



# The net from Carp Bagdad

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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.  
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## Temperance

(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

### INTERESTING TO A FARMER

Closing of Distillery and Brewery Would Set at Liberty Large Amount of Capital and Labor.

(By PROF. JOHN A. NICHOLS.)

#### SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algeron Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thriving for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryans arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle, a rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones' rooming house in New York to some mysterious enterprise unknown to her. Fortune appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to her. Fortune appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to her.

It was time to go up and dress for dinner. Tonight (as if the gods had turned George's future affairs over to the care of Momus) he dressed as if he were going to the opera; swallowtail, white vest, high collar and white-lawn cravat, opera-Pedora, and thin-soled pumps; all the habiliments and demi-habilliments supposed to make the man. When he reached what he thought to be the glass of fashion and the mold of form, he turned for the first time toward his trunk. He did not rub his eyes; it wasn't at all necessary; the thing he saw, or rather did not see, was established beyond a doubt, as plainly definite as two and two are four. The ancient Yliordes had taken upon itself one of the potentialities of its fabulous prototype, that of invisibility; it was gone.

#### CHAPTER XI. Episodic.

Fortune had immediately returned from the bazaars. And a kind of torpor blanketed her mind, usually so fertile and active. For a time the process of the evolution of thought was denied her; she tried to think, but there was an appalling lack of continuity, of broken threads. It was like one of those circumferential railways; she traveled, but did not get anywhere. Ryans had told her too much for his own sake, but too little for hers. She sat back in the carriage, inert and listless, and indeterminedly likened her condition to driftwood in the ebb and flow of beach-waves. The color and commotion of the streets were no longer absorbed; it was as if she were riding through emptiness, through the unreality of a dream. She was oppressed and stifled, too; harbingers of storms.

Mechanically she dismissed the carriage at the hotel, mechanically she went to her room, and in this semiconscious mood sat down in a chair, and there George's wish found her, futilely. Oh, there was one thing clear, clear as the sky outside. All was not right; something was wrong; and this wrong upon one side concerned her mother, her uncle and Mr. Ryans, and upon the other side, Mr. Jones. Think and think as she might, her endeavors gave her no single illumination. Four blind walls surrounded her. The United Romance and Adventure company—there could not possibly be such a thing in existence; it was a jest of Ryans' to cover up something far more serious. She pressed her eyes with a hand. They ached dully, the dull pain of bewilderment, which these days recurred with frequency. A sense of time

chosen not to see; and in this had morally betrayed her. Ah, it rankled, and the injustice of it grew from pain to fury. At that moment, had she known anything, she certainly would have denounced them. Of what use was loyalty, since none of them sought it in her?

The Major was wiser than he knew when he spoke of the hundredth danger, the danger unforeseen, the danger against which they could make no preparation. And he would have been first to sense the irony of it could he have seen where this danger lay. Why should they wish the pleasant young man out of the way? Why should Ryans wish to inveigle him into the hands of this mad Mahomed? Was it merely self-preservation, or something deeper, more sinister? Think! Why couldn't she think of something? It was only a little pleasure trip to Cairo, they had told her, and when she had asked to go along, they seemed so willing enough. But they had come to this hotel, when formerly they had always put up at Shepherd's. As here again the question was? Was it because Mr. Jones was staying here? She liked him, what little she had seen of him. He was out of an altogether different world than that to which she was accustomed. He was neither insanely mad over cards nor a social idler. He was a young man with a real interest in life, a worker, notwithstanding that he was reputed to be independently rich. And her mother had once borrowed money of him, never intending to pay it back. The shame of it! And why should she approach him the very first day and recall the incident, if not with the ulterior purpose of using him further? As a ball strikes a wall only to rebound to the thrower, so it was with all these questions. There was never any answer.

Tired out, mentally and physically, she laid her head upon the cool top of the stand. And in this position her mother, who had returned to dress for tea, found her. Believing Fortune to be asleep, Mrs. Chedsoye dropped a hand upon her shoulder. Fortune raised her head. "Why, child, what is the matter?" the mother asked. The face she saw was not tear-stained; it was as cold and passionless as that by which sculptors represent their interpretations of Justice.

"Matter?" Fortune spoke, in a tone that did not reassure the other. "In the first place I have only one real question to ask. It depends upon how you answer it. Am I really your daughter?"

"Really my daughter?" Mrs. Chedsoye stopped back, genuinely astonished. "Really my daughter? The child is mad!" as if addressing an imaginary third person. "What makes you ask such a silly question?" She was in a hurry to change her dress, but the new attitude of this child of hers warranted some patience. "That is no answer," said Fortune, with the unmovable deliberation of a prosecuting attorney.

"Certainly you are my daughter." "Good. If you had denied it, I should have held my peace; but since you admit that I am of your flesh and blood, I am going to force you to recognize that in such a capacity I have some rights. I did not ask to come into this world; but inasmuch as I am here, I propose to become an individual, not a thing to be given bread and butter upon sufferance. I have been talking with Horace. I met him in the bazaars this morning. He said some things which you must answer."

"Horace? And what has he said, pray tell?" Her expression was flippant, but a certain inquietude penetrated her heart and accelerated its beating. What had the love-lorn fool said to the child? "He said that he was not a good man, and that you tolerated him because he ran errands for you. What kind of errands?" Mrs. Chedsoye did not know whether to laugh or take the child by the shoulders and shake her soundly. "He was laughing when he said that. Errands? One would scarcely call it that."

"Why did you renew the acquaintance with Mr. Jones, when you knew that you never intended paying back that loan?" Here was a question, Mrs. Chedsoye realized, from the look of the child, that would not bear evasion. "What makes you think I never intended to repay him?" Fortune laughed. It did not sound grateful in the mother's ears. "Mother, this is a crisis; it can not be met by counter-questions nor by flippancy. You know that you did not intend to pay him. What I demand to know is, why you seemed so eager to enter into his good graces once more. Answer that."

Her mother pondered. For once she was really at a loss. The unexpectedness of this phase caught her off her balance. She saw one thing vividly, regretfully: she had missed a valuable point in the game by not adjusting her play to the growth of the child, who had, with the phenomenal suddenness which still baffles the psychologists, stepped out of girlhood into womanhood, all in a day. What a fool she had been not to have left the child at Mentone! "I am waiting," said Fortune. "There are more questions; but I want this one answered first." "This is pure nonsense!" "Insistence of a kind, yes."

"And I refuse to answer. I have some authority still." "Not so much, mother, as you had yesterday. You refuse to explain?" "Absolutely!" "Then I shall judge you without mercy." Fortune rose, her eyes blazing passionately. She caught her mother by the wrist, and she was the stronger of the two. "Can't you understand? I am no longer a child, I am a woman. I do not ask, I demand!" She drew the older woman toward her, eye to eye. "You pater, you always palter; palter and evade. You do not know what frankness and truth are. Is the continual evasion calculated to still my distrust? Yes, I distrust you, you, my mother. You have made the mistake of leaving me alone too much. I have always distrusted you, but I never knew why."

Mrs. Chedsoye tugged, but ineffectually. "Let go!" "Not till I have done. Out of the patchwork squares have been formed. What of the men who used to come to the villa and play cards with Uncle George, the men who went away and never came back? What of your long disappearances of which I knew nothing except that one day you vanished and upon another you came back? Did you think that I was a fool, that I had no time to wonder over these things? You have never tried to make a friend of me; you have always done your best to antagonize me. Did you hate my father so much that, when his death put him out of range, you had to concentrate it upon me? My father! Fortune roughly swung aside the arm. "Who knows about him, who he was, what he was, what he looked like? As a child, I used to ask you, but never would you speak. All I know about him nurse told me. This much has always burned my mind: you married him for wealth that he did not have. What do you mean by this simple young man across the corridor?"

Mrs. Chedsoye was pale, and the artistic touch of rouge upon her cheeks did not disguise the pallor. The true evidence lay in the whiteness of her nose. Never in her varied life had she felt more helpless, more impotent. To be wild with rage, and yet to be

"I am ringing for the hall-maid." And Fortune resumed her chair, picked up her Baedeker, and became apparently absorbed over the map of Assuan. Again wrath mounted to her mother's head. She could combat anger, tears, protestations; but this indifference, studied and unflinching, left her weaponless; and she was too wise to

powerless! That alertness of mind, that mental buoyancy, which had always given her the power to return a volley in kind, had deserted her.

"Certainly You Are My Daughter."

Another drink was taken with a like result, and after about the fourth had been disposed of, he slapped the Texan on the back and said: "When you see Bob, you tell him if he or any of his friends need any money, just draw on me for it, and they will get it."

For Unbelievers. "Why did you cover that board with paint and lean it against your gate post?" "That," replied Mr. Growcher, "is a sample for the benefit of the people who won't believe paint is fresh until they have rubbed their fingers across it."—Washington Star.

Improved Letter Boxes. Letter boxes have been invented for office buildings and apartments which deliver mail dropped into them on the ground floor to their owners' rooms, even the weight of a card slapping the slanting auxiliary.

Menace to Employes. A license applied for in Montreal was opposed on the ground that it was in a business district, and might be a temptation to the employes of the various business houses.

#### Prosperity Came in Jumps

Good Story From Which Private John Allen Drew a Rule to Guide His Conduct.

Private John Allen, during his long service as representative of Mississippi in congress, was imported on one occasion to make an after-dinner speech at a banquet at which he was to be a guest.

"No!" said the "private." "I will make a before-dinner speech but none after dinner."

When reminded that a before-dinner speech was quite out of the ordinary, and was asked for his reason for desiring to make his speech before dinner, he told the following story:

"There was a n'er-do-well that lived near Tupelo, my home town, some years ago named Bill Jones. Bill had a brother Bob, who had gone to Texas quite a while before, and reports said that he was enjoying a fair share of worldly prosperity.

When a Texan from the town in which Bob had located, came to him: "Tell Bob that I have a large family, and things are against me somehow, and if he can give me a little assistance it will be greatly appreciated."

He continued on this strain for some time so that the Texan to relieve the situation proposed that they have a drink. The drink was disposed of, and Bill was cheered up considerably; began to tell what a good crop he would have this year, six

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#### TO DO AWAY WITH ALCOHOL

New Regulation in Federal Military Expected to Bring Relief to Evils Complained Of.

It is notorious that drinking and drunkenness are great evils connected with army life. It was to protect the soldiers from this debauchery that the canteen was abolished. To further stimulate them to lead temperate lives an order has been issued by the federal government which reads as follows:

"Provided, that no officer or enlisted man in active service, who shall be absent from duty on account of disease resulting from his own intemperate use of alcohol or drugs or other misconduct shall receive pay for the period of such absence from any part of the appropriation."

This new regulation in our federal military service is expected to bring relief at least in some measure, to the evils complained of; also it is regarded as another step toward abolishing the use of alcoholic beverages in the army entirely.

BLOW TO PERSONAL LIBERTY

No Person Has Inherent Right to Sell Liquor or Buy it in Saloon, Says Supreme Court.

The Supreme Court of the United States says that no person has an inherent right to sell liquor, and now the supreme court of the state of Washington declares that no person has an inherent right to buy liquor in a saloon. In its decision the court said:

"Just as the right to engage in the liquor traffic is not an inherent right in any citizen, neither is it an inherent right in any citizen to treat another in a licensed saloon which is under the control of the police power being exercised by a municipality. Whatever the right of the citizen may be elsewhere, he has no inherent right even to buy liquor at such a place."

Another blow to "personal liberty," as interpreted by the liquor trade and its friends!

Insurance Rates. Insurance companies in Great Britain, America, Sweden, Norway and Germany are discriminating against those who drink, even in moderation. The insurance companies in Germany have issued leaflets and posters showing the detrimental effects of alcohol on the human body. Many insurance companies place total abstainers in a separate division, insuring their lives on cheaper rates. It is manifestly unjust to require that total abstainers shall pay higher insurance rates on account of the losses caused by the drinkers insured by the same company.

Not What He Meant. "Now, Pat," said a magistrate to an old offender, "what has brought you here again?" "Two policemen, sor," was the reply. "Drunk, I suppose?" queried the magistrate sternly. "Yes, sor," said Pat, "both of 'em."

Close Many Bars. More than 12,000 bars have been closed in Galicia, Austria-Hungary, in a year.

Money on Drink. At the temperance conference held recently at Moscow, Dr. Sallas pointed out that the average American workman only spends on drink 3.5 per cent. of his earnings, the German workman 14.5 per cent. and the Russian workman 26.7 per cent.

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#### CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

Stubborn as the lock was, perseverance overcame it. George then, as a slight diversion, spread the ancient Yliordes over the trunk and stared at it in pleasurable contemplation. What a beauty it was! What exquisite blue, what soft red, what minute patterns! And this treasure was his. He leaned down upon it with his two hands. A color stole into his cheeks. It had its source in an old confusion; school-boys jeering a mate seen walking home from school with a girl. It was all rot, he perfectly knew, this wishing business; and yet he flung into the sun-warmed, sun-gilded space an ardent wish, sent it speeding round the world from east to west. Past as heat, fast as light it traveled, for no sooner had it sprung from his mind than it entered the window of a room across the corridor. Whether the window was open or shut was of no importance whatever. Such wishes penetrated and went through all obstacles. And this one touched Fortune's eyes, her hair, her lips; it caressed her in a thousand happy ways. But, alas! such wishes are without temporal power.

Fortune never knew. She sat in a chair, her fingers locked tensely in her eyes large and set in gaze, her lips compressed, her whole attitude one of impotent despair.

George did not see her at lunch, and

subsequently did not enjoy the hour. Was she ill? Had she gone away? Would she return before he started? He greeted the Major as one greets a long-lost friend; and by gradations George considered clever indeed, brought the conversation down to Fortune. No, the Major did not know where she was. She had gone early to the bazaars. Doubtless she was lurching alone somewhere. She had the trick of losing herself at times. Mrs. Chedsoye was visiting friends at Shepherd's. When did Mr. Jones leave for America? What on the morrow? The Major shook his head respectfully. There was no place like Cairo for Christmas.

George called a carriage, drove about the principal streets and shopping districts, and used his eyes dully; but it was love's labor lost. Not even when he returned at tea-time did he see her. Why hadn't he known she was here? He could have shown her the apartment and there who should have been a more familiar friend than Fortune? He was a fool, really, really, really.

What was her mother? If she would only come now, the cumulative doubts of all these months should be put into speech. They had treated her as one would treat a child; it was neither just nor reasonable. If not as a child, but as one they dared not trust, then they were afraid of her. But why? She pressed her hands together, impatiently. Ryans, clever as he was, had made a slip or two which he had sought to cover up with a jest. Why should he confess himself to be a rogue unless his tongue had got the better of his discretion? If he was a rogue, why should her mother and her uncle make use of him, if not for rogues' sake? They were fools, fools! If they had but seen and understood her as she was, she would have gone to the bitter end with them, loyally, with sealed lips. But no; they had

was lacking; for luncheon hour came and passed without her being definitely aware of it. This in itself was a puzzle. A jaunt, such as she had taken that morning, always leened the edge of her appetite; and yet, there was no craving whatever.

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What a Beauty it Was.



"Certainly You Are My Daughter."