

rush the whole pavilion crumpled. To the breathless audience it seemed as if the flame of battle had been snuffed by a giant snuffer in the hand of fate.

The crumpled canvas heaved, but it was no longer with the struggle of destruction, but with the struggle to escape. On top of the heap sat Jimmy. The iron stanchion had bumped him cruelly, but he held the rescued parrot firmly in his left hand.

The parrot turned and bit him.

SAID Miss Mehan, as she bound up the hole the ungrateful bird had bored in his rescuer's finger:

"I *told* you, Mr. Jennette, he was *bound* to get hurt. Take my advice, and send him home this minute."

"Oh," begged Jimmy, "Father, please, it hurts awful'. Lem me ride Menelik just one time more."

"And as *I* told Miss Mehan, he 's subdued them all," said Jennette. "Go on, son; just *one* ride now."

SAID Kiera, bending over her charts to Achmet, released from ballyhoo, "I have cast the horoscope of the boss-child. Behold! he shall be a leader. He shall go into far countries. Here are wealth and

jewels and wives and banners and trumpeters. It is a marvel of a horoscope. Achmet, never have I seen such a one; and yet,—and here is the greatest marvel of all, for I understand it not,—*now*, at this very time, under these present auspices of the planets, I find the zenith of his happiness, a very apex of the pyramid of his being—now, even now."

"I understand it not," said Achmet. "He is but a babe."

The soft *pad-pad* of a camel's feet caused them to look up. Jimmy passed, high seated on the swaying black hump of Menelik, preceded by Hamil, chanting an improvised song in Arabic.

"Make way for the boss-child! Make way! Kismet he brings; wisdom is his. Allah shall guide his feet in the yellow sandals! Way for the boss-child!"

Jimmy swayed all over to the swing of the camel and Hamil's chant. He was so tired that he could hardly keep his seat, and the heaving of the great brute racked every aching bone in his little body. His finger hurt cruelly, the rapidly purpling lump on his head throbbed and burned; but he was the calif in the streets of Bagdad as he sucked his twenty-first ice-cream cone.



The Traitor

By A. HUGH FISHER

Illustration by Dalton Stevens

"*WHAT* is it makes the king's heart sore?"
"Ask of the huntsman at the door,"
Whispered the rushes on the floor.

"Huntsman, what is it ails the king?"
"He learned but now of a cursèd thing,
And bade me wait for his wayfaring."

"*Why* rides the king to-night so late?"
The forest murmured, "Love and hate
Move men of high and low estate."



“ ‘Why goes she now to her wedding-chest?’ ”
“ ‘To seek what dresses array her best’ ”

"Why wakes Earl Athel with face so worn?"
 "T is the silver sound of that winding horn,"
 Quoth the arras gray in the early morn.

"What was the secret he now has told?"
 "How love once made him overbold
 To cheat his king," said cup of gold.

"He was sent to learn at her father's hall
 If the tales of her beauty were true at all,"
 Sang a harp that was hanging on the wall.

"And the sly carl told with a cunning knack
 She 'd a comely face, but a crooked back.
We know," cried the chessmen, white and black.

"But what is it now he bids his wife?"
 "Disguise her beauty and save his life,"
 Said a bowl of stain with nut-husks rife.

"Why burns such fire in the lady's eyes?"
 "The heart's wrath flames when the heart's love dies,"
 Wailed the trodden threads of her broideries.

"Why goes she now to her wedding-chest?"
 "To seek what dresses array her best,"
 Answered a brooch on her heaving breast.

*"Keeps the king silence while she bears
 Mead and meat for the travelers?"*
 "He sees and plans," said the ashwood spears.

*"Where go these two with hidden hate
 As if they were still affectionate?"*
 "The king commands," creaked rusty gate.

"Go they to hunt as huntsmen should?"
 "Yes, hunt if the king deem hunting good—
 Perhaps each other," sighed Wherwell Wood.

*"Which of the two the fight will win,
 The man of right or the man of sin?"*
 "The king," cried sharp-ground javelin.

"Why rides he back to Athel's tower?"
 "To snatch a widow from her bower,"
 Laughed shaken thorn-tree's snow-white shower.

"On the king's cheek why falls that tear?"
 "Kings cannot conquer beauty; here
 He found her dead," replied the bier.

Pepe

By WILLIAM CAINE

Author of "The Irresistible Intruder," etc.

CORDOBA is scheduled on the European itinerary as a half-day stand. Those who go from Seville to Granada, and those who go from Granada to Seville, take Cordoba on their way. Fifteen minutes for the cathedral, five for the alcazar, an hour for luncheon, and on to further discoveries—that is the Cordoba program. The hotels of Cordoba are, in consequence, unpalatial, a circumstance in itself which endears the little town to the judicious. I do not believe there is a lift in all Cordoba, and if your wife wishes, for any reason, to buy a new hat, she must go out of the hotel for it, and then it will be three years old. At night all the tourists are gone to Seville or Granada, and you and the Cordobans and the stars share the amenities of Cordoba's one boulevard, of which everybody is very proud, because it is much superior to anything that Paris or even Madrid can show. It was a lucky chance which caused them to build Cordoba so handily between Seville and Granada. It has provided a still little back-water for the traveler's repose, a spot where he may forget that American bars exist, eat his meals untroubled by the squeaking of a tango-band, and adventure himself among the mysteries of a bill of fare jelly-printed in blue and illegible Spanish.

You could put your hat over Cordoba, and very little would protrude. It is the compactest little town. From the tower of the cathedral it all looks like one building. You can hardly perceive the streets, so closely do they wriggle among the houses. The roofs are yellow, brown, gray, red; the walls and their shadows every color in the world. Among the buildings the green of palms, orange-trees, lemon-trees, chestnuts soothe the glare-struck eye. The Guadalquivir snakes through its rich plains from the far-away flat hills (red, gray, brown, yellow), and

over all is the great sky of the South and the huge sun of the South, which imposes silence on the world till night shall set the guitars a-buzzing.

Before my wife and I begin our travels we always make an elaborate program of sight-seeing. Of this earth there is so much to admire and so little time in which to admire it! When one is in England, it seems wicked so much as to contemplate missing anything that a foreign country has to show. So, though we know very well what will happen, we spend hours and days with Baedeker and maps and the Continental Bradshaw, and in anticipation visit enough towns, with their galleries, cathedrals, castles, and other attractions, to last two people a year, both working all day and separately. I say we know what will happen, because it always has happened. No matter in what country we may be, after a week of packing up, paying hotel bills, checking luggage, tipping menials, traveling, unpacking, gazing at pictures, trailing round medieval piles, absorbing Gothic edifices, and packing up again, we come to the place called "*Basta!*" It may be a little town by a fair river, under vine-covered hills, graced only by a cozy inn and a ruin somewhere, and such is Chinon; or it may be a single inn by a small lake among snow-clad mountains, and such is Eibsee of Bavaria; or it may be nothing more romantic than a busy bathing-place crammed with Germans and English and French and every one else, full of beer-halls and lobster-cellars and cinematograph shows and hotels by the thousand, and such is Blankenberghe. Whatever its name may be, we translate it *Basta*, which is to say, "*Assez! Genug! Enough!*"

We do not recognize it always at once. It may take a few hours for the fact that we have reached it to become clear to us,