

BRITISH CAPTURE GARDEN OF EDEN

Basra, Reputed in Fable to Be Adam's Birthplace, Is Taken.

DATE PALMS ARE SACRED

Ancient Town Also Said to Have Been Haunt of Sinbad, the Sailor, Who Was Real Character.

Cairo, Dec. 19.—In capturing Basra, just below the mouths of the Tigris and the Euphrates, the British now have the satisfaction of controlling the spot where God is popularly supposed to have created Adam. Basra is also the place from which the ship of Sinbad the Sailor carried him on his amazing adventures. From a political point of view Basra is important because the Germans intended to end their Baghdad railroad there. It is the center of the world's date trade.

Basra is on the Shatt-el-Arab, an estuary formed of the combined waters of the Tigris, Euphrates and Karun rivers. The Shah empties into the Persian Gulf. The British already controlled Fao, a cable station on the gulf. From here the expedition proceeded up the western or Turkish bank of the Shatt. Beautiful date palms line the waterway.

Was Garden of Eden.
The bank on the eastern side forms one edge of Adagan Island, traditionally the site of the Garden of Eden, but now boasting principally the refineries of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company. The oil runs down 150 miles from the Bakhtiari Mountains of Persia, where crude petroleum gushes from the ground in abundance.

Another site on the way to Basra is the home of the powerful Sheikh of Mohammera. The British steamers always fire a salute when passing, because the Sheikh once came to the rescue of a British boat attacked by pirates near his home.

Basra itself is on the southern side of the river. It is entirely modern, the old

city of Basra from which Sinbad the Sailor made his seven voyages being now a good four miles inland. Old Basra, now called Zohber, was in those days for Sinbad is not an entirely fictitious character—on the sea or, at least, on the salt tide that ebbed and flowed along the Khor Abdulla, then the chief mouth of the Euphrates.

Built to Stand Siege.
The most conspicuous buildings in Basra are the British consulate, a sturdy, four-story house, that, properly sand-bagged, could give a good account of itself against mere rifle-fire, and the Lynch office, almost next door. A little farther upstream is the Ashar, a creek that extends for some distance southward from the river. It is crowded with boats of all sizes, from canoes to bungalows, and on the southeastern side is a kind of promenade between the creek and a row of tumble-down houses which represent the Pictadilly of Basra.

Away in old Basra there is not much to see except the minaret of Basra-Ayyan, which is, perhaps, 80 years old, and has a picturesque courtyard. Nothing, unfortunately, recalls the Basra of Sinbad any more than modern Baghdad represents the Baghdad of the good Caliph Harun-er-Raschid, except the direction of the streets and one lump of hard brickwork, which is, also fast dropping into the Tigris. But the date gardens between Old and New Basra have a special interest of their own, for it was the clay between the roots of the date palm at Basra that Jehovah gathered the clay with which he fashioned Adam in the Garden of Eden. For this reason the devout Moslem will never abuse his date trees, however much they fall him, for the command in the Koran runs: "Respect the date palms, for they are your aunts."

Date Palms Sacred.
Gibbon mentioned "The Christmas of St. John, of Basra." These are the Sabacans, a strange race that lives in the Euphrates' bed, and, besides dairy farming, earn a livelihood by making the one remaining mystery of metal work in the world. They execute beautiful Niello designs in silver, gold and black, and would die rather than surrender the secret of the workmanship. They are a quiet folk, if only because they believe that St. John the Baptist was the real Messiah, and worship only him—and the Pole Star. They keep their doctrine as such a secret as their metallurgy, but certain cents are admitted by them which link them not only with Christianity and Gnosticism, but with Islam and Zoroastrianism.

The letter carriers in Portugal save themselves much walking on Sundays by delivering letters at church.

BUILDS AEROPLANE FOR EUROPEAN WAR

Whitstone Man Will Not Tell Which Country Ordered It.

Whitstone, L. I., Dec. 19.—George Cove, for the past three years a resident of Breckhurs, has a contract from one of the European governments to build an aeroplane for use in the present war. It is being secretly constructed in the old tin can factory on North Eleventh street.

Mr. Cove admitted that the machine is to be used in the war, but refused to state what nation had ordered it. The machine will be built along the lines of the Curtis flyers and will be equipped with a patented balancer invented by Mr. Cove.

Cove has for years been experimenting with flying machines and has a number of other patented inventions which will be used for the first time in this new flyer. It is to have room for a machine gun and for bombs.

J. T. MOORE'S WILL FILED.

Wealthy Rockville Farmer Leaves Income to Widow.

Special to The Washington Herald.
Rockville, Md., Dec. 19.—The will of Joseph T. Moore, financier, farmer and former State senator from this county, who died suddenly of heart failure recently, has been admitted to probate in the Orphans' Court here. It disposes of a large estate, the value of which is variously estimated at from \$50,000 to \$1,000,000. The will, dated April 13, 1906, names Joseph W. Tilton and Thomas L. Moore, son-in-law and son, respectively, of the testator, as executors.

Thomas L. Moore, Frederick P. Moore and George H. Moore, sons of the testator, each are given a paid-up life insurance policy of \$5,000. The will provides that \$20,000 in life insurance be equally divided among the six children of the deceased, and that the income from the residue of the estate be paid to the widow, Mrs. Eliza H. Moore.

"Gibson Girl's" Husband Slain.

London, Dec. 19.—Tonight's casualty list includes among the names of officers killed in the fighting in France and Belgium that of Capt. Hon. Henry L. Bruce, of the Royal Scots. Capt. Bruce was the heir of Lord Aberdare and was married to Camille Clifford, the New York actress, who was known as the original "Gibson Girl."



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January Records for 1915 are on sale now. Records from 65c to \$7.50, always in stock.
Open late evenings and Sundays.

It's All Wrong, Papa; It's All Wrong.—By Goldberg.

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DEAR SANTA CLAUS, PLEASE BRING ME SOME LITTLE THING FOR CHRISTMAS

I'M NOT A BIT PARTICULAR—ANY OLD THING WILL DO—I'LL BE SATISFIED WITH A SECOND-HAND DOG.

OR AN OLD CAN-OPENER OR A BUSTED BILLIARD CUE OR A PIECE OF WHALE-BONE OR ANYTHING THAT ANYBODY ELSE CAN'T USE

I KNOW YOU'LL ANSWER MY PRAYER, SANTA CLAUS, BECAUSE I'VE BEEN A GOOD BOY ALL YEAR AND NEVER KICKED WHEN THEY NEEDED ME TO RUN ERRANDS

THERE'S NO SUCH PERSON AS SANTA CLAUS, MY SON—I'LL BUY YOU TWO FIRE ENGINES, A COUPLE OF LOCOMOTIVES AND AN AIRSHIP

IT'S ALL WRONG, GRANDMA, IT'S ALL WRONG!

LET ME RECOMMEND THIS BEEF STEW—IT'S ONLY TEN CENTS AND IT TASTES MUCH BETTER AND IS MORE NOURISHING THAN ANY OF THE FANCY THREE-DOLLAR DISHES

PHONEY FILMS—NO. 130.

None of the Others Know What the Song Is About, Either.—By Goldberg.

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IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY, IT'S A LONG WAY TO GO

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY, TO THE SWEETEST GIRL I KNOW

GOOD-BYE PROMPTLY, FAREWELL LATER SQUARE

IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY, BUT MY HEART'S RIGHT THERE

IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

WHERE IS THIS TIPPERARY, WHERE IS IT A LONG WAY FROM, WHY SHOULD ANYONE WANT TO GO THERE AND HOW DOES IT CONCERN YOU?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M TRYING TO FIGURE OUT

I CAN UNDERSTAND THE WORDS

A SUN-BEAM SHOOK HANDS WITH A LITTLE NEW-DECK AS THE MAID BOUGHT A ROSE FROM A PIERCE-LOOKING MOP

PHONEY FILMS—NO. 129.