

--- HANIFA ---

By Edgar J. Banks

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Friday found the Imam Abdullah squatted cross-legged upon the platform of the mosque. Before him, on a little stand, lay the open Koran upon which his eyes were fixed, while his chubby forefinger was energetically gesticulating to the group of excited women about him. From the expression upon his face, and the sharp interruptions from his audience, it seemed that at last, in his old age, after a life filled with the thousand theological battles, and crowned with a thousand victories, he had met his Marathon, for the longer he argued the louder grew the expostulations of the women.

"The Prophet—peace be upon him!" repeated Abdullah for the tenth time that day, and with an expression of increasing despair, "received from Paradise a message that man might have four wives. You, ladies of Mecca, demand that if a man has four wives, a woman may have four husbands. Had that been Allah's will he would long ago have revealed it."

"But Allah did not say that we should not have four husbands," cried the women. "O great Abdullah," they continued, "Allah has revealed many things through the Prophet, and we are obedient to all his laws; other things are yet to be revealed. Therefore, learn for us Allah's will. Pray that he may reveal to you, you who remember the Prophet, you who were among those to welcome him back to Mecca, you through whom Allah has already revealed so many things, if a woman may not have four husbands as a man has four wives."

"I will ask Allah to reveal his will," he sighed. "Next Friday I will impart it to you."

Abdullah's past history had been an interesting one. He was a small, bare-footed boy when the prophet Mohammed returned to Mecca, and now of all the people left in the Holy City, he alone had seen him. Inspired by that rare privilege, he marked out for himself the career of a holy man. When his chin was first fuzzy with the down which evolved into the largest of patriarchal beards, he wandered as a dervish, but to suffer from hunger and thirst, and to lacerate his own body, soon ceased to be pleasures, and finally he settled down as an Imam in the Holy City to gain an easier livelihood by seeing the visiting pilgrims. In his profession he prospered. He alone was entrusted with the keys of the Kaaba, and so great was his reputed piety that he was consulted in every religious controversy. All his decisions were law, and now he was passing his last days recording for the benefit of posterity his theological views.

During his long life Abdullah had seen but one sorrow—his wives had died one after another, yet that was not the cause of his grief, for never for long did he lack his full quota of wives which, both living and dead, he could count to a score. The one thorn in his flesh was that this score or more of wives had presented him with but a single offspring, a daughter, whom he had named Hanifa. This solitary plant of the harem grew and blossomed into a dark, slender, large-eyed Arab maid, sending out her tendrils of love until they entwined about the old man's heart, as if to compensate him for his lack of sons. She was the only child of 20 passing wives.

"Baba," tenderly said Hanifa, as her father, leaving the crowd of angry women in the mosque, had returned home and squatted before the dish of pilaf, which he left untasted, "are you ill?"

"No, child," replied Abdullah, with an audible sigh, yet, without paying his customary visit to the harem, he retired.

The next morning when Abdullah appeared, his eyes were sunken, for he had passed a sleepless night. During the dark hours his audience of clamoring women was ever before him, and although he had a thousand times successfully interpreted the laws of the Koran, now he had failed; his wits had deserted him, and no revelation came; his reputation as an Imam would be ruined and all the wisdom displayed in the past would be in vain.

Thus tortured, he slept none and ate little. Half a dozen times daily Hanifa urged him to impart to her the cause of his sorrows, and as often did he deny that he was afflicted, yet before the week was half ended, Abdullah had become so feeble that he even neglected the book which was to perpetuate his name; he remained in the corner, silent and thoughtful.

"Baba," said Hanifa, again stroking his old bald head, "tell me your troubles—perhaps I can help you."

"I have none, child," was the holy man's prevaricating reply. A deep groan followed.

Hanifa was too solicitous of the old man's health to be silent. Long she stood over him, stroking his head, yet finally when the abundance of sighs and groans seemed to be well nigh exhausted, he explained in a feeble voice how the women of Mecca had demanded a special, impossible revelation. Concluding his explanation in utter despair, he covered his face with his hands and wept.

Hanifa laughed. "Poor Baba," she said, still stroking his bald head. "Your troubles are slight."

Abdullah raised his tear-filled eyes reproachfully.

"Yes, Baba, if you will write my name just once in your great book, I will bring your troubles to an end."

Abdullah, with the eagerness of the sinking man who grasped at the straw, promised. While Hanifa was explaining the special revelation which on the appointed day he should communicate to the women in the mosque, the tears suddenly disappeared from his eyes. Fortified with a new hope and courage, he arose and shouted to his slaves to immediately bring a large tray of pilaf.

It was early Friday morning, earlier than usual, when Abdullah seated himself upon the platform of the mosque. His face was beaming with happiness, and his eye had never been more bright, for he had an important communication from Allah to reveal to the wives of the Faithful. At his side upon the platform stood an immense copper kettle which his waiting slave had brought him. One by one the rebelling women came and squatted about, anxious to hear the special revelation promised by the beaming expression upon Abdullah's face.

Finally, when they had all congregated, Abdullah, in a voice deep with mystery and awe, commanded that each woman present should go at once to her home and immediately return with a jug of milk. The women demurred. They had come, they said, to hear the revelation. Abdullah explained that no revelation was possible until his command had been obeyed and in a few moments two score women, each with a jug of milk balanced upon her head, stood before him.

"Pour the milk into this kettle," said Abdullah, with a voice suggestive of still greater mystery, yet in his eye was a twinkle of delight which he could not conceal.

The women filed past the kettle, poured the milk into it, and returned to their places upon the floor before the great teacher. Abdullah, solemnly stroking his long beard, looked silently at the foaming camel's milk, and then slowly turned to the wondering women before him. His morning's discourse upon the perfect wisdom of Allah, and the wonderfulness of his revelations, was prefaced with a longer introduction than usual. Never had he been so eloquent—never had he spoken with such confidence.

"Now, O wives of the Faithful," he



"As It is with the Milk So Would it Be with Your Children."

said, in concluding his long discourse, "I shall impart the revelation which Allah has sent to you through me, his faithful servant. Allah bids that each of you approach this kettle of milk; he bids that each of you take from the kettle the milk which you poured into it but a moment ago. When you shall have done this, he bids that each of you who will, take four husbands, as a man may take four wives. But," he continued, "Allah bids me say that if one of you shall take the thousandth part of a drop of the milk which another has poured into the kettle, it shall be accounted unto you a theft, and you shall be delivered to libils for eternal punishment."

"O great Abdullah," finally suggested an innocent one in the audience, "we do not know which our milk is—it is all alike—it is all white and foamy."

Abdullah sprang to his feet and with his arms wildly and supernaturally waving above his head, shouted with a monstrous, prophetic voice, which thundered throughout the mosque, the special revelation from Allah:

"As it is with the milk, so would it be with your children," were the few intelligible words amid the resounding echoes. "As you can not distinguish which drop of milk you poured into the kettle, so you could not distinguish the fathers of your children. Trouble me and Allah no more with your idle words."

Abdullah's revelation must have met with Allah's favor, for the Hanifa sect has increased in numbers and in all things worldly. Prominent among its members is Abdul Hamid, the sultan, who, with millions of others speak reverently of the good old Salm Hanifa.



THE USEFUL TUNIC

CHANCE TO CLEAN UP REMNANTS OF FINE MATERIALS.

Accumulation of Laid-Away Fabrics May Be Used to Good Advantage—Harmony in Materials All That is Necessary.

Now is the moment when the woman who has been cherishing short lengths of fine materials for years may have her opportunity of using them to advantage. There is often in a household quite an accumulation of fabrics which have been too scant for making gowns and yet are too long or not of the sort which one wishes to use up for waists, linings, etc. Sometimes these fabrics are so beautiful



Tunic Costume of Crepe de Chine and Silk.

ful that it is a temptation to have them made into gowns, pieced out with other materials, but heretofore this has not been satisfactory or has involved such expense that the experiment has seemed hardly worth while. With the revival of the tunic effects

MUST BE NO SLOPPINESS.
Trimness of Shirt Waist Suit is Indispensable.

Though the up-to-date girl has given over the greater part of her day to frills and furbelows, she is more strictly tailored than ever in the hours she devotes to that peculiarly American costume, the shirt waist suit.

And a trim, becoming costume it is, that is, when it is trim. But sloppiness is fatal. Let there be a badly adjusted collar, cuffs that are broken or not immaculate, the wrong kind of a tie, above all, a gaping waist line, and the style that often gives the shirt waist girl more of an air than the same girl in a ball room, is lost.

Most unpardonable is the waist line that is not taut. There is no necessity for it. Ordinary care effectually prevents the blouse and skirt slipping connection.

There are numerous patent arrangements for keeping skirt and waist together; there is also the unerring one of hooks and eyes.

After the initial bother of seeing that every skirt in one's wardrobe is supplied with a good-sized hook, an inch on each side of the middle of the back, with eyes to correspond on the blouse, all future trouble is avoided.

If the hips are large and apt to push the belt up, it is well to add another hook and eye at each of the under arm seams. This prevents all possibility of slipping.

For the girl who hates to sew there is a rather new invention that gives the hook and eye effect without needle and thread. Sets of safety pins with hook and loop can be now bought for keeping skirts from slipping.

ADDRESS AT THE TOP.

Lettering is Now Put in the Right Upper Corner.

To be quite complete all note paper should be stamped at the top with the address, and a little change is shown this summer in the place for this lettering, as it is put in the right upper corner, instead of in the middle, as formerly. When the address is in the right corner the monogram is placed in the left. Unusual latitude is now permitted in this, however, and it is equally good form to have the initials in the center of the top, the address being directly beneath it.

All this stamping adds materially to the price of writing paper, making it really a luxury. A simpler, yet very pretty, form has been put on the market. It has initials plain and separate. They are stamped into the paper without color. Address dies are

it is possible to make use of such short ends of material to the greatest advantage. Instead of making the success of a gown doubtful the use of two materials, apart from the trimming, usually adds to the effect of a tunic gown. provided, of course, that the two kinds of materials are genuinely harmonious.

In the illustration will be seen a very attractive model in which about equal amounts of two materials may be used.

IN YELLOW AND PURPLE.

Combination of Colors That May Be Made Attractive.

The smart women who have already become tired of wearing the same colors and combinations in colors have started in on yellow and purple for afternoon frocks.

There are a good many attractive ways in which to use these two colors, which are taken from the pansy.

For instance, a smart little muslin which was bought at a small price was of white with purple and yellow flowers through it. It was made in a one-piece frock with skirt put into inverted plaits to almost fit the figure.

The footline was trimmed with a broad band of purple ribbon and another one of yellow, with a purple one above.

The blouse has a U-shaped yoke of lace with stock to match, lace sleeves wrinkled to the wrist, and the caplike sleeves were made from two bands of purple ribbon with a band of yellow between.

The sash was a plain yellow with a rosette and two long ends at back.

Fetching Scarf for Summer Evenings.

One of the most fetching and fascinating scarfs imaginable for wear on warm summer evenings when "mildly" wishes to look unusually charming and esthetic may be made of silk or chiffon three yard's long and a yard or a yard and a half wide. It takes only a few seconds, as all that is required is to gather the ends of the silk into two close knots and fasten a soft silk tassel to each end. The scarf is thrown over the shoulders with both ends hanging down in front, and the right end is then wound loosely around the throat and then drawn over the hair with the tassel over the left ear. The gathered end of the silk is pulled loosely over the hair to form a little hood. The effect is highly coquettish and tantalizing.

The pins with the loop are fastened through the waists with the loop down. The other two have a pointed hook. These are adjusted on the inside of the skirt band opposite the looped safety pins, into which they slip.

That is all there is to it! So simple an arrangement that a sloppy waist line is inexcusable.

SIMPLE WEIGHT FOR LETTERS.
Stone Sewed Up with Silk, Tied with Ribbon.

When one considers that the one thing needful about a letter-weight is that it shall be sufficiently heavy, it seems surprising that such a simple one as that shown in our illustration



is not more often seen. It consists merely of a large heavy stone, such as may be picked up on the beach, for instance, entirely covered by a soft, bag-shaped piece of silk, gathered at the top, and drawn together with a band of ribbon, tied on one side with a smart bow. A letter-weight of this description is a very inexpensive article to prepare for a bazar, and should have a ready sale.

now made in this way, but as small, plain letters are used in them the cost after the first is small if white, silver or gilt are not chosen. Dark blue and green are considered excellent taste.

Hints for Those Who Embroider.
Use a spool for marking scallops. Take a spool and place it on the material to be marked and mark with a pencil half way around the spool, then move the spool a little and mark half way around again. Continue in this way until the entire edge of the material is marked. Any sized scallops can be made by using larger or smaller spools. When making large scallops, which you wish to pad well, use ordinary candle wick instead of spending the time, labor, and thread to pad it. In padding initials or monograms or smaller scallops, use white darning cotton instead of the embroidery floss, as the work can be done more quickly and speedily and the padding is firmer.

Practical Fashions

LADIES' ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR SKIRT.



Paris Pattern No. 2536, All Seams Allowed.—Any of the plain or striped serges, or broadcloths, Venetian cloths, mohair, Panama cloth or flannel will develop well in this style. It may be cut in medium sweep or round length, and is especially suitable for the skirt of the early autumn suit.

The fullness at the front and back is supplied by the inverted box plait, and the skirt is fitted to the waist line by a dart over each hip. The front of the skirt either side of the plait is trimmed with small buttons and loops of narrow soutache braid. The pattern is in seven sizes—22 to 34 inches waist measure. For 26 waist the skirt requires 8 3/4 yards of material 20 inches wide, 4 3/4 yards 36 inches wide, 4 1/4 yards 42 inches wide, or 3 3/4 yards 54 inches wide. Width of lower edge about 4 1/2 yards.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2536. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

GIRLS' DRESS, WITH GUIMPE.



Paris Pattern No. 2503, All Seams Allowed.—Very stylish and adaptable for school or more dressy wear is this mode developed in blue linen, with trimming bands of blue and white linen. The fullness of the waist is put into the yoke band by narrow tucks stitched to the waist line in the back, and about half way down the front. The full skirt is attached to the waist under the belt, and a band of the striped linen is set in between the tucks and hem as a trimming. The guimpe is of white lawn. The pattern is in five sizes, six to fourteen years. For a girl of ten years the dress as in front view requires 3 1/2 yards of material 30 inches wide, with five-eighths yard of striped material 36 inches wide. The guimpe needs three yards 18 inches wide, or 1 1/2 yard 36 inches wide.

To procure this pattern send 10 cents to "Pattern Department," of this paper. Write name and address plainly, and be sure to give size and number of pattern.

NO. 2503. SIZE.....
NAME.....
TOWN.....
STREET AND NO.....
STATE.....

Notes of Small Denomination.
Bank notes worth about one-half cent each circulate freely in Paraguay. It takes two notes to get one's boots cleaned, and eight to pay the postage of a letter to England. Yet one of these notes will buy, in season, 15 oranges, three bananas, or a water-melon.

Not Worth Talking About.
Much ado is being made over the fact that skill in "diabolo" has won a summer girl a husband. Girls who win theirs by skill in cooking are too numerous to receive mention nowadays. —Washington Post.

Lost in the Mail.
An ambitious French author wrote a book, which he called "An Epistle to Posterity," and handed to Voltaire for criticism. "Sir," said the witty and malicious poet, "that is a letter which will never get to its destination."

NATURE AND A WOMAN'S WORK



LYDIA E. PINKHAM

Nature and a woman's work combined have produced the grandest remedy for woman's ills that the world has ever known.

In the good old-fashioned days of our grandmothers they relied upon the roots and herbs of the field to cure disease and mitigate suffering.

The Indians on our Western Plains to-day can produce roots and herbs for every ailment, and cure diseases that baffle the most skilled physicians who have spent years in the study of drugs.

From the roots and herbs of the field Lydia E. Pinkham more than thirty years ago gave to the women of the world a remedy for their peculiar ills, more potent and efficacious than any combination of drugs.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for woman's ills.

Mrs. Bertha Muff, of 515 N.C. St., Louisiana, Mo., writes:

"Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my troubles public."

"For twelve years I had been suffering with the worst forms of female ills. During that time I had eleven different physicians without help. No tongue could tell what I suffered, and at times I could hardly walk. About two years ago I wrote Mrs. Pinkham for advice. I followed it, and can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice restored health and strength. It is worth mountains of gold to suffering women."

What Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for Mrs. Muff, it will do for other suffering women.

A GOOD OLD FRIEND.



The Gumpot—Well, you fellows can say what you like about the editor. For my part, I always stick up for him.

TRIPP COUNTY, S. D.
Government Land Opening.

The government opening of a million acres of fine agricultural and grazing lands will probably occur about Oct. 1st. The Rosebud extension of The Chicago & North Western Ry. is the only railway reaching these lands, and Dallas, S. D., is the railway terminus and the only town on the reservation border. The U. S. land office will probably be located there. Pamphlets describing this land and how to secure a quarter section homestead, free on application to W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago, Ill.

Most Acceptable Worship.
The worship most acceptable comes from a cheerful and thankful heart.—Plutarch.

Your Druggist Will Tell You
That Murine Eye Remedy Cures Eyes, Makes Weak Eyes Strong, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain and Sells for 50c.

A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.—Marcus Aurelius.

FITS, St. Vitus' Dance and Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 2500 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 531 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends.—Coleridge.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

When women argue they like to argue that they don't.

Use Allen's Foot-Paste. Overstuffed, aching, sweating feet. 25c. Trial package free. A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

It doesn't pay to borrow trouble even on a friend's account.

