

HOLY RAIL TO MECCA

Abdul Hamid Hopes It Will Bind His Empire in Asia.

Road Now Runs to Mohammed's Tomb in Medina and Will Be Completed to Mecca in 1913 at Cost of \$40,000,000.

Springfield, Mass.—On Tuesday, September 2, 1908, the holy railroad was opened from Damascus to Medina, and no avowed Christian is to be allowed to pass further than Medina-Saleh into the country of Hejaz. So there is a savor of mystery about this holy railroad, which runs near the tomb of the prophet of Medina, the present terminus of the road. It is the holy city that received Mohammed when Mecca cast him out as a heretic, denouncing paganism and idolatry and preaching, "There is one God and Allah is his name!" It was in 622 A. D. that Medina allowed the young reformer to preach his new faith. Finally his new gospel was preached by the force of the sword, and Mohammed won the reputation of a miracle worker. He conquered Mecca and made it the center of Islam, and the kaaba, or sacred pantheon, was made the great temple of the Moslem faith.

At Medina Mohammed died and was buried, and was laid in his mosque tomb, where the faithful for centuries have worshiped their leader. This mosque is the holiest spot of the Mohammedan world. It is said to be decorated with costly ornaments and



Map of the Holy Railway. (Complete to the Points Where the Solid Black Line Stops.)

gifts from the devotees. To-day an electric light illumines the veil that conceals the prophet's tomb—which is about as great a miracle as the hejira, or flight of the prophet to Medina. Mecca is the ultimate end of the holy railway. Into Mecca the pilgrim must enter in the seamless garment, like a penitent, and performs all the ceremonies as old as his faith.

The great kaaba, the ancient pantheon of Arabian idolatry, must be walked round seven times. The pilgrim must stone the devil, and listen to a sermon delivered from the granite blocks of Arafat. Such are a few of the fervent devotions of "the hadjs," or pilgrims at Mecca.

The Egyptian orator who spoke at the inauguration of the holy railroad said: "The prophet did not permit the railway to reach Medina until the khalf, or sultan, had granted a constitution," which is now the cure-all for every Moslem ill.

For eight years the work on the holy railway has gone on, and it is not yet finished. The engineers say it will not be until 1913, when the trains will run through to Mecca. This huge undertaking, it is estimated, will cost \$40,000,000.

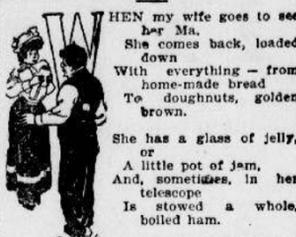
Turkey has lost one after another of her provinces in Europe, and Macedonia is but a question of time, but she hopes by means of the Damascus-Mecca railway to have more intimate contact with the Moslem world, and to bind together her empire in Asia—for beyond a doubt with time this so-called holy railway will become a political railway, and the sultan has perfectly understood the importance of it from this point of view, leaving outside its value as a means of transport for the military. Fifteen years ago, 50 or 60 miles south of Damascus, in an independent little country, one of the heads of the administration wrote to Pierre Loti: "In the name of Allah, who is all in all, and not in the name of the sultan of Stamboul, who is no one."

The sultan sought to give to the Mecca road a pan-Islamic character—under the direction of Moslem engineers, Turks sent from Damascus—but this program has not been strictly carried out, for Germans, French and Belgians have all been called in to push on the great enterprise. Subscriptions were opened in every part of the world. The shah of Persia was one of the first to head the list with \$200,000; the khedive of Egypt added \$200,000; from India many hundreds of thousands of dollars have come, all from Moslem sources, but finally these subscriptions of the faithful were not sufficient, so the money of Christian investors had to be accepted with a good grace.

The sultan has even resorted to selling decorations, which are so dear to the heart of the Turk. The first class is a medal in nickel, bestowed on those who subscribe from five to ten dollars; the second class in silver, for the officials, for those who subscribe from \$10 to \$20; and the third-class medal in gold, to be worn about the neck, and bestowed on those who subscribe more than \$20.

The KITCHEN CABINET

HAM FROM HOME.



WHEN my wife goes to see her Ma, She comes back, loaded down With everything—from home-made bread To doughnuts, golden brown.

She has a glass of jelly, or A little pot of jam, And, sometimes, in her telescope Is stowed a whole, boiled ham.

They say that "absence makes the heart Grow fonder," day by day, And that is true, yet, I confess, I often stop and say:

Why doesn't wife come home?" and when The front door-bell starts ringing, Although my "heart has fonder" grown, I wonder what she's bringing?

Lean or Fat? The query is often made: "Is it possible to regulate flesh by diet, and is medicine safe?"

These are questions for the family physician to decide, but it is safe to say that diet does, to a great extent, govern the accumulation of flesh. Sweets, of course, rather than acids, tend to increase weight, and drinking water is good for those inclined to thinness. Starchy foods, potatoes, rice, etc., make flesh, and much exercise tends to reduce it. Above all, perhaps, does temperament govern, and habit of life is a strong factor. For instance, the woman who lounges about all day, is going to have a hard time keeping her flesh within the prescribed fashionable limits.

For her whose object is flesh, the following lines must be followed negatively, but the lady of embonpoint will do well to treasure them, learn them by heart and take for daily guidance: If you wish to grow thinner

Diminish your dinner, And take to light claret instead of pale ale, Look down with an utter Contempt upon butter, And never touch bread till it's toasted or stale.

Salad Without Vinegar. This is better for the woman who is too thin; she must not use vinegar freely. An appetizing salad is made of apples and lettuce, served with a sprinkle of lemon juice, salt and pepper and a generous layer of cream cheese over the whole. This affords a pleasing change from oil and vinegar, and is more nourishing.

Ma's Chickens

By Byron Williams



When mi Ma feeds thee Chickens in thee Early light of Morn, they gobble up a peck or two of mi's Expensive Corn—but when it comes 2 selling Eggs, ma carries them 2 town, and charges Pa with evry Cent of trade she gets from Brown!

and when thee Nabors cum 2 call, er folks from out of Town, ma gits her chicken book 2 set a Few Moar figgers down, and then she tells them what She's Made and they say: "Mercy Me!" Ma allus falls 2 figger what thee Corn is costin'! Gee!

thee Pre-chur cum 2 dine with us and Ma she cooks a chick, He asts thee Blessing, and pa sez fer him 2 Naim his pick! he sez: "thee breast is allus good" I gitt thee NECK fer mine—and then mi ma she TELLS HIM, 2, and he sez: "Ain't that fine!"

then Pa he riggles in his chair, but does not say a Word! eat mi neck and for a time It seems I have not heard, And then I tell thee Pre-chur, seeing father so forlorn, that Pa wood make more dough than that a-Selling ma the Corn!



The ringing of the fire bell on Monday evening caused quite a little excitement among the citizens of our town, but upon investigation it was learned to be nothing serious, only fire practice.—Uncle By's Weekly Tribune.

Where Cheaters Are Given No Mercy

By A. R. HOFFMEYER

States government service, but had lost his position and, forming the acquaintance of a westerner who was an expert cheater, the pair journeyed to Europe for the express purpose of preying upon people who were in quest of such excitement as high play at poker and bridge confers.

The ex-government employe was of an exceedingly winning personality. Affable and entertaining, he could rattle off capital yarns, and every one who met him voted him delightful company. It was no trouble for him to introduce his friend (a wealthy cattle baron from Montana), and it did not take the precious pair of rascals long to get the money. The bogus cattle baron did the actual cheating; the other merely did the roping. But their greed to make a big haul was their undoing and after robbing a young blood from Chicago of \$40,000 he informed on them, with the result that shortly after the complaint was lodged they were occupying prison cells.

In this country it is an easy matter to get out of jail if the accused has some cash, but it is different in Europe. Nobody came forward in behalf of the sharpers, and though they offered all sorts of cash bond the authorities would not accord them liberty. They stayed in prison a year before they were liberated and were warned if ever they came back to Naples they would be taught what real punishment was. Broken in health and spirits, the former employe of the government (who was of a fine southern family) got back to his old home eventually, only to take to his room, from whence he never stirred till he was conveyed to the cemetery.

Opium Smuggling Never Ceases

By Capt. A. H. CHENNEVILLE

Although the United States government has a force of shrewd agents constantly on the watch for opium smugglers at oriental ports as well as in American cities, the wily Chinks are forever bringing the drug into the United States without paying a cent of the tremendous duty—about 100 per cent—imposed on it by our tariff law.

A pair of Chinese sailors were caught in my town the other day who had several hundred dollars' worth of smuggled opium which they had brought over in a freight steamer from Canton. As this boat had making regular trips to New Orleans for months, it is easy to see how many thousands of dollars had been cleaned up by the promoters of the game. A Chinese sailor gets very low wages, but if he can hide a few tins of the poppy product and dispose of it in the first American town he reaches he will soon amass a fortune. After the stuff gets into the hands of a local dealer he finds a ready sale for it.

The users buy it in the form of cards that contain enough for one smoke at a cost of 25 cents. Opium fiends will consume four or five of these cards a day when they have the price, and they will commit any crime in the calendar to get the wherewith for the indulgence of a consuming passion.

Recent dispatches from Paris told of the arrest of a quartet of American card sharps who were accused of swindling rich tourists from their own country at European watering places. It is a sad day for the Yankee crook who gets caught fleecing people by means of cheating at cards on the other side of the Atlantic. I was in Italy some three or four years ago when the police of Naples bagged a couple of American gamblers who had robbed well-to-do and unsuspecting countrymen of theirs of large sums of money. One of these men was formerly in the United States government service, but had lost his position and, forming the acquaintance of a westerner who was an expert cheater, the pair journeyed to Europe for the express purpose of preying upon people who were in quest of such excitement as high play at poker and bridge confers.

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VISITS WITH UNCLE BY



Waiting for time and tide may do for some folks, but the morning express is good enough for me!

No, dear, the squabs do not talk pigeon English. Their language is keyhole French. "Peep peep!"

A little learning and a little widow are dangerous things, admonishes a country editor who claims to know.

The price of false hair has gone up again. If bald, it will pay you to catch somebody asleep at the switch.

The stage is always equipped with wings. Sometimes they are the "angel's" wings and sometimes they belong to the pudgy man in the box office.

When a tailor gets a suit of clothes ready for you a day before the time promised, you can bet that he is going to ask you for the cash upon delivery. Tailors don't hurry like that for nothing.

And to think that right now, in the golden autumn time, diabolical fiends are engaged in preparing cabbage cheroots that must be smoked by us poor devils having wives who insist on buying cigars at Christmas time!

Are you wishful? Do you lie awake nights planning? When you see an automobile go by, do you want one?

Have you spent a lot more money in your mind than you have been able to make? YOU'VE GOT IT! It's the Get Rich fever! See OLD DOC CHANCE! He will skin you with neatness and dispatch. He will skin you so you will stay "skun." See him! Office hours—Any old time. No trouble to show goods!

There's Tenderness, Dear. There's loneliness, dear, where the violets lie, 'Neath the skies, and the eyes of the moon, There's memory wrapped in a tear and a sigh, And the zephyrs are ceasing to croon, While over the hills where the birches are white, The shadows are ghostly and silent to-night.

There's tenderness, dear, in the visions I see Through the haze and the maze of the years, There's loveliness, dear, that is nectar to me In the valley of shadows and tears, And, falling in laughter and barren of sight, The world is deserted, without you to-night.

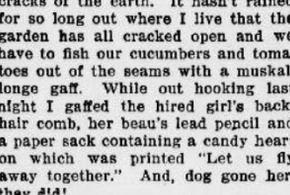
—Frank W. Taylor, Jr.

Tough Luck.

A fellow has to be careful in the woods now. He cannot lie around on his back for fear of losing his keys, his pocketbook and his pipe in the cracks of the earth. It hasn't rained for so long out where I live that the garden has all cracked open and we have to fish our cucumbers and tomatoes out of the seams with a muskallong gaff. While out hooking last night I gaffed the hired girl's back-hair comb, her beau's lead pencil and a paper sack containing a candy heart on which was printed "Let us fly away together." And, dog gone her, they did!

Notice to the Traveling Public. I will give \$250.00 for evidence that will convict any person or persons for tearing down my fences, leaving gates open or driving my stock from their accustomed range.

George Pirrie Rothemay, Mont.

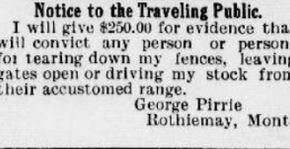


Little Essay on Man. Be not surprised, oh, wondering and gentle wife, because the eminent, high and mighty husband-man blames you for everything that happens. Should the north wind blow down the chimney or blow the chimney down, be prepared to confess that it was all your doing. The only way to treat a man is with a laugh. And why shouldn't we, since men are quite the funniest creatures on the face of the earth? Many of them feel that they must roar and fuss and fume lest we forget their magnificence and greatness and superiority. Joke, isn't it?—Exchange.

The "sleeve dog of China" is the rarest breed of dog in the world. With the head of a pug, he has the under jaw and characteristic "wheel back" of the bulldog, a type to which his body conformation closely approximates. He has the same bowed fore-legs, short in proportion to the hind legs, and quarters lightly made in comparison with his broad and massive front. Altogether he is the quaintest and most delightful of toy dogs, but so jealously is he cherished by the royal family of China that it is difficult to obtain a really good specimen.

FOR Sale—at a bargain—Oak Home Heater used only a short time and in good condition.

STOCK BRANDS OF Jos. Labrie



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GIRLS SHINED BOOTS

Story of Ambassador Bryce's Visit to Madison.

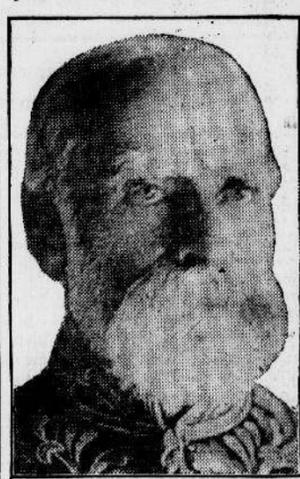
Daughters of President of University of Wisconsin Proved Equal to Task of Finding Envoy's Footwear at Door.

Madison, Wis.—An interesting story in connection with Ambassador James Bryce's visit to Madison last June when he delivered the baccalaureate address at the commencement exercises at the University of Wisconsin, has just leaked out.

During his stay here the distinguished Briton was the guest of President Van Hise. For weeks before the coming of the noted statesman his intended visit had been the subject of conversation at the Van Hise dinner table and every precaution had been made to make his stay as pleasant as should be. Especially interested in the plans for his entertainment were the two daughters of the president, Janet and Hilda, the former a Bryn Mawr miss of 20, and the latter a girl of 16, a student at the Wisconsin academy. While many distinguished guests had been entertained at their home, they looked forward to the time when they would welcome the British ambassador as "one of the family" for a few days at least.

The test of their hospitality came in a rather unexpected manner. When Mr. Bryce retired for the night he set his boots outside the bedroom door, according to the English custom, to have them polished by the man servant. While the Van Hises boast of a cook and second girl, the man servant is an unknown institution in their home.

As Janet and Hilda, the president's daughters, were passing along the hallway on the way to their boudoir, they spied the boots outside the room oc-



Ambassador James Bryce.

cupied by their guest. At first they were at a loss to account for their presence there, but it gradually dawned upon them that the boots were there for a purpose—to be shined.

The girls saw the funny side of the situation in a twinkling, and, picking up the boots, carried them to the kitchen, where they polished them up in a manner that would have done credit to the most attentive colored porter. Then they placed them where they had found them.

The girls said nothing about the affair, but when the same thing happened the next night they could hardly contain their mirth. The ambassador heard them giggling, for the next morning at the breakfast table, he asked them the cause of their merriment outside his room the night before. The whole story came out and nobody seemed to enjoy it more than Mr. Bryce.

It was noticed when the ambassador left Madison that he wore a different pair of boots than the ones he had arrived in, and when asked by Miss Janet for an explanation he answered that the others had been packed securely away to be put away as souvenirs of the time when his boots had been blacked by the daughters of the president of one of the great state universities of the United States.

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