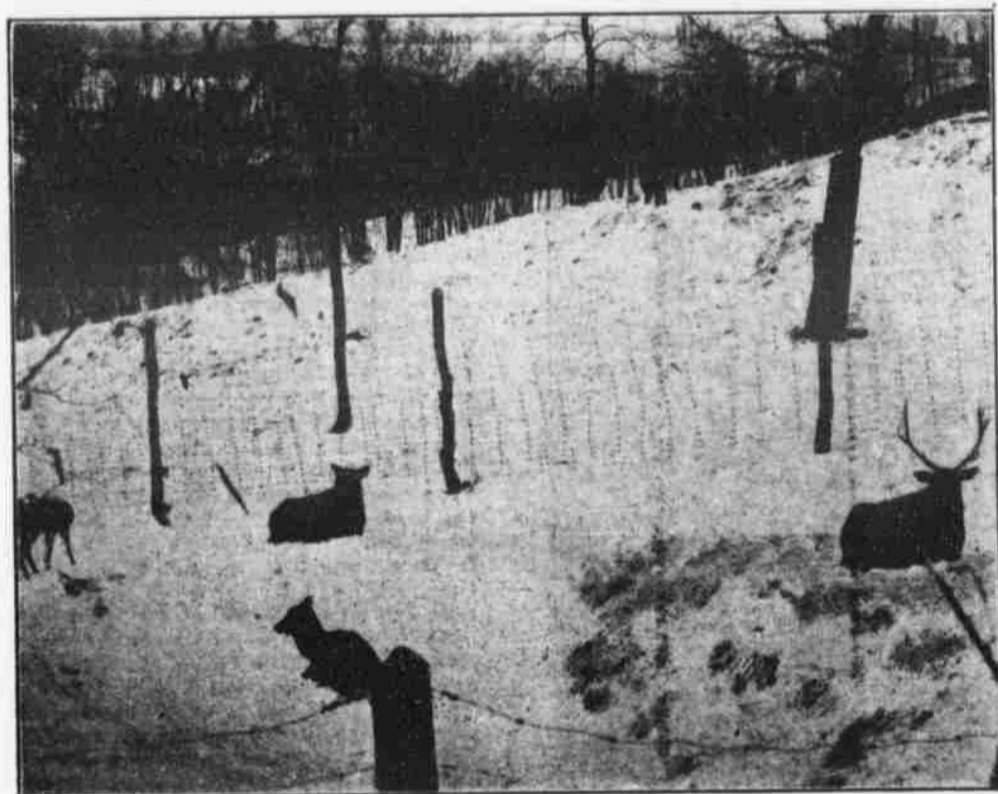


Park Animals and the Deep Snow

Photographs Made by a Staff Artist at Riverview Park



PANORAMA OF RIVERVIEW PARK LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE MAIN DRIVE.



ELK WERE NEARLY BURIED IN DRIFTS.



BUFFALO DIDN'T MIND THE STORM.



BIT OF TANGLED WOODS AND SNOW.



DEER PADDOCK WAS FAIRLY FREE.

Land of Arab Kings

(Continued from Fourth Page.)

All Arabia believed that it was the abode of the Djinn. Whoever approached it was met and slain by Djinn, appearing as pillars of sand, as serpents or desert robbers, but equally deadly whatever form they assumed.

For many hundred years, travelers tempted by the legends tried to find Amra, but always in vain. Most who tried recently were turned back before they passed into the desert; for the sultan, while he pretends to control the desert dwellers, knows better. Therefore, to evade responsibility and still to keep up his pretense, he adopts the happy expedient of forbidding travelers to cross the "dead line."

The explorers who were turned back were luckier than most of those who got through. Most of them never returned. The few who did had little to tell except stories of fights with Bedouins and narrow escapes. None of them saw the "Ghost Palace," and in the course of time men leaned to the belief that Amra the Beautiful was a fiction of Arabia.

Dr. Musil was more fortunate. In 1900 he had made a short visit to Arabia and had won the friendship of one of the most powerful of the Arab rulers, Emir Tajjal, the chief of the Beni Sachr, the "Sons of the Rocks." He accompanied him on a fighting expedition against another tribe and his services as surgeon had endeared him to the old Arab.

The Emir Tajjal was an Arab of the traditional kind. Throughout the deserts, from end to end of the peninsula, he was equally honored for his integrity and nobility of character and feared for his power.

So, when Dr. Musil, accompanied by his friend, Alphonse Leopold Mielich, the painter, arrived in Madaba on the desert frontier in 1901, prepared to search for Amra, the watchfulness of the Turkish authorities was set at naught by his Arab friends.

The Turks, suspecting the object of the Austrians, warned them that they would be arrested if they tried to leave the place. But one night they evaded the guards and made their way to a rendezvous in the desert just outside of Madaba.

Here Sheik Hajel, the brother of the Emir, and as noble-hearted as that Emir

himself, met them with seven camels of the purest breed to be found in Arabia. Armed bedouins guarded the outfit, while others crept into the town and smuggled out the travelers' effects.

Then the two Austrians were garbed by the Arabs in the favorite disguise of the men of the Arabian Nights stories—that of physicians, Musil being named the physician Musa and Mielich the physician Hanna.

Sheik Hajel had spared no expense. That involved no financial hardship for him, however, for Dr. Musil says that he is so rich that he cannot estimate his own wealth.

Tens of thousands of tribesmen pay him tribute and every caravan that goes between Mecca and Muscat, or Mecca and Damascus, does the same. The unhappy caravans call it robbery. The Sheik and the Emir call it tribute paid to them as masters of the land.

For three days and nights the party crossed fiery sands. Then they saw, far on the horizon, a great building, and the Arab warriors stopped and prayed. The sheik once more pressed on the Austrians the danger into which they were going.

Finding them obdurate, he and his men concealed their own superstitious terrors and advanced.

They found a strange palace indeed. For more than 1,000 years of loneliness the red sands of Arabia had piled around it. For more than 1,000 years probably no human foot had entered it. Yet it looked out over the illimitable deserts, not a ruin, but a noble structure with all its lines intact.

There was only one door to the whole building. Nothing could induce the Arabs to enter and the Austrians went in alone.

To their great delight they found the great wall paintings of which the legends had told. The colors were still well preserved and the pictures showed the life and history of centuries before Christ and of a nation and kings whose names have been only legends for twenty centuries.

The travelers had been in the castle a little more than an hour when shots rang outside. Rushing forth they found a hot fight on between their escort and a horde of desert robbers.

The Austrians unslung their rifles and pitched in. But the party was hopelessly

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