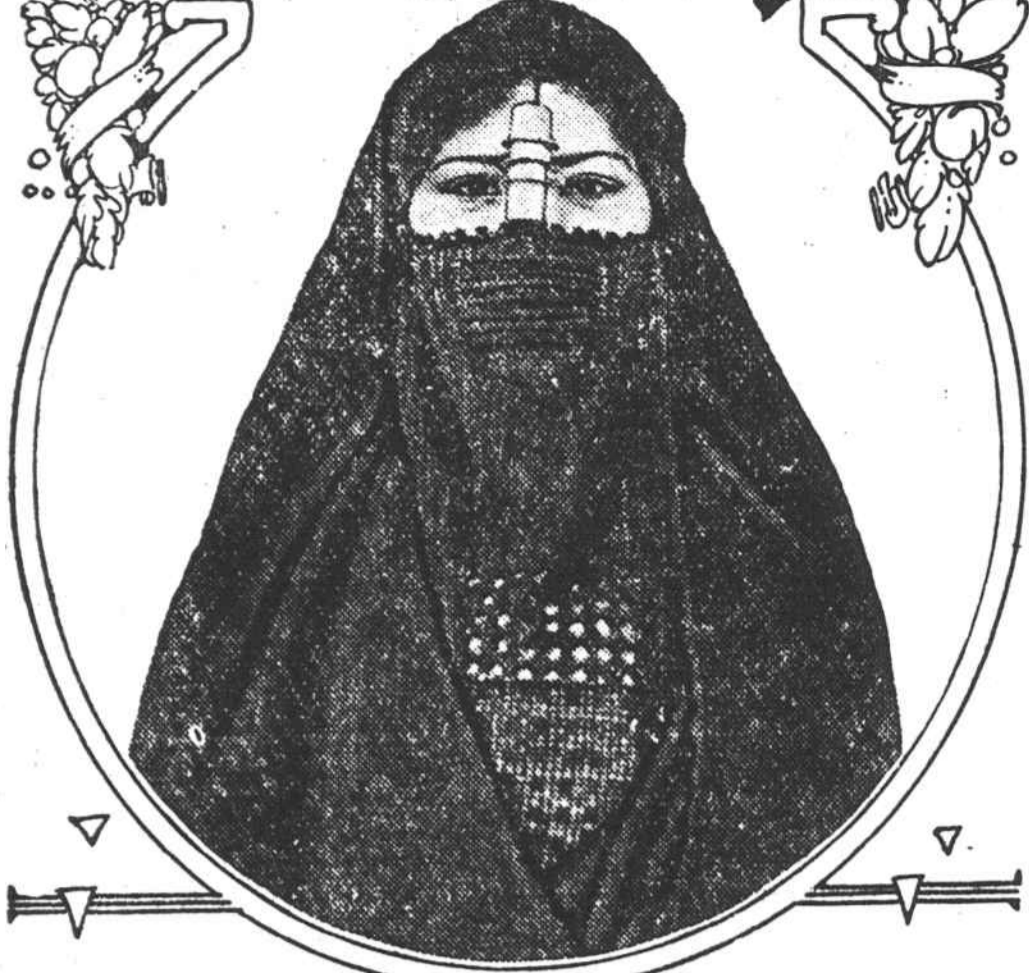


# Cairo a Living Kaleidoscope



Moslem Woman of Cairo Wearing the Black Burko.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

Cairo, where sleep scores of Egypt's once mighty kings, not in the rock-hewn sepulchers that were prepared for them, but in glass cases, open to the gaze of the curious, will probably become the resting place of many of the objects brought to light by the most recent important tomb discovery, even though the body of Tut-ankh-amun is left where it was found. For archaeological finds in Egypt are the property of the government, and at Cairo it has set up the greatest museum of Egyptian antiquities in existence.

Yet the remains of the Pharaohs are after all in alien hands, primarily Arabic, secondarily cosmopolitan, for Cairo is today what Bagdad was in the days of Haroun-al-Raschid. Just as the mantle of Rome passed west to London and New York, so the mantle of the metropolis of the Arabic speaking world has passed west and has fallen on the great city of the Nile.

Cairo is a living kaleidoscope; its colored fragments are tumbled into place not merely from east to west, but from north and south as well. White-robed Bedouin, ill-clad fellah, shiny-black Sudanese and central African negro, swarthy Turk, Persian, Hindu, Mongolian, dusky Moor, Italian, Greek, Armenian, and the whiter folk from Europe, America and the antipodes—all are jumbled together in Cairo, their various tongues making a babel that can hardly be duplicated at any other spot on earth.

Down the Centuries by Trolley.

The life of Cairo is almost what you will. Do you want the finest of European hotels with the last word in luxury? They are there. Do you long for the bazaars of the true East? You will find them just around the corner. Would you see the primitive life of the humble city dweller, the inn of the desert wanderer, student life among Mohammedan youth, the crowds about the mosques, the palaces of eastern potentates—they are all within easy reach. And if you would journey swiftly and cheaply into the past you need only board an electric trolley car and be whisked through a few miles of sand to the Pyramids of Gizeh and the Sphinx.

The life that ebbs and flows along some of the streets of Cairo presents sights no less varied than its sounds. Deliberate camels move along with brightly-dressed riders perched upon them or with suspended cars in which are veiled damsels, while drummers thunder their rhythm and fife blowers emit their shrill notes. Snake-charmers pass along with their bag of snakes; magicians perform in some nook; bullock-carts and laden donkeys compete for space with shining limousines.

Gorgeous colors of every hue and shade assault the eye—a post-impressionistic fanfare of prehistoric color schemes. The poorer the Egyptian the more ragged; the more rags the more colors. Then again the Arabs denote their families and dynasties by turbans of distinctive colors. To tell a prophet's son from a priest of today, or one dervish order for another, or any of the countless dynasties and sects apart requires a study of turban, lore as complicated as the numerous insignia worn by American soldiers when they returned from France.

One thing is certain. If a turban trails the ground it means that the wearer has followed the orthodox custom of having it seven "heads" long, so that it may serve to shroud him when he dies and keep him mindful of that certain end while he lives.

The richer women, attended by eunuchs, may be seen in carriages, faces veiled to their eyes, eye lashes and lids, fingers and exposed toes darkened with henna, and bedecked with earrings, anklets, beads and bracelets. Poorer women go afoot, also veiled, garbed in plain robes highly suggestive of "Mother Hubbards."

In the street crowds, too, are the beggars whose baboons serve the purpose of the monkeys of our organ grinders, snake charmers, vendors of the ubiquitous scarabs and tiny graven images, and the Berberine bead boys.

The al fresco cafe is one of the most characteristic marks of Cairo. It is not the more or less well ordered

affair of the boulevards of Paris. Side-walks and streets in certain sections overflow with seemingly innumerable chairs and tables until often a single file of pedestrians can hardly force its way through. One gets the impression that few people need to work in Cairo. Even in the mornings the chairs are filled with apparently prosperous men sipping coffee or sweetened water, puffing cigarettes, and talking. Toward noon they disappear for their siestas, but again at four or five o'clock they are out in force and remain far into the night. Among them circulates a stream of peddlers offering for sale almost every conceivable ware from sweetmeats to mouse traps and underwear.

The dweller in Cairo who has not his servant or his group of servants is low indeed in the economic scale. These serving men carry tiny bundles for their employers—masters, one might say. They run ahead of carriages to clear the way; they fan away the flies; and one after another they come in troops into the presence of the prosperous to bring smoking materials or to offer a bewildering succession of drinks and foods. Life is hard and a few cents a day satisfies them. Even the porters who carry heavy bundles and the boatmen who laboriously pole the Nile craft against the current work twelve or fifteen hours for little more than as many cents.

The Oxford of Islam.

In Cairo is the Oxford of the Mohammedan world, the University of El-Azhar. It seems a queer "university" to those familiar with the higher institutions of learning of the West. Its classrooms are the halls and niches of a mosque. Its professors receive no salaries but are primarily religious officials, government employees, lawyers and the like who teach in addition to performing their regular duties. The pupils, who at times number more than 5,000, squat on mats while their instructors lecture. This premier college of the Moslem world has been in existence for nine hundred and fifty years and hundreds of thousands of students have passed through its doors. It has been the center of the Nationalist propaganda which has sought entire freedom for Egypt. Moreover, it is the hotbed of Pan-Islamism, which, like its companion movement in the past—Pan-Germanism—would combine its own culture with militarism to dominate the world. But Pan-Islamism would go further, and would bring the world, as well, under the religion of Mohammed.

At the dawn of history a city is known to have existed near the site of modern Cairo called Khere-oh, place of combat, because Horus and Seth, of mythological fame, fought there. Seth found the body of his brother Osiris, cut it into fourteen parts, and scattered the pieces; whereupon Isis, wife of Osiris, hunted the fragments so that she might erect a monument for each. That is why references to so many tombs of Osiris are encountered in history.

Not until a century before the Norman conquest, a modern period of Egyptian history, was the present Cairo founded by Gomar, leader of the troops of the Fatimite Caliph Mu'izz, following the Egyptian conquest.

In the year that Columbus discovered America a plague swept Cairo which is said to have killed 12,000 citizens in a day. It was a century before that when Cairo may be said to have attained its zenith. After the plague a period of violence, rapine and murder set in, and sultans were enthroned and assassinated with dizzying speed and informality. As early as the Thirteenth century Christian persecutions took place. Since then the city has been Islam. Only a dozen years ago an excuse of the Grand Mufti for declining to approve execution of a murderer was that the crime was committed with a revolver, a weapon not mentioned in the Koran.

Napoleon's headquarters were at Cairo in 1798, following the "Battle of the Pyramids." The commander whom Bonaparte left behind was murdered. In 1811 the French family were dislodged and Cairo's independence was re-established.



## HUMAN AND HUMANE

"Now, Jimmy," said the teacher, "what is the difference between 'human' and 'humane'?" Jimmy thought deeply for a moment. "Well," he said at length, "suppose you had two pieces of candy and a hungry little dog grabbed one from you. If you gave him the other piece you would be humane, but if you threw a stone at him you would be human."—Everybody's Magazine.

**Promoting Circulation.**  
"Haven't you stopped that poker game?"  
"No," answered Cactus Joe. "We've got to keep it going as an economic measure. A lot of these Crimson Gulchers won't work unless they're broke."—Washington Star.

**Oratorical Difficulty.**  
"In order to make a great speech you've got to talk about the things nearest to the hearts of the people."  
"Yes," rejoined Senator Sorghum; "but a man in my position can't limit his speeches to baseball and the motion pictures."—Washington Star.

**The Threat of a Teacher.**  
Said the stern young woman teacher: "Tommy, if you cannot behave yourself I shall have to take your name?"  
Outside, Tommy confided to a chum: "My teacher's threatened to marry me if I don't look out."

**Casualties.**  
"Why," asked the Man from Mars, "do I see so many people lying about in your streets and making piteous sounds as if they were in great pain? Are they the victims of some disease?"  
"Yes," replied his terrestrial host. "They are victims of motormania."



**A COMPLAINT**  
The Earth—Drat it, but those filers are getting annoying.

**Diplomacy.**  
The diplomat tolls days and night in confabs and conventions, Evolving phrases most polite To mask some rough intentions.

**Sarcastic Spouse.**  
Hub (during quarrel)—You don't have to tell me, I know all my shortcomings and my weaknesses and defects.  
Wife—Then you know a great deal

**Making Her Angry.**  
"What do you do when your wife catches you coming in very late?"  
"Tell her I forgive her."  
"Hey?"  
"That always makes her so mad she can't talk."

**No Fair, 'Tall.**  
Kathryn, age six, was explaining to her father the absence of a tooth that had been loose when she had started a few days before, to visit her grandmother.  
"Grandmother told me to open my mouth so she could see my loose tooth, and when I did she took her fingers and jerked it out."  
"That's no way to treat one, is it, dad?" said Kathryn.

**Not in the Family.**  
Mrs. Brown—So poor old Jones has gone at last. Consumption, the doctor said it was.  
Mrs. Pillbox—That's strange. There never was any consumption in the family.  
Mrs. Brown—That don't make any difference. My poor husband was carried off by gastric fever and we never had any gas in the house; we always burned paraffin.—London Tit-Bits.

**So It Goes.**  
"Yes, he is intolerant."  
"Oh, we must be tolerant."  
"I can't be tolerant about a man who is intolerant."

**He Got the Job.**  
"Suppose," said the bookseller to the applicant for a job, "suppose a customer asked for a volume we didn't have. What would you do?"  
"Why," said the young fellow, "I would book the order and then order the book."

**Killing Work.**  
Author—I suppose the death scene is very trying?  
Actress—Oh, terribly so! When I finally give up the ghost I'm nearly dead!

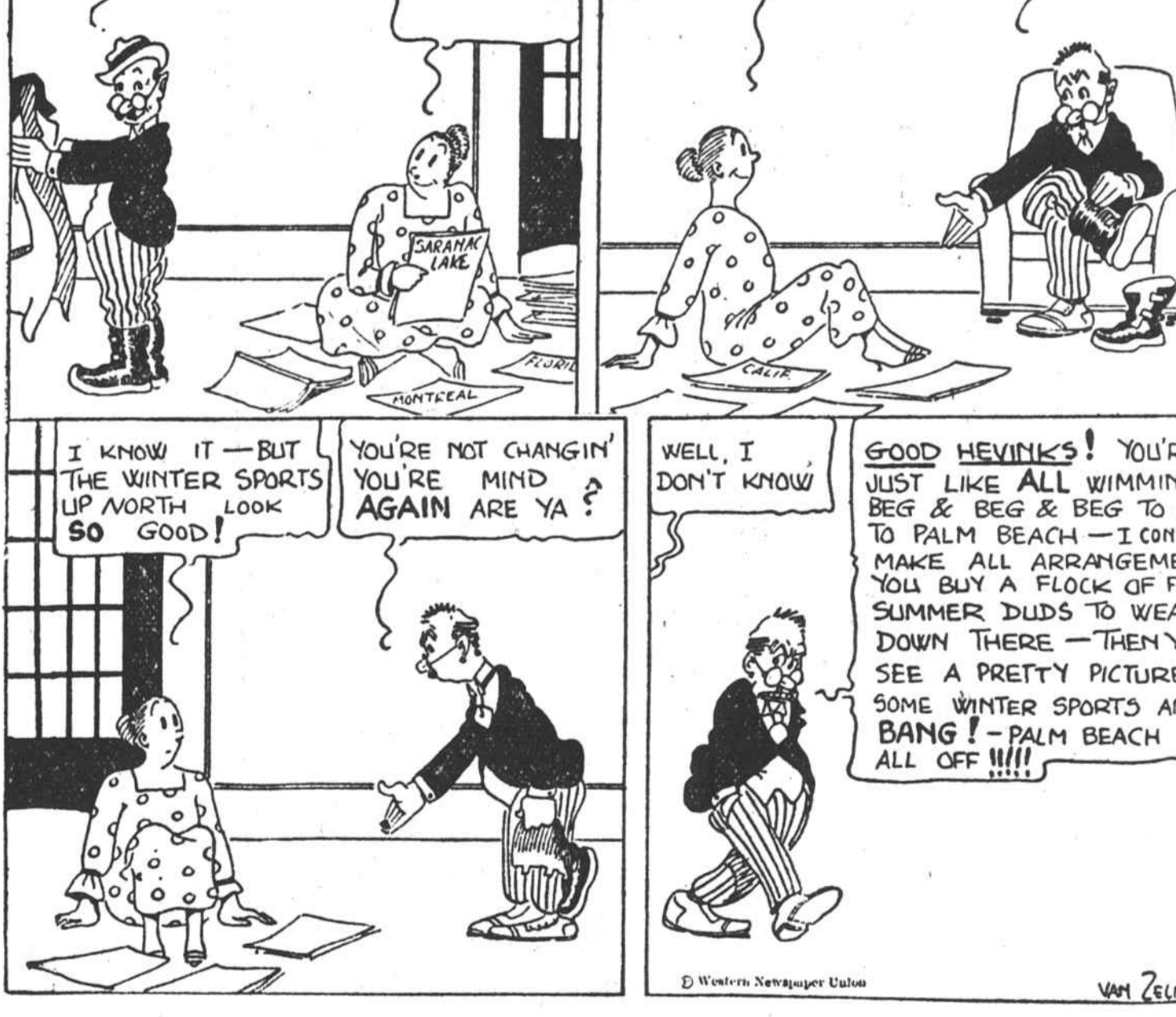
# OUR COMIC SECTION

## Spring Styles in Europe



FAD OF CARRYING A "CHIP ON THE SHOULDER" THE POPULAR VOGUE ABROAD THIS SPRING

## There's No Law Against Changing One's Mind



## The Cat Asked Too Many Questions, Boy

