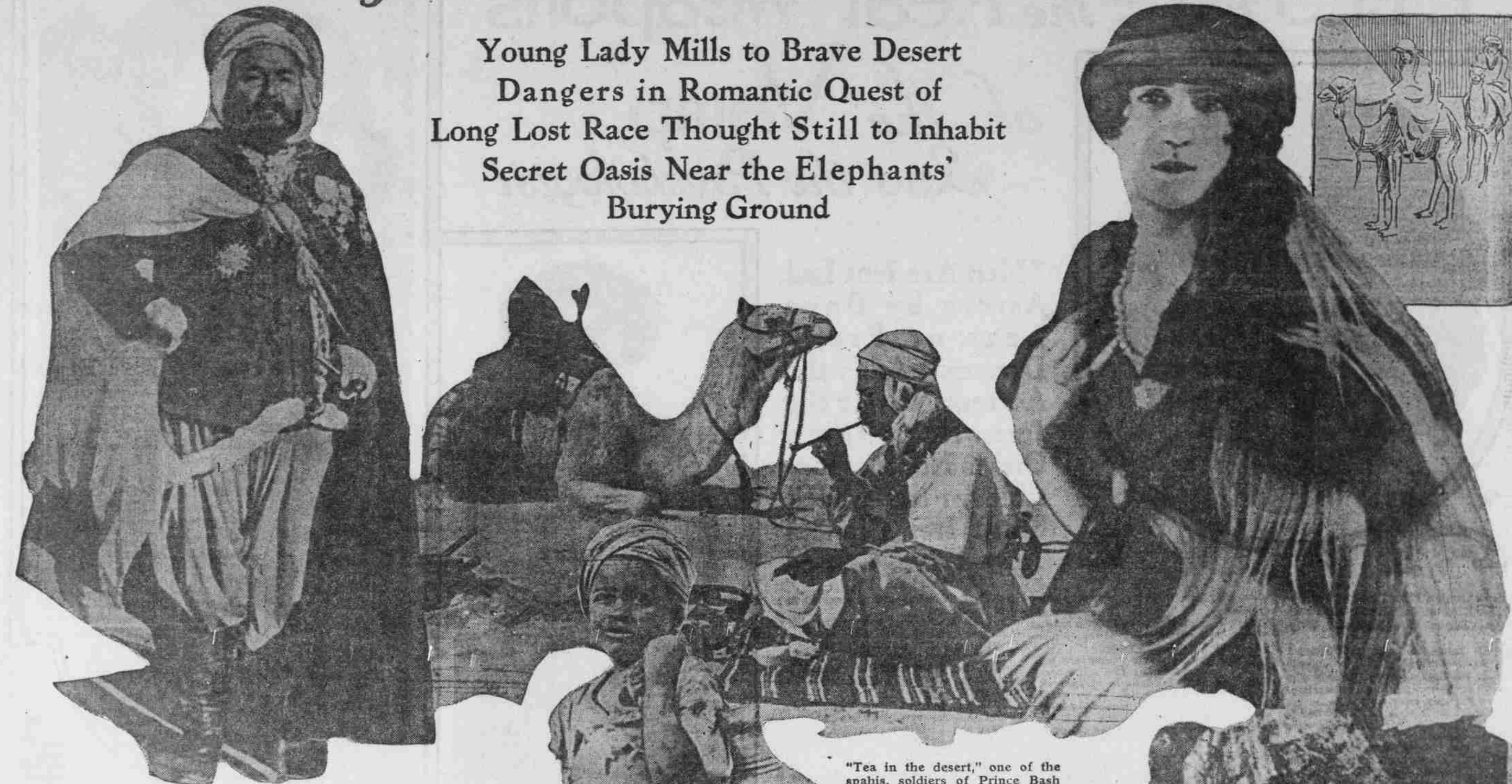


Peer's Daughter to Search for Lost Sahara Tribes

Young Lady Mills to Brave Desert Dangers in Romantic Quest of Long Lost Race Thought Still to Inhabit Secret Oasis Near the Elephants' Burying Ground



The Arab prince, Bash Agha Djellon Mohammed ben Lakdar, who will accompany Lady Mills on the expedition and initiate her into the secrets of the mysterious Sahara.

THERE is almost no one to whom romance and adventure do not appeal as kindred thrills. Romance has always associated mostly with the gallant knight errant who waits with palpitating heart upon his lady fair. Adventure, too, seems usually to be the prerogative of man. It is doubly interesting then to witness romance and adventure blended with a young and beautiful woman as their central figure. It is unique, too, that a bit of science should be added to give the romance and adventure even something more of interest.

Lady Dorothy Mills, the charming daughter of the Earl of Orford, who has attracted considerable attention in the past because of her unusual daring and consequential experiences, has just announced that she is going to lead an expedition of her own into the mysterious interior of the great Sahara desert. Certainly this is bound to be an adventure, especially for such a fragile young woman as Lady Dorothy, whose mother, by the way, was Miss Louise Corbin, the New York heiress.

The romance is found in the strange story of a young girl who lives in a little known village in France and who hopes that Lady Dorothy's expedition will result in her reunion with a childhood sweetheart, who was lost to her many years ago and whom she only dimly remembers. Some time ago young Lady Dorothy was traveling in France. She heard of an extremely interesting village called Chissay, in southern France, where, she was told, lived the descendants of an ancient tribe of troglodytes. The people of the little settlement, it was explained to her, still lived in quaint, ancient caves carved out of overhanging rocks. About them hovered the legend that hundreds of years ago their ancestors had crossed the Mediterranean and had settled in those same little caves. They had come, tradition says, from the interior of the Sahara, and were a part of the lost descendants of a great tribe, which, even before the Pharaohs, maintained a small empire in the midst of the desert.

Lady Dorothy at once visited the little village, and there found a most interesting people indeed. Of course, they were modern and, apart from their homes, might have passed as ordinary peasants of southern France. Still, in their strange customs in their little caves and even in their faces and mannerisms there was a distinct trace of an ancestry certainly not common to their French neighbors. It seemed to be generally believed that they were the direct descendants of troglodytes, and their clinging to their cave homes seemed to indicate that there still was much in common between them and the old time cave men.

It was here that Lady Dorothy ran across the young woman who lends the romance to her forthcoming expedition into the Sahara.

She was the adopted daughter of one of the cave-dwelling families. Lady Dorothy had chosen the cave of the girl's foster parents for her own domicile during her visit, and in the little family circle heard the young woman's story.

She had been brought to the settlement 20 years ago, when she was little more than 6 years old, apparently. The man who brought her was a strange, misshapen creature, who talked a strange, gibbering dialect, and yet who seemed to be akin to the cave people, and in whose face there were those distinguishing marks which at once characterized him as

belonging to some tribe or race of the same ancestry as their own.

How this visitor knew where to find the cave dwellers in France, why he came to them and where he went when he left has never been discovered. He appeared late in the afternoon of a summer day, his rough dress showing that he had walked far. In his arms he carried the little girl, who still wore the ragged, roughly woven garments of the desert tribe. He left her with one of the cave-dwelling families, and after unsuccessfully attempting to make himself understood, disappeared alone after a few hours' rest.

The girl grew up to young womanhood. But all through her years there has clung to her a faint, indistinct memory of a home in the desert, of people, men, women and children, who slept outdoors around her. Standing out in her memory is a vision of a playmate, a boy of her own age, for whom, it seems, even in that early age, she had been set apart. To her now this strange memory vision of a past too far away to be distinct seems to be the recollection of a childhood sweetheart.

She remembers nothing more. She does not remember the boy's face, she does not remember her people, she does not remember where these childhood days were spent—but somehow there is the picture in her mind of great, open spaces around a circle of trees and of frequent sandstorms.

There is something strange about this little girl and about her memories. Lady Dorothy hardly thinks it possible that this child was brought out of the desert by the representative of a foreign tribe, who found his way straight to the sea and straight to the village still populated by the civilized descendants of his people, his only mission being to leave with them a young child of his tribe. Still the story is told, and Lady Dorothy must believe what the people tell her. She talked with the young woman and was so impressed by the vividness of her recollections that she at once went to Africa, there to learn what there might be to learn of the existence of a forgotten race of people or in fact of any people not generally known to the rest of the world.

In Algiers Lady Dorothy found many traditions of the "lost tribes." All the sheikhs seemed to know that somewhere in the great desert there lived a handful of people who were direct descendants of a race that populated the desert centuries and centuries ago. None knew where. Always the Moors and the Arabs pointed far to the south and waved their hands in a great semi-circle, and simply said "somewhere there."

One old oracle in Tunis seemed to know more of the legend than anyone else. With great pretense at imparting a tremendous secret, he confided to Lady Dorothy that she would find the troglodytes very easily if she would appeal to a certain prince whose home was in the oasis of Laghouat, just at the entrance to the great desert waste. This prince, the old Arab told the English girl, was the greatest of all Arabian rulers, that he himself was a descendant from those who played high part during the ancient grandeur of the Arab race.

"It is Bash Agha Djellon Mohammed ben Lakdar your ladyship must go to see," said the old Arab. "You will find him in a great castle with long, rambling walls, against which from the south the sands of the desert blow. He is a great

prince, your ladyship, and rules the tribes that ride before the monsoons. His people are many and come from many oases that have arrived since long before the days of Mohammed. It is from them he knows the secrets of the lost race, and if he is pleased with your ladyship, Prince Bash Agha will tell you where these strange ones may be found."

One may imagine with what delight Lady Dorothy slipped a small bag of gold into the old Arab's hands and with what haste she assembled her caravan and rode to the south to the edge of the oases of Laghouat, where waving palm trees hid the long, rambling stone walls of the prince's castle. A whole story might be written of her reception there, of how the fast-riding Arabs came out to greet the caravan and how they looked with awe upon the pretty white face of the young English lady. But that must remain another story. Sufficient to tell here that Lady Dorothy was ushered into the stone-paved room in which the prince receives his guests, and there found awaiting her the mysterious Bash Agha, the ruler of the Sahara. She was astonished to find a gallant Arab, who bowed before her with the grace of an old-time knight, and who spoke English with just a trace of accent. Prince Bash Agha is a true Arab, but also he is a European in his manner and tastes. He was educated at Oxford, as have been many other Arabian princes.

Lady Dorothy, it may be presumed, went at once to her subject. The prince was much distressed.

"They are there somewhere to the south," he said. "My people have told me of them. They have told me, though, only what they heard from their fathers and what their fathers heard from their fathers. It is a tradition of the desert. We all know there is a lost tribe out there, and we have all searched in vain to find them."

"But," said Lady Dorothy, "the old Arab in Tunis—he was sure that you knew."

The prince laughed. "Yes, we all know just where they are. We know that they live in an oasis within a one day's ride across the sand from the burial ground of the elephants."

"But why," said Lady Dorothy, "why is it then that we cannot go at once—why not find the burial ground of the elephants and then, as you say, ride but one day to where the troglodytes are?"

"That is just the difficulty," said the prince. "No one knows where the elephants go away to die."

Then Lady Dorothy learned one of the other legends of the desert. Some place, this tradition runs, near a great oasis which has never been found, there is a great stretch of sand-swept ground where the elephants, when they know they are going to die, steal away to die alone, apart from their fellows. That this is a custom of elephants has been thoroughly established. They do not like to die near other elephants. They seem to have premonition of death, and amble away to some sacred place, where they lie down and accept the end.

Native of the desert know many of these secret burial grounds, and it is from them that the natives obtain the ivory which they sell to the caravans. Prince Bash Agha explained that the legend of the troglodytes included the tradition that if one should find the largest of these burial grounds he would find one day's ride to the east the home of the forgotten peoples of the Sahara.

Prince Bash Agha has promised that he will accompany Lady Dorothy when she sets out from his castle at the oasis of Laghouat. He will assign to her a little company of the best riders of the tribe of Ouled Nail.

SILLY GAME, ONLY RECENTLY INVENTED, HAS BECOME ACTUAL CRAZE WITH RESIDENTS OF OLD LONDON

High Grade of Cerebral Agility Not Required to Excel at New Pastime Known as "Book Titles." It Is Declared—Imagination Plays Big Part in New Pastime.

JUST as if life wasn't already full enough of silly things, somebody in London has invented a silly game, and everybody is playing it, says the New York Sun. It's a craze. At dinner parties it monopolizes conversation. London dinner parties are not dry, and it doesn't require a very high grade of cerebral agility to excel at the game of "Book Titles."

All you have to do to invent a title of an imaginary book and attribute it to an imaginary author, for whom you invest a name in which there is some grotesque and unexpected relationship to the idea in the title. The more far-fetched that relationship may be the more screams of delight you get from your audience, also the blatant and blithering idiocy of the output.

"Have you read 'The Drunkard,' by Maud Lyann?" some cheerful imbecile inquires.

"No," replies another, "but I'm greatly enjoying 'The Horseman,' by Rhoda Stride."

"Have you read 'The Straphanger,' by Nick Elridel?"

But the adept at the game strives to achieve a more subtle connection between title and author. For instance:

"Have you read 'The Closed Door' by Willy Fawcett?" Will he force it? From Buckingham palace to Baywater and from Fimble to Hampstead Heath, jubilant Londoners are springing "new ones" on each other. Nothing like it has ever been known since the days when "limericks" were new. Somebody asks you if you have read "The Whisper," and adds that it's by Lena Cross. Other examples are "The Missed Breakfast" by Primrose Late; "The Gap," by Bridget Over and "The Elixir of Life," by Olive Long (O, live long).

By studying the examples, one quickly reaches the conclusion that there is method in the concoction of these things. You get the author's name first, and manufacture the book title from that.

For instance, the fellow that pulled "The Whisper," by Lena Cross, was feverishly going over all the women's Christian names he could think of, to suggest new book titles for a dinner party that night. He came to Lena.

"Lena," he muttered to himself, "Lena,

Lena, Lena—lean a—but you can't lean a thing—oh, yes you can, but wait! Isn't there an adverb beginning with 'a' that would combine itself with 'lean'? Lean awhile—lean away—lean about—lean across! Ah! Lena Cross! Fine! Now, 'lean across' suggests a confidence, a whisper—I've got it! 'The Whisper,' by Lena Cross. Great!"

Bad Business.

Governor Small of Illinois, apropos of enormous life insurance policies, said the other day:

"Zukor, the film king, is insured for \$7,500,000. Rodman Wanamaker carries \$1,000,000. Pierpont Morgan carries the same."

"For the average man a large insurance has its advantages, but it also has its disadvantages. To be worth so much more dead than alive!"

"A lawyer earning about \$3000 a year was insured for \$60,000. He got shipwrecked once and was rescued by a miracle. As soon as his raft reached land, he called to his partner:

"I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."—Exchange.