

**"THE THIEF OF BAGDAD"**

BY AHMED ABULLAH

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

The Mongol laughed disagreeably; replied as disagreeably:  
 "A wise Mandarin once remarked that to speak of honey will not make the mouth sweet. Personally I believe that you are both wrong. For I am sure that this little magic apple of mine will gain for me the hand of Zobeid if — ah! — she really means to keep her promise!"  
 "Eh?" came the Persian's surprised exclamation:  
 "You see," continued the Mongol, "during these last seven moons I have often wondered if Zobeid was simply playing with us, sending us on impossible errands, since, after all, she is a woman, thus perverse by instinct — or if she intended keeping her pledge!"  
 The Indian looked at the Persian, doubt sprouting in his brain as rice sprouts under the spring moonsoon:  
 "Does she mean to keep her pledge? I wonder!"  
 "I wonder!" echoed the Persian.  
 "Let us find out!" suggested the Mongol.  
 "How?"  
 "By consulting the magic crystal!" replied the Mongol.  
 "Why not?" agreed the Prince of India.  
 "Why not indeed?" echoed he of Persia and of the paunch.

**CHAPTER IX.**

Closely they crowded about the magic globe, watching tensely, while the Prince of India implored Doorga to cause the blessed miracle to materialize. Long and ardent were his incantations to the goddess. Not that it was really necessary. All he would have had to do was to say to the crystal: "Show me Zobeid!" and it would have obeyed immediately. But he saw here a good opportunity to impress the other two with the social importance of his divine relations.  
 So he chanted:  
 "Thee I implore, O Doorga, O Sma hana Kall, O Mighty Ruler of the Lower and the Upper Firmament! Behold, I am blood of thy blood and bone of thy bone! Hari Boll! Hari Boll! Hari Boll! Thou art the Mother of All the World, of men and women and cows and Brahmins, also of grief and laughter, of light and darkness and the Zodiacal Twins! Hari Boll! Hari Boll! Hari Boll! Grant me one boon! Show to me, thy blood relation, and to these two Princes by my side, though they are mere dust-created mortals, what Zobeid is doing at this very moment! Ho, Doorga! Ho, Devi!"

At once the magic globe clouded. Breathlessly they waited for a few moments while something — perhaps the very spirit of Doorga — came out of the nowhere and wiped over the crystal with a soft, gigantic hand, causing a great zolling of motley colors and interlacing of lines and curves to pour down into the globe's opaque depths, then to separate, to-coordinate neatly, and to picture Zobeid's apartment as in a miniature.  
 The saw every last detail of the apartment: the walls gemmed and inlaid; the floor of marble mosaic and covered with gold-threaded Teheran rugs; the carved Arab furniture; the great silver vases filled with a profusion of flowers, orange-flaming lilies, deep-red damask roses, and masses of feathery parrot-tulips of the most exotic shades, some purple, some white-spotted and stained with crimson and violet, others so dark that they seemed black. They saw the immense dressing-table with everything arrayed in proper order; attar holders, rose-water bottles, prepared sandalwood powder, saffron, and pods of musk. They saw, clustering about Zobeid's couch, a great company of men and women, amongst them her father, the Caliph of Bagdad.  
 The latter had his head bent on his chest. His shoulders seemed to be shaking with great sobs.  
 "What is the matter?" asked the Mongol with well-simulated excitement.  
 Then, as though in answer to his question, in the miniature of the globe the Caliph turned. They saw tears streaming down his face; and, as the crowd about the couch drew aside, they saw the Princess stretched out, pale, hardly breathing — on the point of death, there was no doubt of it.  
 Perhaps for the first time in his life, an idea not suggested by others popped into the Persian's brain.  
 "Quick!" he said, stepping on the magic rug. "Come with me! Let us fly to Bagdad! We shall be there within the hour!"  
 "Ah!" sighed the Indian, "to celebrate the death rites!"  
 "Not at all! Has not our eminent colleague from Mongolia the mystery which holds the secret of life and death? Perhaps he will be able to save Zobeid — for me!"  
 "No! For me!" interrupted the Hindu.  
 "For myself! Just for myself personally!" came the Mongol's unspoken thought as he joined the other two on the rug.  
 "Hari Boll! Hari Boll!" shouted the Indian.  
 "Fly! Fly away, O magic rug!" cried the Persian.  
 "To the west — quickly!" commanded the Mongol.  
 The rug rose from the ground and cut rapidly through the air toward Bagdad, while down below, on the road between the latter place and Terek el-Bey, in field and village and desert and hamlet, the excitement and consternation of the people who looked up and saw the wondrous flying carpet, peaked to a hysterical pitch.  
 Hundreds fainted with fright.  
 Hundreds prostrated themselves and prayed to Allah and the Prophet Mohammed:

"Praise be to God, the Lord of the Worlds! The Compassionate, the Merciful, the All-Merciful, the All-Understanding! These we worship, and These we ask for help! Guide us in the straight way, the way of those to whom Thou art gracious; not of those upon whom is Thy wrath nor of the erring!"  
 The prayer was everywhere.  
 "The Day of Judgment is here!" shouted a Dervish. "Behold — up there flieeth the Archangel Gabriel, calling the souls to gather before Allah's throne!"  
 "Allah!"  
 "Allah!"  
 Steadily the excitement grew.  
 Camels broke their halter-ropes and stampeded. Horses followed suit. Dogs became mad and bit stray human legs. Cats bristled their hair and scratched and hissed.  
 (To Be Continued.)

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**Plan Winter Sports.**

One of the features of the big programme of winter sports planned by athletic directors at Deseronto is a skating race between two old-timers, which promises to attract considerable attention. The contestants are over eighty-four years of age, and both are active and are keen to "get away." The old-timers raced last year, and the event was talked about throughout the district for months afterwards, so a recurrence of the feature in this year's programme is sure to attract greater interest than ever.

**The World Will Recuperate.**

Albert Reimers, in the January Yale Review.  
 I am not one of those who throw up their hands in despair and mumble vague fears about the collapse of civilization. The world has been in just as serious straits before, and every time, after some suffering, it has recovered. Fortunately there is a wonderful power of recuperation in life which enables us to adapt ourselves to new conditions, however hard they may be. The world will grope its way out of the present chaos, and the enormity of the task will precisely be the cause of its redemption. Great states have crumbled down, and, what is more

**serious, tried ideals, morality itself are tottering on their foundations.**

The work of reconstruction is immense not only in the material domain but also in the moral and intellectual. But the effort demanded is so great that it will screw our courage to the sticking place and call upon all the resources of our mind.

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**EUROPE MAY LACK MONEY, BUT NOT BEAUTY**  
 On the left is Lillian Harwey, a German film star. She came out first in a beauty contest at Heringsdorf, held for actresses only. On the right is Mlle. Ridon, pretty midinette, elected as the first "Queen of Fashion" in Paris in a contest that was open to working girls only.

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