

THE STORY OF THE TWO MAGICIANS OF BAGDAD

THE SPELL THEY WOVE IN THE SULTAN'S PALACE

IT WAS in the days when Abdul the Good reigned over the City of Bagdad; and Mooses, the porter, waited for custom at a corner of his palace.

With old Mooses his little son, Ahmed, waited to run swiftly on errands which required no carrying of heavy burdens. Ahmed noticed that every morning two men dressed in flowing robes came along, turned down the side street, and after knocking at a door in the wall which guarded the Sultan's garden, were admitted.

Much he wondered who the mysterious visitors, tall and gaunt and piercing of eye, might be, and when it began to be whispered around that the Sultan was indulging in magic and neglecting affairs of state, the boy came to the conclusion that the men daily admitted at the garden gate were magicians.

About the hour of evening prayer the two men would emerge from the gate and, talking earnestly together, would take their way to some obscure part of the crowded city.

Much Ahmed longed to see beyond the walls of the garden and to know what so-called magic was taking place within. One morning early, while yet the mists of the river lay over Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold and high-walled gardens no longer had to be seen from the garden gate, he saw the two magicians hurrying toward the garden as usual, and, as they passed him, he heard one say: "Will nothing undo the spell?" To which the other replied: "Oh, yes; simple enough—the sesame seed."

That evening when the muezzin was calling to prayer from the marble minaret, which reared itself against the sweetest sky, Ahmed watching the gate, saw one man come forth and hurry away instead of two, as usual. Every day after that it was one magician only who came and went.

Then rumors began to be noised about of a great change which had taken place in the disposition of the Sultan. Before, he had been mild and generous, now he became grasping and cruel, and things went on from bad to worse until all Bagdad groaned under his oppression.

Ahmed was certain that the change in the Sultan was connected somehow with the disappearance of the first magician, and he noticed that the second magician no longer had to be seen from the garden gate, but carried a key to it, and came and went to pleasure. "If I could get into that garden," thought the boy, "I could discover what the secret is, and perhaps relieve the people from their burdens."

One day the opportunity he longed for came. The magician, in hurrying away, accidentally dropped the key to the garden gate.

Ahmed picked it up and ran home with it, where he quickly took an impression of the key in wax and then hurried back to his corner. Presently he saw the magician coming back, looking on the ground and apparently searching for something. Ahmed had dropped the key again close to the gate, and out of the corner of his eye he saw the magician pounce upon it with joyful exclamation.

Carrying the wax impression of a locksmith, Ahmed went to the Sultan's palace, and the next night, when all Bagdad was bathed in moonlight and the sound of music and laughter came from the shrines along the river, and from the groves where the young people were dancing, the boy crept to the garden gate and let himself in.

Within the wall all was glorious with flowers and fountains and marble pavilions sleeping in the moonlight, while on one side the long arcade of the palace, borne aloft on light carved pillars, sparkled with many colored lights and showed through open doors long vistas of gold and splendid hangings.

In one corner of the garden a small bear with a heavy collar around its neck was chained to a stake driven into the ground. But not another living thing did Ahmed see in the whole beautiful garden, though from the palace he heard the sounds of wild, coarse revelry.

The bear, seeing Ahmed, ran toward him as far as his chain would allow, and then stood on its hind legs and held out its paws as if beseeching for something to eat.

"Poor bear, what is it you want?" said Ahmed, and he took a piece of bread from his pocket and held it out to the bear.

"Thank you, my friend," said the bear, and he ate the bread with a grateful look.

"What is your name?" asked Ahmed.

"My name is Sultan," said the bear, and he looked at Ahmed with a proud air.

"Sultan?" said Ahmed, "but you are a bear, not a Sultan."

"I am a bear," said the bear, "but I am also a Sultan. I have been a bear for many years, but I have also been a Sultan for many years. I have been a bear and a Sultan at the same time."

"How is it possible for you to be a bear and a Sultan at the same time?" asked Ahmed.

"It is very simple," said the bear, "I have been a bear for many years, but I have also been a Sultan for many years. I have been a bear and a Sultan at the same time."

"I don't understand you," said Ahmed.

"I will tell you," said the bear, "I have been a bear for many years, but I have also been a Sultan for many years. I have been a bear and a Sultan at the same time."

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THE BEAR CHANGED INTO THE REAL SULTAN.

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the boy; but the bear only groaned as if in distress.

Hearing a footstep the boy sprang into a clump of bushes and saw from his hiding place a man come down the walk whom he at once recognized as the Sultan.

The Sultan went up to the bear and began to taunt him, saying: "Hail! your highness, how goes it now? I trust you are enjoying yourself. Have you any commands for your slave?" and much more to the same effect, while the bear tried vainly to get at him and tear him to pieces.

"How now?" said the man, "why this rage? Am I not as good a Sultan as you were? My revenue is greater, anyway."

Ahmed saw it all now. The sham Sultan was the wicked magician who had not returned one day from the garden with his companion, but who had changed himself into a likeness of the real Sultan, whom he had transformed into a bear.

When the sham Sultan had returned to the palace, Ahmed made his way out of the garden, and, remembering what he had overheard the magician say about the sesame seeds, he returned the next day with a lot of them in a pocket.

Sprinkling these on the bear he saw it gradually change into the real Sultan, Abdul the Good.

Ahmed shouted for joy, and at the sound of the shout Sultan came running out of the palace with his scimitar drawn, and calling for his guards. As he rushed toward Ahmed and the real Sultan to cut them down, the boy flung a handful of sesame seeds in his face, and lo! in a twinkling, the sham Sultan was changed into the wicked magician again, and fell, begging for mercy, at the feet of the true Sultan.

All the people of the palace assembled, and before them the man confessed, although he had wrought his spells with the help of the other magician, who, in consideration of receiving two-thirds of the royal revenue, had consented to retain his humble position and act as the false Sultan's spy in the restless city.

The wicked men were sent to Madagascar to search for the rock's egg, and they never saw him back for Ahmed, who was made the Sultan's Vizier eventually, and married the Princess Guinure, while Bagdad ceased from its murmuring and lived happy under the mild sway of its rightful master.

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THE GARDEN FOLKS

By Clarence A. Hough—Illustrated by B. F. McCutcheon—Copyrighted 1904 by International Press Bureau.

I. A pumpkin once was laughing in a most uproarious way. At something that a bean had said About the time of day.

II. She laughed so long and laughed so hard That several times she cried. Until at last she split herself. And a crack ran down her side.

III. The pumpkin staggered back a bit And swooned upon the earth. And the bean at once regretted He'd excited so much mirth.

IV. While the pumpkin lay quite still and pale Her seeds ran out the crack; Their scramble waked the pumpkin up And she tried to call them back.

V. "Come back to me," she cried in tears. "I fear that you'll get lost. It's growing dark, the wind is high. There's apt to be a frost."

VI. "Oh, no, dear ma," the young seeds cried. "We want to see great things— We wish to visit foreign lands And try on the crown of kings."

VII. The little tots took to their heels And scampered o'er the clove. While mamma lost her temper so That peas shook in their pods.

VIII. With yells and shouts the seeds ran on Till, overtaken by the night, They then began to think of home And regret their hasty flight.

IX. Each one lay down upon the ground And dreamed of home and mamma dear. And cattle and hogs and sheep.

X. Alack, alas for the pumpkin seeds. The tears which they let flow Watered the earth and made them sprout. And they soon commenced to grow.

XI. There they were held by tiny roots Till all were fully grown, But soon had seeds of their own.

THE NUT QUARTET.

I. Four nuts once got together In a playful sort of way. And began to try their voices On a home-made little lay.

II. "To us and no one else," said they. "This slugging art belongs. And the funny thing about it Was The things they sang were songs."

III. The acorn and the fat pecan Trilled all the lower notes; The peanut and the hazel sang So high they hurt their throats.

IV. "We've nothing but a fall for us. We never will have wives. While the changes of the weather Tell the story of our lives."

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WHY THE ENMITY BETWEEN DOGS AND CATS?

It Seems to Date Back to the Time of the Leopards.

WHY does the dog hate the cat? Scientists have been investigating the enmity between these animals, and they believe that the distinctive hatred which certain beasts feel of each other is due to inheritance from ancient times, when the animals met in a wild state and preyed on each other.

The enmity between cats and dogs seems to be due more to hatred on the part of the dog than of the cat. The latter animal apparently hates dogs because dogs chase her; while the dog hates the cat because she is a cat.

A cat will feed at a place where a dog has been without betraying any signs of anger; but a dog generally becomes excited and wild if he scents the trail of a cat anywhere near his food or sleeping place.

Now this enmity is not to be explained by anything that happens between dogs and cats in domesticity or anything that ever happened between them as long as human history goes back. In all these thousands of years dogs and cats have been kept as pets, and of all animals they are

the two which should be the most friendly. But the reverse is the case. One naturalist, Dr. Zell, seeks it in the fact that the common cat not only looks like, but smells like, the great cats of prey. And of these cats of prey there is one, much like a domestic cat in many ways, which hunts dogs by preference. This big cat is the leopard.

The domestic cat and her larger relative, the wild cat, have never harmed the face of dogs; but their great speckled cousin is, and always has been, the most ferocious of dog-murderers, and the cat must pay for it.

Authorities agree that there is no animal that the leopard would rather eat than the dog; as a result there are many villages in the district in which leopards are plentiful where nobody can keep a dog. The great cats will not hesitate to go into the houses to seize their favorite dish.

But, says the doubter, the modern dog certainly could not have known leopards in many thousands of years. He has been a domestic pet in regions where there have been no leopards since man first appeared.

That is true, says Dr. Zell. But he points to the fact that dogs have a habit of turning around several times before they lie down. This, he says, is due to the fact that when they were in a wild state they had to do this to press down the leaves and twigs in order to prepare a bed for themselves; and as they have not overcome this habit in all their years of domesticity, it is quite natural that they should still inherit fierce hatred of any creature that smells like a leopard.

Dogs and cats are not the only animals that still show inherited fear or hatred of other beasts which they have never seen themselves. Thus the rhinoceros is frantically in fear of anything white, and naturalists say that this is because once upon a time some big white animal hunted him. But that must have been long ago, for there are no big white animals now where the rhinoceros dwells.

Chickens that have never seen a fox will cackle and run in fear if they come across the place where the animal has passed or where his carcass has been dragged. If a fox has been anywhere near a cat's drinking dish, the cat will not approach it.

DEVELOPMENTS OF STUDY OF AERIAL NAVIGATION

The Best Flying Birds Slide Up and Down on the Air.

IN the past few years the desire of man to discover a means of navigating the air has led to a deep study of the flight of birds and a great deal of material has been gathered.

It is beginning to be the consensus of opinion that the bird world as a whole is not nearly perfect in its attainment of flight.

All birds that have to flap their wings continuously, such as sparrows, finches, thrushes, crows and so on, are still in an imperfect stage.

More advanced are such birds as pigeons, swallows, etc., because they can start ahead for a space after they have gained a good start by the rapid flapping of the pinions.

But the only perfect fliers are the eagles, vultures, albatrosses and other great fowl that can rise and fall away and soar in the air indefinitely without moving their wings perceptibly.

Now, how do these big birds manage to ascend to great heights without flapping their wings? It is certain that such birds as the eagle and the vulture can soar into the air gradually until they disappear from the eyes of the beholder, and yet it will be quite impossible to denote a single motion of anything except the tail.

One observer, Erich Hoffmann, had an unusual opportunity to gather some facts about this question. Two years ago he was in the Caucasus on a mountain peak that ascended close to another one. Over the latter there soared a great eagle, and, far as he was from earth, he was quite close to Mr. Hoffmann.

When he was seen first he was hanging almost motionless in the air. Suddenly he moved swiftly ahead, pointing his head slightly toward the sky, and thus he glided along without flapping a wing till his motion had ceased of itself. As it stopped, he lifted his wings high in the air, dropped his head and permitted himself to fall.

As soon as he had fallen a short distance, his broad pinions spread out to their fullest extent again, and immediately the impetus gained by the fall sent him gliding forward and upward, so that within a few moments he had actually slid upon the air to a position higher than he had been in before.

After he had done this five times he had ascended so high without flying once that the observer could see him only as a black speck in the air.

The eagle's method was exactly that of a boy who slides down a hill in a wagon,

Why Leaves Turn in Autumn

WHEN the leaves begin to turn, most of the people who admire the beauty of the woods then and say "How wonderful!" never wonder what it is that changes the green into the splendid, glowing tints of Autumn.

Ask nine persons out of ten, and if they hazard a guess at all, they will probably say that the frost has tinted the leaves. But the frost has nothing to do with it. Leaves colored by a frost look quite different from leaves colored in the due course of nature.

The coloring of the leaves is due to a genuine preparation for winter which goes on among the trees and shrubs, just as it does in the animal world.

The leaves, as you know, are the feeders of the trees. Now, as the Autumn arrives, and the time approaches when the leaves must suspend their functions, there is a great hurry in the arteries and veins of the plants to extract all the nourishment that is left, and to store it away deep in the trunk and branches, to stay there through the time of frost and snow.

This increased activity, which sets all the tiny pumps of cells working from root to crown, extracts the matter from the leaves which is known as chlorophyll, and which serves to give the leaves their bright green color. All the albumen and starches in the leaves are changed into liquid at this time and pumped busily into the storage-houses under the bark where they are preserved, safe and sound, till the following Spring, when they furnish food for new leaves and sprouts.

The most prominent color of an Autumn scene is yellow. This yellow is caused by waste matter—stuff that is left behind as useless when the little pumps take in the material that makes the green color; and crystals of lime that were left when the chemical factories of the plant turned the albumen into liquid so it could be pumped, also help to make the yellow.

To change the starry matter into sweet liquid, another chemical process is used, and as it does not succeed well if the light is too strong, the plants manufacture a curious substance which turns red the moment it touches any of the many acids that exist in almost all leaves.

Thus, the red, yellow and orange colors of the Autumn woods are anything except mere tricks of nature, intended only to delight. As everybody knows, these tints are especially powerful for resisting the passage of the sun's rays. Furthermore, they have the property of changing light into heat. This heat, again, spurs all the plant's cells to new activity, so the Autumn foliage of the woods is by no means a sign of sleep. It is then that the chemical laboratories are at their most feverish toil.

He picked her up in his arms—Betty

When she looked up she gave him just the faintest smile. "Thank you," she said softly.

He had unburdened himself of her golf bag, a caddy had seemed to be in the way when they started out that afternoon. "Thank you," she admitted reluctantly, "Now, I shall carry you to the club."

"Oh!" she gasped. And yet she knew, way down in her heart that she could not walk, and something danced about and said, "Oh, I'm glad!" Betty called them nymphlike devils—those little somethings that said wicked things in her heart.

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WHEN BETTY GOLFED

BY RUBY DOUGLAS

"BETTY!" "What is it?" she asked without taking her attention from the little mound of wet sand she was building.

"Look up a minute." His tone was unmistakably pleading.

"Not now," she replied, placing a ball carefully on the tiny heap. "Wait until I drive off."

He glanced at her delicious profile as she gauged the distance ahead of them on the links. The wind blew all her lovely curls out of imprisonment and let them caress her cheek. He was jealous of them.

"I can't wait," he said, impulsively, stepping nearer to her as she drew a club from the bag. "I love you. Aren't you ever going to marry me?"

She gave him a swift glance through the fragments of his hopes to the four winds. Then, with all the strength of her graceful little body, she drove off the tee.

For a fraction of a minute she gazed after the ball. It had gone wide of its mark; in her impulsive drive she had struck wildly.

"Now, see what you've done!" she cried, stamping her foot. "You've spoiled a good drive with your foolishness."

"Will you, Betty?" he persisted, never glancing in the direction of the misplaced ball.

"No, I won't." A pretty color had crept up to meet the curls, and her eyes sparkled. "There is no earthly use in our finishing now. You've spoiled the whole game." And, with an air of finality, she replaced her driver in the bag.

Elevating her obstinate but bewitching little chin, she turned in the direction of the clubhouse.

"May I come?" He had every intention of doing so, but Betty liked to be consulted in such matters, especially when the risk was so slight.

"Only to suppress remarks from the people on the verandas," she retorted unamiably. What an accent she put on the first word.

Silently she tramped across the irregular ground, up hill and down.

"Let's talk," he suggested. She ignored him utterly.