

# The Garden of Fate

Continued from page 7



## Add to the Pleasure of the Game

The certain knowledge that your appearance is trim and snappy in spite of heat, dust, or bad weather. This season wear Challenge Collars and you'll be delighted with their smartness and convenience.

### CHALLENGE Brand WATERPROOF COLLARS & CUFFS

are totally different from the ordinary waterproof collar—never shiny and you can't tell them from linen. Same dull finish—same linen texture.

Our Challenge Brand has given an entirely new meaning to "Waterproof Collar." Try them yourself and you'll understand it. You will appreciate the absolute correctness and good service.

Challenge Collars are made in the latest models—are absolutely waterproof—can be cleaned with a rub. They're money savers too, because they cut out laundry bills.

Sold by dealers everywhere. Collars 25 cts., Cuffs, 50 cts. Our new "Slip-Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book.

**THE ARLINGTON COMPANY, Dept. "H"**  
725-727 Broadway, New York  
Established 1883  
Boston, 45 Bedford St.; Philadelphia, 900 Chestnut St.; Chicago, 161 Market St.; San Francisco, 715 Mission St.; St. Louis, 505 North 7th St.; Detroit, 117 Jefferson Ave.; Toronto, 58-64 Fraser Ave.



Ask For

## The Leona Garment

Three Undergarments in One

Sold by leading merchants and lingerie shops. Descriptive Catalog sent on request.

Send your dealer's name and 12 cents for doll garment—exact duplicate of the LEONA.

If unable to purchase the LEONA in your city, send name of your best merchant, together with your waist measure, and we will send one only \$3 garment for \$1.98, or one only \$5 garment for \$2.98.

LEONA GARMENT CO.,

Dept. S, La Crose, Wis.

Rubber Leather

Canvas German Silver

### FOSTER'S ARCH

#### Support and Heel Cushion

Strengthens instep, lessens "jar"—makes walking easy—graceful—tireless. As light—soft—snugg as a glove. A fit for every foot. Your size and \$2 brings a pair today. For sale at all shoe stores. Trademark Cushions separate 25c per pair.

**FOSTER RUBBER COMPANY**  
170 M Summer Street Boston, Mass.

### GENUINE NAVAJO Ruby FREE

To introduce our beautiful genuine Gems, sold direct from mine to customer at 1/2 to 1/3 jeweler's prices, we will send free a genuine Navajo Ruby, uncut, and our beautiful 40 page Art Catalogue showing Gems in actual colors and sizes, for 4 cents to cover cost of mailing. Send today.

**Francis E. Lester Company, Dept. AT5, Mesilla Park, N. M.**

### ELECTRICITY

Every Boy, Girl, Grown-Up should have our new 112 PAGE CATALOG, full of illustrations and descriptions of the latest VOLTAMP Electrical Novelties.—Motors, Dynamos, Telegraph, "WIRELESS," Coils, Transformers, Tools, etc. Greatest line of Miniature Railways. Send for Catalog, —6c in stamps or coin, which will be refunded on first order of 50c. or over.

**Voltamp Electric Mfg. Co., Jasper Bldg., Baltimore, Md.**

ideas or because he was a man of peculiar singleness of affection, he had not, up to the age of thirty, taken to himself a wife. He was said to have been a handsome man and skilled in horsemanship and sports; indeed, fitted in all ways to become Commander of the Faithful, and strong where others of the Fileli had been weak.

IN Tafilet, whence come the Fileli, far beyond the passes of the Atlas Mountains and where Europeans are unknown, dwelt a venerable sheik, Abu-Ben-Kasen, afterward Kaid of his Province and a most devout man. Prince El Hasan, journeying thither, was guest of the sheik, and to his ears came whispers of the wonderful beauty of the sheik's daughter, said to have been of all her tribe the most fair and gracious minded. None may tell how first they met, of the course of his wooing, or whether they met at all until the time she was carried to the door of his tent; but the road of Love, although never the same, brought the Prince and the Berber maid together, and those who knew swore that never lived a happier man and wife.

"They passed the early months of their married life in Mekinez; but the old Sultan, wishing for the presence of his favorite son, insisted on his coming to Fez. Even then El Hasan would permit none to disturb his joy, and so, although a nominal resident of the great palace on the bank of the Pearl, he bought this modest place and fitted it as suited his taste. He spared neither trouble nor expense to make happy the girl who had known the freedom of the hills, the open sweep of the winds, and the shade of boundless trees. He feared that she would pine away in the walls to which the women of Fez were accustomed, that she would not be contented to see the morning shadows and the night's blue from the roof of a terrace as do other women, and so at immense cost he bought the buildings that covered the land of this garden. He bought also those around it, and razed the whole that none might profane this seclusion with their eyes.

"They tore away old walls and foundations until not a stone remained. Hundreds of men worked at the bidding of El Hasan as if he was Aladdin who had but to rub his lamp to have his will. They built the great windowless wall you see inclosing this space and shut off all view from the outside. Strings of camels grunted beneath loaded paniers of fertile soil with which to enrich this spot. Gardeners from the Sultan's palace held their heads together and schemed for its beautification, and the most renowned sculptors of Italy across the Mediterranean sent marble fountains and graceful fabrications for its adornment. The waters from springs high on the hills above were piped down to this retreat, that the bride of El Hasan might drink and lave nothing but the sweetest and coolest.

"A year went by, and the great trees which had been removed whole and reset by men's hands put out their shade, the flowers bloomed in masses, and the daughter of the sheik brought gladness to the stern El Hasan by giving him a man child, thus assuring his line of the Fileli to the throne for at least one generation more. It is known that his joy was beyond bounds; for the birth was announced in Fez and throughout the land of the faithful and the Sultan made it a national celebration. It is yet told how on that day Berber chiefs who had never bowed in heart to any living thing came in caravans and camped within the squares of Fez to pay congratulations to El Hasan, whom they loved, and to have held up before them the tiny babe which would one day be the Calif of the Prophet, the Sword of Allah. They brought rich treasures from the far hills and jewels which had known the crowns of Bagdad, and El Hasan, trembling with happiness, pressed them into the lap of the Berber maid.

"His anxiety for her redoubled itself until it became the theme of his life. Nothing was good enough for the mother of his child,—snows from the Atlas to cool her drinks, the pick of dates from Tafilet for her trays, sweets from across the seas, and all that might be obtained by a man who had a thousand slaves to do his will. It was in that time that the house where we sit was built and rare artificers wrought upon its most minute detail. Again the warlike Berbers sent donations for its decoration, and beautiful shining arms to be used by the son of El Hasan when he should become of age. It is said that this little house contained some of the most priceless weapons that the Berbers had ever known, famous blades that had been taken from the dead hands of conquered Kings.

NO one knows who whispered into the crafty old Sultan's ear that it was ill for a man to have but one wife and that it was more befitting his son, who would come to the gate of justice when Allah called his father home, to respect the faith by taking at least one more. There is nothing to show that anything save a duty he could not avoid induced El Hasan to receive the wife the Sultan sent. It is told that when the gorgeous procession came down the street surrounding the most beautiful horse from the Sultan's stables, which carried in a closed canopy of ivory and gold the second wife, the Prince received her with surly face and betrayed loathing or indifference in his attitude. And it was whispered among the quiet slaves of the palace that he never so much as took her to his arms; but turned her over to her waiting women, motioned her away, and then stalked slowly through the outer garden, through the doors of this secluded spot, and to

the embraces of the Berber girl or the chubby caresses of his son.

"So open was his indifference that it leaked past the latticed windows, filtered down from the galleries, cried from the terrace roofs, sped on the wings of the winds, and won back the love of the wild Berbers, who had faltered in their affection for him when it became known that he had taken to wife another besides the daughter of their sheik. Once more they shook their heads and called him the hope of the faithful, although not speaking of the other woman openly; for such is against the Mussulman's creed.

WHO may read the souls of men or the ways of Allah? Who can tell why the change was permitted to come, here in the Garden of Fate? But it came. I cannot say why; for I am giving you only the legend as told to me with all its detail, its awfulness, its ultimate horror.

He paused for a moment and moved restlessly, stared at the fountain, and then gave a quick lowering sweep of his eyes toward the room behind, the dimly outlined gray walls which shone high above the garden, and the motionless trees which seemed listening to his recountal of the scenes they had witnessed.

"Who may know what El Hasan, the mighty, strong, courageous, and young, favored with all that is good in life, clean, and unsuspecting, felt when he came into his garden one morning, clad all in white—for he was a simple man—and as he walked down the gravelled path past the masses of flowers saw something that made him pause? An African gardener who had been trimming the shrubs watched him from the corner of his eye while pretending to continue his labor. The birds above must have stopped singing, and everything stood shudderingly still. The African said, long after, that his face was something fearful to look upon, that it distorted as if in a spasm, and that he stood still, looking meanwhile at the walls about the Garden of Fate and then back at the half clasp of a man's burnoose which lay in his open palm. Finally, with a gesture of disgust, he threw the piece of gold far off into the depths of a thicket, his face cleared, and he went on into the little house, where a voice was heard singing little lilting songs to a baby which crooned in the delight of life.

"The gardener said that the Prince's visit was brief that morning, and that when he went out he stopped at the portal in the middle wall and said in his quiet incisive way that if he ever learned of the gate from the inner garden being left unwarded by the slaves who attended it, he would with his own hands cut off their lives. The slaves trembled and swore that it had never been nor ever would be and vowed faithfulness to their charge; but El Hasan, still frowning and thoughtful, had gone on before they finished.

"For a time the affairs of the house passed as before, the Prince never seeing his bride who had been given him by the Sultan, the slaves watching, the moon shining, the wind stirring the trees and flowers, and the voice of the Berber mother singing throughout the day from an overflowing heart and listening for the creaking hinges which always told her in advance that the man she loved, the father of her boy, was coming to his own,—days when the Prince lounged in this secluded spot, and read from the books of many tongues he knew, and played with the child whose words were beginning to come, or nights when he lay here on the veranda with his head pillowed on cushions and listened to the girlish voice in the wild songs of the free desert she had known, accompanied by the gentle tones of the zikarrah and the whispered song of the fountain, nights when the birds that knew her twittered sleepily from the boughs of trees and the fireflies whirled through the air while they two talked and the boy inside this oasis in the heart of a city slept as babies sleep.

THERE came another morning when the African saw the Prince stop as he walked beside a farther wall and pick up a glove, a man's glove such as are worn by officers of the black guard. This time he did not throw it away; but clutched it furiously, looked up at the wall above, at the tiny cottage where the woman was still asleep, and thrust it within the folds of his burnoose. Nor did he pass between the marble columns; but instead walked with drooping head and nervous step up past the fountain, beyond the Italian statues, and through the guarded door, saying nothing, even to himself; for the Fileli when wounded in heart are slow to speech and stealthy.

"He did not return for a whole day, and then another, and the voice in the nest was first melancholy and then stilled. When he did come it was as a thirsty man rushing to the desert spring and no longer able to forbear or bridle his thirst. She gave a cry and met him at the door. He took her tightly into his arms for a time and then held her off and looked deeply into her eyes. He felt the gardeners stare, turned his head quickly and the men dared look no more.

"The next day, coming early, the Prince picked a scrap of twisted paper from a clump of lawn—and was no longer El Hasan the Just. They say his manner changed, that he grew moody and irritable, that he came less frequently to the garden, and that when here he walked to and fro like a man who is weighing all things. And once he thrust aside the mother of his babe, who, heedless of the African, crept up to him and put her arms round his neck, looked up into his face, and



"Pink Blush Brings Grace to Any Face"

## KRANK'S PINK BLUSH MASSAGE CREAM

Is nature's assistant for tired, sluggish skins. Convince yourself, take advantage of our offer of a

### LIBERAL TRIAL JAR AND FREE BOOK

To make it easy for you to try PINK BLUSH MASSAGE CREAM, we have put up special trial jars, containing sufficient cream for several applications; more than enough to prove the merits of PINK BLUSH to any one.

You can get these trial jars from your druggist for 10 cents. He will give you a copy of our book, "Suggestions On Massage", which contains the history of massage, describes the construction of the skin, gives valuable advice for its care and illustrates the proper movements for massaging the face and neck.

If, for any reason, your druggist can't supply you, send us 10 cents, coin or stamps, and his name and we will send you the cream and book by return mail.

## ALFRED J. KRANK LABORATORIES

155 Sixth Street St. Paul, Minn.

Regular Sizes 50c, 75c, \$1.00



Only Face Cream Awarded Gold Medal at Any World's Fair or Exposition

## A Deadly Pill For Dandelions

Hoskins' Dandelion Pills put dandelions absolutely out of business.

To clear your lawn of dandelions, plantains and other noxious weeds, use a Hoskins' Gun with Dandelion Pills. With the gun (Dowell, with tin receiving cap) jab a pill into head of each dandelion—that settles him. Easy standing work and no backaches.

The Gun and 500 Hoskins' Dandelion Pills, transportation prepaid, for \$1.00. Your money back if they fail to kill. Right now is the time to dope them.

**WILLIAM A. SPINKS & COMPANY**  
362 W. ERIE ST. Established 1894 CHICAGO

### Before You Buy Land

get posted on its value. We give you a full report on any section of Texas. It may save you many dollars. It's free and reliable. We are publishers, not land dealers. We publish Southwestern Farmer, the big Texas farm paper. Send us 25c for a 3 months' trial subscription and we will give you also a report on any part of Texas. Address: Land Information Bureau, Chronicle Building, Houston, Texas.

**AGENTS** PORTRAITS 35c, FRAMES 15c, Views 10c. 20 Days Credit. Samples and Catalog Free. CONSOLIDATED PORTRAIT, Dept. 4085, 1027 W. Adams St., Chicago

**U.S. METAL POLISH**  
Indispensable in Every Household 3oz. Box 10c. At Your Dealers or Geo. W. Hoffman, Indianapolis, Ind.

### BUY PLUMBING SUPPLIES AT WHOLESALE

WILL SAVE YOU 50% DONT PAY RETAIL PRICES. FULL STOCK ON HAND FOR PROMPT SHIPMENT. SEND FOR FREE CATALOG. R. H. KARFEL, 772 W. Harrison St. CHICAGO