

# The Get from Bagdad

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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.  
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## SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug Company New York, returning from a business trip in Cairo on a business trip, Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Yhorder rug which he admits having stolen from a paasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chesdoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 10 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chesdoye and Fortune to a hotel game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chesdoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne 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. Chesdoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the United Romance and Adventure Company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chesdoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chesdoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires again to New York in Jones' name, that he is renting house in New York to some friends. Mohamed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mohamed accuses Ryanne and demands the Yhorder rug. Ryanne 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 Ryanne asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Fortune goes to the place, accompanied after a desperate fight, by her mother. She is carried off into the desert by Mohamed and his accomplices after a desperate fight. She discovers that Ryanne and Fortune are captives, the former badly battered and unconscious. Ryanne recovers consciousness and the sight of Fortune in captivity reveals to him the fact that Mohamed intends to get vengeance on him through the girl. Fortune escapes from the desert by the aid of Mohamed's room. She offers to return to Mohamed if he will free all three of them. Mohamed agrees to liberate Fortune and one of the men in return for the rug. A courier is sent to Cairo for the rug. Fortune turns with the information that Mrs. Chesdoye and her brother have sailed for New York. Fortune spurs offered freedom which does not include her two companions. The caravan continues the journey toward Bagdad. Ryanne tells Jones that Mrs. Chesdoye is the most adroit smuggler of the age, and is overheard by Fortune. The three captives are rescued by Henry Ackerman, who is in charge of a carpet caravan. Mohamed escapes. Mrs. Chesdoye discovers the absence of Fortune and leaves for New York taking the girl's belongings with her. Through forged letters Mrs. Chesdoye, the major and their accomplices take possession of Jones' New York home. Jones, Ryanne and Fortune arrive at Damascus. Ryanne falls in his resolution to lead a better life. Ryanne secretly leaves for New York at Jones' solicitation his partner, Mortimer, offers Fortune a home, but she declines. Jones then declares his love and finds that it is reciprocated. Jones and Fortune arrive in New York and go to the Mortimer home. Jones finds Mrs. Chesdoye, Ryanne and the rest of the gang in his home with a million in money looted from an adjoining bank packed ready for flight. Jones summons Wadsworth, president of the bank, who it develops is Ryanne's brother.

## CHAPTER XXI.—(Continued).

"We could have taken every dollar from the vault," said Wallace cheerfully.

"But we couldn't have made our getaway with it," observed the butler, holding his empty glass toward Ryanne, who was acting as master of ceremonies.

"A clear, unidentified million," mused Ryanne. "Into the cars with it; over to Jersey City; on to Philadelphia; but there for Europe; quietly transfer the gold to the various Continental banks; and in six months, who could trace hair or hide of it?" Ryanne laughed.

"It's all right to laugh," said the Major. "But are you sure about Jones? He could have arrived this afternoon."

"Impossible! He left Alexandria for Naples on a boat that stopped but thirty hours. With Fortune on his hands he could not possibly sail before the following week, and maybe not then. Sit tight. I know what I am talking about."

"He might cable."

"So he might. But if he had we'd have heard from him before now. I'm going to tell you a secret. My name is not Ryanne."

"We all know that," said the Major. "It's Wadsworth. Does that tickle your mind any?"

The men shook their heads. Mrs. Chesdoye did not move here.

"Bah! Greatest joke of the hour. I'm Horace Wadsworth, and Arthur Wadsworth, president of the Merchant-Mechanic Bank, is my beloved brother!"

"Ay, damnable wretch!"

A shock ran through them all. In the doorway leading to the rear hall stood George, his revolvers leveled steadily. Peering white-faced over his shoulder was the man who had spoken, Arthur Wadsworth.

## CHAPTER XXII.

The End of the Puzzle.

The elder brother tried to push past George, but old Mortimer caught him by the shoulders and dragged him back.

"Let me go!" cried his voice usual and high. "Do you hear me? Let me go!"

"Mr. Mortimer," said George, without raising his head or letting his eyes wander from him back. Thanks. I'm not going over the threshold. I'm not going to make a movement."

"Ryanne," Ryanne knew something that he meant just that, every one. "George here can't be a man is dead. I surrender. The struggle. I demand. This is necessary. You let me go!"

face and voice swiftly. "You sneaking blackguard, you cheater of widows; yes, I shall come again; and then look to your sleek, sanctimonious neck! You chucked me down the road to hell, and the pity of it is a day I must meet you there! rime, child," his voice becoming sad, "you might remember a poor beggar in your prayers to-night. Percival, a farewell to you. We shall never meet again. But when you stand upon that bally old rug there, you'll always see me, the fire, the tents, the camels and the desert, and the moon in the date-palms. By-by!"

And presently they were gone. A moment later those remaining could hear the chug-chug of the motors as they sped away. The banker was first to recover from the spell. He rushed for the hall, but George stopped him rudely.

"Two hours, if you please. I never break my word. Your money is all there. If you do not act reasonably, I'll throw you down and sit on you till the time is up. Sit down. I do not propose that my future wife shall appear in court as a witness against her mother. Do you understand me now?"

The banker stgnified that he did. He sat down, rather subdued. Then he got up nervously and inventoried the steal. He counted roughly a million. A million! He felt sick and weak. It would have wrecked the bank, wiped it out of existence. And saved by the merest, the most trifling chance! A bottle of wine! He resumed his chair and sat there wonderingly till the time-limit expired.

The public never heard how nearly the Merchant-Mechanic had gone to the wall; nor how six policemen had worked till dawn carrying back the gold; nor that the banker had not even thanked them for their labor. The first impulse of the banker had been to send the story forth to the world, to harass and eventually capture his brother; but his foresight becoming normal, he realized that silence was best, even if his brother escaped. If the depositors heard that the bank had been entered and a million taken from the vaults, there would naturally follow a terrific run. When the last bag had been taken out of the library and the banker and the police had gone, the bell rang. George went to the door. A messenger handed him a small satchel and a note. There was to be no reply. The note was from Ryanne. Briefly it stated that the satchel contained the emeralds. There had been some difficulty in forcing the Major to surrender them. But that much was due to George for his generosity. Later in the day he—George—might inform his—Horace's—brother that the coup hadn't been a total fizzle. They had already packed away in suit-cases something like two hundred thousand dollars in bills of all denominations. "Tell that dear brother of mine to charge it to our account. It will be less than the interest upon a million

of cheese would go handy. It's almost my breakfast time."

"Bless your heart, help yourself!" And George turned to Fortune.

"Ah," she cried, seizing his hands, "you will not think ill of me?"

"And for what?" astonished.

"For not speaking to my mother. Oh, I just couldn't; I just couldn't! When I thought of all the neglect, all the indifference, the loneliness, I couldn't! It was horribly unnatural and cruel!"

"I understand, heart of mine. Say no more about it." And he put his two hands against her cheeks and kissed her. "Never shall you be lonely again, for I am going to be all things to you. Poor heart! Just think that all that has passed has been only a bad dream, and that it's clear sunshiny morning; eh?" He held her by a ways and then swept her into his arms as he had done on board the ship, roughly and masterly. "And there's that old rug! Talk about magic carpets! There never was one just like this. But for it I shouldn't even have known you. And, by Jove! when the minister comes this afternoon . . ."

"This afternoon?"

"Exactly! When he comes, you and I are going to stand upon that beautiful, friendly old rug, and both of us are going to be whisked right away into Eden."

"Please!"

"Silence."

"How brave you are!"

"I? Oh, pahaw!"

"Would you have shot one of them?"

"Girl, your Percival Algernon couldn't have hit the broad side of a barn." He laughed joyously.

"I knew it. And that is why I call you brave."

And when the pale gold of winter dawn filled the room, it found them, hand in hand, staring down at the old Yhorder, the magic old Yhorder from Bagdad.

### THE END.

### Long-Lived Birds.

It used to be contended that ravens lived longer than any other species of birds, and it was said that their age frequently exceeded a century. Recent studies of the subject indicate that no authentic instance of a raven surpassing seventy years of age is of record. But parrots have been known to attain an age of one hundred years. There is a record of a golden eagle which died at Schoenbrunn at the age of 118 years. Another golden eagle was kept in the Tower of London for 90 years. A third died at Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and swans are tenacious of life, and extraordinary accounts exist of the great age that they have attained. Buffon and other authorities have credited them with eighty and one hundred years of life.—Harper's Weekly.

From Smiles to Thrills.  
"Fashions change in politics as well as in literature." "Yes," replied Sen-

"I refuse to permit it!" yelled the brother. "Mr. Jones, you will rue this night's work. I shall see that the law looks into your actions. This is felony. I demand to be allowed to telephone."

"Percival, for heaven's sake, let him!" cried Ryanne wearily. "Let him shout; it will soften his voice. He will hurt nobody. The wires were cut hours ago."

Mortimer felt the tense muscles in his grasp relax. Arthur Wadsworth grew limp and reeled against the jamb of the door.

"You had better start at once," George advised. "You three first, with a nod toward Wallace (his bulbous nose now lavender in hue), the butler and the first-man. Forward march, front door. Go on!"

"What about me?" asked Ryanne.

"In a moment," George could not but admire the man, rascal though he was. There was a pang of regret in his heart as the thought came and went swiftly: what a comrade this man would have made under different circumstances! Too late! "Halt!" he cried. The trio marching toward the door came to a stop, their heads turned inquiringly. "Here, Mr. Mortimer: take one of these guns and cover the Major. He's the one I doubt." Then George followed the others into the hall and ironically bade them God-speed as he opened the door for them. They went out stupidly; the wine had dulled them. George immediately returned to the library.

Neither Fortune nor her mother had stirred in all this time. A quality of hypnotism held them in bondage. The mother could not lower her glance and the daughter would not. If there was a light of triumph in Fortune's eyes, it was unconsciously there. And no one will know the full bitterness that shone from the mother's. She could have rent her clothes, torn her skin, pulled her hair; and yet she sat there without physical sign of the tempest.

On her side, Fortune knew, that had there been a single gesture inviting pity, she must have flown to her mother's side. But there was no sign. Finally, Fortune stepped back, chilled. It was all too late.

"Fortune," said George, terribly embarrassed, "do you wish to speak to your mother, alone?"

"No." It was a little word, spoken in a little, hushed tone.

Mrs. Chesdoye rose and proceeded to put on her furs, which she had flung across the back of her chair.

"Mother!" This came in a gasp from the sister Wadsworth. An understanding of this strange proceeding began to filter through his mind. The young girl's mother!

Mrs. Chesdoye drew on her gloves slowly. She offered them to the Major to button. He flung the hands aside. He was not nice under the veneer. But Ryanne was instantly at her service. And curiously she watched his agile fingers at work over the buttons; they were perfectly steady. Then, followed by the Major and Ryanne, she walked easily toward the hall. Ryanne paused.

"Good night, Arthur. I'm sure you will not sleep well. That handsome wife is irreparably damaged. I dare say you will find a way to cover the loss without any injury to your own pocket. Old top, farewell! Who was it, Arthur or Caesar, who said: 'I go but to return?' The banker left his



"I Am Going to Give You All Two Hours' Time."

in ten years. To you, my boy, I add: Fortune favors the brave!"

"George," said Mortimer, "you will not mind if I forage round in the kitchen? A bottle of beer and a bit

ator Sorghum. "Candidates used to appeal to an audience with humor or sentiment. Now we are compelled to give 'em mysterious plots or studies in current slang."

## His Preference for Home

Oliver Wendell Holmes Unable to Get Any Real Pleasure in the Vaunted "Tavern."

Don't talk to me about taverns! There is just one genuine, clean, decent, palatable thing occasionally to be had in them—namely, a boiled egg. The soups taste pretty good sometimes, but their sources are involved in a darker mystery than that of the Nile. Omelette taste as if they had been carried in the waiter's hat, or fried in an old boot. I ordered scrambled eggs one day. It must be that they had been scrambled for by somebody, but who—who in the possession of a second reason could have scrambled for what I had set before me under that name? Butcher! I am wondering why the taverns always keep it until it is old. Fool that I am! As if the taverns did not know that if it was good it would be eaten, which is

not what they want. Then the waiters, with their napkins—what don't they do with those napkins! Mention any one thing of which you think you can say with truth, "That they do not do." Every six months a tavern should burn to the ground, with all its traps, its "properties," its beds and pots and kettles and start afresh from its ashes like John Phoenix-Squibb.

No; give me home, or a home like mine, where all is clean and sweet, where coffee has pre-estimated in the berry and tea has still faint recollections of the pigstails that dangled about the plant from which it was picked, where butter has not the prevailing character which Pope assigned to Denmark, where soup could look you in the face if it had "eyes" (which it has not), and where the rosey Annie or the gracious Margaret takes the place of those napkin-bearing animals.—Giver Wendell Holmes.

## Practical Fashions



LADY'S DRESS.

This dress is the acme of simplicity. The blouse is plain, except for the rounded collar at the neck and the small chemise, which is detachable. The skirt is cut with three gores and opens at one side of the front. Brocaded silk or cotton goods, cotton crepe, ratine, gingham, linen and the like can be used for this dress.

The dress pattern (6241) is cut in sizes 34 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6241. SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....



BOY'S SUIT.

This is a new form of the middy or sailor suit, with the usual deep yoke and open neck. The lower edge of the blouse may hang straight or be gathered into the trousers straight at the knee. Linen, pique, poplin, heavy gingham, duck, etc., are used for these suits.

The suit pattern (6261) is cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Medium size requires 2 1/2 yards of 36 inch material.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 6261. SIZE.....  
NAME.....  
TOWN.....  
STREET AND NO.....  
STATE.....

Honolulu Has a New Drink!

A new drink has been invented in Honolulu. It is taken immediately after being a friend off on a steamer, and is called a "tearwiper."

The recipe, as furnished by Joe Ratta of the Kentucky bar, is:

Grenadine syrup, two bar spoons; juice of one-half lime, Scotch whisky, Shake well and serve in a cocktail glass, squeezing a piece of lemon into the mixture.

N. B.—A tear may also be added if so desired, same being supplied by the drinker, unless otherwise requested.—Town Topics, Honolulu.

Nothing to Retract.

"I've been fishing here all day, and haven't had a bite. Yet you say in your booklet, 'speckled trout caught in these waters in enormous quantities.'"

"Yes, sir; last year one of our guests caught two that weighed nearly ten pounds apiece. If that isn't an enormous quantity for two speckled trout I don't want a cent."

Needed a Compass.

"Murver, I wish you wouldn't make me any more trousers out of farrer's old 'uns!" "Why, what's the matter with 'em?" "Why, they're so big I hardly knows wewer I'm goin' to school or comin' 'ome again!"

Value of Association.

Nobody ever did people any good by standing aloof. If the pencils of an electric lamp are to shine they must first touch and then keep close together.

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