

WORLD'S BEST COMICS

Lighter Side of Life as Depicted by Famous Cartoonists and Humorists

THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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'SMATTER POP—Ho, Kids! Here's Something to Do About Dirty Faces!

By C. M. PAYNE



MESCAL IKE

By S. L. HUNTLEY

Swing Your Partner



FINNEY OF THE FORCE

By Ted O'Loughlin
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Secret Stuff



ADAMSON'S ADVENTURES Button, Button

By O. JACOBSSON



Our Pet Peeve

By M. G. KETTNER



Mutual Concessions
"You dare to ask for the hand of my daughter and a few years ago you were ball boy at our tennis club?"
"Yes, sir. I said to myself, 'He may be a poor tennis player but that does not prevent his being a good father-in-law.'"

Play Ball!
Employer—You've attended the funerals of two grandmothers in the last month, and now you want off to bury another. How do you get that way?
Office Boy—Well, boss, the doctor was wrong in both cases.

Not a Vacation Prospect
"My boy," said the professor, "if you keep or as you have started and study hard, you may be President of the United States some day."
"Yes," replied the young man, gloomily; "and then I'll have to start in and study a whole lot harder."

DIVERSION

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS



FEZ, Heart of Morocco



Street Scene in Fez, Morocco

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

IF RABAT 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, checked 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 Ball, 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 unspoiled 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 Ball. 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 Avert 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—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, jellabs (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.