



Street Scene in Fez, Morocco

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FRABAT is the brain of Morocco, Fez is its heart. Almost equidistant from the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, and nearly a hundred miles from either is this storied city, still the political and religious center of Morocco.

From a hillside one looks down, in wonder and admiration, on the tree-shaded valley in which lies once-turbulent, always-exotic, now-peaceful Fez. It is a chessboard, checkered in countless tiny squares which are the flat roofs of its myriad houses, the edge of the board being the lofty city walls.

Rather, there are two chessboards: Fez El Bali, Fez the Old; and higher along the steep slope is Fez Djedid, Fez the New. It was new in A. D. 1276.

Like chessmen left scattered aimlessly about the board stand the slender minarets of the many mosques. On every side rise the hills crowned with forts old and new, forts built by long-dead sultans to cow their rebellious subjects within the city, others erected by the French to defend Fez against the Berber tribes outside the walls.

Beyond the rounded hills, away to the south, are higher mountains covered with snow in winter. But in summer the arid steppes are waist-high in flowers.

Fez appears now as it did through the long centuries of Moslem domination, since Arab invaders built it somewhere about A. D. 800; as it was before ever the infidels entered it except as slaves or as missions of Christian states humbly seeking to propitiate the Sultan.

It remains as it was when still the home of the Sherifian rulers, the real capital, the enlightened, artistic, magnificent city second to none in all Islam, when in the Twelfth century it boasted 785 mosques; 480 inns, and 120,000 private houses.

But hark! A humming drone fills the air; and high over the venerable city flies an airplane. France rules the sky above and the soil beneath; the Sultan is a shadow in Rabat.

Is Yet Unspoilt

Being only recently opened to the outer world, Fez is as yet unspoilt and of deep interest to the traveler. Its size surprises. From one end to the other of the twin cities it measures four miles. Its population today is about 107,000, including fewer than 10,000 Israelites who are herded together in the Jewish quarter of Fez Djedid.

The European inhabitants, to be found mostly in La Ville Nouvelle, number about 9,600, principally French, with a sprinkling of Spaniards and Italians.

Of the three parts of Fez—old, new, and newest—unquestionably the most interesting is the first, El Bali. To see it one must enter on foot or in the saddle, for vehicles cannot pass through its steep and narrow lanes.

From Bab Hadid (The Iron Gate) a carriage road runs inside the walls around the edge of the city to the new gate of Bou Jeloud, where Fez Djedid touches the older town. Along it modern civilization fringes the ancient city, for it passes by the Auvert hospital, a French post office, the British consulate, the bureau of municipal services, a military club, and a museum housed in separate parts of an old palace, the Dar Batha, and by the lovely gardens of Dar Beida, another imperial palace now used only to shelter the resident general when he visits Fez.

None of the Arab buildings converted to modern uses has been Europeanized in outward appearance and so they do not detract from the native aspect of the city. Leaving them one plunges down steep lanes, dreary and desolate, between the blank walls of tall houses almost windowless on the street side, some as high as a five-story London dwelling. They shut out the sky in the winding alleys.

Dismal as is their outward appearance, many are the residences of rich and noble Moors, and the interiors are light and luxurious. The privacy of their pleasant gardens is guarded by eunuchs. There the fair occupants of the harem may cast aside their veils and ugly shrouding garments, and shine in all the splendor of massive jewelry and the bright hues of silken dresses that Arab and Berber ladies wear.

Seated on the ground with their backs against the walls of these houses are beggars, singly or in groups, mostly blind.

Here three men squat side by side, companions in misery. They are silent, their chins on their chests. In a sudden movement the three heads are lifted simultaneously, the haggard faces and sightless eyes upturned, three hands thrust out begging bowls, and three voices chorus in perfect time a long-drawn appeal for alms!

A Street of Misery

"In the name of Allah, give us of your charity! You who have riches, pity the poor! You who have eyes, be merciful to the blind! God will requite ye! Alms! In the name of the Prophet, give us alms!"

The three voices cease together, the three bowls are swiftly withdrawn, the three heads are lowered, chin to chest again—all in perfect unison.

A bell rings clear and sweet; and up the steep lane hobbles a ragged man hugging under his left arm a wet and bloated hairy thing

like the swollen carcass of a drowned dog. It is a goatskin water bag with the hair left on. The bearer is selling the liquid and clangs the bright brass bell in his right hand to attract attention.

Before the French protectorate over Morocco was established, the British government once sent a mission to the Sultan in Fez with letters and presents. Attached to it was a Scots Guards subaltern—he is a peer and a general today. He had visited the country on leave several times, so he was chosen to go with the mission. When it rode in state into Fez, he was mounted on a big mule and clad in the full-dress scarlet and gold of his regiment, with the bearskin—the "hairy hat," as admiring Dublin street urchins call it—on his head. Tall and handsome, he presented a striking figure in his gorgeous uniform and appealed to the crowds lining the route to the Imperial palace.

But the bearskin busby puzzled them. "What is that he has on his head?" cried a wondering citizen in the front rank of the spectators.

A newspaper correspondent in Morocco, riding in the procession, had lived many years in the country and spoke Arabic fluently. He turned in his saddle and answered the enquirer loudly in the vernacular.

"That is a water bag. His sultan has allowed him to wear it as a mark of honor for putting out a fire in his town."

The lane narrows into an alley barely nine feet wide, covered over with a trellis-work of long, dried reeds on which lie withering the leaves of a spreading vine which in summer gives a welcome shade.

Street of Shops

The alley is lined with booths, for it is the beginning of the famous souks. Souk means a market; but here, as in Tunis, it designates a street of shops; and in eastern cities the shops that sell the same things are grouped together.

Thus the Souk El Attarine is the street of the perfume sellers, who vend, besides scents, the large, brightly decorated Marabout candles to be burned before shrines. In the Souk El Khyatine, tailors' street, the knights of the needle ply their trade, and burnouses, jelabs (short-sleeved woolen cloaks), baggy breeches, and other garments are sold.

When night comes, the shopkeepers put up and lock the shutters on their establishments. They go off to their evening meal at a native restaurant or to drink a cup of sweetened coffee at a Moorish cafe before returning to their sleeping mats in a room like a rabbit warren.

Selling Wives Is Common

Custom in Central Asia

Official attempts have failed to suppress wife bartering among the tribes inhabiting the Turkestan plateau in Central Asia. Here, true to immemorial custom, shrewd merchants haggle over the prices of women herded together in the village market or bazaar like sheep or camels. Frequently, reveals a writer in London Tit-Bits magazine, young girls are kidnaped from their mountain homes and forced into marriage, their own parents sometimes being at the back of these revolting transactions. With the wealthier tribesmen all keeping big harems, the Asiatic marriage markets are always busy.

About a century ago, sales of wives were publicly tolerated in England. In March, 1802, at the market cross, Chapel-en-le-Frith, a laborer, though bidding opened briskly, could get no more than 11s. for his wife, a child, and a few oddments of furniture. That same year a butcher's wife, put up for sale at Hereford, fetched 11 4s. and a bowl of punch. Some husbands even negotiated their wives on leasehold terms. Strapping provincial lasses, caught by London wife traders, were generally disposed of at Smithfield, their average price being 15s.

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

"IF I ONLY HAD THAT"

"WHY do single women believe that if they were married, life would be one sweet song? No matter what troubles they experience they attribute them to being unmarried. They seem to think that all a married woman has to do is take life easy while her husband slaves for her all day, utilizing his spare time to relieve her of any little responsibilities and chase care from her brow. With the strength of male shoulders to lean upon, a woman can have no troubles—and perish the thought of the male himself constituting a problem.

"A girl I have in mind, who, complaining of the 'breaks' she had not got, countered every argument of her married friend with 'but you have a husband to take care of you' is the case in point which has brought me to you about this. The girl is otherwise intelligent. That's the surprising part of it."

Perhaps our reader is exaggerating in attributing the viewpoint of this girl to "single women." As far as I have been able to observe it is by no means the viewpoint of all single women that having a husband is synonymous with being free of all care. How could this be so, when most of them have married friends.

However, it is not surprising that a single girl or unmarried woman who is discontented, who is not sat-

isfied with her lot should imagine that if she were married she would be happy. In the battle with life, whenever we feel the burden of our particular assignment of difficulties, it is natural for all of us to focus our consciousness of failure or frustration on one thing that we want and have not got. "If only I had that" or "if only this would happen, everything would be all right!" There is no greater or more general delusion than the panacea.

Marriage with the right man, a home and children are something that every woman naturally wants to start with. If the "every" is inaccurate, let us say "has at some time wanted or taken for granted." What more natural then on those days when things go wrong, or at those periodic stock-takings when we are all inclined more to add up our losses than to count our blessings—than that the usual delusion, "If I only had this—if only that would happen" should in the case of the single woman focus on having a husband.

It takes only some observation and experience to convince us that no one boon or the lack of it can make anyone's life happy or unhappy. The point seems to be.

"The fault, Dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves, that we are underlings!"

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BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY'S FEARS ARE ENDED

FOR a week Jerry Muskrat continued to find good things to eat at several of his favorite eating places, things of which he was very fond, and which had been put there by the stranger, who visited the Laughing Brook and the Smiling Pool every day. At first, as you know, Jerry had been very suspicious. He had feared a trap at each of those places where the good things were. But he had found no trace of a trap, and by the end of the week he had ceased to think of traps at all.

The result was that now Jerry thought of nothing but the good

interest in me and brings me all these good things, and I don't care. I hope he'll keep right on bringing me apples, carrots, and such things. They certainly do taste good to me. Yes, sree, they certainly do taste good to me."

Sometimes the stranger came early in the morning and sometimes he came late in the afternoon. Always he left something for Jerry and Jerry was very grateful. Those feasts saved him a lot of time and trouble hunting for food. This gave him more time to work on his house and make it ready for winter. Jerry had a feeling that the winter was going to be a hard one, and he intended to be fully prepared for it. So he worked hard making the roof and walls of his house thicker than usual and making his tunnels in the banks of the Smiling Pool so that no matter how hard the winter might be, he would be quite comfortable.

Jerry so lost all fear of that stranger that sometimes he would work when he knew that the stranger was watching him. However, he always took care to see that the stranger had no gun with him. Had the stranger had a gun Jerry would at once have been suspicious and would have kept out of sight. As it was, he would keep right on working until the stranger left, and then hurry over to see what he had left for him. Jerry was very happy and quite without fear.

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Eclipse Affects Animals

Observers in the wilds have recorded that during an eclipse the most savage animals crouched in terror in the deepest valleys or slunk away to hide in the jungle. During one eclipse, which lasted five hours in the middle of a clear tropical day, observers in the Philippines noted that acacia trees closed their leaves as at night, dew fell, chickens went to roost, and the natives knelt down in terrified supplication to their saints until the shadow passed from the sun.—Pearson's Weekly.



Had the Stranger Had a Gun Jerry Would Have Kept Out of Sight.