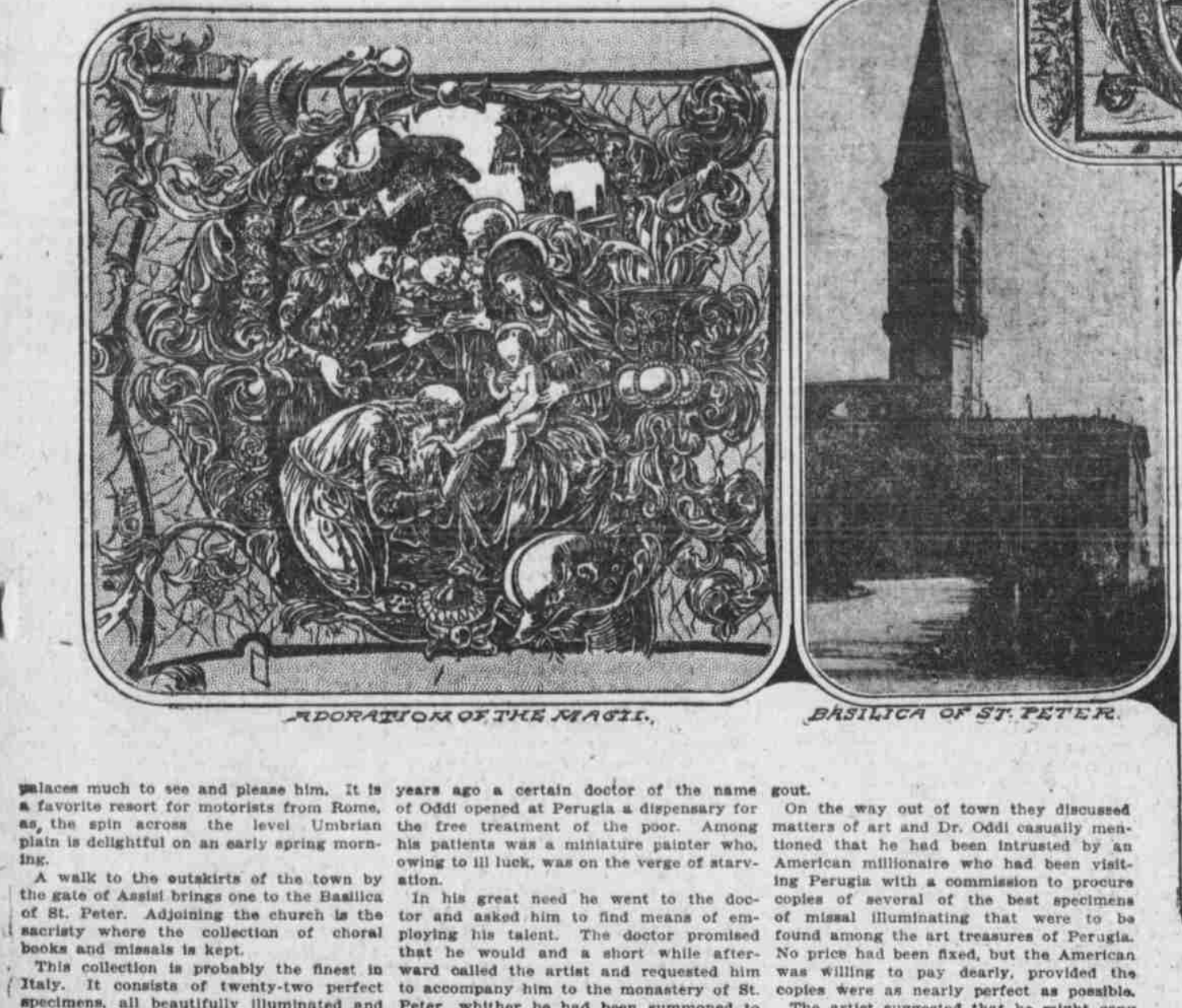


Famous Old Illuminated Choral Manuscript Stolen From a Monastery

ROME, June 25.—So many works of art have been smuggled out of Italy without the cognizance or consent of the government in the last few months that the report that one of the rarest of the illuminated choral books in the collection of Perugia had disappeared from its supposedly safe resting place in the monastery of St. Peter has passed almost unnoticed. Yet both the theft and the plunder are noteworthy.

The small Umbrian town of Perugia, where the theft took place, is probably one of the most visited of Italian towns. It is full of interest not only for the art lover who spends days gazing at its many treasures but also for the casual observer who finds in its narrow, quaint streets and old



ADORATION OF THE MAGI.

BASILICA OF ST. PETER.

places much to see and please him. It is a favorite resort for motorists from Rome, as the spin across the level Umbrian plain is delightful on an early spring morning.

A walk to the outskirts of the town by the gate of Assisi brings one to the Basilica of St. Peter. Adjoining the church is the sacristy where the collection of choral books and missals is kept.

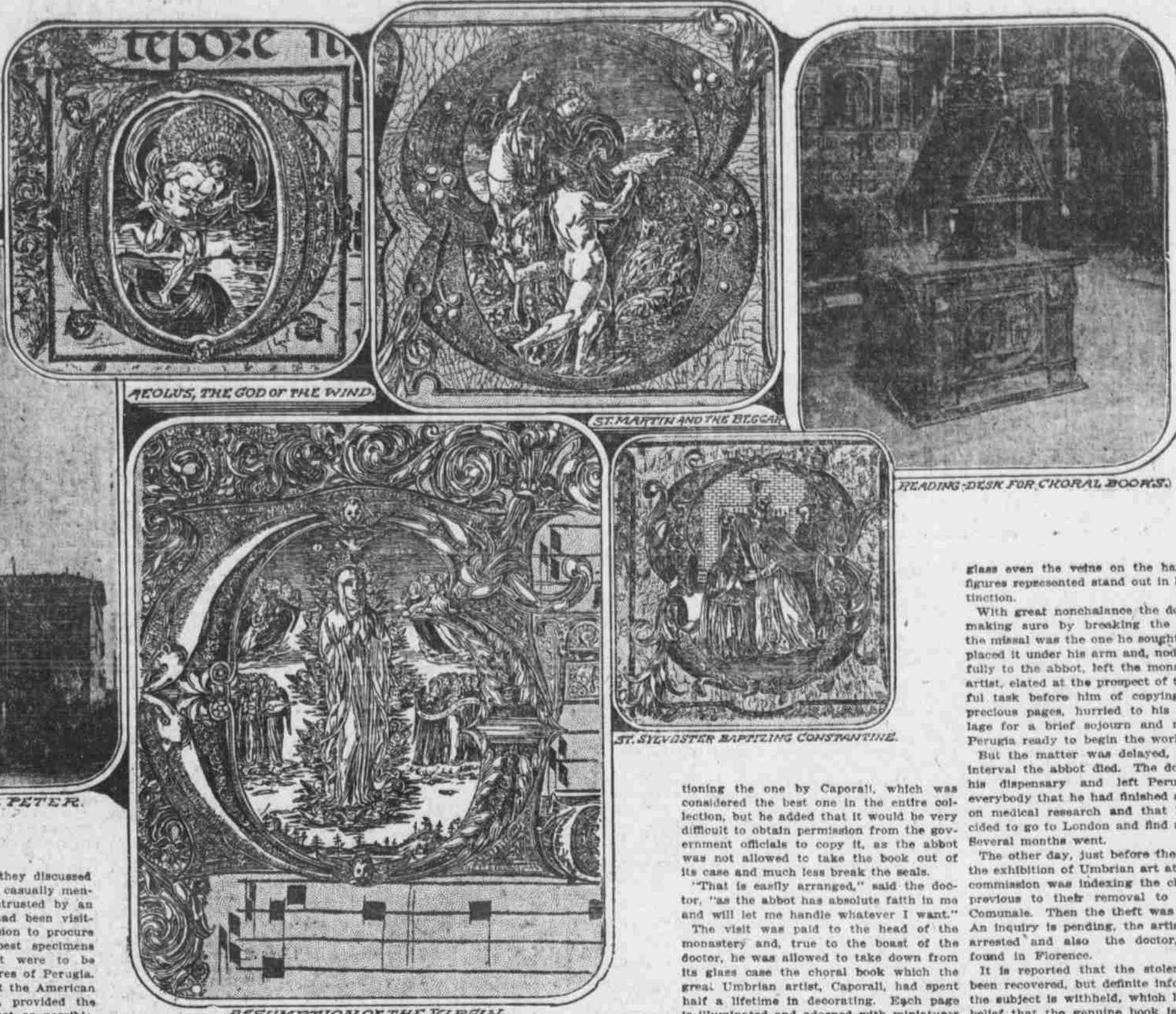
This collection is probably the finest in Italy. It consists of twenty-two perfect specimens, all beautifully illuminated and all the work of the celebrated artists, such

years ago a certain doctor of the name of Oddi opened a dispensary for the free treatment of the poor. Among his patients was a miniature painter who, owing to ill luck, was on the verge of starvation.

In his great need he went to the doctor and asked him to find means of employing his talent. The doctor promised that he would and a short while afterward called the artist and requested him to accompany him to the monastery of St. Peter, whither he had been summoned to attend the abbot, who was suffering from

gout.

On the way out of town they discussed matters of art and Dr. Oddi casually mentioned that he had been intrusted by an American millionaire who had been visiting Perugia with a commission to procure copies of several of the best specimens of missal illumination that were to be found among the art treasures of Perugia. No price had been fixed, but the American was willing to pay dearly, provided the copies were as nearly perfect as possible. The artist suggested that he might copy one of the choral books at St. Peter, men-



ZEUS, THE GOD OF THE WIND.

ST. MARTIN AND THE BEGGAR.

ST. SYLVESTER BAPTIZING CONSTANTINE.

ASSUMPTION OF THE VIRGIN.

READING DESK FOR CHORAL BOOKS.

glass even the veins on the hands of the figures represented stand out in lifelike distinction.

With great nonchalance the doctor, after making sure by breaking the seals that the missal was the one he sought, smilingly placed it under his arm and, nodding cheerfully to the abbot, left the monastery. The artist, elated at the prospect of the delightful task of copying all those missals, hurried to his native village for a brief sojourn and returned to Perugia ready to begin the work.

But the matter was delayed, and in the interval the abbot died. The doctor closed his dispensary and left Perugia, telling everybody that he had finished a new book on medical research and that he had decided to go to London and find a publisher. Several months went.

The other day, just before the opening of the exhibition of Umbrian art at Perugia, a commission was indexing the choral books previous to their removal to the Palazzo Comunale. Then the theft was discovered. An inquiry is pending, the artist has been arrested and also the doctor, who was found in Florence.

It is reported that the stolen book has been recovered, but definite information on the subject is withheld, which leads to the belief that the genuine book is still missing and that the one now in the hands of the police is a clever forgery.

tioning the one by Caporali, which was considered the best one in the entire collection, but he added that it would be very difficult to obtain permission from the government officials to copy it, as the abbot was not allowed to take the book out of its case and much less break the seals.

"That is easily arranged," said the doctor, "as the abbot has absolute faith in me and will let me handle whatever I want."

The visit was paid to the head of the monastery and, true to the boast of the doctor, he was allowed to take down from its glass case the choral book which the great Umbrian artist, Caporali, had spent half a lifetime in decorating. Each page is illuminated and adorned with miniatures of saints and angels, so delicately drawn and full of detail that with a magnifying

Eighty-Mile Ride Through the Farms and Deserts of Eastern Tunisia

Said oil for shipment to all the world; and it has been noted for its olives since the days of the Carthaginians. Indeed, most of the trees look old enough to have been planted long before Christ. They are knotty and gnarly, but their wide-spreading green branches are loaded with fruit. The orchards are interspersed with grain fields and pastures, and the automobile frightens the men at the plow and also the animals which feed near the roadside.

Riding at breakneck speed through the deserts of eastern Tunisia! Dashing along on the back of a "yellow devil" through crowds of superstitious Mohammedan Arabs!

Scaring the people, routing the donkeys and camels, and turning the caravans into flying herds of men and beasts.

These are among the features of my journey from Soussa to Sfax in an automobile. The distance is eighty miles, and our speed was about fifteen miles an hour.

We came by train from Tunis to Soussa. The journey takes about six hours, and the whole way is along the Mediterranean sea. Soussa lies on the Mediterranean, away off here on the edge of North Africa. It is an old city of 3,000 Mohammedans, made up of snow-white, flat-roofed buildings, crowded together along streets so narrow that wheeled vehicles cannot pass through them, and surrounded by walls thirty feet high. It is entered only by great gates in the walls, and the scenes within are those of the "Arabian Nights." The men are dark-skinned, wearing turbans and gowns, and the women, clad all in black, are so closely veiled that not even their eyes can be seen.

A town of but few foreigners, Soussa has all the aspects of the days of Haroun Al-Raschid. Its streets resound with the tales of storytellers with the high, thin voices of Arab schoolboys as they sing out the Koran they are trying to learn, and with the shrill cries of the inmates from the minarets of the mosques as they call the people to prayers.

It is indeed the last place on earth where one would expect to find an automobile. It is one of the oldest cities in the world. It was founded by the Phoenicians 2,000 years ago, and was an imperial Roman city in the days of the Emperor Trajan, and, under the Arabs, it was for a long time the stronghold of pirates and corsairs.

On the Yellow Devil.

I wish I could show you the scene of our departure, and the crowd that gathered outside the walls to see the "yellow devil" start off. The "yellow devil," which is a great golden automobile, which has just been brought here from Paris to carry first-class passengers from Soussa to Sfax. It is of French make, shaped like an old Concord coach, with three seats on the top, six inside, and one in front for the chauffeur. Its motive power is gasoline, and on starting it groans and puffs and blows like the demon it is, sending chills of fear down the backs of the natives.

Take a seat with me on the top and ride through the wild scenes of northeastern Africa. We are higher up than the roofs of those huts by the roadside, and away above the motley crowd of Arabs, watching the start. Now the "yellow devil" is trembling; the chauffeur has turned the crank which lets on the power! Now he looks his horn. Honk! Honk! Honk! We are off.

Honk! Honk! Honk! We are flying about the high walls of Soussa, the noise and beasts in the road running to get out of our way.

Honk! Honk! See those two black objects who are almost under the wheels; they are Arab women clad all in crappe, so frightened that their veils have fallen back and their scared brown faces appear.

Honk! Honk! See that crowd of children scamper! One boy has lost his red fez cap, but he runs on and on.

Honk! Honk! We are passing an encampment of Arab soldiers! The men are drying their wash on the grass, and they wear their wet garments as us as we go by.

Gear Rattles and Engines

Now we have left the suburbs of Soussa, and are far out on the plains. We are traveling through olive orchards. They cover the country for miles. Sousse makes

for miles through the desert, narrowing down to a pin point in the distance. Tunisia and Algeria have thousands of miles of well kept highways, and one could travel from Morocco almost to Tripoli in an automobile. Our journey of eighty miles is everywhere equally good, and as dusk comes on, and we fly along with the yellow devil's eyes blazing forth their acetylene flames, we have no fears of bursting tires nor ruts which may cause a breakdown. It is pitch dark as we make our way into Sfax, and pull up in front of a French hotel where we stay for the night.

Amphitheater of El-Djem.

I wonder if you have ever heard of El-Djem. It is one of the most wonderful of all Roman ruins, and is surpassed only in size by the Colosseum at Rome. It is the great amphitheater which is situated on this road about twenty miles from the sea. I saw it on my way from Soussa to Sfax. It stands on a plain rising high above its surroundings. The Colosseum at Rome is dwarfed by other buildings. El-Djem is right out in the open, and save for a little Arab village of mud huts about ten feet in height there are no other buildings in sight.

From the top of the automobile one can see the ruins long before he comes to them. At first they look like a mighty bluff, a fortification or the walls of a fortified town. Nearer we observe that they are a great amphitheater, and closer still the walls tower over us to the height of a twelve-story flat. One side of the amphitheater has been torn away, but the greater part still stands. I climbed up from gallery to gallery, and wandered through the arcades, where the men and women promenaded in the days of imperial Rome while waiting for the gladiatorial shows to begin in the arena below.

The outlines of the arena are plainly marked. They enclose an ellipse of almost an acre, and, according to my paces, they actually measure about 300 feet long and 175 feet wide.

The walls of this mighty structure, the most of which still stand, are 120 feet high, and it is said that they were one story higher, but that the top story has been torn away. There are three galleries rising one over the other. Under the lower ones are the cells where the wild animals were kept and the rooms in which the gladiators waited until called into the arena to fight with beasts or murder the early

Christians. This theater saw the massacre of thousands; it was even more noted for its lions than that of Rome, the wild beasts being brought from the Atlas mountains nearby.

El-Djem vs. Roman Colosseum.

It is said that the Colosseum at Rome seated 87,000 spectators. El-Djem was about three-fourths as large, and is said to have seated for 60,000. Looking at its galleries this seems probably true. The building has a ground floor of five or six acres, and with the galleries it could have accommodated an enormous number of people. I have seen as many as 25,000 men at one of our great national conventions. Fully that many were seated at Chicago when Garfield was nominated, and the seating capacity of El-Djem was almost three times as large. The circumference of the amphitheater here is only 300 feet less than that of the Colosseum, and its width and breadth each measure as much within 100 feet. The Colosseum, as it exists today, is a little higher than El-Djem, but with the story which was torn away added they would be about the same height.

The Romans had an old saying which reads: While stands the Colosseum, Rome shall stand; When falls the Colosseum, Rome shall fall, And when Rome falls, with it shall fall the world.

On the Site of Old Thydrus.

I doubt not the citizens of northern Africa thought the same of El-Djem. But who can now tell us anything of the people who sat in this mighty playhouse? We know only that there was a great town here in the time of imperial Rome. It was called Thydrus, and it must have been of enormous size to have required a theater like this. During the third century it was one of the richest cities of northern Africa, and the capital of a thickly populated country. There were other great cities nearby; about eight miles away was one which had also a theater, and which still shows the remains of vast cisterns built for its water supply.

Thydrus remained great up to about the time of the Arab invasion, but the people about were then governed by a Berber queen known as Kahena. The country was so rich that it was attacked again and again, and Kahena, thinking the matter over, came to the conclusion that the

wealth of her people was the cause of the numerous invasions, and that if they destroyed their cities her country would be left alone. She thereupon called her mountain tribes together and ordered them to cut down the orchards and level the towns. This was done all over the country, vast territories being reduced from riches to poverty. It had, however, the reverse effect of what she intended. The people who had lost their property sided with the invaders and Kahena was defeated. Her last stand was made in the amphitheater of El-Djem, and its battered walls still show the effects of that siege.

Since then it has been robbed by the generations which followed. It has been a quarry for both Arabs and Christians, and of late the French have uncovered its mosaics and carried them off to their museums. Today they are making efforts to protect what is left. I found parts of the ruins shut off by doors and wire fences, and masons were at work here and there repairing the damages of the vandals.

Ruins of North Africa.

The day will come when northern Africa will be thronged with tourists and others studying the historic remains of its past. The most of the ruins here have, until now, been allowed to remain as they were, while those of Italy, Greece and Egypt have been carted off to fill the museums of the world. There are acres of mosaics to be seen in the museums of Tunisia which will compare in beauty with any in Italy. The arena of this great amphitheater was an old mosaic. It is now a part of the wonderful collection in the bey's palace in the city of Tunis. There are other mosaics almost as wonderful in the museum of Carthage.

Soussa has recently excavated a cemetery which dates back to the time of the Carthaginians. In it are tombs which were built when Hannibal was alive, and I fingered the bone dust of some of these ancient heroes as I looked at the urns which contained their remains.

Even more wonderful are the catacombs of Soussa, now for the first time being exposed to the light of modern times. I had never heard of them until I came here. You will not find them mentioned in the books upon Africa, and I doubt if they are known outside this part of Tunisia. Nevertheless they are of enormous extent and of

historic interest. They lie a mile or so outside the walls, with olive trees and other crops growing above them. They are reached by stone steps, which take one far below the surface, and they extend over several square miles. It was by means of my letter from the regent of Tunisia that I was able to go through them. We walked along gallery after gallery, cut out of the solid limestone, lighting our way with candles. Now and then we had to stoop over, and I was warned to keep close to the guide, as there are so many cross-passages that one might become lost and wander long before getting out. The galleries are walled with tombs; they contain the remains of tens of thousands of human beings, all lying in boxes cut out of the walls, away down there under the ground. The tombs are, in fact, a series of pigeon holes, each hole containing a skeleton or bones and bone dust.

After the body was put in the front of the tomb was written up, and an inscription was carved upon it mentioning the name and sometimes the story of the man. In many of the tombs gold and silver and precious stones have been found, and in others articles which illustrate the life of the times. Some of the tombs were those of little children. In one I saw the bones of a woman, the impression of whose bust still showed in the plaster cast made by the soft limestone and clay. Upon a shelf over this I saw the bones of a baby of perhaps 3 years of age, and in the pigeon hole just below the skull and foot of a man, the rest of his skeleton having passed away.

I am writing these notes in Sfax, the

capital of southern Tunisia and one of the rapidly growing cities of northern Africa. The town lies on a harbor, which can be entered by the largest of ocean steamers, and it has a considerable trade. It ships phosphates and olive oil and millions of sponges, caught in the waters nearby. The population of Sfax is about 60,000 natives and 2,000 Europeans, the most of whom are Italian and Spaniards. The European town lies between the Arab town and the sea. It contains a theater, a post-office, several hotels and some few business houses.

The native city, like all those of Tunisia, is surrounded by an enormous wall and entered by gates. The houses inside the walls are all of Arabian architecture, and the streets wind this way and that, and are so narrow for wheeled vehicles.

The natives are Mohammedans. They do not like Christians, and it was not until 1822 that Europeans were allowed to come inside the walls. Were it not that the French govern the country would hardly be possible to go inside today, and, in fact, one sees few Europeans inside the town. They are not allowed to enter the principal mosque, and it is not safe to go into any of the other places of worship.

The people of Sfax dress in oriental costumes, the women wrapping themselves up in white blankets, which they hold so tightly over their faces that only a three-cornered eye hole can be seen. They do not wear black, as in Soussa and Karouan. The men are clad like their kind in all parts of Tunisia.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

General Grant and Two Bells.

JUST prior to his recent death in Helena, Mont., relates the St. Paul Pioneer Press, Governor Preston H. Leslie of Kentucky and Montana related a story hereinafter unpublished concerning a trait in General U. S. Grant which caused the southern sympathizer to change his opinion of the northern soldier from hatred to intense admiration.

Governor Leslie in 1864 had just escorted two nieces to a school at Georgetown, Ky., and was returning to Louisville. The feeling was very bitter, and to avoid any controversy Governor Leslie entered the ladies' car, sitting opposite two young and intensely patriotic Kentucky women. They lauded General Lee to the skies and fairly heartily eulogized General Grant for his alleged heartlessness and cruelty.

Unbeknownst to them General Grant was also a passenger, and after listening to their caustic comment for fully half an hour informed them that all they had said of General Lee was true and that he personally knew him to be one of the best soldiers the world had ever seen. He further ventured the assertion that the charges against Grant were untrue; that while acts of cruelty and atrocities might have been committed they were without his sanction. He then introduced himself, said that he could not accept the apologies which were profusely offered; that they would be unnatural daughters of the south if they felt otherwise. He told them that war of itself was cruel and he did not blame them. Thereafter Governor Leslie became a great admirer and defender of General Grant.

What More Could Be Asked?

"On the way down here from up home I saw your advertisement in the paper," said "Ossy" Hitebock, as he entered the office of the New Nation company in his Sunday suit, his boots creaking at every step. "I'm here in the city to get work."

"I hardly think you're just the man we need now," and the clerk in charge sur-

A Quartette of Short Stories

veiled his caller with unflinching gaze.

"You spoke of wanting a young man with a good address," said "Ossy," in his loud, clear, distinct school voice. "I guess Laneville, New Hampshire, is as good as any you could find, and father has the only store in the place."—"Youth's Companion."

A Night Owl.

It is only about four years since Robert J. Wynne, who resigned as postmaster general to accept the post of consul general in London, was a newspaper correspondent in Washington. He represented a morning paper and necessarily kept late hours. Just before he entered the government service an enumerator for the city directory called at his office for the usual information. A colored maid was the only person at home and she was asked as to Mr. Wynne's business. "I dunno 'ackly," she said, "but he comes in so late o' nights and goes away so late in de afternoon dat I reckon he must be some kind of a spon-in' man."

New Orders.

Shortly after the railway companies abolished the pass privilege a certain United States senator who has held his office many years and had carried a pass all that time boarded a train for Washington. He had forgotten to provide himself with the necessary ticket. Presently the conductor came along. He was one of the oldest men on the line, and the senator, who had made many a trip with him before, cordially extended his hand.

"How are you, Gregory?" he said.

"First rate, senator," answered the conductor. "Glad to see you looking so well."

"Thank you, Greg. But why are you offering me your left hand?"

"Because I don't want my left hand to know what my right hand is doing."

"What is your right hand doing?"

"It's reaching for your fare, senator," said the conductor, with a grim smile.—"Youth's Companion."

THE YELLOW DEVIL IS A GREAT GOLDEN AUTOMOBILE.



COLOSSEUM AT DJEM NEARLY AS LARGE AS ROME'S.

gear rattles and engines.