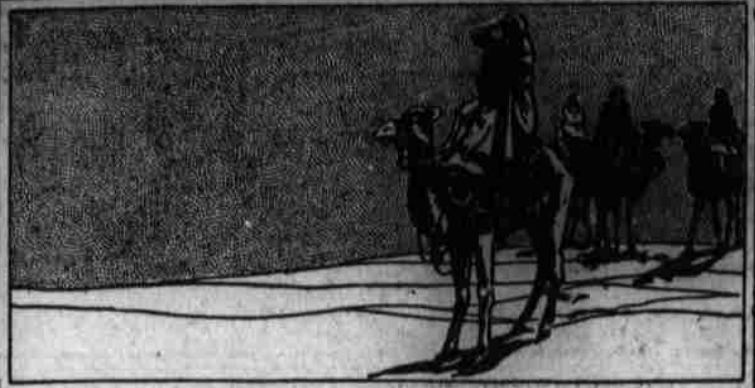


The Pet from Carp Bagdad

By HAROLD MACGRATH
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER
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The Christian and Amusements

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TEXT—Col. 2:11.



I. The true Christian will realize the true relation that should exist between work and pleasure. If life is not to be one round of work, certainly it is not to be all one round of pleasure. Work, not amusement, is the business of life. Let us not miss this point. God has laid upon every man the necessity of work, and has distributed to every man his work. It is not just in this connection that we may be justified in finding fault with the professional sport, the man who gives up his whole life to pleasure? When the main thing in college and university life is athletics are we not justified in protesting that life's main purpose is being lost sight of? Play and amusement is but a side issue in life; when it becomes the whole thing, then it is harmful and sinful, no matter whether the amusement in question be in the forbidden category or not; then even an innocent amusement becomes morally bad. Amusement is to work what whetting the scythe is to harvesting; he who never stops to create an edge to his scythe and cuts but little, while he who whets the scythe all day cuts none. If the mother enjoys amusements more than she does her children, the wife more than her domestic duties, the husband more than his home, the man more than his labor, and the student more than his books, then amusements are harmful and wrong.

II. The true Christian will see to it that his amusements are really recreative, and not dissipative. A man may lie so long in a bath that he comes out of it exhausted, or he can take a plunge or shower and come out better prepared for the duties of life. So is it with amusements; they may dissipate rather than recreate. Having a good time is not always recreation; it may be just the opposite. The amusements of the Christian should build up the whole man—physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

1. The Christian's pleasures will recreate physically. The body of the Christian is a temple of the holy ghost. Therefore he must keep his body in as good, clean, pure and healthy a condition as possible. The body needs relaxation; it needs rest from the strain and tension of life; it needs new blood, new nerve tissues; it needs to be better fitted for the real tasks that lie within its sphere of labor. Bad thinking often comes from lack of exercise. Some people do not have enough body to cover the mind with decency. There may be a time when it is my duty to play rather than pray, to romp rather than read, to take a good brisk walk rather than prepare a good talk.

The test the Christian must apply to his pleasures is: do they recreate and restore the waste tissues of the body? Excess in athletics is not recreation. Young men have died from overstrain in running; girls have been ruined for life by excessive rope-jumping. Many pleasures dissipate the powers of the body instead of recreating them.

Apply such a test to certain forms of popular amusements; the theater, the dance, the card party. Do they recreate, or do they dissipate? Do they violate the laws of physical health by their late hours, their impure atmosphere, their modes of dress and conduct, or are they perfectly consistent with the observance of the laws of good health and hygiene? If these amusements violate the laws of health, then, until such times as they can be brought within the realm of recreative pleasures, the Christian must place them on the forbidden list.

2. The pleasure of the Christian should recreate mentally. The physical must not be developed at the expense of the mental. Giantism must not supplant intellectualism. Mind is greater than body, as Gladstone and Bismarck are greater than John L. Sullivan or James Jeffries. The Christian must ask himself, therefore, "What effect do my pleasures and amusements have upon my mind, my thought, my thinking? Do they build up, ennoble, purify, sanctify, or do they debase, defile, demoralize, debase? Is my thinking higher, nobler, more God-like because of the pleasures in which I engage?" All things are not to be judged by the eye; the mind discerns also. Shakespeare speaks of the man "who hath a body filled with a vacant mind, gets him to rest crammed with distasteful bread."

The Christian is to judge his amusements by this standard. Apply this principle to literature? What books do we read? If the Christian's matter should inquire: "What earnest thought" what would be our reply? Before our minds become diseased by the reading of light and trashy literature.

Judge the theater by this standard. Someone has said: "The laugh of the theater is the laugh that speaks of the vacant mind." Are we pure in thought, more virtuous in our dreams, sweeter in our imaginations; have we more earnest views of life; is the mind spiritualized or spiritualized by attendance upon the theater?

Apply this test to the card table. Does this popular amusement furnish recreation to the mind? With its passion, its tenseness, its excitement, its late hours, does the game of chance rest and quicken the faculties for the labors of the next day? Does not the game rather dissipate than recreate the mind?

SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug company of New York, thinking for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryann arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded trunk. Ryann sells Jones the famous holy Thibet rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoy by a woman to whom he had loaned 100 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Mrs. Chedsoy appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryann interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoy, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryann, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryann makes known to Mrs. Chedsoy his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoy declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryann asks Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He writes agent in New York in Jones' name, that he is staying in New York to see to some friends. Mahomed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryann's trail. Ryann promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mahomed accuses Ryann and demands the Thibet rug. Ryann tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones' room. Fortune quarrels with her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a message purporting to be from Ryann asking her to meet him at the English Club. She goes to the club and finds that the man who is supposed to be Ryann is a man who she recognizes as the man who had been with her in the desert. Fortune gets a message asking her to meet Ryann at the English Club. She goes to the club and finds that the man who is supposed to be Ryann is a man who she recognizes as the man who had been with her in the desert. Fortune gets a message asking her to meet Ryann at the English Club. She goes to the club and finds that the man who is supposed to be Ryann is a man who she recognizes as the man who had been with her in the desert.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

A good fire was started, and the funeral aspect of the oasis became quick and cheerful. A little distance from the blaze, George saw Fortune bending over the inanimate Ryann. She was bathing his face with a wet handkerchief. After a time Ryann turned over and swung his arms limply across his face. It was the first sign of life he had exhibited since the start. Fortune gently pulled aside his arms and continued her tender mercies.

"Can I help?" asked George.

"You might rub his wrists," she answered.

It seemed odd to him that they should begin in such a matter-of-fact way. It would be only when they had fully adjusted themselves to the situation that questions would put forth for answers. He knelt down at the other side of Ryann and massaged his wrists and arms. Once he paused, catching his breath.

"What is it?" she asked.

"A rib seems to bother me. It'll be all right tomorrow." He went on with his manipulations.

"Is he badly hurt?"

"I can't say."

His knowledge of anatomy was not wide; still, Ryann's arms and legs worked satisfactorily. The trouble was either in his head or back or his ribs. He put his arm under Ryann's shoulder and raised him. Ryann mumbled some words. George bent down to catch them. "Hit 'em up in this half, boys; we've got them going. Hell! Get off my head, you farmer!"

Two cards, please." His face puckered into what was intended for a smile. George laid him back gently. Foot-ball and poker: what had this man not known or seen in life? Some one came between the two men and the fire, casting a long shadow athwart them. George looked up and saw Mahomed standing close by. His arms were folded and his face grimly inscrutable.

"Have you any blankets?" asked George coolly.

Mahomed gave an order. A blanket and two saddle-bags were thrown down beside the unconscious man. George made a pillow of the bags and laid the blanket over Ryann.

"Why do you waste your time over him?" asked Mahomed curiously.

"I would not let a dog die this way," he retorted.

"He would have let you die," replied Mahomed, turning up his head.

George stared thoughtfully at his whimsical accomplice. What did the old villain insinuate?

"Can I do anything to make you more comfortable?" speaking to Fortune.

"I'm all right. I was chilled a little while ago, but the fire has done away with that. Thank you."

"You must eat when they bring you food."

"I'll try," smiling bravely.

To take her in his arms, then and there, to appease their hunger and his heart's!

Self-consciously, her hand stole to her hair. A color came into her cheeks. How frightful she must look! Neither hair-pin nor comb was left. She threw the strands across her shoulder and plucked the snaris and tangles apart, then bridled the whole. He watched her, fascinated. He had never seen a woman do this before. It was almost a sacrifice for him to be so near her at such a moment. Around she drew her blanket over her shoulders.

"You've got lots of pluck."

"How?"

"Yes. You haven't asked a question yet."

"Would it help any?"



"For the Simple Reason I Didn't Have It to Give Up."

with interest, knowing perfectly well that within a few days he would look upon these activities with a dull, hopeless anger. He went back to the girl and sat down beside her.

"Have you any idea why you are here?"

"No; unless he saw me in the bazaars with Horace, and thought to torture him by bringing me along."

Horace! A chill that was not of the night ran over his shoulders. So she called the adventurer by his given name? And how might her presence torture Ryann? George felt weak in that bitter moment. Ay, how might not her presence torture him also?

He had never, for the briefest space, thought of Ryann and Fortune at the same time. She spoke, apathetically it was true, as if she had known him all her life. The wisest thing he could do was to bring Ryann to a condition where he could explain some parts of the enigma and be of some use. Horace!

"I'm going to have another try at him," he said.

She nodded, but without any particular enthusiasm.

George worked over Ryann for the better part of an hour, and finally the battered man moved. He made an effort to speak, but this time no sound issued from his lips. At the end of the hour he opened his eyes and smiled. It was more like the grin George had once seen upon the face of a boxer who had returned to the contest after having been felled half a dozen times.

"Can you hear me?" asked George. Ryann stared into his face. "Yes," thickly. "Where are we?"

"In the desert."

"Which one?"

"Arabian."

Ryann tried to sit up alone. "Better not try to move. They

banged you up at a great rate. Best thing you can do is to go to sleep. You'll be all right in the morning."

Ryann sank back, and George bundled him up snugly. Poor devil!

"He'll pull himself together in the morning," he said to Fortune. "I did not know that you knew him well."

"I have known him for eight or nine years. He used to visit my uncle at our villa at Men'je." She smiled.

"The camel-boys (they are called boys all the way from ten years up to forty), having hobbled the beasts, were portioning each a small bundle of tiffin or chopped straw in addition to what they might find by grazing. Funny brutes, thought George, as he walked among the kneeling animals: to go five days without food or water, to travel continuously from twenty-five to eighty miles the day! Others were busy with the pack-baskets. A tent, presumably Mahomed's, was being erected upon a clayer piece of ground in between the palms. No one entered the huts, even out of curiosity; so George was certain that the desert had been brought about by one plague or another. A smaller tent was put up later, and he was grateful at the sight of it. It meant a little privacy for the poor girl. Great God, how helpless he was, how helpless they all were!

An incessant clatter, occasionally interspersed with a laugh, went on. The Arab, unlike the East Indian, is not ordinarily surly; and these seemed to be good-natured enough. They eyed George without malice. The war of the night before had been all in a day's work, for which they had been liberally paid. While he had spent much time in the Orient and had ridden camels, a real caravan, prepared for weeks of travel, was a distinct novelty, and so he viewed all

with interest, knowing perfectly well that within a few days he would look upon these activities with a dull, hopeless anger. He went back to the girl and sat down beside her.

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"For the simple reason I didn't have it to give up."

"What's that?"

"When I went up to my room, night before last, some one had been there ahead of me. And at first I had given you the credit," said George, with admirable frankness.

"Gone!" There was no mistaking the dismay in Ryann's voice.

"Absolutely."

"Well, I be damn!" Ryann threw aside the blanket and got up. It was a painful movement, and he swayed a little. "If Mahomed hasn't it, and I haven't it, and you haven't it, who the devil has, then?"

George shook his head.

"Jones we are in for it. If that cursed rug is Mahomed's salvation, it is no less ours. If we ever reach the palace of Bagdad and that rug is not forthcoming, we'll never see the outside of the walls again."

"Nonsense! There's an American consul at Bagdad."

"And Mahomed will notify him of our arrival!" bitterly.

"Isn't there some way we two might get at Mahomed?"

"Perhaps; but it will take time. Don't bank upon money. Mahomed wants his head. If the rug is gone, Ryann stopped. He looked beyond George, his face full of terror. George turned to see what had produced this effect. Fortune was coming out of her tent. "Fortune? My God!" Ryann's legs gave under and he sank, his face in his hands. "I see it all now! Fool, fool! He's going to get me, Jones; he's going to get me through her!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Mahomed Offers Freedom.

Fortune had slept, but only after hours of watchful terror. The slightest sound outside the tent sent a scream into her throat, but she succeeded each time in stifling it. Once the old laughter of a hyena came over her ears, shivering. Alone! She laid her head upon the wadded saddle-bags and wept silently, and every sob tore at her heart. She must keep up the face of being brave when she knew that she wasn't. The men must not be discouraged. Her deportment would characterize theirs; any sign

of weakness upon her side would correspondingly depress them the more. She prayed to God to give her the strength to hold out. She was afraid

anne's. Not a whimper, not a plaint, not a protest so far had she made. She was a Roland in petticoats.

"Oh, I'm bashed up a bit," said Ry-

anne. "I'll get my legs in a day or so. Fortune, will you answer one question?"

"As many as you like."

"How did you get here?"

"Don't you know?"

George wasn't certain, but the girl's voice was cold and accusing.

"I?"

"Yes. Wasn't it the note that you wrote to me?"

Ryann took his head in his hands, wearily. "I wrote you no note, Fortune; I have never written you a note of any kind. You do not know my handwriting from Adam's. In God's name, why didn't you ask your mother or your uncle? They would have recognized the forgery at once. Who gave it to you?"

"Mahomed himself."

"Damn him!" Ryann grew strong under the passing fit of rage. "No, don't tell me to be silent. I don't care about myself. I'm the kind of a man who pulls through, generally. But this takes the spine out of me. I'm to blame; it's all my fault."

"Say no more about it." She believed him. She really hadn't thought him capable of such baseness, though at the time of her abduction she had been inclined to accuse him. That he was here, a prisoner like herself, was conclusive evidence, so far as she was concerned, of his innocence. But she knew him to be responsible for the presence of Jones; knew him to be culpable of treachery of the meanest order; knew him to be lacking in generosity and magnanimity toward a man who was practically his benefactor. "What does Mahomed want?"

"The bally rug, Fortune. And Jones here, who had it, says that it is gone."

"Vanished, magic-carpet-wise," supplemented George.

"And Jones would have given it up." "And a thousand like it, if we could have bought you out of this." —

"Jones and I could have managed to get along."

"We shouldn't have mattered."

"And would you have returned to Mr. Jones his thousand pounds?"

"Yes, and everything else I have," quite honestly.

"Don't worry any more about the rug, then. I know where it is."

"You?" cried the two men.

"Yes. I stole it. I did so, thinking to avert this very hour; to save you from harm," to George, "and you from doing a contemptible thing," to Ry-

anne. "It is in my room, done up in the big steamer-roller. And now I am glad that I stole it."

Ryann laughed weakly.

Said George soberly: "What contemptible thing?" He remembered Mahomed's words in regard to Ryann as the latter lay insensible in the sand.

Ryann, quick to seize the opportunity of solving, to his own advantage, the puzzle for George, and at the same time guiding Fortune away from a topic, the danger of which she knew nothing, raised a hand. "I bribed Mahomed to kidnap you, Jones. Don't be impatient. You laughed at me when I laid before you the prospectus of the United Romance and Adventure Company. I wished to prove to you that the concern existed. And so here is your adventure upon approval. I thought, of course, you still had the rug. Mahomed was to carry you into the desert for a week, and by that time you would have surrendered the rug, returned to Cairo, the hero of a full-fledged adventure. Lord! what a mess of it I've made. I forgot, next to this bally rug, Mahomed loved me."

The hitherto credulous George had of late begun to look into facts instead of dreams. He did not believe a word of this amazing confession, despite the additional testimony of Fortune, relative to Ryann's statements made to her in the bazaars.

"The bitter bitten," was George's sole comment.

Ryann breathed easier.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clothes Must Be "Amusing."

The women are tired of fashions that are merely chic or lovely and are now cultivating the eccentric. They like a dress which they can term "amusing." Their hats, also, must be "amusing." Their frocks must be "funny," their ties, belts, coats and hosiery "ducky." The latter term describes articles that are pretty and also amusing.

The clothes now worn incite braces for women with skirts or trouser effect. Some of the hats are trimmed with two tennis rackets made of plush, with white stockings having black, spreading trees for cloaks, and little curate coats and cabmen's hats coupled in straw.—London Letter.

grinned when she replied: "Good domine, I did not like it."

"You did not like it, aunty! Well, what was the reason?"

"There are three reasons."

"Three reasons! I declare! I pray what was the first one?"

"I do not like sermons that are read."

That was not disconcerting, so the minister pressed the old lady for the second reason.

"Well," she said, "I did not like the way you read it."

"Come now, aunty," continued the minister, "that is not so bad. What was the final reason?"

"Well, I dinna like to tell you, good domine, but I thought it wasn't worth reading."

What Makes for Success.

When a girl dabbles in a whole lot



"Don't Worry Any More About the Rug, Then. I Know Where It Is."

of things she loses real interest in any one of them and hence does not become successful. Decide what you want to do or be and then bend every effort toward making this thing possible. Sometimes it is true, a girl cannot do the thing she would like to do because other obligations demand her efforts. Even in such event she should make the best of the situation, do well the thing she is obliged to do, in the hope that it will eventually lead her out of discouragement into the clear light of happiness.

Many of the world's most successful women are those who at the beginning of their careers had to do many things that were distasteful to them and who had to overcome obstacles that at first sight seemed overwhelming.—Exchange.

When Philosophy Comes Easy.

A philosopher who died recently left a fortune of \$1,000,000, which, we might say, accounts for the philosophicalness of his philosophy.—Detroit Free Press

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