

THE THIEF OF BAGDAD

BY AHMED ABUJALAL

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

Ahmed had flown down from the sky, not far from an enormous defile. He had dismounted from his winged horse.

"Why," exclaimed the Princess, "look, Zensem! He is talking to the horse! And—look, look! The horse seems to reply!"

"Impossible!" cried Zensem. "I can imagine Ahmed talking to the horse. But—the horse replying to Ahmed...? Why—it sounds like a fairy tale. It cannot be."

But, Zensem's doubt notwithstanding, it was.

For as the ancient Arab chronicler comments: "When the impossible happens, it exists. A stone swims in the water, when eyes behold the fact of it. A monk sings a Kashmiri love song, when ears hear the fact of it. Only idiots, old spinners, cats, and learned professors contradict the testimony of their own five senses."

Indeed, having reached the western end of the Valley of the Seven Temptations, the horse had flown down to earth, and when Ahmed had dismounted had said to him, speaking in fair Arabic:

"I am, as you know, the Horse of Winged Imagination. At this side of the valley imagination ceases, and, stretching to the West, to Bagdad, begins the life and world of hard facts. Back yonder you have learned several lessons, overcoming your pride, your envy, your jealousy, and gaining faith in Allah and the Prophet Mohammed—on Him the salute!—as well as recognition to the sendings of Fate. You also acquired two treasures, the silver box and the cloak of invisibility—both latter, by the way, as you will learn presently, shields your soul from the infamous lies and envy and hate of worthless people. I cannot carry you any farther. For I am wanted back yonder, near the shore of the Midnight Sea, where another mortal is waiting for me to help him back across the abyss of black desires which, single-handed, even as you did, he conquered and crossed. Salsam eley-kum!"

Without waiting for the Thief of Bagdad to reply, the Horse of Winged Imagination spread wide its splendid shining pinions, rose into the air in a graceful curve, turned East, and soon was nothing but a tiny speck of silver against the vaulting purple of the evening sky.

The Thief of Bagdad was alone.

He felt conscious of a certain sharp clutch and lift at the heart; a certain fear; a certain nervous apprehension as to what the future might bring. These seven months he had lived in a dim, motley, coiling world of wizardry where currents of primeval, cosmic earth life had tugged at his inmost self, changing portions of this self, changing his very soul—giving him a new soul. Now this new soul of Ahmed, the Thief of Bagdad, faced once more the old facts of life; this new soul felt like an alien amongst the old facts of life.

He looked to the West. There leagues of beach wood poured down the slope of the hills in an enormous cataract of green and black-green foam, smothered farther down in an exuberance of blue and golden flowers. Beyond it stretched the desert; and across the desert cut a narrow caravan trail—the road to Bagdad.

Bagdad! Hundreds of miles away! With the thought came a sharp and bitter pain. Why—he said to himself—it was near—the end of the seventh moon. Tomorrow was the last day. Had he then conquered himself only to lose what he loved most on earth: Zobeid? Yet, even with the pain gnawing at his heart and soul, he bowed his head in resignation to the decrees of Fate, and gave thanks to Allah:

"Say: He is the One God; God the Eternal! He begoteth, not, nor is begotten. Nor is there one like unto Him! Verily I declare that He is the One God and that Mohammed is the Messenger of God!"

Then he squared his shoulders. Hundreds of miles to Bagdad, across desert and forest and mountain and desert again, and only one day to cover the distance. It was impossible. But he must try. So he stepped out, into the world of facts. He put his feet on the road of life; life that, as he descended the slope of the hill, pulsed everywhere about him, immense in power, moving swiftly surging close to his heels and hands and heart, striding behind him and before, urging him on.

On he walked through the night, hungry, tired, his feet sore and bleeding, until very slowly the dawn of morning came with fantastic, purple spikes and the sun racing along the rim of the horizon in a sea of red and gold.

Then, at the edge of the desert, he saw a great gate of horn and ivory athwart the trail. The gate opened, and from it came the hermit whom, seven months earlier, he had met after he had passed through the defile of the Hill of Eternal Fire, the Hill of Pride.

Ahmed was about to walk on with a curt: "Salsam eleykum!"

But the hermit stopped him with a gesture of his thin, high-veined hands.

"Why—Ahmed!" he exclaimed, rather hurt. "I am glad to see you! Glad that you made the wondrous journey in safety! Come—and swap the time of day with an old friend!"

Ahmed shook his head.

"I am sorry," he replied. "But I am in a devilish hurry. I have only about twelve hours in which to walk nearly seven hundred miles. Besides, my feet burn like fire. Besides, I am hungry enough to eat a stewed mule. Besides."

"Besides you are a fool!" interrupted the hermit.

"Thanks for the compliment!"

"No compliment intended. I am stating a fact. Thief of Bagdad—aren't you?"

"Well—used to be. What about it?"

"I cannot help wondering," laughed the hermit, "that during your former light-fingered career, you got away without being caught time and again. Why—you have not even an ounce of mother's wit!"

(To Be Continued.)

Toronto to spend Christmas with her sisters, the Misses Shannon. Miss Ward of Toronto is with her mother and sister, Paul street, for the holiday season.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanford Warrington and small son Teddy John, accompanied by Miss Hewer, have arrived from Toronto to spend the Yuletide season with Mrs. Warrington's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Young.

Ross Farrell of Belleville is with his sister Mrs. Ewart Jones. Mr. and Mrs. Jones will accompany him back to Belleville for Christmas.

Dr. and Mrs. Gullett will spend Christmas in Wellington with the doctor's mother.

KNITTED SUIT



The knitted sport suit is being exploited in large checks and plaids for Palm Beach wear. This one is in black, white and gray, and consists of two pieces, the jumper and skirt. The narrowest of belts are used for such outfits.

Fine School Concerts. Zealand, Dec. 23.—Very cold weather prevailed this last week. The school children held their annual concert on the 22nd. Much credit is due Miss Hart, teacher, and the parents for it being a decided success. Miss Rutherford, teacher of school No. 6, and Miss Hart will have a concert on Tuesday, Dec. 23rd, for the purpose of getting hot lunches for the children. Misses Myrtle and Lillian Garrett, Mildred Conboy, Edna Greer, Jean McDonnell, Jean Hannah, Idelle Benedic, are home from Park Collegiate for the Christmas holidays. Mr. and Mrs. Emory Dodd have moved to their home at Sydenham. A number from here attended the Ferguson-Crane wedding.

Very Heavy Frost. Desert Lake, Dec. 23.—The very cold weather reached some cellars and froze potatoes. Thomas Grant has shut down the shanty till after Christmas. The concert at the Wilson school was a grand success. J.

Christmas Visitors—Some of the Students Who Are Home. Pictou, Dec. 24.—Mr. and Mrs. William Cough left on Tuesday for Ottawa to spend the Yuletide season with Mr. and Mrs. B. V. Moore.

Harold Collier of the staff of the Montreal Bank, London, arrived home on Sunday for a three week's holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Collier.

Miss Adella Brown and W. S. Benson have gone to Oshawa for the holiday season.

Miss Catharine Tobey, Kindergarten directress at Windsor, is holidaying at home.

Sidney Shore spent over the week-end with his parents, Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Shorey, Miss Gassy Shorey also came from Toronto and will spend the holidays at the parental home, Main street west.

Sunday Dec. 21st was gift Sunday at the Methodist Sunday school when every member brought an offering of Christmas cheer to be distributed among the needy of the town.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Turnbull of Oshawa are spending Christmas holidays with Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Turnbull, Paul street.

The annual Christmas tree and Sunday school entertainment of St. Mary Magdalene's Church was held in the parish hall Tuesday evening.

Daniel Holland of Toronto sang most acceptably in the Baptist Church on Sunday last.

Some of the students home for the holiday season are: Miss Mary Currie from Guelph; Miss Helen Way from Toronto; Clifford Collier from Kingston; Monte Shannon from Toronto.

Miss Belle Shannon came from

Christmas—and after

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Fish Balls (Left Overs)	...
Muffins	Coffee
Lauchon	...
Baked Beans, Catsup	...
Pickles	...
Lettuce, French Dressing	...
Tea	Rolls Cookies
Dinner	...
Onion Cream Soup	...
Hamburg Steak	...
Potatoes Steamed in Skins	...
Spinach	...
Apple Dumplings	...
Coffee	...

The Health-Giving Cranberry. Just because Christmas is over do not give up eating cranberries! The cranberry is full of those elements—"vitamines"—without which we cannot keep in a healthy condition. The two following recipes give more interesting ways of preparing cranberries than the customary jelly or sauce.

"Mock Cherry" Pie: To make the upper and lower crust, put one and one-half cups of bread flour into a bowl and work into it, with the fingers, one-half cup of lard. Add a level teaspoon of salt and stir in two-thirds of a cup of cold water. This should make a stiff paste. Toss it out onto a floured bread board and roll it to one-fourth inch in thickness. Dot this pastry sheet with one-half cup of butter broken in tiny bits, then fold both sides in, so as to form a long roll and double this roll in the middle so as to form a square. With a sharp knife cut this square in half (one-half for each of the two crusts). Roll out the under crust first (from one-half of the former square of dough) trying to roll it in a circular shape. Lift it onto the pie pan and clip away overhanging edges with a scissors (many housewives prefer

scissors to a knife to cut pastry). Now fill the pie after sticking this lower crust all over with a fork.

Pie Filling: Cut enough cranberries in half to fill a cup. Cut enough seeded raisins in small bits to half fill a cup. Mix these two ingredients together, add three-quarters of a cup of granulated sugar and one tablespoon of flour, mix all well, and put it into the pie pan on top of the uncooked lower crust; dot the top of the filling with one tablespoon of butter and put on the top crust (rolled out like bottom crust, and slashed with a knife to allow for escape of steam). Bake in a hot oven for 35 minutes, possibly less.

Steamed Cranberry Pudding: Cream together one-half cup of butter and one cup of sugar; add three well-beaten eggs. Now sift together three and one-half cups of flour, one and one-fourth tablespoons of baking powder and a pinch of salt, and add this to the first mixture alternately with one-half cup of sweet milk. Also add one and one-half cups of cranberries and one-fourth cup of either candied orange peel, citron peel, raisins or dried currants; turn the mixture into buttered baking powder cans. Put on cover and sink can in boiling water for three hours. Serve hot with any sauce desired.

Tomorrow—Crocheting a Hand Bag.

All inquiries addressed to Miss Kirkman in care of the "Efficient Housekeeping" department will be answered in these columns in their turn. This requires considerable time, however, owing to the great number received. So if a personal or quicker reply is desired, a stamped and self-addressed envelope must be enclosed with the question. Be sure to us: YOUR full name, street number, and the names of your city and state. —The Editor.

Campbell and William Abrams made a flying trip to the west. Mrs. E. Page is on the sick list, also Mrs. Fomeroy and Mrs. H. Bander. Bert Page made the first trip down Desert Lake, to-day. Last year at this time the lake was open. The people of this place were sorry to hear of D. Snook being seriously ill with blood poisoning.

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