



ESTHER GOULD'S TRAVEL CORNER

MOROCCO

"But nothing has any right to be so beautiful!" It was my involuntary exclamation on stepping out on my balcony here in Rabat, looking over the old Moorish town with its lovely gates and walls, with, in front of us, beyond an ancient cemetery in which a small Arab boy is perching on a gravestone and two donkeys are taking their fill of yellow flowers, the blue and green cloud-speckled sea. The air is crystal clear, so bright that even the somber colors of the Arab robes seem like festal attire. The white flags on the prayer towers, signals for prayer, seem like flags of an eternal truce between this land and the sky.

It was with regret that I left this morning the ugly modern city of Casablanca, for there, guests of some English friends, I had been entertained by the "English Colony" for five days. Touring is, after all, much like aqua-planing, tearing along from wave to wave and from crest to crest being touched only by the spray. But dropping off for a few days is being submerged in the waters which you have only skimmed before.

And being submerged in those of Casablanca was to have an opportunity of seeing the wistfulness of a colony of intensely patriotic people exiled from home. Wherever the English settle, there is a "bit of England," turbaned servants handing about English crumpets and tea over which English voices are discussing the recent cold snap in London, has for the observer something pathetic, the extra turn of the screw which makes ordinary things poignant.

Even the golf course where we played yesterday—tripping over royalty, as there were two princess, two counts and a duke on the course—had so many reminders that this was Morocco chiefly the caddies, great turbaned and bearded creatures stalking about with the silly looking bags of clubs of which, like a person caught carrying a newspaper bundle, they tried to appear unaware. Except my caddy, who, trying hard to get the idea, kept rushing after my ball and bringing it up to me with a beaming smile. He had evidently been trained as a retriever. Our only comfort was that we could speak our minds about them quite freely and leave them as happy as before.

Pausing for a moment in modern Morocco one has a chance to reflect on the marvelous work the French have done here in the few short years since 1912. Roads, railroads, the appearance of law and order, sanitation and even security for the casual traveller are as new as that. And most of it is due to Marshall Lyautey, that genius of Morocco whose influence overspreads the place as a great oak towers over a garden. It was he who fixed on the happy French colonization plan, he who saw to it that the war did not stop the work, who built military railways so that he could rush his handful of troops about and make the nations think he had an army, it was his brilliant idea that German prisoners should build the roads. Then it was he, who unappreciated as are all geniuses in their own time, sailed out of this harbor, recalled to France, without a single salute except that fired by some English ships which happened to be there. Some day, probably after he is dead, he will have the recognition that he deserves.

It is evening now. We have seen enough of Rabat to make it plain that the promise from my balcony will be more than fulfilled. I have just been up on the hotel roof where Sali, the place of Robinson Crusoe's captivity showed across the river like a ghostly village of white and the river itself, a flat silver band under the moon became truly

the refuge of those terrible pirates of Sali against whom Sir Francis Drake sailed. Close at hand, from my height an occasional light offered a glimpse through an Arab doorway into an Arab home. And from somewhere farther away, carrying with the startling distinctness of sound in this air, came the queer tinkling sound of Arab stringed instruments accompanied by the steady rhythm of Arab drums.

Two RAYMOND-WHITCOMB

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White City Opened Season Last Evening

Another brilliant season was started May 15th, when White City begins its 25th joyous year. 50 zippy attractions have been readied and they are all primed for the crack of the whip which starts the millions of thrills in store for the myriads of merry-makers who will stream through the gates during the four months impending.

Last season over two million people enjoyed the unique pleasures housed along the mile-long walk at White City and the prospects for the coming year hold gay visions of many more. The Flash, the world's champion of coaster rides, is well broken in and it takes its long dips and speedy curves like the thoroughbred that it is. The Racing Coaster, Pep, Chutes, Mysterious Sensation, Heyday, and other playthings are all groomed for the start and they have

all been given some new twist or some new angle to squeeze a few more hysterical howls from its patrons.

There will also be many new attractions consisting of "Revelation," a new extravaganza recently imported from Europe showing the creation of a human in actual flesh. The Big Free Circus, the Musical Revue, the fireworks display, and the thrilling spectacles all are to be offered patrons at some time or other. And every person who attends will feel the delight of the unusual pleasures housed in the square mile of thrills at White City.

What Profit?

Why be always talking about profits in this world will geshrdleaoins fits? The man who hustles for profits in this world will get his loss in the next.—Farm & Fireside.

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