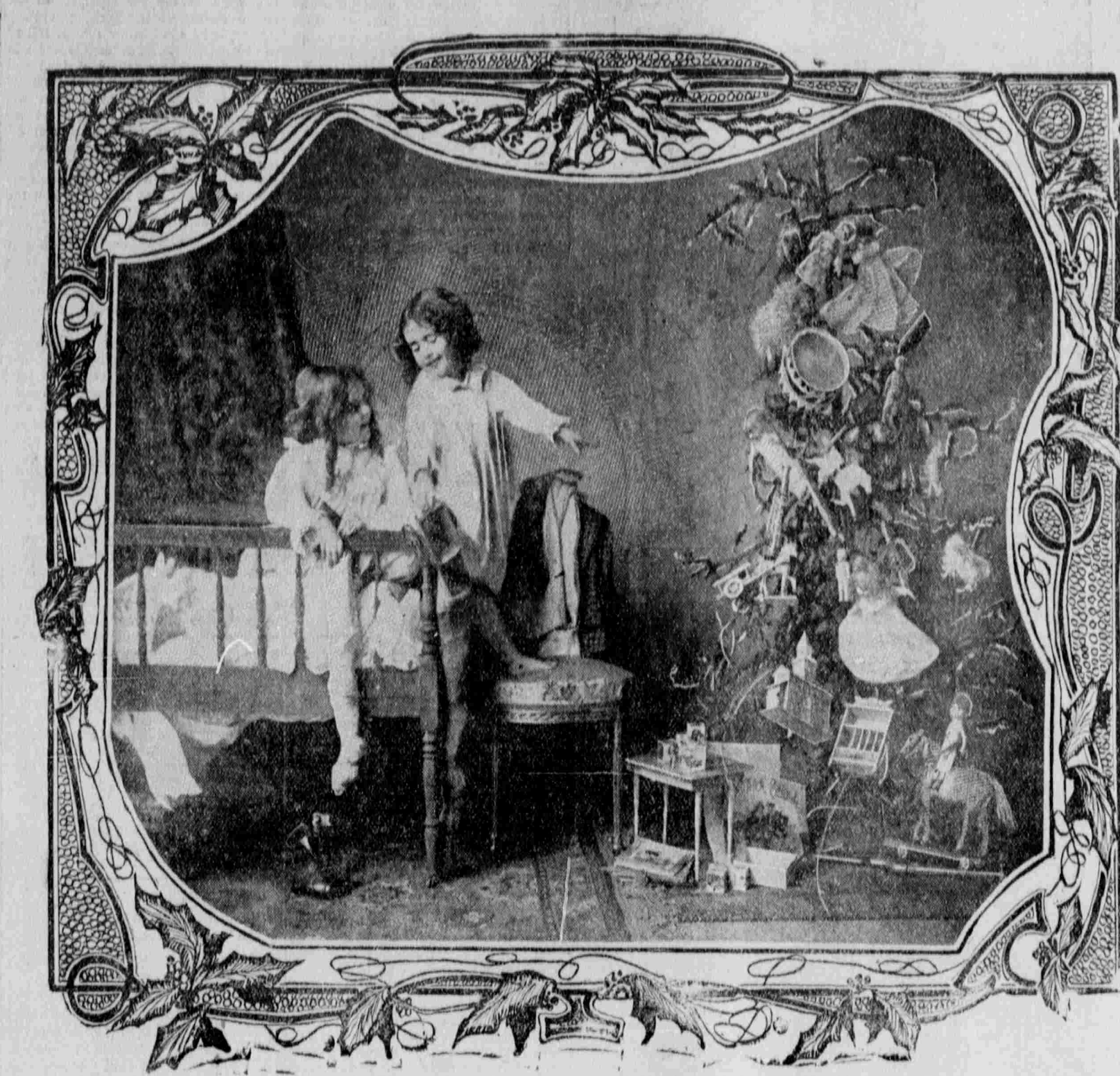


AMUSEMENTS IN THE SULTAN'S CAPITAL.

CHARACTERISTIC of this land of yesterday is the professional story-teller and his deeply interested audience, to be frequently met in the crowded streets, especially in the vicinity of the market place toward the close of an afternoon. Diversions are few in the lives of these poor people, and to them the oft-told "entertainments"—a la the Thousand and One of Queen Scheherazade—take the place of matinees and operas, in fact of every other form of amusement open to happier citizens of the United States. After trudging from their cheerless homes to market in the dim light of the early morning and haggling over their paltry wares through the heat of the day, it is natural and good that they should indulge in a quiet resting time and a diversion of the thoughts before starting on the weary return.

Like public performers everywhere, the modern story teller has assistants and summoners to his entertainments. Instead of advance agents, however, he has a crowd of native bangle, another man who keeps time on the tambourine, and a third who beats with his fingers on the one-sided, earthenware drum. The poorest professional, who cannot afford to share his scanty earnings with assistants, has at least a two-stringed banjo, played by himself.

First, the story teller selects some comparatively sheltered nook in the thoroughfare, and calls attention to himself by yelling, over and over, at the top of his lungs, some queer announcement as this: "In the name of the prophet! Blessed be Allah! The greatest story teller in the whole earth will now begin a wonderful tale of mystery, enchantment and deeds of valor. Neglect him not. Oh, ye true believers, for he hath marvels to unfold." When a crowd has gathered—the first, come squinting in a circle, the later ones standing behind—he first takes up a collection, and if the amount of money donated does not come up to his expectations, refused to tell a word and more is contributed. He is conspicuously attired in a tattered brown jellab, a woolen cloak, round and hooded, sandaled feet and a camel's hair cord tightly bound around his shaven and wrinkled skull. Waving bare arms and shaven legs, well kept features, skin the color of an ancient pack-saddle, and flashing eyes complete his portrait. Nobody believes a word of the monstrous fictions he relates, yet they accept it all with child-like credulity and the absorbing interest with which some other people devour yellow-covered literature of the "blood and thunder" order. The motley audience gaze open-mouthed, every eye riveted upon the realistic semi-acting of the performer, who punctuates his harsh and guttural Maghreb by pounding his drum



SANTA CLAUS' CHRISTMAS MORNING REMINDER.

or scraping upon the violin. According to the best of Moorish belief, he is the one man in the world of whom to learn of love and life, of beautiful women and deeds of valor, of charms and miracles and hair-breadth escapes. Suddenly, at the most entrancing point of the narration, when everybody's interest is excited to a nerve-straining pitch, the

story teller ceases his wild gesticulations and his words to a sudden stop. Half a dozen sentences—one step further for liberty—one blow of the sword—and the battle would be won, the hero freed and the charming hour in the possession of her adorer. Instead, in the rasping invitation of stringed instruments, the melancholy

insistence of the drum, as the turban hands of the eager listeners instinctively seek their pockets for the day's earnings; and when the chief performer is satisfied that not another copper is to be gleaned in that fold, his story is resumed and brought to a speedy conclusion. Then, with another pious ref-

erence to "Our lord Mohammed—the prayers of God be on him and peace," the audience is dismissed. Each man awakes reluctantly from his trance and turns away with deep-drawn breath to seek his home. In two or three of Morocco's larger cities you may find a species of enter-

tainment which goes by the name of "circus," but which would hardly be recognized as such by any promoter of the ring in America. It takes place anywhere in the open—generally in the market-square, as affording more room. The audience forms in a large circle, several rows deep. The first two rows squatting on their heels, the rest standing. In the open space within are two performers, who first relate a history of themselves and their glorious achievements before crowned Sultan and distinguished audience elsewhere, composed entirely of Magi and other illustrious personages. If their statements are to be relied upon, these fellows are turning acrobats, standing upon their own heads and upon each other's, playing tag, or tripping one another and constantly tumbling heels over head. The spectators are never enthusiastic, and the wily performers watch for such favorable moments to pass the hat as when some surprising double has temporarily dispelled the reigning monotony of the faces. Boys may sometimes laugh and applaud, but the utmost sign of approval on the part of the audience is a distortion of the features into grim smiles.

The real center of every town is its market place, where caravans arrive and whence they depart, where the people meet and mingle and the great religious and political movements are fanned and fed which from time to time have convulsed the empire. Certainly it is the most interesting place to strangers. Bales of strange new chandises are being moved, camels are unloaded and donkeys loaded, green-turbaned merchants make rounds of inspection, men on horseback in voluminous white robes, with yellow slippers dangling straight down on each side of the clumsy saddle, pick their way hither and thither through the crowd. Here and there are water-sellers, carrying upon their backs great leaky skins dabbly bulging with water and ringing small bells to attract attention. Shoemakers squat cross-legged, sewing and hammering upon anvils and sundries. They only barbers ply their trade in the open air, growing rich on market days upon "country custom." Their office is of double nature, for in the old days, they bleached as well as shaved. They use no lather, only water, and the customer sits on the ground, in front, while with razor, more or less keen, the barber removes his hair—the head, of course, then the beard, being shorn. In bleeding they make an incision at the base of the skull, cutting to the bone. Bread-sellers crouch against walls and doors, waiting for the better customers, to the trifling facts of dust and fleas. Funeral processions pass on the run—for the dead Moslem thus arrives at paradise more quickly. Sunk-chambers, with hideous, elaborate-decapoles around about their filthy bodies saunter through the throng nobody paying any attention to the repulsive which excites about alarming and start out vicious tongues. Negro-mancers, who really eat fire, are common in these streets as patent medicine fakirs at home. Half-grown negroes from the Sudan are attracted in groves from the market place, and in the scented but scant breech cloths of untrained hyde, in marked contrast to the stately Moors and Arabs in flowing draperies. Perhaps the oddest of all

the motley throng are the negroes slaves who were born in the jungles below Sahara. They are indescribably ugly, with short, puffy bodies, tremendous heads, huge necks, lips like swollen conch-shells and nostrils back almost in a line with the facial angle. They wear halts of blue and white check, which intensify the tawny of their own black skin. Some of them are veiled, with an air of monarchical stiltiness, but besides the halts, little can be said of the rest of their costume. Some wear men's cut-out trousers, others cavalry hose, or something else they can lay hands on; but as a rule, they are bare from the knees down, exhibiting huge feet like the claws of some unclean beast. Hundreds of these slaves may always be seen in the market place, either as helpers, or on errands for their masters, or buying the fowls to be beheaded in the revolution of the throat. It is with difficulty that they are kept within the bounds of even African decency. When not singing wild songs of the jungles, they are generally fighting one another, often literally making the wool fly in their jealous rage.

Moorish soldiers scurry by—barefooted, bare-legged, poverty stricken and hungry, but always on the rush, and commanding respect by reason of their long guns. Genuine Bedouins of the desert on skinny steeds magnificently caparisoned, dash recklessly through the thickest of the throng, heedful on whom they may trample. Khabyles, with leather aprons and shaven heads, present a study of African hill-men. They are the artisans of the country and are always accompanied by their hardy wives, who work at everything beside their husbands. Khabyles wear but a single garment—a straight scant chemise reaching to the bare feet, that they may work with a brightly colored wash. Tall, powerfully built, bearded, with brutal, forbidding faces, stand in silent groups, always by themselves, regarding the world with broad, edifying eyes. They are the mountaineers of Morocco, as well as the pirates whose "day" is not altogether past. Like mountaineers the world over, they have proved unquenchable in their thirst for vengeance that hold the rocky fastnesses of the coast have defied successive sultans. No contrast can be more striking than that between these aspects and the deprecating, timid manner of the persecuted Jews, and the dreamy, passive, indifferent air of the Moors, who are merely enduring the ills of this life while waiting for the better life of Allah's paradise. Above everything else in the market place you are constantly aware of the ill-smelling, mangy, moth-eaten combs, evidently poorly fed and badly treated, but all, even when at rest, wearing the bright dyed, curiously woven trappings to which their drivers attach the loads. Some of them are standing, some kneeling, others lying down with legs stretched out in everybody's way; but all are showing their cuds with a funny, sideways motion of the jaws and wear expressions of unutterable weariness and misery on their wrinkled faces.—Pamela B. Ward, to the "News" from the City of Morocco.

War Against Rockefeller.

Inkeeper Melin is Now Disposed to Let the Oil Magnate Have His Own Way.

On a small piece of sloping ground, fronting on the Sleepy Hollow road, stands a one-story frame building, which a sign designates as "John Melin's Inn."

From the back windows of the main room there is a magnificent view of the Hudson, as it makes a brave curve in its seaward course; off to the right lies the old Sleepy Hollow cemetery, from the front one may look down on the village of Mt. Pleasant, a part of Haverhill, and up to the Poncautec hills.

The inn stands almost at the junction of three roads, and so insignificant is the little building set in the side of the hill and partly concealed by a few houses that it cannot be seen until one has approached within a few yards of it by the highways.

Just around the turn of one of these roads begins the front lawn of one of Melin's neighbors. Indeed if the house were situated like the inn, only the width of the Sleepy Hollow road would separate them. But the front lawn of Melin's neighbor happens to be a half mile long, and altogether some 1,600 acres lie about the house.

It is impossible to see Melin's little inn from the front porch, window or cupola of the palace of the Poncautec hills, and this might be the reason why John Melin and his next door neighbor, John D. Rockefeller, are not neighbors—but it isn't. The reason is that Mr. Rockefeller sought to get possession of Melin's place and the inkeeper not only frustrated him, but carried the war into the enemy's country and beat out the Rockefeller candidate at the last election.

Melin, the inkeeper, had the advantage of being the first on the ground. For seventeen years his thirst quenching establishment has been a familiar landmark in the neighborhood, and the smiling Swede and his wife, who together run the place, are known to every one in the countryside for miles around.

Melin—"the only man that ever beat the Rockefeller," as he is locally described—is a big, broad shouldered, slow moving, heavy built Swede. Shrewdness and good nature beam from his pleasant grey eyes. His speech is slow and mild, and what he says is characterized by a well considered common sense.

wanted to get rid of the inn. At any rate he went about it in the wrong way. "He came to me, man to man," says John Melin, "I most likely sell him my place right off. I sell it to him for less than I get offered afterward, too." But the millionaire didn't go to the inn-keeper, rather a man-to-man proposition. He sent an agent. The agent made an offer. Melin refused it. He made a better offer. Melin still refused that. He went away.

Another agent came. This one made a still better offer. Melin questioned him shrewdly as to whom he was acting for. The agent went away. In a few days still another man came offering about twice as much as the first was worth. Melin was bored. He asked the agent to have a drink and not to talk business any more.

"I guess I keep my own place myself," he said emphatically. The agents reported back to Mr. Rockefeller and it is a fair guess that he was surprised. Shortly after, private detectives appeared in the neighborhood and took more than a friendly interest in John Melin's inn.

Their interest culminated in the arrest of Melin and the closing of the bar. When Melin, out on bail, returned to the place, another agent came to him with an offer. The agent didn't get the place. But he got out alive, and that was something.

They got Melin's license away—"I give them an old one," he explains gleefully, though he doesn't explain what good that did him and he decided to fight. Everyone advised him to give in and sell the place.

"All right," said Melin, his big jaw setting firmly. "I try it any way." The Anti-Saloon league took up the case against Melin, and it was tried in White Plains. It cost him \$800 to defend the case, but he won, and John Melin's inn opened again. It has been open ever since.

His popularity has increased locally, but of the hundreds of men employed on the Rockefeller estate, none buys beer there. Still, the inkeeper did a good business, and was satisfied. His chance to get back at his rich neighbor came last month.

The Rockefeller take a great interest in road building. John D. and his brother William, have built at their own expense, many miles of roadway for the public good. It is important to their interests that the road commissioners should be in sympathy with them.

They did not like the road commissioner, William Hutton, and secured the nomination of one of their own workmen, named Reese. Hutton, though a Democrat, is an old friend of Melin, who is a staunch Republican. One day he came into Melin's place, much dejected.

"The Rockefellerers are going to beat me, John," he said. "Fight 'em, same as me." "What's the use?" said Hutton, "they've got all their workmen's votes." "All right," said Melin, "if you won't fight 'em, I'll fight 'em for you."

He threw himself heart and soul into the campaign. There was nothing at stake for him, but he wanted to beat John D. Rockefeller. Night and day he worked.

At 6 o'clock in the morning he was on the road, and often would be still at work at midnight. His wife looked after the inn while he traveled around getting votes for Hutton. Meanwhile the Rockefellerers were working hard for their man.

No doubt they could by a judicious use of money have got enough votes to win, but Mr. Rockefeller is not a man who does that sort of thing. It was a fair fight and a hard one.

The Rockefeller wagons carried the Rockefeller laborers to register, and afterward to vote. But when the count was over John D. Rockefeller's man was beaten by twenty-four votes.

LISZT, THE WORLD'S GREATEST PIANIST

Liszt, the world's greatest pianist, so we are informed by Mason, one of his pupils, never took any pay from his pupils, neither would he blind himself to give regular lessons at stated periods. He wished to avoid obligations as far as possible, and to feel free to leave Weimar for short periods when so inclined—in other words, to go and come as he liked. His idea was that the pupils whom he accepted should all be far enough advanced to practice and prepare themselves without routine instruction, and he expected them to be ready whenever he gave them an opportunity to play. The musical opportunities of Weimar were such as to afford ample encouragement to any serious minded young student. Many distinguished musicians, poets and literary men were constantly coming to visit Liszt. He was fond of entertaining, and liked to have his pupils at hand so that they might join him in entertaining and paying attention to his guests.

"He had only three pupils at the time of which I write, namely, Karl Klindworth, from Hanover; Dionys Pruckner, from Munich, and the American whose name I cannot remember here, presented Joachim Raff, however, we regarded as one of us, for although not at the time a pupil of Liszt, he had been in former years, and was now constantly in association with him. He was all on a quantity in the capacity of private secretary. Hans von Bulow had left Weimar not long before my arrival, and was then on his first regular concert tour. Later he returned occasionally for short visits, and I became well acquainted with him. We constituted, as it were, a family, for while we had our own apartments, the three of us all enjoyed the freedom of the two lower rooms in Liszt's home, and were at liberty to come and go as we liked. Regularly on every Sunday at eleven o'clock, with rare exceptions, the famous Weimar String Quartet played for an hour and a half or so in these rooms, and Liszt frequently joined them in concert music, old and new.

"As I remember his hands," continues Mr. Mason, "his fingers were lean and thin, but they did not impress me as being very long, and he did not have such a remarkable stretch of the keyboard as one might imagine. He was always neatly dressed, generally appearing in a long frock coat, until he became the Abbe Liszt, after which he wore the distinctive black gown. His general manner of his feelings, and his features lighted up when he spoke. His smile was simply charming. His face was peculiar. One could hardly call it handsome, yet there was in it a subtle something that was most attractive, and his whole manner had a fascination which it is impossible to describe.

"I remember little incidents which are themselves trivial, but which illustrate some character trait. One day Liszt was reading a letter in which a musician was referred to as a certain Mr. So-and-so. He read that phrase over two or three times, and then substituted his own name for that of the musician mentioned, and repeated several times. 'A certain Mr. Liszt, a certain Mr. Liszt.' I don't know that I should object to being called 'a certain Mr. Liszt.' As he said this his face had an expression of curiosity, as though he were wondering whether he really would be offended or not. But at the same time there was in his face that look of kindness I saw there so often, which I believe he would not have felt injured by such reference to himself. There was nothing petty in his feelings.

On one occasion, however, Mr. Mason saw Liszt grow very much excited over what he considered an imposition.

Liszt had invited Mr. Mason and other youngsters to his house one evening. "Boys," he had said, "there is a young man coming here tomorrow who says he can play Beethoven's Sonata in B flat, opus 106. I want you all then to be here."

The hour came, and so did the man. He proved to be a Hungarian, whose name Mr. Mason has meritoriously forgotten. He sat down and began to play in a conveniently slow tempo, the bold chords with which the sonata opens. He had not progressed more than half a page when Liszt stopped him, and, seating himself at the piano, played in the correct tempo, which was much faster, to show him how the work should be interpreted.

"It is nonsense for you to go through the sonata in that fashion," said Liszt, as he rose from the piano and left the room. When the young man left I went out with him, partly because I felt sorry for him, he had made such a fiasco, and partly because I wished to impress upon him the fact that Liszt could play the whole movement in the tempo in which he began it. As I was walking along with him, he said: "I'm out of temper; won't you lend me three louis d'or?"

A day or two later Mr. Mason told Liszt by the merest chance that the hero of the opus 106 fiasco had tried to borrow money of him. "B-r-r!" exclaimed Liszt. Then he jumped up, walked across the room, seized a long pipe that hung from a nail on the wall, and brandishing it as if it were a stick, stomped up and down the room in almost childish indignation, exclaiming: "Drei louis d'or! Drei louis d'or!"

The point is, however, that Liszt regarded the man as an artistic impostor. "Make haste and go at once," he said, "ready beginning to break up, and his playing is not up to the standard of former years, although his personality is as attractive as ever."

Nevertheless he used to tell his pupils:—"You are to learn all you can from my playing relating to conception, style, phrasing, etc., but do not imitate my touch, which, I am well aware, is not a good model to follow. In early years I was not patient enough to make haste slowly—evidently every to develop in an orderly, logical and progressive way. I was impatient for immediate results and took short cuts, so to speak, and jumped through the force of will to the goal of my ambition. I wish now that I had progressed by logical steps instead of by leaps. It is true that I have been successful, but I do not choose now to follow my way, for you lack my personality."

Liszt's entrance into the priesthood was the natural result of his religious fervor. He had periods of great contrition of soul. While they lasted he would seek solitude and going frequently to church would throw himself upon the Madonna before a picture of the Madonna and remain for hours so deeply absorbed as to be utterly unconscious of events occurring in his presence.

gether, and we would not make one Liszt." This was doubtless hyperbole, but nevertheless significant as expressing the enthusiasm of pianists universally conceded to be of the highest rank.

"There have been other great pianists, some of whom are now living, but I must dissent from those writers who affirm that any of these can be placed upon a level with Liszt. The one who makes this assertion are too young to have heard Liszt other than in his declining years, and it is unjust to compare the playing of one who has long since passed his prime with that of one who is still in it."

"In the year 1873 Rubenstein told Theodore Thomas that it was fully worth while to make a trip to Europe to hear Liszt play; but he added:—'Make haste and go at once, he is already beginning to break up, and his playing is not up to the standard of former years, although his personality is as attractive as ever.'

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S. P. CREASINGER.

President of the Red Cloud Mining Company of Los Angeles, California. This company, of which he is president, has its machinery nearly ready for operation, and will mill 300 tons of ore every twenty-four hours. There are 62 mines in the group running heavily in gold. The company have fine machinery, consisting of a 16-ton smelter, Cornish rolls, stamps, Lane mills, concentrators, etc., etc.

The dividend of this company will be far above the average of gold mines owing to the large amount of ore, its high grade, and the good machinery for extracting the gold. There is yet some stock for sale in this company at fifty cents a share, and parties wishing stock in one of the best mining properties can send New York draft, P. O. order, or registered letter, writing name in full. Stock in a good gold mine means a good dividend for life. Nothing could be better, and you would have but a short time to wait for dividends.

Mr. Creasinger is owner of Matilla Hot Springs in Ventura Co., California. This is a most beautiful health and pleasure resort, where many hundreds of people go annually. For rheumatism and stomach trouble the Hot Baths, with the Fountain of Life Spring Water brings about wonderful results in health.

Mr. Creasinger is largely engaged in real estate, buying, selling and exchanging; also lending money, and ladies who loan money through this office receive one per cent a month interest, and interest is paid every month, and principal when desired. It matters not where you live, you can send for the money, and it is received. Address, S. P. Creasinger, 218 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal. Its receipt will be acknowledged the day it is received. You will always find S. P. Creasinger there looking after the interest of the office, where he has been successfully engaged for eighteen years.