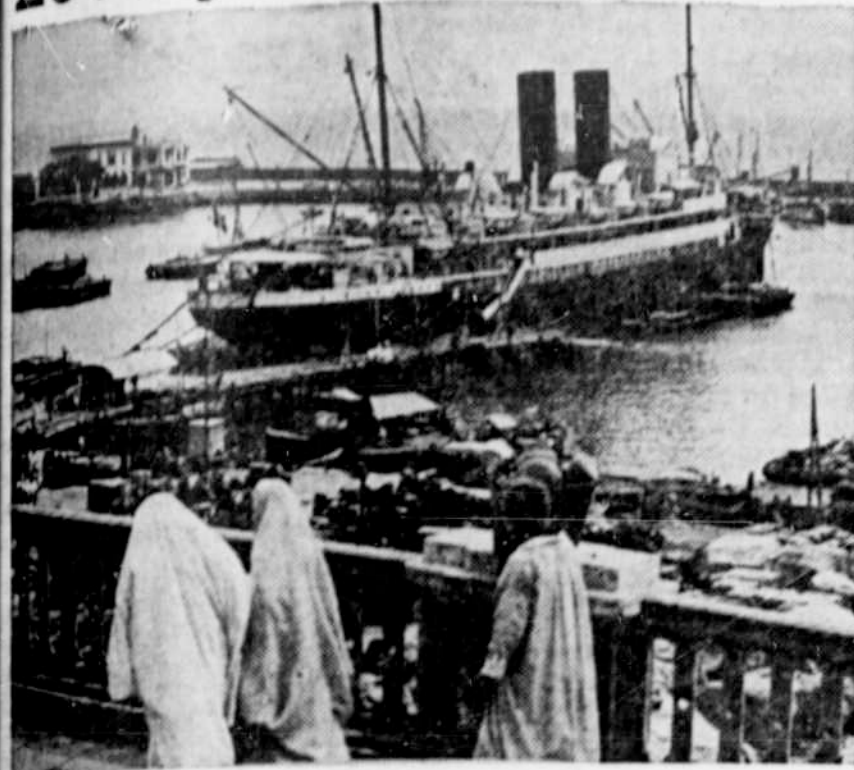


Lovely and Lively Port



A Portion of Algiers' (Algiers) Spacious Harbor.

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

ANY visitors to North Africa begin their exploration of the Dark Continent at Algiers (Algiers), and remember it as one of the loveliest ports in the world. Its dazzling white buildings climb a terraced hillside above an incredibly blue, crescent-shaped bay. Behind the hills blossoms the narrow fertile plain of the Mitidja, above which tower the mighty snow-clad Atlas mountains.

Algiers, the White City! Only a little over a century ago it was the lair of cruel sea wolves, the blood-thirsty Algerian pirates who captured and enslaved Europeans and even Americans. Today it is a beautiful modern French city with many Europeans among its thousands of inhabitants.

Algiers is kept in constant touch with France by submarine cables, by regular postal and passenger air service, and by daily steamers to French ports. Railroads connect it with points in Morocco and Tunisia.

Not only is Algiers an important French naval station, but it is the largest city in Algeria. From it is shipped much of the country's produce. Its waterfront is lined with merchants' warehouses, wharves piled high with merchandise, and docks beside which lie large steamers.

Algiers' European section has well-built streets along which electric trams and automobiles rush past theatres, hotels and attractive shops. Strolling along broad sidewalks sheltered by arcades, and in cafes fronting palm-shaded squares, one sees well-dressed European men and modish French girls as well as veiled women and stately Arabs in flowing burnouses.

These streets are in direct contrast to the narrow, cobbled alleys of the native quarter which climb up the steep hillside. Along them gayly-colored houses are crowded together.

The native quarter affords many picturesque sights. At the corner of a market place is an Arab coffee house. Outside, squatting on the pavement or seated on benches against the wall, are Arabs, Kabyles, Negroes, men of all classes and ages—merchants, small shopkeepers, clerks, laborers—conversing volubly, playing cards, dominoes, draughts, or merely sitting—sitting idly, vacantly, unconscious of those around them. No man on earth—Neapolitan lazzarone, Hindu ascetic, or Buddhist priest seeking Nirvana—is capable of such utter detachment from the world as the ordinary Arab.

They Love Coffee

A few of those gathered in front of the cafe hold tiny cups of coffee in their hands, taste it, drink it slowly, savoring every precious drop of the pennyworth of fragrant dark fluid. Inside, at the tiled, waist-high fireplace, the cook dips a small, long-handled measure into the steaming copper pot resting on a handful of red embers and fills

the cups for the bare-armed attendant to take to customers seated on benches or huddled on mats in the interior of the establishment.

The walls are scrawled with crude drawings of mosques, palm trees, tigers and elephants—these last by an artist who had evidently never seen either animal—or chromos of French presidents and European royalties.

A gray-haired, wild-looking man in rags, hung round with the skins of small animals, strums a one-stringed guitar made from the shell of a tortoise. He enters the cafe and, half shambling, half dancing, holding out a hand for money, wanders among the customers. As he moves he sings in a high-pitched, nasal voice, and the contrast between the eastern love song and its singer is striking.

In better establishments, situated nearer the French quarter and patronized by well-to-do Arabs, one often finds a superior orchestra. Three or four black-coated, white-collared gentlemen in red fezzes play strange instruments—a big guitar, a large drum called a teboula, a long one, the derbrouka, similar to an Indian tom-tom; a ghaita, a sort of flageolet shaped like a doctor's stethoscope, and perhaps a tambourine—the while they sing in nasal tones.

To the poor native the cafe is a club, a hotel, a home. He brings his crust of bread, his handful of onions, to eat there; he sleeps on its benches or on the pavement against its wall; and once or twice a day he spends two cents in it for a cup of coffee.

From the market place lead narrow streets and, as in such eastern cities as Cairo, Tunis, Delhi, and Canton, each is lined with shops devoted to one trade. Down this one are the tailors. In the square holes devoid of counters, tables, or chairs, white-burnoused, bearded men resembling Biblical patriarchs squat on the floor and sew furiously.

In the next street brass workers hammer at bright pots and tall water vessels, denting patterns into them with sharp-pointed instruments struck with mallets. Tinsmiths display piles of saucepans and coffeepots. In the tiny shops of the next crooked lane cobblers stitch rapidly at the native's easy red-leather slippers, or work beautiful designs with gold and silver threads and spangles on dainty shoes for women.

Street Kitchen

Here is a break in the trades-union character of the shops. Outside this one a small crowd eagerly watches the movements of a youth seated before a tiled stove running up into a pointed chimney. A small table stands beside him. In a dish he mixes a white batter, rolling it, pulling and twisting it with nimble fingers, then dipping it into oil and placing it in the stove. His hand dives in once or twice to turn the morsel.

Then with tongs he draws out a crisp, golden puff, places it on a small square of newspaper, thrusts it into an eager, outstretched palm,

and receives a coin. The buyer turns away, contentedly munching the succulent titbit, and his place is taken by another expectant purchaser.

The next street blazes with color. Here black-bearded Mozabites in flowing Arab garb—heretical Moslems from the Mزاب district in the Sahara—or hooked-nosed Jews in semi-European attire display a wealth of rainbow-hued, long-fringed silk shawls; gay-colored bodices and jackets; skirts and other garments in pink, blue, yellow, red; leather belts gold-buckled and heavy with bullion and gold embroidery; white wool or silk and wool gaudas (long gowns), and crimson burnouses worked with gold or silver.

Then comes the Street of the Jewelers! Many of the shops have glass windows displaying massive silver bracelets three or four inches wide, gold and silver earrings several inches in diameter, huge necklaces of broad, beautifully designed flat silver and gold ornaments, filigree rings, heavy anklets—truly a street of delight for worn-ankind.

Dazzling White Mosques

Dazzling white in the brilliant sunshine, the walls of a mosque almost blind one by their glare. But enter. You pass into dark, cool shadows, into a silent interior, bare and restful. Through the past centuries bearded Moslems with the blood of the unbelievers red on their hands have gathered here to bow down toward Mecca and beg Allah's aid in fresh crimes. Yet they thought them meritorious deeds, by the truth of the Mos' High! And every Friday the faithful come here still, and who shall say that none of them mutter curses in their beards upon the Christian dogs that rule them?

The crowding houses of the city end. Across the road is a scarped hillside, with grass, gardens, and trees. In a small open space native barbers shave the scalps of clients or squat beside their chairs waiting for trade, while their tools—razors, scissors, clippers, mirrors—are laid out ready on the ground.

This open-air toilet saloon is a strange sight for the tourist, but does not gain a look from the passengers in the electric trams passing within a few yards of it.

Suddenly one comes upon tombs and the ground falls sharply away. The eye ranges over the deep valley of Bab-el-Oued, with its gardens and houses, to the bright-red scars of quarries and cliffs in the green hillside opposite, crowned with the domes of the famous church of Notre Dame d'Afrique. It faces across the Mediterranean to its sister, Notre Dame de la Garde, on the height above the harbor of Marseilles.

Haircutting Dates Back

to Greeks, Romans, Jews

Haircutting and hairdressing were practiced by the ancient Greeks and Romans, the Jews, etc. There are numerous references to this in the Old Testament. The Greeks cut their hair rather short and curled it in small ringlets; their children wore it long, to the age of eighteen. Slaves were not allowed to wear long hair.

Mackay's "Extraordinary Popular Delusions" has a chapter on the influence of politics and religion on the hair and beard. It says that at one time long hair was the symbol of sovereignty in Europe and that, among the successors of Clovis, it was the exclusive privilege of the royal family to have their hair long and curled. When England was invaded by William the Conqueror, the English spies reported that the enemy "did almost seem to be priests, because they had all their face and both their lips shaven." The clergy for some time during the Middle Ages attempted to enforce decrees against long hair for men, using for text St. Paul's declaration in I Corinthians that "long hair is a dishonor to a man and a glory to a woman."

Through A WOMAN'S EYES

by
JEAN NEWTON

THE REWARDS OF LATER YEARS

SPEAKING of the assets of age, a friend of mine quoted the great critic, Saine-Beuve, who named as the delights of mature years two things. One, he said, is to study and reflect upon what one already knows. The other to see often the persons one loves.

Two resources than which nothing can be more substantial, two certain "assets" for old age. Reflecting on what one has in one's mind—how many thoughtful people in the hustle and bustle of daily life have expressed the wish for time to stop and reflect upon it all. And loved ones—those whom one has throughout one's active life bound to oneself—what else in life counts more?

They are two things which at first glance seem very simple demands, assets available to almost anyone in their later years. And yet, come to think of it, their possession is not to be lightly taken for granted. Like all things that are worth something, they too have to be earned and paid for.

Reflecting on what is in our minds

in itself depends on two things. First on leisure, on freedom from the strain of daily necessity—and that is hardly the reward of a mis-spent life. In other words it is in youth that leisure must be earned. Secondly, to enjoy thought and reflection, to drink to the full the philosophy, the humor, the fun there is in watching the passing show, even in mature years depends somewhat on what one has fed one's mind throughout the years. One whose years have been spent in getting away from thought, in seeking pleasure for the constant round of excitement—such a person will find himself or herself not as rich in resources for those years when excitement palls.

And seeing often those one loves? That certainly is a resource that is earned slowly through the years. To be loved one must have loved. To have loved one must have known responsibility—and all its labor and pains. To have loved ones in one's later years one must have "done for" others in one's younger years.

Indeed those delights of later years are not for nothing.

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BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY HAS A SAD AWAKENING.

THE stranger had visited the Smiling Pool as he had been doing for more than a week. Jerry Muskrat had kept right on working on his house. All the time he had kept a bright eye on the stranger to see what he was doing. As usual the stranger visited each of Jerry's favorite eating places. It seemed to Jerry that he was at each a little longer than usual, but Jerry didn't think anything of that.

Just as soon as the stranger had left Jerry swam straight over to a certain old log which lay half in the water and half on the bank. He felt sure that on the upper part of that old log he would find some pieces of apple or carrot. He wasn't disappointed. His nose told him they were there even before he could see them. Now ordinarily Jerry climbed right up that old log out of the water, but this time he didn't. It just happened so, that was all. He climbed out on the bank beside the log and then up on the log. There he sat down and began to eat. My, how good those pieces of apple and carrot did taste! You see, Jerry had been working very hard and he had a splendid appetite. At first he sat facing the water. After a while he changed his position so that his back was to the water and his tail dropped down in the water where it covered the lower part of that old log.

Snap! With a squeal of pain and fright Jerry jumped right up in the air. He lost his balance and fell off the old log. Then he tried to scramble away. He couldn't. Something was holding him by his tail and pinching it most dreadfully. Jerry was too frightened to think. He couldn't imagine what dreadful thing had got him. He pulled and pulled until it seemed to him that he must pull his tail out by the roots. Finally he twisted around to see what held him. It was a trap! The stout cruel jaws of it were gripping his tail about an inch from the end.

Then Jerry understood. He awakened to the truth, and it was a sad awakening. That stranger WAS a trapper after all. He had been putting those good things there for Jerry so that he would get so used to finding them that his suspicions would be put to sleep. When he was

quite sure that Jerry had grown careless and was no longer suspicious of traps he had placed a trap on that old log just under water.

If Jerry had climbed up on that old log as usual he would have stepped in that trap and been caught by a leg. As it was, he had accidentally sprung it with his tail.



Finally He Twisted Around to See What Held Him. It Was a Trap.

Being caught by the tail was bad enough, but it would have been worse to have been caught by a leg, though Jerry didn't stop to think of this at the time. So far as he could see it didn't make any difference how he was caught as long as he was caught.

Poor Jerry! He was so frightened that for the time being he hardly noticed the pain.

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Prescott's Writings

William Hickling Prescott was born in Salem, Mass., in 1796, where he continued to live during the years he won his fame. He wrote 16 thick volumes which are classics without reading a word of them. One eye was destroyed, another made useless, by a schoolfellow's prank when he was sixteen and a freshman at Harvard. Nevertheless he completed college and chose to make history a profession. Assistants read to him six hours a day the vast sources of material which he assimilated—memorizing as much as 50 pages of printed matter at a time and dictated into enduring accounts of Spanish conquest in the Americas. His first volume was completed a century ago.