night had fallen on that great and beautiful cito to known as badgad-on-the-subway. And with then night came the enchanted glamour that belongs not to arabia alone. In different masquerade the street, bazaars and walled houses of the occidenta coti of romance were dfilled the same kinf of folk tthat so much interested our interesting old friend, the loate Mr. H. A. Rahid. They wore clothes eleven hundred years nearer to the latest stules than H. a. SAW IN OLD Bagdad; but they were about the same people inderneta. With the eye of faith, you could have seen the little Huncjback, Sindad the Saliro, Fitbad the Tailor, the Beatiful Persian