

ZUDORA

A GREAT MYSTIC STORY
By HAROLD MACGRATH

SYNOPSIS.
Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine he has discovered. Half an hour after learning of the death of her husband Zudora's mother—a tight rope walker with a circus—is seized with a vertigo, falls and is killed.
Zudora and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$200,000, are left in the guardianship of Frank Kenna, a circus man, Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, reaches the age of 18. The uncle, who has set himself up as an Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam Ali, decides in his greed that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him, the son of his, and he prevails upon the girl to leave her money in his hands three years longer and say nothing to any one about the fortune. Hassam Ali sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put the man out of her mind. Storm comes to ask Hassam Ali for the hand of his niece. At first the oriental pater will not listen to the proposal, but Zudora insists that if the contract money Storm she will marry as one. "Well, little niece Hassam Ali, if you take such a stand, I'll compromise. Have my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you may marry him."
Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is accused from being convicted of a murder perpetrated by Hassam Ali himself.
Two weeks later a crowd of Hindus, clad in Oriental costumes, call upon Hassam Ali and, through their leader, ask that he solve the mystery of the "Hissing House." They inform him that their religious ceremonies are interfered with by a "god of sleep" who comes quickly and who, according to all reports, will not be "waxed" so long as Zudora.
Clad in oriental costumes and blindfolded, Hassam Ali and Zudora are driven to the "Hissing House." There they find a man and woman lying about in slumber. A man there is an exceptionally beautiful woman, who uses the ruler and princess of the world bond. Hassam Ali suddenly finds himself becoming drowsy and quietly slips away, leaving Zudora alone with the slumbering.

ZUDORA went on with her visual investigations, quite oblivious to the fact that her uncle had deserted her. The strange idols fascinated her, especially the heroic one before which were grouped the sleepers. It was a monster, a man's body with an elephant's head. As she gazed up at its sinister little eyes she began to see things as through a film of rain. It seemed as if some invisible hands were forcing her down, down. There was no feeling of alarm, no sense of danger; just a grateful, dreamy sensation, not unlike that of going to bed after some strenuous physical exertion. The oddest part of it was that she was conscious of making no effort to fight off this sleep. As she fell she clutched in her hand a little ivory figure, a small elephant which had evidently escaped the fingers of the Princess when she succumbed.
Now there had grown in John Storm's heart an orientalism, doubtless engendered by his frequency at the house of Hassam Ali. It consisted of a poignant sense of danger to Zudora at those moments when she really was in danger. He could not have analyzed this sensation, but he immediately surrendered to it. He was this night in the act of retiring when this sense came to him. He at once went to his desk and wrote a note, which he attached to the carrier pigeon. In less than a quarter of an hour the bird returned. The message had not been received. Storm got into his top coat and hat and hurried over to the Keene place. Amed answered his ring, but hesitated to admit the man his master had forbidden the house.
"Where is your mistress," demanded Storm.
"She is out, Sahib."
"Where?"
"I cannot tell you," said the servant, gradually closing the door.
But Storm was in no mood for parrying. He resolutely pushed his way in. In his hand there was an automatic.
"You will tell me where she has gone or I'll kill you!" he said, making no effort to lower his voice.
"Sahib Hassam Ali will kill me if I tell you!" wailed Amed.
"I don't care what he'll do, but I know what I'll do if you don't answer me. Where has she gone?"
The curtains stirred a little; but neither Storm nor the servant noticed this. Hassam Ali peered forth cautiously.
The servant saw in Storm's eyes a species of madness; and he was quite certain that Storm Sahib would shoot him as he said. Rapidly he recounted what had taken place.
"You take me there just as soon as you can."
"Very well, Sahib; but it will be the death of us both in the end."
The curtains fell back gently. Hassam Ali returned to his globe smiling. Both of them!
Storm was greatly astonished when the Hindu told him that he must be blindfolded. He refused emphatically.
"Very well, Sahib; shoot. I cannot take you where the mensesahib is without blindfolding you."
Storm saw that the man was in earnest, so after much grumbling and warning he submitted to be blindfolded. Half an hour later the bandage was taken from his eyes.
"Where is she?" he whispered to his guide.
"That, Sahib, is for you to find out"; and with that Amed turned away quickly.
Storm resolutely moved forward until he came upon the form of the sleeping princess. He was rather awed in spite of his democratic assurance. What in heaven's name was going on here? Where was he? In Hindustan, in the middle of a mad dream? Suddenly, even as he gazed, the woman on the rug before the idol stirred and sighed. Her dark sallow eyes opened. Storm stooped and raised her to her feet.
"Is Zudora here?" he asked.
Zudora lay almost at his feet, but he had not recognized her, due to the outlandish costume.
The princess looked at him bewilderedly, shaking her head. Presently she spoke softly; but so far as his knowing the intent of the liquid words, it might as well have been the wind moving through the treetops.
The handsome native who had been lying at the side of the princess now opened his eyes, saw the strange white man talking or trying to talk to his princess. The stupor left him almost instantly. He sprang to his feet, a vicious-looking knife in his hand.
"Feringhi!" he shouted. Which means a foreigner.
Others came to life at the same moment; and John Storm found himself in a predicament little to his liking. He was strong and sturdy, but he was no match for the dozen or so little East Indians. He was overcome and taken away from the octagonal room. He was cast into a steel dungeon in the basement of the house.
(Continued Tomorrow.)

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



CHILDREN'S CORNER

Bobby Cottontail Gets Lost

NOW, mother, please don't tell me where I may go, and where I may not," said Bobby Cottontail one bright autumn morning. "I think I am surely old enough to go where I please! It's no fun at all to be told and told and told and TOLD where to play and where to eat and where not to go! I want to decide things myself!"
Mrs. Cottontail looked Bobby over pretty carefully. "You certainly are growing up, Bobby; you are nearly as big as I am."
"Of course I am growing up," declared Bobby stoutly. "And I'm plenty big enough to do as I please."
Mrs. Cottontail thought a minute and then she said, "Very well, Bobby, you may try it. Go where you wish and do what you please, only don't blame me if you get in trouble!"
"Never fear, mother," cried Bobby, "I'll remember all you have told me and be very careful always!"
Mrs. Cottontail laughed. "Don't promise so much, Bobby," she said.



Bobby looked around with a very grand air.

through that orchard and mother never would let me. Now today I'll be very careful to watch for danger, but I'll explore clear through the orchard and see what is on the other side."
Bobby was never one to hesitate long. No sooner had he decided than he was off. Across the pasture lot, under the fences, behind the garden, and there was the orchard! Bobby looked it over with his most grown-up air. He saw the broad spreading trees, their branches nearly bare in the November sunshine; he saw the dry brown grass, and the bare bushes near the fence. "I never saw a place that looked so safe," he exclaimed, "what-ever could my mother be thinking of, to say this was dangerous!"
He forgot all about caution and started through the orchard on a run. Under the trees, around the bushes, he scampered. He pawed in the grass and nosed around the trees, with never a thought of danger.
Finally he tired of mere play and wanted to explore again. "Now I'll just go out of the orchard where I came in and explore a little back of the garden. There are a great many things I want to find out about there."
So he started out. But you see the orchard was nearly alike on all sides. And as Bobby hadn't particularly noticed his way when he came in, he didn't know just where to go out. "Seems to me this is the place," he said, and he ran out under the fence.
But he was mistaken, that wasn't the place at all. First thing he knew, he was in a meadow full of the biggest creatures he had ever seen! "Oh, dear! I'm lost!" he cried, whatever shall I do? "Tomorrow you'll hear what he decided was best."
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Positive Proof
"Do you really love me, Willoughby?"
"Huh! Do you suppose I'd be laughing my head off every night at your father's stale jokes if I didn't love you?"—Judge.

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SENATOR RANDELL DENIES "PORK BARREL" CHARGE

Declares Appropriations Are Not Dictated by Political Graft.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—Before 1000 delegates and visitors to the National Rivers and Harbor Congress, which opened today, Senator Randell, president of the organization, replied in bitter terms to charges that Federal appropriations for rivers and harbors are dictated by political graft and favoritism.
The Louisiana Senator said that to assert that river and harbor bills were full of "pork" and graft and corruption was a "staggering accusation as false as Satan," and denied that the congress was a "jobby."
Senator Fletcher also referred in caustic terms to the critics of river and harbor appropriations.
Secretary of State Bryan made a brief welcoming address.

PRESIDENT ATTENDS ANNUAL MEETING OF U. S. RED CROSS

European War Gives Gathering Especial Interest.
WASHINGTON, Dec. 8.—With President Wilson in attendance as active head of the organization, the American Red Cross today began its tenth annual meeting. The activity of the Red Cross in Europe gave especial interest and solemnity to the gathering.
Consulor Lansing, of the State Department, and an officer of the Red Cross, has prepared a review of the international relief work undertaken by the organization. "The Red Cross and the European War" was the paper prepared by Miss Mahel Boardman, chairman of the National Relief Committees.

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COLORADO MINERS END LONG STRIKE THURSDAY

Union Ratifies Report of Committee Accepting a Reduction.
DENVER, Dec. 8.—District No. 15 of the United Mine Workers of America has formally ratified the report of the executive board recommending the termination of the Colorado coal strike. This action was taken late last night after a long session and means the labor war will be ended on Thursday.
The resolution introduced by the Convention Committee includes a provision making a reduction of 10 per cent. in the wage scale in the union mines of the State. It is proposed to reduce the scale at the union mines to the level of that paid by the big companies which have not

recognized the union. About 8000 men are employed in union mines.
The strike which will end Thursday had its inception in the northern Colorado fields in April, 1913, and which for more than 11 months has involved virtually the entire coal mining industry of Colorado.

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