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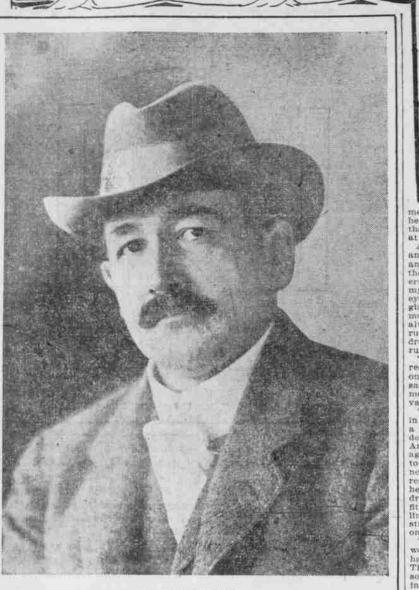
Armed with letter by the President,

three big Americans penetrate the Sand

Wastes, fraternize with the Bedouins,

and bring home a string of Fleet

Arab Steeds



HOMER DAVENPORT.

know it

(Homer Davesport has recently returned they know it. All three agree that this was the most discouraging period of their adventure, whith the oxception, perhaps, of their failure to get a snapshot of the Sultan of Constantinople, whom they saw at close range, and whom Homer Davenport de-scribed as resembling a cross between Senator Dingley and Mr. Oscar Straus. No photograph of the Sultan has ever been seen, the one that usually passes for him being that of his brother. Finally the overzealous Turkish spy, having been properly rebuked by his gov-ernment, returned the arms he had de-tained, and the three Americans reached Aleppo, where there was a Syrian hotel. from Turkey, where he was sent by th Woman's Home Companion to write an illustrate a series of articles on the Arabia ie and his history. The illustrations lished on this page are used by permis-of the Woman's Home Companion.)

Up, lad; thews that He and cumber Dp. lad: these that lie and cumber Sunfit pallets never theives; Morns abed and daylight slumber Were not meanly for men allve. Clay lies still, but blood's a rover; Freash's a ware that will not keep, Up, lad; when the journey's over There'll be time enough to sleep, --E A. HOUSEMAN.

HIS being the story of how three North American glants invaded the Arabian desert alone and extended Arabian desert alone and extended the right hand of followship to Akmut Hafig, the oracle of all the Arabs, it is worth while to note the spirit as well as the facts of their adventure, says the New York Times. In the world at large they do not wear their hearts on their sleeves, and so are known usually as Charles A. Moore, Jr., 6 foot S. John H. Thommson Jr. 5 foot

known usually as Charles A. Moore, Jr., 6 foot 3; John H. Thompson, Jr., 6 foot 3%, and Homer Davenport, 6 foot 1; but, thanks to the great Aliah of the desert, when it bits and the second for the base of the desert. To strike out into the Bedouin country without a suite strike out into the Bedouin country who in his mercy has spared them from without a guide was impossible, and even

the jaws of the hyena, and the great wisdom of Akumit Hafiz, the seer of the Bedouins, there is a fullness of knowl-edge in them now that passeth the understanding of the brotherhood of towns-They left New York on July 5, and those the knew anything about the Oriental mode of the sun wondered, for even the Arab prays to the east as the hurning sun Arab prays to the east as the burning sun sinks behind him in the west. But what's a warning to a man "just aching to be a here"? The last words are quoted, as they should be, for they express the principle of the whole trip, and they were uttered by the oldest of the three. By the time they reached Constantinople to one another they were Arthur and Each and Homer-whatever else they were

men from North America into the desert he had not visited for 30 years and see that they secured the finest Arab horses

at reasonable prices. at reasonable prices. As soon as a suitable suite of attend-ants could be obtained they left Aleppo, and from that time till they returned there, three weeks later, the Arabian desert was a place of Oriental splendor and ert was a pince of oriental spiendor and mystery, though seen through scorched cychalls, for whether by the great red glare of the sun they saw, or by the monster moon of tropical heat, there was always the fever to excite the brain, and running through the whole adventurous dream the maddening sound of cool, fresh running water

"It's an awful thing, that sun, a great "It's an awful thing, that sun, a great red ball of fire that seems to be there only to torture you, to drive you mad." said Homer Davenport, recalling the memory of it all as a nightmare without value ralor

memory of it all as a nightmare without valor. "I often wondered, when we were well in the desert, how I could have been such a fool as to sit on my porch at home and deliberately plan this expedition. Poor Arthur, who is a glant in size and nerve, agreed with me that if he ever got back to his place in Greenwich, Conn., he would never, never leave it again. No man can realize what a preclous thing is water till he has been three weeks in the desert drinking dirty tepid stuff as if it were fit to drink. And then that solemn lone-liness of three white man surrounded by strange races, strange sounds, and no one, mothing that understood us." The only American they met was a woman missionary, who was tolerably happy because she was returning home. They did not see the tribe of Arabs whose soils she had been industriously convert-ing, but they must have been a hardy tribe, for it was their custom to cut the tander skin of that phone man surround to cut the

ing, but they must have been a hardy tribe, for it was their custom to cut the tender skin of their babies and rub salt into the wounds, that they might begin life with befitting hardihood. But in the midst of the tragedy there was some light, some insurmountably amusing incidents. There was the man with the source

There was the man with the spurs

There was the man with the spurs. This man ate, drank, and slept in his spurs, but never actually used them ex-cept to crack hard-bolled eggs. And there was the, amazing surcasm and wit of Akmut Hafis, equal to any while man's sense of humor. And, too, there was the fron cot, on which Arthur tried to sleep every night, but never could, because it invariably broke through with him and left him chiefly prone upon the sands of the desert. The dally repairs to this cot was one of the relaxations. The various imaginative attempts of an Oriental cook to prepare canned beans also had its measure of genial surprise, and then there were the constant trade winds, night and day, blown hot as if

Aloppo, where there was a Syrian hotel. This place, situated on the edge of the desert of Arabia, had no Board of Health. winds, night and day, blown hot as if straight from the sun, that registered 135 degrees by day and played a slient hoax complete." Among his blanche Bates. "She's a Be

by dropping 40 degrees at night to make it seem cold enough for blankets. There was no discernible trail through

this desert, but the wise Akmut Hafiz, noblest Bedouin of them all, knew every grain of sand, and led the first Americans across the wastes straight to the

icans across the wastes straight to the great camp of the mighty Anazas. It was a vast canvas city of 10,000 tents, with 40,000 cameis, horses, and men to ride them. There were no women that the Americans saw, perhaps one or two, who instead of using the delicate paints of modern society merely stained their lips an azure blue. This was also done to the favorite mares. Upon approaching this the largest Be-douin camp of the desert, Akmut Hafiz became suddenly young and vigorous. Rising in his saddle, almost standing erect in his stirrups, he should exultantly, "Anaza"

Homer Davenport, exhausted and dazed

Homer Davenport, exhausted and dazed by the terrific heat, by the dendly scorched air of the place, turned listlessly in the direction where Haffz pointed. Again, the Heiouin shouted, louder this time, "Anaza". "Then I saw," says Davenport, "In the dim light of the horizon what looked to me at first like a low range of hills on the horizon, which gradually resolved itself into a city of tents, into living statues of stoic camels, and everywhere something close to the ground that seemed to me most like sturfed cagles, but which turned out to be falcons tethered for the night." They were received with true grandeur of Arab ceremony, for it seems there is no while man of the vast civilized races that can compare in dignity, grace, and imjesty of manner to the Arab of the desert. Particularly were the Bedouins fattered that these Americans had come to meet them without soldiers and no doubt the presence of Akmut Hafiz gave distinction to the party.

. . "It was like a dream come true," said

Homer Davenport. 'T turned to Arthur and asked him if I was awake; if this great picture was real. From the time I was old enough to read I had thought and wondered about all this, and here I was, a man past 40, come into the dream-world of my youth. In an instant I realized that these were my people, that I was a Bedouin, born in Oregon, but heir to the desert. Something of the sort I said to these people; I told them that I was an Arab, too; had always

been one, and would always remain one. Akmut Hafiz at once enrolled me as one of them, saying that until then there had

After that there was really no danger from bodlly harm to any one of the three Americans, and they set to work upon the actual business of buying horses.

actual business of buying horses. With each horse or mare purchased the ceremony was the same. Akmut Hafiz would join the hands of the buyer and seller, and, pincing his hand over the joined hands, he would de-mand that the Arab repeat the good points of the horse aloud "to Allah!" If he did so the deal was closed and the horse delivered according to terms, for if there was any faise inflation of values the Arab selling would not risk the wrath of Allah against the liar. Each horse had hung around its neck in

Each horse had hung around its neck in a small bag a Mohammedan prayer, and the only condition of sale was that this should never be cut from the horse's neck.

It is the belief of the Arabs that the spirit of Allah is in every horse of the desert, and that when the Arab steed arches his tail it is a symbol of this great

arches his tail it is a symbol of this great spirit. Because our horses wear their tails with a shameful disregard of style, the Arabs say that none of them are blessed with the spirit of Allah. Homer Davenport managed to bring to this country 27 pure-blooded Arab mares and horses from the great descrt, and 17 of them are now at his farm in Morris Plains, N. J. Among them is the cele-brated Musun, or listening horse, who, being used in the descrt to listen for the approach of his master's enemy, will sud-denly become as if carved in stone, his ears well forward, gesmingly unconscious of life about him. ears well forward, of life about him.

Doubtless the Bedouins are now convinced that the Americans are a race of giants, and that some day they will ride across the desert to New York. They will always expect the Bedouin from Oregon to greet them when they come. Sitting the other night at the fireside of Davenport's home, coursing again on his Arab steed across the mirage of the

desert in the log flames before us, there came a loud knock at the door, and in walked Arthur, 6 foot 3,

Manked Arthur, e lost a, In a moment they were embracing, as Davenport selzed him, saying: "Arthur, Arthur, my brids of the desert." He nearly lost his bride because of fever and thirst one night, and while the Bed-ouins were praying to the east, Daven-port's heart and eyes were set fixedly westword. westward.

westward. . That was nearly their last night in the desert, and in the grim white moonlight of that lifeless sky Davenport thought of his Bedouin friends in America. Among his letters he found one from



# Blanche Bates. "She's a Bedonin, sure as you live." in half, he gave to the trade winds her a souvenir of its own.

## He Admires the Universal Love of Music and the Preference of Coin Over Coronets

MR. DEVERY SINGS PRAISES OF ENGLAND

EDITED BL PERCY LINDON-ROWARD. S OME guy once said comparisons was odious, said Mr. Devery, an' I guess he was right. The point to figure out is which comparison it is that's odi-cus, yours or the other fellows. If a main compares your best girl's laughin' blue cus, yours or the other fellows. If a man compares your best girl's laughin' blue eyes to a pair of double back action squinters stuck in the head of a dame second that them that lives is great as with plebald hair, there sin't mothin' oditheir instruments down Cheapside hustlin' for a stand to hand out a few gems of song. An' when they burst in the chorus, Rula Britannia, Britannia rules the a musical nation. I've see more planes in houses where there ain't no one can play than in any other country in the waves. waves, Britons never, never, never, shall be slaves, he slaps himself on the chest an' says, the Americans is gettin' more struck chance. She's tickled to death. The min-ute you praise her you can bet your life if it don't have no insides. An' she's got a smile on that's all wool an' a people can't play that don't cut no ice. The plano's there, just the same. They'll use a phonograph to grind out the toons. An' the love of music ain't of ecstasy where Heaven hasn't got no

Jack and Homer-whatever else they were or had been or were to be was as absurd as any Turkish spy they might meet. What Columbus had done in 1492 gave

them an assurance in strange lands that even the Sultan himself appreciated when the State Department at Washington had pointed it out to him. No ordinary pioneers were these three glants from the red man's country, for in the inside pocket of his reafer Homer Davenport carried a small bit of white pastsboard requesting the utmost consideration for himself and his friends in the name of the great white chief, Theodore Bocsevelt

When later this same scrap of writing was put into the hands of Sheyhk Hashim Bey, Chief of the Bedouins, in the fithy, pestilential fittle town of Aleppo, he held it in his trembling hands, and, looking up to the sky, murmured a nonpolitical prayer of Mohammed's, and then bowed his head in reverence over the little dog

. . .

The start for the desort from Constan thople was delayed, for it was necessary to secure permission from the Sultan to purchase some Arab horses from the Analta tribes in the desert, which Homer Davenport, the horseman of the party, declared to be the object of their journeedared to be the object of their jour-ney thither. It was here that one of the three, being enamored of the frisky Turks, formed such close fellowship with two natice beys that the remaining two christened one All Bey and the other Construction

Oyster Bey, Perhaps the same Arab blood that is in men of many races, that sends them wandering about the earth, was in the hearts of these two, and they regretted this affinity of one of them for Turkish

It was not until after they had left Constantinople and all her luxuries bethind that Homer, scenting approach to the desert, unfolded this theory to the others, for, though born in Oregon, he declared himself by temperamont an Arab, and, taking joy in the bellef, announced that there were other Bedouth souls among his friends in America. To be sure, this was before they had spent the three or four days and nights of

borror between Scandaroon and Aleppo an experience which almost eclipsed all practical assi, to say nothing of the po-etic enthusiasm of the trig. An officious Turkish spy undertook to question their passports and temporarily took their guis Pending an official adjustment of

It has been the custom of foreign gov-proments to buy horses from the Arabs

in the desert, but these expeditions were lways conducted with the aid of soldiers From the first, however, Homer Dav-nport objected to this, trusting to his aith in the American methods of arbitra-ion-and Theodore Roosevelt.

mplete remoteness from the world as

While visiting the bazaars, where some while visiting the usuality, where some purchases were made, the Arab from Ore-gon was always on the lookout for his kinsmen, the true Arabs of the desert. He was able to pick these out from the other Orientals by the wild daring of their

countenances, by a certain distinction of manner and bearing. One of these, whom he approached by chance in the street, informed him of Akmut Hafiz, the diplomat of the desert, and told him also that Hushim Bay chief of the great Anaza tribe, was then

Aleppo. "Show him to me!" said the man from Oregon, and they went at once to the house of the wise man, whom every Bedouin knows and respects.

. . .

He lived very modestly for his dis-tinguished celebrity in a native house, where the horses were stabled in the parlor, and the living-room was upstairs. This room in which the oracle of the Bedouin tribe received Homer Daveaport and his companions was a large apartment, with red plush divans edging its walls. The surprising thing about it to the Americans were the

guns and arms to be seen lying about In a country where arms are forbidden to any one but the soldiers. After a little while Akmut Hafiz appeared. With stately dignity he walked slowly into the room. cording to Arab custom, he bowed low to the floor, and then stepping forward gave each one a hearty handshake.

If Grover Cleveland were to put or the Bedouln costume he would look exactly like Akmut Hafiz, the intermediary between Sheyhk Hashim Bey, Chief of the Anazas, and the Turkish government.

Although, to the Americans, Hafiz secured to be a born diplomat. In real-ity he had undergone a severe training as chief of the camel compound, an in-closure where caravans, arriving or going,

were compelled to stay in their passage out or into the desert. This was a large open square, where more or less fighting took place, and it was the duty of its keeper to maintain peace and order with-

out soldiery or police assistance. For 30 years Hafiz had accomplished this task, and as Hashim Bey was known to refer his political difficulties to his judg-ment, so the Turkish government relied upon him to assuage the temper of the

for his own diplomatic mission, and he set about winning the old man's confidence

ous to your girl by a jug full. Not a chance. She's tickled to death. The min yard wide. An' when you put some other dame on the pan she's reached that stage

further charms for her. So, so far as comparisons goes, it all depends on the point of view.

These preliminary remarks is made for the benefit of the crowd that is always howlin' out about the glories of their own country an' holdin' that there's nothin' good nowhere else on earth-the same push that dodges their taxes as a matter of patriotism. They need wakin' up.

Take myself. I was always more or less pretudiced against England. Now I can see where I was dead wrong. It's a great country. Of course, the minute you begin comparin' England and America there's bound to be an odious spring up. thing to decide is who owns it. What's more, odious or not, no American can spend any time in England without goin' quietly into a corner an' weighin' up the game as compared to what he finds at It's natural. Every man likes to think his own country's the only one or earth. Of course, he knows it ain't. But he likes to con himself into thinkin' it is if he can con the other fellow into agreethen he's delivered the patriotic In, then he's derivered the pariotic goods. It's his country. He made it. No-body else had no hand in it except a few selected guys that he let in on the ground floor. But when you get down to figurin' there is tromendous advantages in all

there is that other countries hasn't got. An' the same with disadvantages. For in-stance, we've got Hearst. Parkhurst, and Weinerwurst to put up with. An' we have certain things to offset 'etn. But we need 'em, don't we? Very well. So i goes elsewhere. France has the Count d Gasoline. An' if you can find anythin more calculated to drive a howlin' popu So I lace to frenzy than England passes out is

ince to reemy than anguine passes out in its national song-writer. Alfred Austin, I'd like to know it. I tell you, it's not all beer an skittles everywhere. To begin, England is great as a free country. When it comes to freedom there county, when it comes to recease there and to country that's got anythin' on England. There's freedom of the press, freedom of speech, freedom in the courts, freedom all down the line, an' you're just as free to starve to death in England as

as iree to starte to near in England as you are in any place in the world, not even exceptin' Noo York. What's more, you can do it with less interference. In Noo York, if you sneak off in a cor-ner an' try to starve to death on the sly.

the chances is you get discovered an' foliad. Somebody butts in. First thing you know you're waltzed off to the poor-house an' tempted away from your good resolution by some guy offerin' you a nice slice of dog-biscuit. Now, you don't have

chance to start one in Noo York an'

Harold.

ster. "What good is a King if he doesn't wear a crown?" Then everybody bursts in an' says

he'll wear a gorgeous uniform all gold

army.

give out medals"" "You'll see him tomorrow, darlin'," says Grandma. "No, I won't," says the youngster, "cos I won't go. I know. You just want me to speak my piece an' then take me out an' fool me an' show me a man. I know."

from the room for a course in patriot-

## A Royal Dog's Tomb,

A. ....

Chicago Tribune. Another of these examinations of royal tombs, undertaken during the reign of the late King of Holland, revealed the the arc and any of the that in the valit of the so-called New Church, at Delft, which for hundreds of years has served as the meusoleum for the members of the house of Orange, there are preserved the house of Orange, there are preserved the remains of a large dog. It was a pet of William the Silent, and had on two sep-arate occasions saved its royal master's life by warning him of the approach of the Spanish assassia, who eventually mur-dered him in 1684. It succumbed to the wounds sustained in endeavoring to defend the Prince, and it was there-upon decided to recognize the devotion of the animal by entombing it slong with the Stadtholder.

Symposium of Democracy. Buffalo Evening News. Id like to have a view of Folk's, Another one of Hill's: Id like to have A Parker smoke Some more of those green pills and then I'd like Tom Johnson to Advance his views so tryin: And then about a hundred words From William Tomuch Beyan; A word or two Lines Bell Herron, Michaer Sha Views and Little Tim Each one opinion leves; Then have Thomas Jefferson Step down from off the wall and tell un-on, the local mana nd tell us-on the level-He thought about it all,

the Church" for just 15 years. An' now they've passed it over to Noo York so that the travelln' Englishman shan't feel lonely when he's away from home. Now it's a good toon. I'm not sayin' a word argain it. But you've got to lift your lid to the guy that can listen to it for 15 years. He's a hero. There is limitations even in music. But the English people is really crazy on the subject. They even like grand opera. Noo York hasn't got no further than pretendin' to like it, but in England they really enjoy it. It's grown on 'em. You can see musical families everywhere, especially on the sifteets. attend to or for them that thinks only of music as a sordid matter, Of course, there's a lot of four-flushers in England, just the same as

away. Pending an official adjustment of their difficulty, they were obliged to camp by the wayside, tormented by overgrown in boot winning the old man's confidence to dog-biscuit. Now, you don't have the wayside, tormented by overgrown in boots in solution in poker. The great international ace, there it usually takes a man eight weeks to break into the poorbouse, even if he used to break into the poorbouse, even if he used to break into the poorbouse, even if he use allon of allen beings speechless and meet every trick.
Brigade, but that don't cut no ice. Well, on the solety push. They ve got, the makes to break into the poorbouse, even if he used to break into the poorbouse, even if he used to break into the solety push. They ve got, the wouldn't stand up. What's the set every trick.
Buils all the strings he can to get there and swept every trick.
Hand a wept every trick.
Hand a seept every trick.
Han

a same. "Hooray, England forever." on titles every day, the English in-trind out I seen one of these guys last week isic ain't pattin' himself on the back. But I

tomorrow to see His Most Grac Majesty the King give out medal the soldiers at Windsor Castle, T

Harold didn't quite see where the

what did the soldiers do?" says Harold

"Fought an' bled for their country," says Grandpa, "like true British sol-diers."

'An' what did the King do?" asks

Harold. "Oh," says Grandpa. "His Majesty is goin' to give out the medals." "Will he wear his crown?" asks

"Why of course not," says Grandpa. "Then I'm not goin'," says the young-

be it wear a gorgeous uniform all gold lace an' trappin's. "Is he a soldier?" asks Harold. "Yee, my boy," says the chorus, "he is the greatest soldier in the world. He is the commander of the whole

army." "Who did he fight?" asks the kid. "Come now, Harold." says Grandpa, "he a good hoy an' speak your piece. His Majesty is a very good man. He never fights, and-" settles

"Then why is he a soldier-so he can give out medals?"

a man. I know." With that there was a panle that ended in one guy tippin' over a plane lamp, an' Harold's mother yankin' him 1000

doolts. Of course, here and there you'll doolts. Of course, here and there you'll find an old-time family that holds its breath every time the band plays "God Save the King." But there is others. The spirit of democracy's in the air. It's in the risin' generation. I was to a party for the the set of the set of the set.

all

It's in the risin' generation. I was to a porty a few nights ago where there was a pante because a youngster give the laugh to the boy with the gold top-plece. He was one of these infant prod-igals. An' of course he was trotted out to speak his plece about the "Charge of the Light Brigade." All English kids speaks the "Charge of the Light Brigade." There never was no other charge. Of course, none of 'em knows the Light Brigade from the Fire Brigade, but that don't out no ice. Weil, when the youngster comes out, he makes his deebew by sittin' down on the floor. An' he wouldn't stand up. What's

BRITAINS NEVER, NEVER, NEVER SHALL BE SLAVES.

C. Televis RULE BRITANNIA, BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES, confined to no particular class. It runs with the rich an' it runs with the poor. As an example of how they love music they've ben singin' "Waitin' at the Church" for just 15 years. An now