

## Soapstone's Queer Quality.

An enormous deposit of soapstone has been discovered in Zwettl, not far from the Bohemian frontier. The soapstone will absorb many colors, thus making it valuable in the colors industry.

## Dorothy Dix's Letter Box

What Kind of Girls the Boys Like—Does Difference in Religion Cause Trouble in Marriage?—The Man Who Plays It Safe.

Dear Miss Dix—I am asking your advice on "How to attract men?" How do you catch a boy and hold him nowadays? I am eighteen and very pretty, and I have tried all the ways I know to swap boys, but without avail. How do you do it? BEULAH A.

Answer:

Well, Beulah, I have got expert advice on your questions from a youth of my acquaintance, and this is what he said:

"What is it in a girl that attracts boys? Oh, it's some quality that you can't put your finger on, something intangible, that makes you think that some particular girl is just all right and suits you, while some other girl just as good-looking, and just as attractive in every way, doesn't appeal to you at all. Personality I guess you call it."

Of course, the first thing you notice about a girl is her looks. You are attracted to a girl if she is pretty and has got on pretty clothes, and you would be proud to be seen with her, but I don't think boys care much for these smashing beauties. They look as if they belonged on the stage in a Follies show, or something like that, and makes a boy feel that he does not show up much beside them. Besides, they nearly always have the swelled head and expect you to be fanning them with hot air, and you would like a little of that drifted your way.

"Boys like girls who have got just a fair amount of brains. You never see any of them flocking around a highbrow nor a dumbbell. They want a girl who can keep up her end of the talk, and that they won't have to work like coal heavers to entertain, but they don't want any girl who is a monologue artist or who wants to talk to them about the Einstein theory."

"Boys like jolly girls. Girls who are full of fun, girls who can do anything, who can swim, and play a good game of tennis, golf, and drive a car, and play jazz, and dance, and who are good sports. They don't like the girls who are sickly and delicate, and afraid cats, who are always screaming over everything, and who can't go out in the sun for fear of ruining their complexions."

"Boys like girls who are interested in the same things they are, but they don't like these yes-yesers who haven't any opinions of their own and who agree with everything they say. They like girls who show that they like them and enjoy their attentions, but they loathe and hate the girl who chases them down, and who is always ringing them up over the telephone and trying to make dates."

"And all but the softies fight shy of the gold-diggers, who try to make a boy spend more money on them than he can afford. And, above all, a boy likes a girl to be natural. I never knew an affected girl who was popular. When a girl gets upstage, and poses around like a professional beauty, and tells the boys how much she is admired, and how many millionaires she has refused, and what a grand automobile so-and-so has, it is good-night for her."

"But, when all is said, you like a girl because you do, and that's all there is to it." DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—What advice, or consolation, have you to offer in a case like this: A girl—the one girl in the world for me and myself have been real honest-to-goodness pals for more than six years. We are engaged and would like to be married, but we are of different religious denominations. It does not seem fair that a difference of this kind should keep us apart. Please suggest something. READER.

Answer:

My suggestion is that you quit confusing creeds with religion. Creeds are man-made, and mostly by men who were pretty narrow and bigoted and self-opinionated. Religion is God-made. Religion is the worship of God. It is the belief in the Supreme Ruler of the universe, the inspiration that makes us try to live clean lives, to be kindly and charitable in deed and thought, and to struggle up to a higher light.

Religion is as broad as the love and mercy of God. Surely there is room enough in it for everybody's personal peculiarities of belief and to give to every one the right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. And as for creeds, since they are all different roads that lead up to God, what does it matter which one you follow?

To my mind, nothing is so irreligious as the religion that is intolerant of another's belief and that tries to force its own brand of orthodoxy on others. Yet religious persecution has drenched the world with blood and sent martyrs to the stake, and even now separate armies are fighting.

But it is well for all men and women who belong to different religious denominations to thrash this question out well and settle it definitely before marriage. Unless one or the other of them is broad enough and has enough religion to concede to the other perfect religious freedom, they had best not marry. There are enough things to fight over in married life without injecting a holy war into it. DOROTHY DIX.

Dear Miss Dix—Two years ago a young man came to a small town and saw a girl. Daily he passed this girl's house, seeing her each time. They were never introduced, but were strongly attracted to each other, and a long-distance acquaintance developed, consisting merely of an exchange of smiles. Finally the man went away, and the girl missed him more than she cared to admit. A week after his departure she received a letter from him saying that he regretted not being able to meet her and asking her to write to him.

Being a woman, she did, and a most interesting correspondence ensued. Now, his last letter remains unanswered not because the girl is indifferent, but because it seems unwise to write to an unknown man, who, according to his own say, considers this peculiar correspondence very romantic.

Now, Miss Dix, won't you tell me just what you think of the man in the case? MONA.

Answer:

I think he is a gentleman of singularly little enterprise and few resources, or else he would have hunted up somebody who would have introduced him to the girl. If I were a girl, a man would have to put more punch in his love-making than that to thrill me. I think the girl will be very wise not to let herself get too much interested in a man who indulges his romance at a safe, long range. DOROTHY DIX.

## Jimmy Skunk Proves Himself To Be a Philosopher and Gentleman

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

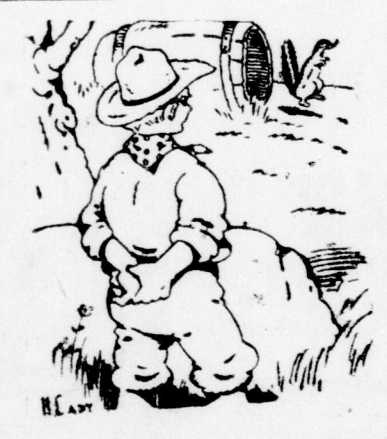
Jimmy Skunk is nothing if not a gentleman. Of course, he had been provoked when he was caught in that fox trap of Farmer Brown's Boy. He had been dropped out of it into a barrel. He felt that he had been treated very rudely. But there had been no one whom to tell, so he had been silent. He had been in that barrel for a long time, and he had not used it. It didn't take him more than a minute to find out that he was just as much a prisoner in that barrel as he had been in the box trap. You see, he couldn't climb up the sides of the barrel.

Now, Jimmy is a philosopher as well as a gentleman. A philosopher is one who believes in making the best of things as they are. Jimmy couldn't get out of that barrel, but he could curl up for a nap. So that is what he did. He was left undisturbed for quite a while, and so it happened that he was asleep when Farmer Brown's Boy tipped up and threw a blanket over the top of that barrel. Then, taking care to keep that barrel over the top, Farmer Brown's Boy very gently picked up the barrel and carried it outdoors. He carried it some distance away from the house and the barn. Then, as gently as he picked it up, he set it down.

He went back to the barn and got a rake. Then he returned to the barrel. He pulled off the blanket from over the top. Then with the rake he reached out and got hold of the edge of that barrel between the teeth of the rake. Slowly and carefully he pushed the barrel over and gradually let it down until it gently came to rest on its side. Then Farmer Brown's Boy hastily backed away and waited.

"A Little Gentleman, If There Ever Was One," Said Farmer Brown's Boy As He Watched Jimmy.

He didn't have to wait long. Jimmy



## GIRLS' ENTRIES GOOD AT YARMOUTH FAIR

Fruit and Vegetable Display Was Exceptionally Fine.

Special to The Advertiser. St. Thomas, Oct. 3.—The final school fair of the year for Elgin county was held this afternoon at the Yarmouth Heights school, with twelve North Yarmouth schools competing. The fair today was undoubtedly the largest ever held in this district, due to the large field of schools included. School No. 18, West Yarmouth, took the most awards. The girls' entries were the largest, with a large field in sewing, cooking and flowers. There were many entries in the vegetable display and the public speaking contest.

The first-prize winners were: Home cooking—Oatmeal cookies, Edna Siple; tarts, Alice Lovely; school lunches, Alice Lovely; fudge, Edna Siple; soap, Edna Siple; Edna Siple; table napkin, Edith Helka; crocheted edge, Mildred Kirby; Zinnia, Lenora Wilk; roses, L. Miller; phlox, Jack Arkie; cosmos, Mildred Ostrander. Vegetables—Potatoes, Evelyn Pickerskill; mangels, Harold Davis; turnips, May Matthews; beets, Roy Triggs; parsnips, Robert Paul; onions, Douglas Small. Collections, nuts and seeds, E. Oke; noxious weeds, M. Ostrander; insects, Stuart Walker; wild flowers, Dorothy Chinn. Poultry—Cockerel, May Matthews; pullet, Douglas Small; pen of one cockerel and two pullets, Melville Smith.

Grains—Sheaf of oats, John Lewis; quart of oats, John Lewis; sweet corn, Elizabeth Blawie; field corn, Melville Smith. Manual training—Mended grain sack, Willie Edmunds; aeroplane, Willie Edmunds; rabbits, Leamon Kirby; trap-net, Kenneth Emery. Writing and drawing—Leona Smallwood, Maxwell McPherson, Dorothy Oliver, Agnes McKellar, Dorothy Chinn, William Edmunds and Jack Gold. Stock—Spring calf, heavy, James Triggs; dairy-bred calf, Harold Davis; spring lamb, William Ed. Leamon Kirby; trap-net, Kenneth Emery; halter-broken calf, James Triggs; Judging—Stock judging, S. S. No. 18 east, S. S. No. 18 north, S. S. No. 18 west, girl judging, S. S. No. 18 west, S. S. No. 12 and S. S. No. 4 tied for second, with S. S. No. 18 team in third place.

The winners in the physical culture class were S. S. No. 18 east, with S. S. No. 18 north second team in second honors and S. S. No. 18 west in third place. The public speaking contest was won by John Daugherty, George Carson and Alice Lovely tying for second place.

The fair was carried out under the supervision of Mr. Buchanan, agricultural representative in this district, with his regular staff of assistants.

## TEESWATER

Teeswater, Oct. 3.—The fire brigade was called to Jabez Pennington's house, where a fire started from the chimney. It was put out with an extinguisher. The public speaking contest was won by John Daugherty, George Carson and Alice Lovely tying for second place.

had been awakened by the moving of the barrel. The instant that barrel came to rest on its side Jimmy saw that the way was clear for him to get out. He wasn't afraid to go out. He didn't run out of the barrel, as some of his more timid neighbors would have done. He walked out of that barrel slowly and in a very dignified way. His big, plummy, black-and-white tail was held high, a sign that he was ready to use that little gun of his if there was cause to use it. Outside the barrel he stopped to look around.

No one was in sight but Farmer Brown's Boy, grinning at him a short distance away. Jimmy knew Farmer Brown's Boy. He knew him as a friend. He didn't know the cause of his recent troubles, but he felt pretty sure that Farmer Brown's Boy had helped him out of those troubles. Jimmy lowered his big tail. He felt without hurrying in the least, and acting for all the world as if nothing unusual had happened, he walked away. A little way beyond the barrel he stopped, dug down into the grass roots, pulled out a white grub, ate it and calmly went on about his business. Could you have seen him you wouldn't have guessed that anything unusual had happened.

"A little gentleman, if ever there was one," said Farmer Brown's Boy, as he watched Jimmy. "I wonder if it was Jimmy who was under that porch all the time instead of Unc' Billy Possum. And to this day Farmer Brown's Boy doesn't know just how it happened that he caught Jimmy Skunk instead of Unc' Billy Possum."

(Copyright, 1924 by T. W. Burgess.)

The next story: "Farmer Brown's Boy's Prize Melon."

## New Method of Reducing Fat

Here's joyful news for every flesh person who loves good things to eat—especially those who are denying themselves the things they like most because of their desire to keep down the weight or to reduce the fat with which they are already burdened. The famous Marmola Prescription has been put out in convenient tablet form and is now sold by druggists everywhere at only one dollar per box. To get rid of fat steadily and easily, simply take one of these little tablets after each meal and at bedtime until you feel a new weight to where you want it. No wrinkles or flabbiness will remain to show where the fat came off.

Simply use Marmola Prescription Tablets according to directions. They are easy to take. No special regulations—just the regular use of the tablets. Try them for just a few weeks and you'll find that without going through long sieges of tireless exercise and starvation diet. Get them at any good drug store. If your druggist should not have them in stock, you can secure them direct from the Marmola Company, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich., by sending one dollar. Thousands of men and women each year regain healthy, slender figures this way.—Adv.

## THE SEA HAWK

By RAFAEL SABATINI.

CHAPTER XVI (continued). She stood in the middle of the chamber, pondering him with gloomy eyes. "I, too, have thought of that," said she. "I could hire me men to do the thing for a handful of gold. But the risk of it—"

"Where would be the risk once he is dead?"

"He might pull us down with him, and then what would our profit be? Little trading was being done by those merchants who had obtained the coveted right to set up their booths against the walls; they were vendors of wool, of fruit, of spices, and one or two traded in jewels and trinkets for the adornment of the Faithful."

There were brown skinned Berbers in black goat-hair cloaks that were made in one piece with a cowl and decorated by a lozenge of red or orange color on the back, and shaven heads encased in skull-caps or simply bound in a cord of plaited camel-hair; there were black Arabians, some of whom went almost naked, and stately Arabs, who seemed over-muffled in their flowing robes of white with the cowls overshadowing their heads. There were also some of the more dignified and prosperous looking Moors in brightly colored selahams adorned of sleek mules, that were richly caparisoned, and there were Tagareenes, the banished Moors of Andalusia, most of whom followed the trade of slave dealers; there were native Jews in somber black djellabas, and Christian-Jews—so-called because bred in Christian countries whose garments they still wore—wearing the black and white of the Sephardim, and there were humble Cololles, Kabylees and Biscariens.

Here a water seller, laden with his goat-skin vessel, tinkled his little bell; there an orange hawk, balancing a basket of the golden fruit upon his ragged turban, halted his way to the market on foot and men on mules, men on donkeys and men on slim Arab horses, an ever shifting medley of colors all jostling, laughing, shouting in the ardent African sunshine under the blue sky where pigeons circled. In the shadow of the yellow talpa wall squatted a

line of whining beggars and cripples, soliciting alms; near them, in a little space had been cleared, and an audience had gathered in a ring about a Medjah—a beggar-troubadour—who, to the accompaniment of gimbri and galgah from two acolytes, chanted a doleful ballad in a thin, nasal voice.

Those of the crowd who were patrons of the market held steadily amain, and leaving their mounts outside, passed through the gates of the square, where there was no admittance for mere idlers and mean folk. Within the vast quadrangular space of bare, dry ground, inclosed by dust-colored walls, there was more space. The sale of slaves had not yet begun and was not due to begin for another hour, and meanwhile a crowd of at every moment was being swelled by the human streams pouring to mingle in it from the devious labyrinth of narrow, unpaved streets.

CHAPTER XVII. COMPETITORS. The open space before the gates of the Sok-el-Abeed was thronged with a motley, jostling, noisy crowd that at every moment was being swelled by the human streams pouring to mingle in it from the devious labyrinth of narrow, unpaved streets.

There were brown skinned Berbers in black goat-hair cloaks that were made in one piece with a cowl and decorated by a lozenge of red or orange color on the back, and shaven heads encased in skull-caps or simply bound in a cord of plaited camel-hair; there were black Arabians, some of whom went almost naked, and stately Arabs, who seemed over-muffled in their flowing robes of white with the cowls overshadowing their heads. There were also some of the more dignified and prosperous looking Moors in brightly colored selahams adorned of sleek mules, that were richly caparisoned, and there were Tagareenes, the banished Moors of Andalusia, most of whom followed the trade of slave dealers; there were native Jews in somber black djellabas, and Christian-Jews—so-called because bred in Christian countries whose garments they still wore—wearing the black and white of the Sephardim, and there were humble Cololles, Kabylees and Biscariens.

Here a water seller, laden with his goat-skin vessel, tinkled his little bell; there an orange hawk, balancing a basket of the golden fruit upon his ragged turban, halted his way to the market on foot and men on mules, men on donkeys and men on slim Arab horses, an ever shifting medley of colors all jostling, laughing, shouting in the ardent African sunshine under the blue sky where pigeons circled. In the shadow of the yellow talpa wall squatted a

## MONDAY'S RADIO

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6.

Monday's Best Features. WFL—Grand opera, "Andrea Chénier." WJAZ—One-man minstrel show. WGBZ—Zion band and soloists. WOCB—Gymnastic exercises, new state capital. WCAP—Address, Herbert Hoover.

Eastern Standard Time. WFL, NEW YORK—492. 6 p.m.—Joseph Knecht's orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Talk, Dr. L. Galdston. 8 p.m.—Sara Berner and contralto. 8:30 p.m.—Paragon novelty trio. 8:45 p.m.—John McLaughlin, tenor. 9 p.m.—J. Ireland and J. H. Brown made a business trip to Oshawa yesterday. 9:10 p.m.—Groovy string ensemble.

WJZ, NEW YORK—455. 7 p.m.—Bernard Levitt's orchestra. 8 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review. 8:10 p.m.—Nutrition. 8:30 p.m.—Opening of N. Y. U. Air College. 8:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 9:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 10:45 p.m.—Jacques Green's Orchestra.

WHN, NEW YORK—360. 6:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 7 p.m.—Specht's Alamo orchestra. 7:30-8:30 p.m.—Popular program. 8:30 p.m.—Dan Gregory's orchestra. 9 p.m.—Jack Shack's weekly program. 10:15 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia show.

WNY, NEW YORK—455. 7 p.m.—Bernard Levitt's orchestra. 8 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review. 8:10 p.m.—Nutrition. 8:30 p.m.—Opening of N. Y. U. Air College. 8:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 9:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 10:45 p.m.—Jacques Green's Orchestra.

WNY, NEW YORK—526. 7:30 p.m.—Police alarms, etc. 8 p.m.—Musical program. WOR, NEWARK—405. 6:15 p.m.—Cordes-Marks orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8 p.m.—Caruso concert ensemble. 9 p.m.—Arthur Murray, dancing lesson. 9:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—Talk, Hon. Winthrop Marvin. 10:15 p.m.—Fernando Villa, tenor.

WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509. 6:05 p.m.—St. James orchestra. 7 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Candelari's orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—May, baritone; Walter Arde and Harry Watson, piano duets. 9:25 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—Harriette Rizzo, organist. 10:30 p.m.—Vincent Rizzo's orchestra.

WDAF, PHILADELPHIA—395. 7:30 p.m.—Dream Daddy's stories. 7:45 p.m.—Short Auto-Waves. 8 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8:15 p.m.—"Flowers and the Garden." 8:30 p.m.—Studio artist recital. 8:45 p.m.—Kassau's movie review. 9:30 p.m.—Stanley symphony orchestra.

WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395. 6:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis orchestra. 7 p.m.—Sammy Jim the Kiddies' Pal. 7:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462. 6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee. 8:30 p.m.—Mrs. Millican's artists. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 11 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WGR, ROCHESTER—283. 7 p.m.—Eastman theatre orchestra. 8 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 11 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WEEI, BOSTON—303. 8 p.m.—Program from WEEI, New York.

WMAF, SOUTH DARTMOUTH—363. 6 p.m.—Joseph Knecht's orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Talk, Dr. L. Galdston. 8 p.m.—Sara Berner and contralto. 8:30 p.m.—Paragon novelty trio. 8:45 p.m.—John McLaughlin, tenor. 9 p.m.—J. Ireland and J. H. Brown made a business trip to Oshawa yesterday. 9:10 p.m.—Groovy string ensemble.

WJZ, NEW YORK—455. 7 p.m.—Bernard Levitt's orchestra. 8 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review. 8:10 p.m.—Nutrition. 8:30 p.m.—Opening of N. Y. U. Air College. 8:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 9:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 10:45 p.m.—Jacques Green's Orchestra.

WHN, NEW YORK—360. 6:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 7 p.m.—Specht's Alamo orchestra. 7:30-8:30 p.m.—Popular program. 8:30 p.m.—Dan Gregory's orchestra. 9 p.m.—Jack Shack's weekly program. 10:15 p.m.—Midnight Bohemia show.

WNY, NEW YORK—455. 7 p.m.—Bernard Levitt's orchestra. 8 p.m.—Wall Street Journal review. 8:10 p.m.—Nutrition. 8:30 p.m.—Opening of N. Y. U. Air College. 8:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 9:45 p.m.—The Piedmont trio. 10:45 p.m.—Jacques Green's Orchestra.

WNY, NEW YORK—526. 7:30 p.m.—Police alarms, etc. 8 p.m.—Musical program. WOR, NEWARK—405. 6:15 p.m.—Cordes-Marks orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8 p.m.—Caruso concert ensemble. 9 p.m.—Arthur Murray, dancing lesson. 9:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—Talk, Hon. Winthrop Marvin. 10:15 p.m.—Fernando Villa, tenor.

WIP, PHILADELPHIA—509. 6:05 p.m.—St. James orchestra. 7 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Candelari's orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—May, baritone; Walter Arde and Harry Watson, piano duets. 9:25 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—Harriette Rizzo, organist. 10:30 p.m.—Vincent Rizzo's orchestra.

WDAF, PHILADELPHIA—395. 7:30 p.m.—Dream Daddy's stories. 7:45 p.m.—Short Auto-Waves. 8 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8:15 p.m.—"Flowers and the Garden." 8:30 p.m.—Studio artist recital. 8:45 p.m.—Kassau's movie review. 9:30 p.m.—Stanley symphony orchestra.

WFI, PHILADELPHIA—395. 6:30 p.m.—Meyer Davis orchestra. 7 p.m.—Sammy Jim the Kiddies' Pal. 7:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 8:30 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WCAE, PITTSBURGH—462. 6:30 p.m.—Uncle Kaybee. 8:30 p.m.—Mrs. Millican's artists. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 11 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WGR, ROCHESTER—283. 7 p.m.—Eastman theatre orchestra. 8 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 9 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 10 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra. 11 p.m.—The Varsity orchestra.

WEEI, BOSTON—303. 8 p.m.—Program from WEEI, New York.

WMAF, SOUTH DARTMOUTH—363. 6 p.m.—Joseph Knecht's orchestra. 7:30 p.m.—Talk, Dr. L. Galdston. 8 p.m.—Sara Berner and contralto. 8:30 p.m.—Paragon novelty trio. 8:45 p.m.—John McLaughlin, tenor. 9 p.m.—J. Ireland and J. H. Brown made a business trip to Oshawa yesterday. 9:10 p.m.—Groovy string ensemble.

line of whining beggars and cripples, soliciting alms; near them, in a little space had been cleared, and an audience had gathered in a ring about a Medjah—a beggar-troubadour—who, to the accompaniment of gimbri and galgah from two acolytes, chanted a doleful ballad in a thin, nasal voice.

Those of the crowd who were patrons of the market held steadily amain, and leaving their mounts outside, passed through the gates of the square, where there was no admittance for mere idlers and mean folk. Within the vast quadrangular space of bare, dry ground, inclosed by dust-colored walls, there was more space. The sale of slaves had not yet begun and was not due to begin for another hour, and meanwhile a crowd of at every moment was being swelled by the human streams pouring to mingle in it from the devious labyrinth of narrow, unpaved streets.

There were brown skinned Berbers in black goat-hair cloaks that were made in one piece with a cowl and decorated by a lozenge of red or orange color on the back, and shaven heads encased in skull-caps or simply bound in a cord of plaited camel-hair; there were black Arabians, some of whom went almost naked, and stately Arabs, who seemed over-muffled in their flowing robes of white with the cowls overshadowing their heads. There were also some of the more dignified and prosperous looking Moors in brightly colored selahams adorned of sleek mules, that were richly caparisoned, and there were Tagareenes, the banished Moors of Andalusia, most of whom followed the trade of slave dealers; there were native Jews in somber black djellabas, and Christian-Jews—so-called because bred in Christian countries whose garments they still wore—wearing the black and white of the Sephardim, and there were humble Cololles, Kabylees and Biscariens.

Here a water seller, laden with his goat-skin vessel, tinkled his little bell; there an orange hawk, balancing a basket of the golden fruit upon his ragged turban, halted his way to the market on foot and men on mules, men on donkeys and men on slim Arab horses, an ever shifting medley of colors all jostling, laughing, shouting in the ardent African sunshine under the blue sky where pigeons circled. In the shadow of the yellow talpa wall squatted a

Suddenly in the crowd beyond the gates there was a commotion. From one of the street corners a group of Nubians advanced with shouts of "Oak! Oak! Warda!" (Way! Make way!)

They were armed with great staves, grasped in their two hands, and with these they broke a path through that motley press, hurling men to right and left and earning a shower of curses in return.

"Balak! Make way! Way for the Lord Asad-ed-Din, the exalted of Allah! Way!"

The crowd, pressing back, went down upon its knees and groveled as Asad-ed-Din on a milk-white mule rode forward, escorted by Tsamanni, his wazier, and a cloud of black-robed attendants with flashing scimitars.

The curses that had greeted the violence of the negroes were suddenly silenced. Instead, blessings as fervent filled the air.

"May Allah increase thy might! May Allah lengthen thy days! The blessings of our Lord Mahomet upon thee! Allah send thee more vic-

tories!" were the benedictions that showered upon him on every hand. He returned them as became a man who was supremely pious and devout.

"The peace of Allah upon the Faithful of the Prophet's House," he would murmur in response from time to time, until at last he had reached the gates.

There he bade Tsamanni fling a purse to the crouching beggars, for it is not written in the Most Perseous Book that of alms ye shall bestow what ye can spare for such as are saved from their own greed shall prosper, and he gave in alms, as seeking the face of Allah, shall be doubled unto you?

Submissive to the laws of the market, he passed on foot into the sok. He came to a halt by the well, and, facing the curtained pent-house, he blessed the kneeling crowd and commanded all to rise.

He beckoned Sakr-el-Bahr's officer Ali, who was in charge of the slaves of the consular agents. Asad-ed-Din announced his will to inspect the captives. At a sign from Ali the negroes flung aside the camel-hair curtains his head swathed in a colored kerchief. Upon his knees reposed a broad, shallow black box, divided into compartments, each filled with lesser gems and rare stones, which he was offering for sale. About him stood a little group of young Moors and one or two Turkish officers, with several of whom the old Israelite was haggling at once.

The whole of the northern wall was occupied by a long penthouse, its contents completely masked by the curtains of camel-hair; from behind it proceeded a subdued murmur of human voices. These were the pens in which were confined the slaves to be offered for sale that day. Before the curtains, on guard, stood some dozen corsairs with attendant negro slaves.

Beyond and above the wall glistened the white dome of a zawiya, flanked by a spear-like minaret and the tall heads of a few date palms, whose long leaves hung motionless in the hot air.

Suddenly in the crowd beyond the gates there was a commotion. From one of the street corners a group of Nubians advanced with shouts of "Oak! Oak! Warda!" (Way! Make way!)

line of whining beggars and cripples, soliciting alms; near them, in a little space had been cleared, and an audience had gathered in a ring about a Medjah—a beggar-troubadour—who, to the accompaniment of gimbri and galgah from two acolytes, chanted a doleful ballad in a thin, nasal voice.

Those of the crowd who were patrons of the market held steadily amain, and leaving their mounts outside, passed through the gates of the square, where there was no admittance for mere idlers and mean folk. Within the vast quadrangular space of bare, dry ground, inclosed by dust-colored walls, there was more space. The sale of slaves had not yet begun and was not due to begin for another hour, and meanwhile a crowd of at every moment was being swelled by the human streams pouring to mingle in it from the devious labyrinth of narrow, unpaved streets.

There were brown skinned Berbers in black goat-hair cloaks that were made in one piece with a cowl and decorated by a lozenge of red or orange color on the back, and shaven heads encased in skull-caps or simply bound in a cord of plaited camel-hair; there were black Arabians, some of whom went almost naked, and stately Arabs, who seemed over-muffled in their flowing robes of white with the cowls overshadowing their heads. There were also some of the more dignified and prosperous looking Moors in brightly colored selahams adorned of sleek mules, that were richly caparisoned, and there were Tagareenes, the banished Moors of Andalusia, most of whom followed the trade of slave dealers; there were native Jews in somber black djellabas, and Christian-Jews—so-called because bred in Christian countries whose garments they still wore—wearing the black and white of the Sephardim, and there were humble Cololles, Kabylees and Biscariens.

Here a water seller, laden with his goat-skin vessel, tinkled his little bell; there an orange hawk, balancing a basket of the golden fruit upon his ragged turban, halted his way to the market on foot and men on mules, men on donkeys and men on slim Arab horses, an ever shifting medley of colors all jostling, laughing, shouting in the ardent African sunshine under the blue sky where pigeons circled. In the shadow of the yellow talpa wall squatted a

Suddenly in the crowd beyond the gates there was a commotion. From one of the street corners a group of Nubians