

THE LAND OF THE FEZ.

BY HELEN S. CONANT.

It is not often that the people of Europe and America follow the fashions of the East, but one little article of wearing apparel has come to us from this distant part of the world that is certainly very attractive. No rosy cheeked school-boy skating or coasting over wide fields of ice and snow ever makes so bright an appearance as when his curly head is surmounted by the jaunty crimson "fez." He becomes a picturesque figure in the landscape, and we follow the bright bit of color with its waving tassel thinking how very, very much prettier it is than the dull cloth cap.

I wonder how many of you that wear your crimson head-coverings with such pleasure ever think anything about Morocco, the land which they come, or about the strange people that inhabit it? What sort of a costume is the jaunty fez usually worn above, and who are the people who wear it? Let us see if we can find out a few facts about them.

The country of Morocco of which Fez and Morocco are the two largest cities, lies along the coast of North-western Africa, and at the foot of the great Atlas Mountains. The inhabitants are Arabs, Moors, Jews and negroes, very few Europeans being contented to make their homes in this strange and distant land. Many of these people are well educated, however, and some of them are very rich. As in every country, the Jews are a merchant class, and those who are successful in business live in a very luxurious way.

Our girl readers will be interested in the beautiful portrait of "A Jewish Maid of Morocco" given on this page. These Jewish maidens are very beautiful, and while they preserve the peculiar features of their race, they are remarkable for their delicate light brown complexion and large dark eyes.

The young girls of every country, I fancy, are fond of dress. Indeed it would be quite an unnatural little person who would not like to look pretty, and have people around her admire her costumes; but some of the girls of Morocco are positively splendid in their attire. If they are at all wealthy, the amount and variety of their jewellery is quite marvellous. Diamonds are not much in use; but rubies, emeralds (generally uncut), and pearls are scattered about in profusion. They love those glittering things dearly; and on various occasions wear finger-rings of gold set with precious stones, necklaces of amber and coral, massive bracelets of gold, and armlets and anklets of silver inlaid with gold.

Let me see if I can describe to you the articles that the pretty maiden whose portrait we have here would wear on a state occasion. First there would be the fine embroidered shirt (*kumja*), fastened down the breast by numerous small buttons and loops and a pair of very loose trousers. Over the shirt is a jacket (*caffan*), usually buttoned in front, with loose flowing sleeves, and made of silk or satin, heavily embroidered in bright colors.

The hair of the Jewish maid is worn uncovered, but after she is married she will hide it carefully away under a handkerchief of black silk, over which another of gay colors is tastefully arranged. Her little feet would be incased in red slippers embroidered with gold. Then would be added the wonderful masses of jewellery I have told you about.

For outdoor wear there is one article which no maid or married lady of Morocco would dream of being seen without. This is the *haik*, or veil, common in nearly all Eastern countries. It consists of a wide piece of thin cotton, woolen, or sometimes of silk material about six yards in length. It is arranged about the head and also the body in a wonderful series of artistic folds. The girls of Morocco have a dainty way of bringing the haik over their faces, so that nothing but one of their bright eyes can be seen.

One or two things we have to record about these pretty African maidens that seem very objectionable. They have a habit of staining their finger tips a bright red with the juice of a plant called *hemla*, and their olive cheeks are frequently covered with rouge. In addition to this they further disfigure their fair faces by dyeing their eyelashes and eyelids with a black substance rightly named *kohl*.

There is another custom, however, whereby the maids of Morocco try to increase their

beauty which seems even more horrible than the painting of cheeks and eyelids. In this part of the world a young girl is not considered beautiful unless she is not only plump, but what we should call positively fat. In order to produce this flesh she is made to keep quite still, and forced to eat all kinds of fattening things. Bread is broken into crumbs and these are moulded into pellets which are forced into the throat, and must be swallowed even though the poor girl turns from them in disgust. The name for these pellets is *harrah*, and they are about the size of a common cannon shot. A seed called *fenugreek* is also made use of in great quantities for the same purpose. We should think our little and active girls utterly spoiled by all this superfluous flesh but in Morocco a woman cannot be too fat.

The Moors are a lazy people, and as for the women they will be said never to walk at all. No Moorish maiden would know what to make of a party of merry school-girls racing home after a day spent over their books. She would think they were quite crazy. Indeed, it is from the Moors that we get the absurd adage.

"Never sit when you can lie,
Never stand when you can sit,
Never walk when you can stand,
Never run when you can walk."
—Harper's Young People.

public conveyance in which I found myself freely resorted to alcoholic drinks. I did not, and I am bound to say that I came out of the ordeal as well as most of them. It was my misfortune some six years ago to be one of a number who suffered most severely from a case of blood-poisoning. I was almost in *extremis*. Thank God, I was in London where the best medical skill was available. A most critical operation was performed. The operation was critical in itself, but, as I learned afterwards, it was far more critical in what might happen afterwards. Within the short space of three days and four nights, I had arrived at the stage which, in similar cases, occupies sometimes weeks and sometimes months, and the medical men distinctly assured me that, under God, I owed my life to the fact of my having been a total abstainer for so many years. They told me that had I been a brewer's drayman, my life would have been scarcely worth an hour's purchase.—*Sir John Cook.*

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

A good quarterly review is like an apple, it takes three months to ripen! Under the hot house pressure, a fair review may be gotten up in a comparatively short time;



A JEWISH MAID OF MOROCCO.

TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

On one occasion for several successive days I was on the move eighteen hours out of the twenty four, and at the end of that time the three other gentlemen who were with me, who were not total abstainers, were a long way behind me in strength and power of endurance when we arrived at our destination. I have gone through all sorts of changes of climate. On one occasion I was walking, in the middle of the day, in the snow on top of the Sierra Nevada, and on the next day I travelled across the burning plains of California under a July sun—and there are burning plains there, I can tell you. I said to my travelling companions, "I really never experienced anything like this in all my life; it is just like driving before a burning furnace." It happened a few days after that I learned what I was ignorant of then, that the name "California" is derived from two Spanish words, either really mean "burning furnace." Having driven a whole day across that hot plain, after the day before being in the snows of the Sierra Nevada, everybody else in the

but the solidity and flavor of three months of maturation cannot be expected from the concentrated heat and fervor and hurry of a week's forcing progress. To be enjoyable and profitable in the highest degree, it must begin with the first Sunday of the quarter, and continue through to the end.

The questions should not be too minute. Care should be taken to ask such questions as can be answered in from one to three or four words. When put in such a way as to require a whole sentence for answer, the result usually is an embarrassing silence, the reason being that few children have boldness to make what seems to them almost a speech. Let the questions be clear and concise, and then, the more rapidly they are put, the more exhilarating will be the review.

Interest in Review Sunday may be considerably increased by preparing songs especially suitable for the occasion, either sung by a quartette or by some of the scholars, care being taken, however, not to take the singing in any great measure away from the school. Also, introduce three or

four recitations of poems that are relevant to some of the most prominent of the events of the lesson. But do not let the time run over an hour and a half, at the farthest.—*S. S. Times.*

NOT ONE.

"Alas! there is not one!"—A Sunday-school teacher in France was answering a note just received from his pastor. There seemed some difficulty in the matter, for he tore up sheet after sheet just begun. At last he wrote: "Alas! there is not one!"—and he sent this as his answer.

The pastor's note ran thus: "Please tell me, as nearly as you can, how many scholars in your class are in earnest as to the way of salvation; and how many have found peace with God these two past years."

There followed a sharp conflict—a season of bitter humiliation in that teacher's heart. He had taken great pride in his large class of bright learners warmly attached to him; and given his whole mind to his Sunday teaching. Only the Sunday before, Solomon's temple being his subject, he had studied every available book concerning it, illustrated his lessons with engravings, learned by heart an eloquent application, entitled in his copious notes, "My peroration." And now across his review of three years' earnest toil there fell the eclipsing shadow of those sad words—"Alas! there is not one!"

Sunday came round once more. Haidly had Mr. C.'s scholars withdrawn to their class room after the general school prayer, when he felt constrained to ask them again to join in prayer for a special blessing on their Scripture reading; this was Acts xvii. 16-40. "A Sunday before," says Mr.—, "I should have enlarged on the history of Philippi, on divination, earthquakes, prison discipline, Roman citizenship. But that day every topic paled in interest before the gaoler's inquiry. 'What must I do to be saved?' I was conscious that some of my most intelligent scholars viewed my lesson as a failure; what mattered! 'Not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord' was to be henceforth my watchword.

"And God gave the increase. Some of my class in pride of intellect, left me; these I pursued with letters, visits, prayers. Of the rest, several yielded themselves to God. After a time some of the deserters returned, one of whom became in due time an earnest preacher of Christ. When eighteen months later, I was called elsewhere, I had the joy of knowing that for that period at least my labor had not been in vain in the Lord."—*Episcopal Record.*

A SCENE FROM LIFE.

A young man entered the bar of a village tavern, and called for a drink. "No," said the landlord; "you have had too much already. You have had delirium tremens once, and I cannot sell you any more." He stepped aside to make room for a couple of young men who had just entered, and the landlord waited upon them very politely. The other had stood by, silent and stollen; and when they had finished he walked up to the landlord and thus addressed him: "Six years ago, at their age, I stood where those young men now are. I was a man with fair prospects. Now, at the age of twenty-eight, I am a wreck, body and mind. You led me to drink. In this place I formed the habit that has been my ruin. Now sell me a few glasses more, and your work will be done! I shall soon be out of the way; there is no hope for me. But they can be saved; they may be men again. Do not sell it to them. Sell to me, and let me die, and the world will be rid of me; but for Heaven's sake sell no more to them!" The landlord listened, pale and trembling. Setting down his decanter, he exclaimed, "God helping me, that is the last drop I will ever sell to any one." And he kept his word.—*Christian Words.*

THREE GRADES of prizes have been offered in Lincoln, Va., by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for the best essay on the physiological effect of intoxicating drinks.

MR. SPURGEON says "some quarrelsome members of the churches help to scour the other vessels, to keep them from becoming rusty through being peaceful."