

"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"

BY AHMED ABDULLAH

Based on Douglas Fairbanks' Fantasy of the Arabian Nights, by Eton Thomas

He had not been there very long when a commotion caused him to look down. Around the corner, surrounded by a crowd of men and women and children, he saw an Indian sorcerer swinging with a majestic stride. The man was immensely tall, emaciated, bearded, and naked but for a scarlet loin-cloth. By his side tripped a young boy, while two attendants followed, one carrying a grass-woven basket and a bundle of swords, the other a coiled rope.

Arrived just below the balcony, the Hindu stopped and addressed the crowd.

"Moslems," he said, "permit me to introduce myself. I am," he announced without the slightest diffidence, "Vikramavata, the Swami, the Yogi, the greatest miracle-worker out of Hindustan! There is none in the Seven Known Worlds who approaches me in the mastery of either white or black magic! I am a vast sea of most excellent qualities! I am—so I have been assured by truth-telling and disinterested persons in China and Tartary and the lands of the dog-faced Mongols—a jewel of pure gold, a handful of powdered rubies, an exquisite tonic for the human brain, the father and mother of hidden wisdom!" He motioned to his attendants who put basket, swords, and rope on the ground, and went on: "If you like my sorcery, stay not the generosity of your hands! For—in flat and shameless contradiction to his previous statement—"I am but a poor and humble man, with seven wives and seven times seventeen children, all clamoring for food!"

He bent; opened the basket. "Ho!" he shouted at the young boy who thereupon jumped into the basket where he curled up like a kitten. The Hindu closed it, picked up the swords and thrust them through every part of the basket with all his strength, while the crowd looked on, utterly fascinated.

Up on the balcony Ahmed, too, watched. He was pleased more than ever with himself and the world at large. Why, he had money, a few choice jewels, an abundance of food—here he helped himself to another liberal fistful—and now a show: all free of charge

all for the asking and taking! "Hayah!" he said to himself, sitting on the balcony rail and chewing luxuriously, "life is pleasant—and he who works and strives is a fool!"

CHAPTER II.

Down in the Square the Hindu continued his sorceries.

He put a dry mango seed on the ground for all the world to see. Thrice he passed his hand over it, murmuring mysterious Indian words:

"Rhut, pret, pisach, dana, Chee mantar, sab nikal jana, Mane, mane, Shivka khahna . . ." and the mango seed burst—it grew—it shot in the air—in bloom—in fruit. Again he waves his hand and—behold!—the mango was gone.

He asked the boy to approach. He whispered a secret word and, suddenly, a glistening Khyber sword flashed in his right hand. He lifted it high above his head. He struck with all his might. And the boy's head rolled on the ground; blood squirted; while the onlookers were aghast, sucking in their breath like little lipping babes in the dark. Then he waves his hands again, and there was the boy, his head on his neck where it belonged, a smile on his lips.

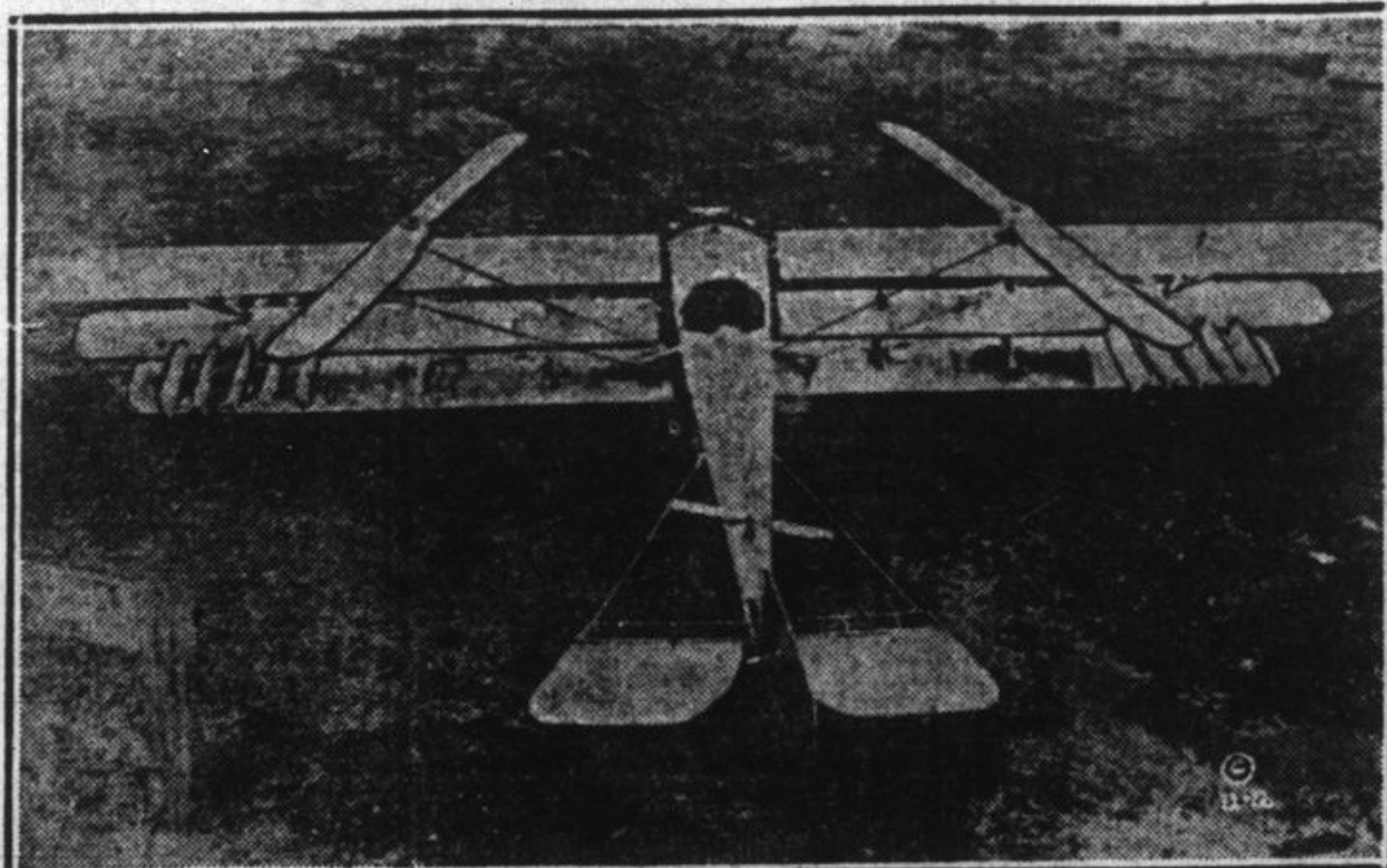
So trick followed trick while the crowd applauded and shuddered and laughed and chattered and wondered until finally the Hindu announced the greatest of all his tricks: the trick of the magic rope.

"A rope," he explained, uncoiling it and whizzing it through the air with a sharp noise, "woven from the hair of a purple-faced witch of the left-handed sect! Never in all the world was there such a rope! Look, O Moslems! Swish!—he threw the rope into the air, straight up, and it remained there standing, without support, erect, lithe, like a slim tree, its upper end parallel with the balcony rail and directly in front of Ahmed's eyes, who could hardly control his itching palms.

Why—he thought—to possess this magic rope! What a help for the Thief of Bagdad!

The Hindu clapped his hands. "Hayah! Ho! Ho!" he yelled; and suddenly the boy disappeared, vanished into the nowhere, while the spec-

ENTERS ENGLISH HELICOPTER MATCHES



The new Berliner helicopter, invented by a Washington man, will be entered in the helicopter tests at Farnborough, Eng., next spring. Oemicher, French helicopter expert, also is entering a machine in the event. The planes will vie for \$250,000 in prize money.

tators gaped with open mouths. "Hayah! Ho! Jao!" the sorcerer repeated; and a quivering shout of awe and wonder rose from the crowd as they saw there, high up on the rope, come out of the nowhere into which he had disappeared, the boy clinging like a monkey. The next moment he had slid down and was going the round of the audience, asking for bakshish that was contributed generously; and even Ahmed was on the point of obeying the impulse and had already reached into his baggy trousers for a coin, when a throaty, guttural cry of rage caused him to turn quickly.

There, like a plum-colored, obese goddess of wrath, stood the Nubian cook who had come from the interior of the palace. She saw the bowls of food; saw that impious hands had toyed with their contents; saw the munching, chewing Ahmed; and, putting two and two together, went for him, brandishing her heavy iron stirring ladle like a Sarazene battle ax.

Ahmed considered and acted at the same fraction of a second. He launched himself away from the balcony railing; leaped straight at the magic rope; clutched it; and so there he was, swinging in mid-air, the cook calling down imprecations from above, the Hindu echoing them from below. And he mentioned—in Ahmed's favor or to his

shame, exactly as you prefer—that he replied to both, impartially, vituperatively, enthusiastically, insult for insult and curse for curse.

"Come back here, O Son of a noseless Mother, and pay for what you stole!" yelled the cook.

"Come down here, O Camel-Spawn, and be grievously beaten!" demanded the sorcerer.

"I shall do neither!" laughed the Thief of Bagdad. "It is airy up here and pleasant and most exclusive! Here I am, and here I shall remain!"

But he did not. For at last the Hindu lost his patience. He made another magic pass, whispered another secret word, and the rope gave, bent, flicked from side to side, shot down to the ground, and sent Ahmed sprawling. Almost immediately he was up again, his agile fingers clutching at the rope. But the Hindu's hand was as quick as Ahmed's, and so they stood there, tugging at the rope, with the crowd looking on and laughing, when suddenly from the distance, where a Mosque peaked its minaret of rosy stone overlaid half way up with a faience tiling of dusky, peacock-green sheen, a muezzin's voice drifted out, chanting the call to mid-day prayer, stilling the tumult.

"Es salat wah es-salaam aleyk, yah

awul khulk Allah wah khatimat rusul Allah—peace be with Thee and the glory, O first-born of the creatures of God, and seal of the apostles of God! Hie ye to devotion! Hie ye to salvation! Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than food! Bless ye God and the Prophet! Come, all ye faithful!"

"Wah khatimat rusul Allah—" mumbled the crowd, turning in the direction of Mecca.

They prostrated themselves, touching the ground with palms and foreheads. The Hindu joined them, chanting fervently. So did Ahmed, though not so fervently. Indeed while, mechanically, automatically, he bowed toward the East and while his lips formed the words of the prayer, his roaming, lawless eyes noticed the magic rope, between him and the Hindu. The latter, occupied with his devotions, was paying no attention to it. A moment later, watching his chance, Ahmed had picked it up and was away, fleet-footedly, across the bent backs of the worshippers. He ran at a good clip through the wilderness of little Arab houses. He increased his speed when, not long afterwards, he heard in the distance the view-halloo of the man-chase as the Hindu, rising from his devotions, noticed that his precious rope had been stolen.

"Thief! Thief! Catch thief!" the shout rose, floated, stabbed, spread. He ran as fast as he could. But his pursuers gained on him steadily, and he felt afraid. Only the day before he had watched a thief being beaten in public with cruel rhinoceros-hide whips that had torn the man's back to crimson shreds. He shuddered at the recollection. He ran till his lungs were at the bursting point, his knees ready to give way under him.

He had turned the corner of the Street of the Mutton-Butchers when his pursuers came in sight. They saw him.

(To Be Continued.)

WHY THE WEATHER?

DR. CHARLES F. BROOKS
Secretary, American Meteorological Society, Tulsa, Okla.

How Our Atmosphere Is Warmed and Cooled.

The sun's rays pass through our atmosphere in much the same way that they pass through a pane of glass—that is, any portion of the atmosphere is heated very little by the passage. But they beat down upon the ground with quite the opposite result. Since the soil is a good absorber of heat, its temperature rises rapidly during the day. The air directly over it is heated in just the same way that air passing over a hot stove is heated, by contact with the hot metal, and by absorption of the dark heat rays coming from the stove. As this lower air is heated it expands and becomes lighter than air not so heated. As a result colder air will displace the warmer, usually forcing it upwards, and will in turn become warm and be displaced by other colder air. Thus, a vertical circulation continues as long as the earth is being heated by the sun. Such a circulation, called convection, while more obvious in hot weather than in cold, nevertheless, occurs to some extent even on the coldest clear days of winter, as is often evident from the daytime appearance of cumulus, or wool-pack, clouds at no great elevation.

The warmest part of the day, coming usually at about 2 in the afternoon, is later than the time of intensest sunlight, because the ground

One Reason Why "SALADA"

GREEN TEA 1401
is used more than any other brand is because the delicious flavor never varies. — Try it.
FREE SAMPLE of GREEN TEA UPON REQUEST. "SALADA" MONTREAL



To enjoy your later years in comfort, you should provide yourself with a certain and independent income, free from the hazards of speculation or even of minor fluctuations. The easiest and surest means of acquiring such an income is to buy a CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY.

EASIEST—because on very easy terms you may buy a Government Annuity of any amount from \$50 to \$5,000 a year, commencing at any age you choose and lasting as long as life. There are plans of purchase under which you may protect the interests of your wife or dependents for a term of years certain. No medical examination is required.

SUREST—because there is no safer investment than a Canadian Government Annuity. The Annuities system is maintained by the Government to encourage the people of Canada to provide for their old age. You owe it to yourself to take advantage of it.

These Annuities cannot be seized for debt, cannot be forfeited, and are free from Dominion Income Tax. For full particulars fill out and mail this Coupon.

Mail This Coupon—No Postage Needed

44 Department of Labour, Annuities Branch, 444 Ottawa, Ont.

Please send me the "Handbook of Information" and full particulars as to cost of a Canadian Government Annuity. My age last birthday was _____ years.

Full Name _____
(State whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Post Office Address _____

and, in turn, the air, being relatively cool, cannot respond immediately to the full effect of the sun's rays. The coldest part of the night, however, usually at about sunrise, must come at the time when, so to speak, heat is turned on in the morning after uninterrupted cooling all night.

Charleston Briefs.
Charleston, Nov. 19.—Mrs. Latimer is able to be around again after her illness. Mrs. Halliday is visiting in Toronto. Mrs. R. Foster spent a few days last week at Soperton with Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Ward. A number here attended the dance at Athens on Monday evening last and also one at Elgin on Friday evening. Mrs. W. R. Green received the sad news on Saturday that her sister, Mrs. Dixie, of the Dobbs Settlement, had passed away the night before. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Green and Mrs. Mulvanna attended the funeral on Sunday morning at New Dublin. On Friday evening Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Webster entertained the former rec-tor of Christ church, Athens, who were here to attend the fortieth anniversary of its opening for worship. Members from Trinity church, Oak Leaf and Christ church, Athens, numbering fifty-five were present and a most pleasant evening was spent.

At Lake Opinicon.
Lake Opinicon, Nov. 20.—The weather is quite wintry, having had two snow storms in the past week. The lake has frozen over. The mica mine is still in operation. The hunters have secured a fair supply of wild ducks. W. Kerr has moved to Charl-foy's Locks. The Ladies' Aid met at Mrs. J. Linklater's, with a fair attendance. H. Austin has gone to Buffalo for the winter, having secured employment there. Miss McLean spent a couple of days with Mrs. H. Austin. D. J. Hughson is a frequent visitor at J. Linklater's.



Sunlight—for your Washing Machine

A WASHING machine is made to wash your clothes without rubbing or boiling—and it succeeds just in proportion to the value of the soap you use.

Sunlight Soap dissolves quickly and completely in hot water and works up into an abundant suds. This is very necessary so that its rich cleansing ingredients may search through and through the meshes of the clothes and dissolve the dirt and soil spots. Then, when rinsing comes, all dirt and soapy matter runs entirely away, leaving your clothes sweet, fresh and snowy clean.

Put half a cake of Sunlight into hot water in your machine and stir into generous suds. Put in the clothes and operate the machine—your clothes will be clean.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED TORONTO



Wind—Dust—Germs

THE swirling fall winds stir up the germ-laden dust. The delicate mucous linings of the nose and throat become irritated until inflammation is set up and it only requires sudden changes of temperature to start a cold.

With many people this means more or less trouble all winter, and besides there is always a considerable proportion of colds that develop into bronchitis, pneumonia or consumption.

Bronchitis is the test of what a treatment for colds will do, and because Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine affords quick relief from bronchitis you may be sure that it makes short work of ordinary coughs and colds.

It is all very well to talk of others neglecting a cold, but what about your cold? What are you using to prevent serious results? Are you taking Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine? Do you have members of the

family use it or are you satisfied to take whatever new and untried mixture that may be offered to you?

Medicine for coughs and colds should be selected with just as much care as medicine for any other serious and dangerous disease, for there is scarcely a limit to the ailments to which a neglected cold may lead.

The best time to use Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is when you begin to feel a dryness or tickling in the throat. You can then head off the trouble before it reaches the bronchial tubes or lungs.

But you must be ready for prompt action, and for this reason it is wise to always keep Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine at hand in your medicine chest. Ask for the large bottle. It is more economical and ensures an adequate supply in case of emergency.



DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE

35c a bottle, family size, three times as much, 75c. All dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Copyright by Harris & Swing
MATTHEW WOLL
President of the Engravers' Union and Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, in session at El Paso, Texas.