



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Great Central Rug Company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip.

CHAPTER II.

An Affable Rogue. The carriage containing the gentleman with the reversible cuffs drew up at the side entrance. Instantly the Arab guides surged and eddied round him; but their clamor broke against a composure as effective as granite. The roar was almost directly succeeded by a low gurgle, as of little waves receding. The proposed victim had not spoken a word; to the Arabs it was not necessary; in some manner, subtle and indescribable, they recognized a brother. He carried a long, cylindrical bundle wrapped in heavy paper variously secured by windings of thick twine. His regard for this bundle was one of tender solicitude, for he tucked it under his arm, cumbersome though it was, and waved aside the carriage-porter, who was, however, permitted to carry in the kit-bag.

The manager appeared. When comes he not upon the scene? His quick, calculating eye was not wholly assured. The stranger's homespun was travel-worn and time-worn, and of a cut popular to the season gone the year before. No fat letter of credit here, was the not unreasonable conclusion reached by the manager. Still, with that caution acquired by years of experience, which had culminated in what is known as Swiss diplomacy, he brought into being the accustomed salutatory smile and inquired if the gentleman had written ahead for reservation, otherwise it would not be possible to accommodate him.

"Telegraphed," crisply. "The name, if you please?" "Ryenne; spelled R-y-a double-n-a. Have you ever been in County Clare?" "No, sir." The manager added a question with the uplift of his eyebrows. "Well," was the enlightening answer, "you pronounce it as they do there."

The manager scanned the little slip of paper in his hand. "Ah, yes; we have reserved a room for you, sir. The French style rather confused me. This was not offered in irony, or sarcasm, or satire; mining in a Swiss brain for the saving grace of humor is about as remunerative as the extraction of gold from sea-water. Nevertheless, the Swiss has the talent of swiftly subtracting from a confusion of ideas one point of illumination; there was a quality to the stranger's tone that decided him favorably. It was the voice of a man in the habit of being obeyed; and in those days it was the power of money alone that obtained obedience to any man. Beyond this, the same nebulous cogitation that had subdued the Arabs outside acted likewise upon him. Here was a brother.

"I will see, sir." The manager summoned a porter. "Room 208." The porter caught up the somewhat collapsed kit-bag, which had in all evidence received some rough usage in its time, and reached toward the roll. Mr. Ryenne interposed. "I will see to that, my man," tersely. "Yes, sir."

"Where is your guest-list?" demanded Mr. Ryenne of the manager. "The head-porter's bureau, sir. I will see if you have any mail." The manager passed into his own bureau. It was rather difficult to tell whether this man was American or an Englishman. His accent was western, but his manner was decidedly British. At any rate, that tone and carriage must be bastioned by good English over-signs, or for once his judgment was at fault.

The porter dashed upstairs. Mr. Ryenne, his bundle still slung under his arm, sauntered over to the head-porter's bureau and ran his glance up and down the columns of visiting cards. Once he nodded with approval, and again he smiled, having discovered that which sent a ripple across his sleeping sense of amusement. Major Callahan, room 207; Fortune Chedsoye, 205; George P. A. Jones, 210.

"Hail the Major smelt of County Antrim and the finest whisky in all the isle. Fortune Chedsoye; that is a pleasing name; tinkling brooks, the waving green grasses in the meadows, the kine in the water, the fleecing shadows under the oaks; a pastoral, a bucolic name. To claim Fortune for mine own; a happy thought." As he uttered these pious expressions aloud, in a voice low and not unpleasant, for all that it was bantering, the head-porter stared at him with mingling doubt and alarm; and as if to pronounce these emotions as useful for the benefit of the other, he permitted his eyes to open their widest.

"Tut, tut; that's all right, porter. I am cursed with the habit of speaking my inmost thoughts. Some persons are afflicted with insomnia; some fall asleep in church; I think orally. Beastly habit, ah?"

The porter then understood that he was dealing not with a species of mild lunacy, but with that kind of light-hearted cynicism upon which the world's affairs (as porters know it) had met its approving seal. In brief, he smiled faintly; and if he had any pleasantry to pass in turn, the approach of the manager, now clothed metaphorically in deferentialism, relegated it to the limbo of things thought but left unaid.

"Here is a letter for you, Mr. Ryenne. Have you any more luggage?" "No," Mr. Ryenne smiled. "Shall I pay for my room in advance?" "Oh, no, sir!" Ten years ago the manager would have blushed at hav-

ing been so misunderstood. "Your room is 208."

"Will you have a boy show me the way?" "I shall myself attend to that. If the room is not what you wish it may be exchanged."

"The room is the one I telegraphed for. I am superstitious to a degree. On three boats I have had fine state-rooms numbered 208. Twice the number of my hotel room has been the same. On the last voyage there were 208 passengers, and the captain had made 208 voyages on the Mediterranean."

"Quite a coincidence."

"Ah, if roulette could be played with such a certainty."

Mr. Ryenne sighed, hitched up his bundle, which, being heavy, was beginning to wear upon his arm, and signified to the manager to lead the way.

As they vanished round the corner to the lift, the head-porter studied the number of the lift, and looked over it a dozen times that day, but this was the first instance of his being really interested in it. As his chin was freshly shaven he had no stubble to stroke to excite his mental processes; so he fell back, as we say, upon the consoling ends of his abundant mustache. Curious; but all these persons were occupying or about to occupy adjacent rooms. There was truly nothing mysterious about it, save that the stranger had picked out these very names as a target for his banter. Fortune Chedsoye; it was rather an unusual name; but as she had arrived only an hour or so before, he could not distinctly recall her features. And then, there was that word bucolic. He mentally turned it over and over as physically he was wont to do with a post-card left in his care to mail. He could make nothing of the word, except that it smacked of the East Indian phrase.

Here he was saved from further cerebral agony by a timely interruption. A man, who was not of bucolic persuasion either in dress or speech, urban from the tips of his bleached fingers to the bulb of his bibulous nose, leaned across the counter and asked if Mr. Fortune Chedsoye had yet arrived. Yes, he had just arrived; he was even now on his way to his room. The urban gentleman nodded. Then, with a finger slim and well-trimmed, he trailed up and down the guest-list.

"Hail I see that you have the Duke of What-d'ye-call from Germany here, I'll give you my card. Send it up to Mr. Ryenne. No hurry. I shall be in again after dinner."

He bustled off toward the door. He was pursy, well-fed, and decently dressed, the sort of a man who, when he moved in any direction, created the impression that he had an important engagement somewhere else or was passing minutes from time-tables. For a man in his business it was a clever expedient, deceiving all but those who knew him. He hesitated at the door,

and introduced him to Sinbad. This independent excursion to Bagdad was a stroke on my part; it will work into the general plan as smoothly as if it had been grooved for the part. Sinbad, I might just as well have assumed that name; Horace Sinbad, sounds the well and looks well." He mused in silence, his hand gently rubbing his chin; for he did possess the trick of talking aloud, in a low monotone, a habit acquired during periods of loneliness, when the sound of his own voice had succeeded in steadying his tottering mind.

What a woman, what a wife, she would have been to the right man! Owing to direct his affections; they must be drawn. She was not for him; nay, not even on a desert isle. Doubtless he was a fool. In time she would have made him a rich man. Alack! it was always the one we pursued that we loved and never the one that pursued us.

"I'm afraid of her; and there you are. There isn't a man living who has gone back of that Mona Lisa smile of hers. If she was the last woman and I was the last man, I don't say—"

He hunted for a cigarette, but failed to find one. "Almost at the bottom, boy; the winter of our discontent, and no sun of York to make it glorious. Twenty-four hundred at cards, and to lose it like a tyro! Wallace has taught me all he knows, but I'm a booby. Twenty-four hundred, firm's money. It's a falling of mine, the firm's money. But, damn it all, I can't cheat a man at cards; I'd rather cut his throat."

He found his pipe, and a careful search of the corners of his coat-pocket revealed a meager pipeful of tobacco. He picked out the little balls he put the ground-coffee, the cloves, and pushed the charge home into the crusted bowl of his briar.

# The Carpet from Carthage Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH  
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS  
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.  
Illustrations by M. G. KETTNER  
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"To the devil with economy! A pint of burgundy and a perfect if they hale us to jail for it. I'm dead tired. I've seen three corners in hell in the past two months. I'm going as far as four sovereigns will take me. Fortune Chedsoye." His blue eyes became less hard and his mouth less defiant. "I repeat, the heart should be nothing but a pump. Otherwise it gets in the way, becomes an obstruction, a bottomless pit. Will-power, that's the ticket. I can face a lion without an extra beat, I can face the various countenances of death, without an additional flutter; and yet, here's a girl, who, when I see her or think of her, sends the pulse soaring from seventy-seven up to eighty-four. Bad business; besides, it's so infernally unfashionable. It's hard work for a man to keep his balance 'twixt the devil and the deep blue sea; Gioconda on one side and Fortune on the other. Gioconda throws open windows and doors at my approach; but Fortune locks and bars hers, nor knocks at mine. That's the way it always goes."

"If a man could only go back ten years and take a new start. As!" bailing his fist at the reflection in the mirror. "Snivel and whine over the bed of your own making. You had your opportunity, but you listened to the popping of champagne-corks, the mutter of cards, the insane drivel of chorus-ladies. You had a decent college record, too. Bah! What a gulle-

ties to bask in the rays of joy giving. Nor need that sunshine be for outsiders. Sunshine-shedding, like charity, can profitably begin at home. It is not so exciting, perhaps, to try to brighten the lives of mother or small brother or sister as it is to be a Lady Beautiful, but the reflex action is quite as strong.

Try shedding sunshine wherever you are. Do not let a day pass without doing some little thing to brighten that day for some one else, and you will find your day more joyful.

Mystery of Love. If a man should importune me to give a reason why I loved him I find it could no otherwise be expressed than by making answer, because it was he; because it was I. There is beyond all that I am able to say, I know not what inexplicable and fated power that brought on this union—Montaigne.



## Try Giving Joy to Others

Shedding of Sunshine Will Be Found to Have Good Effect on Those Who Practice It.

It was Mr. Barrie who quaintly said: "Women who bring sunshine into the life of others cannot keep it from themselves."

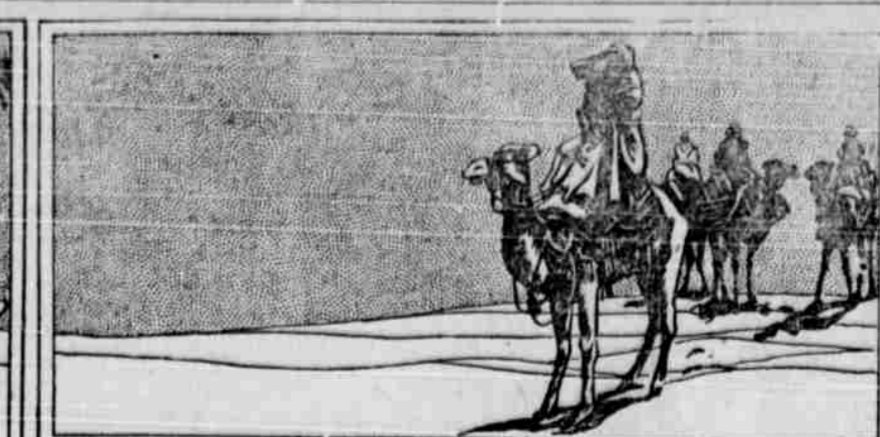
That is a recipe to learn and apply. If you will not try to be a spreader of joy for the joy it gives do so from selfish motives.

Girls may think this farfetched. Their one thought is to snatch at joy for themselves. It takes experience, perhaps bitter experience, to learn that the joy that counts most is the one with a rebound. Like a rubber ball, the harder you throw it the quicker it returns.

The girl who starts on a joy quest for herself cannot say: "I'll be nice to poor Maria, she has had such a stupid time," and then go about her sunshine shedding with patronizing airs. She may give joy, but the chances are that her patronage will be felt and resented. The sunshine that counts glows in the heart and must come out.

One need not go into sunshine spectacles to bask in the rays of joy giving. Nor need that sunshine be for outsiders. Sunshine-shedding, like charity, can profitably begin at home.

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less fool you were! You ran on, didn't you, till you found your neck in the loop at the end of the rope? And perhaps that soft-footed, estimable brother of yours didn't yank it taut as a hangman's? You heard the codicil; into one ear and out the other. Even then you had your chance; patience for two short years, and a million. No, a thousand times no. You knew what you were about, empty-headed fool! And today, two pennies for a dead man's eyes."

He dropped his fist dejectedly. Where had the first step begun? And where would be the last? In some drab corner, possibly; drink, morphine, or starvation; he'd never have the courage to finish it with a bullet. He was terribly bitter. Everything worth while seemed to have slipped through his fingers, his pleasure-loving fingers.

"Come, come, Horace; back up. Still the ruby kindles in the vine. No turning back now. We'll go on till we come bang! against the wall. There may be some good bouts between here and there. I wonder what Gioconda would say if she knew why I was so eager for this game?"

He went down to dinner, and they gave him a table in an obscure corner, as a subtle reminder that his style was passe. He didn't care; he was hungry and thirsty. He could see nearly every one, ever, if only a few could see him. This was somewhat to his advantage. He endeavored to pick out Percival Algernon, but there were too many high collars, too many monocles. So he contented himself with a mild philosophical observation of the scene. The murmur of voices, rising as the wall of the violins sank, sinking as the wall rose; the tinkle of glass and china, the silver and linen, the pretty women in their rustling gowns, the delicate perfumes, the flash of an arm, the glint of a polished shoulder; this was the essence of life he covered. He smiled at the thought and the sure knowledge that he was not the only wolf in the fold. Ay, and who among



Everything Worth While Seemed to Have Slipped Through His Fingers.

Surprise Boxes in Shark Stomachs. Fishermen in the Caribbean sea recently found in the stomach of a shark which they had killed a good sized bottle in which was a half-decipherable letter from a shipwrecked sailor. Many such relics have been found. In one case a lady's bracelet was found in a state of perfect preservation, together with a silver spoon and a thousand Spanish reals in money. The curious feature of the finding of the money was that it was in an official receptacle lost in the city of Spanish Town (Jamaica) during a negro uprising in the seventeenth century. Where had it been meantime? Surely not in the shark's stomach, unless the shark lives a much longer time (or some of them) than science has any reason to suppose possible. On the other hand, if in the sea it would have been rendered unrecognizable in a few weeks. Had it been in the possession of some one shipwrecked, why had it been left intact? The conclusion was inevitable that the shark must have flung it out from a compartment of some long-submerged vessel. — Harper's Weekly.

Uncle Pennywise Says: Some of us can laugh when the joke is on us; but none of us believe in carrying that kind of a joke too far.



der his nose, epicureanly; then he slipped the wine. Something like! It ran across his tongue and down his throat in tingling fire, nectarious; and he went half way to Olympus, and he lived in the vilest haunts, in desperate straits, his life in his open hands; and now once more he had crawled from the depths to the outer crust of the world. It did not matter that he was destined to go down into the depths again; so long as the spark burned he was going to crawl back each time. Damnable luck! He could have lived like a prince. Twenty-four hundred, and all in two nights, a steady stream of gold into the pockets of men whom he could have cheated with consummate ease, and didn't. A fine wolf, whose predatory instincts were still riveted to that obsolete thing called conscience!

"Conscience? Rot! Let us for once be frank and write it down as caution, as fear of publicity, anything but the white guardian-angel of the immortality of the soul. Heap up the gold, Apollon; heap it up, higher and higher, till not a squeak of that still small voice that once awoke the chap in the Old Testament can ever again be heard. Now, no more retrospection, Horace; no more analysis; the vital question simmers down to this: If Percival Algernon balks, how far will four sovereigns go?"

## CHAPTER III.

### The Holy Vidorces.

George drank his burgundy perfumingly. Had it been ardent, the native wine of Corsica, he would not have noticed it. The little nerve that ran from his tongue to his brain had temporarily lost the power of communication. And all because of the girl across the way. He couldn't keep his eyes from wandering in her direction. She faced him diagonally. She ate but little, and when the elderly gentleman poured out for her a glass of sauterne, she motioned it aside, rested her chin upon her folded hands, and stared not at but through her vis-a-vis.

It was a lovely head, topped with coils of lustrous, light brown hair; an oval face, of white and rose and ivory tones; scarlet lips, a small, regular nose, and a chin the soft roundness of which hid the resolute lift to it. To these attributes of loveliness was added a perfect form, the long, flowing curves of youth, not the abrupt contours of maturity. George couldn't recollect when he had been so impressed by a face. From the moment she had stepped down from the carriage, his interest had been drawn, and had grown to such dimensions that when he entered the dining-room his glance immediately searched for her table. What luck in finding her across the way! He questioned if he had ever seen her before. There was something familiar; the delicate profile stirred some sleeping memory but did not wake it.

How to meet her, and when he did meet her, how to interest her? If she would only drop her handkerchief, her purse, something to give him an excuse, an opening. Ah, he was certain that this time the hydra-headed one should not overcome him. To gain her attention and to hold it, he would have faced a lion, a tiger, a wide-eyed elephant. To diagnose these symptoms might not be fair to George. "Love at first sight" reads well and sounds well, but we hoary-headed philologists know that the phrase is only poetical license.

Once, and only once, she looked in his direction. It swept over him with the chill of a winter wind that he meant as much to her as a tree, a fence, a meadow, as seen from the window of a speeding railway train. But this observation, transient as it was, left with him the indelible impression that her eyes were the saddest he had ever seen. Why? Why should a young and beautiful girl have eyes like that? It could not mean physical weariness, else the face would in some way have expressed it. The elderly man appeared to do his best to animate her; he was kindly and courteous and by the gentle way he laughed at intervals was trying to bolster up the situation with a jest or two. The girl never so much as smiled, or shrugged her shoulders; she was as responsive to these overtures as marble would have been.

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Where Autos Are Barred. Prince Edward island bars automobiles, not because the islanders cannot afford the machines, but because of accidents caused by the recklessness of drivers who brought in the first cars. They caused many run-aways, and a few had tragic endings. The legislature at once passed a law barring autos from the island. Some of the leading cities have since endeavored to have the enactment repealed, but the country influence has always been strong enough to overcome all such efforts.

Cruel, Cruel Answer. "See, darling!" and Mrs. Justwed held up for her husband's gaze three mirrors arranged so as to give him many reflections. "I can get a triple view of myself." "Humph!" gurgled her brute of a man, struggling with his collar. "You seem to be quite popular with yourself!"—Judge.

Accounting for It. "What makes Jiggs so cheery?" "The only thing I can think of is that he lives in a house with a swell front."

A scientist has discovered that the onion is a cure for love. Method will teach you to win time.—Goethe.

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