

THE "TANGLED TONGUES" IN OREGON

Los Angeles in Eight Months, to All Parts of America and Some Portions of Europe. Strange Language, Which the Preachers Themselves Do Not Understand. Made Use of by Converts

More than eight months ago the membership of the "Pentecostal faith" was confined almost entirely to Los Angeles, the place of its birth; Oakland, California, Salem and Portland. Today the tangled tongues are being heard as far back as Norway, and efforts are being made to induce the German and French people to listen to sermons in languages which even the preachers themselves do not understand. In Germany, so far as known, the endeavors have not been crowned with success. The officers of the kaiser have a deep-rooted antipathy to the introduction of novelties, religious or otherwise, and it is not very easy that they will sit by and listen to the cocking of the Pentecosters. In France the cult claims a few converts, but as none of them has received the Pentecost of his strenuously laboring to obtain it, the additions may be looked upon as temporary.

Apostles Disappointed.

Better results were expected from all the Scandinavian countries than from the rest of the world, with the exception of Africa, and in view of the hopeful state of the minds of the apostles the reports are very disappointing. As long ago as last December the tongues started to invade Norway. Some of the Californians and Oregonians got as far as New York, and their letters indicated that they were only waiting for the revival "to sweep like a prairie fire over all the United States" before they resumed their journey. Some of the missionaries were native-born Scandinavians, and were without the characteristic patience of their race. They soon got tired of waiting for the arrival of the figurative prairie fire, and sailed away early in the spring. What sort of a welcome they got from relatives and friends when they talked in the tongues is not stated in any of the letters. Very likely the home circle thought they were speaking Bowerly English. But any enlightened person would not be misled by the words of the missionaries. "Hoola-hoola-hoola-ha," meant nothing more than "Prepare for the wedding supper of the Lord." Probably the few converts are now able to speak in the tongues, and it is just as probable that the missionaries have forgotten their linguistic attainments and have returned to their native language as spoken in the church and at home. No reports have been received lately from either Norway or Sweden.

Africa Is Not Suffering.

Africa does not seem to be suffering very much from the influx of Pentecosters, if any of them have, indeed, arrived there. Africa is the destination of all who have received the gift of tongues. Just as soon as a mourner begins to get the "how-wows," as the unholily have named the tongues, he or she leaps to her feet with a triumphant cry, and then holds a conversation with the spirit. When this is concluded the mourner takes the audience into his confidence. "Klok-kuck-kuck—that means that the spirit says I'm going to Africa. Hallelujah!" he says. "Glory be to God!" respond the audience.

Of course, all of the chosen do not go to Africa. Mrs. Bell Crawford, the leader of the cult in Portland, and also

one of the national leaders, has been chosen to sail forth several times, but some obstacle has always appeared in her path of religious duty, and she has been compelled to remain here. Sister Beane, another shining light, has been anxious to go to Congo, but as the steamer company has refused to give her free transportation, Portland and not Congo will receive the benefit of her teachings.

Brother Williams Remains.

Brother Williams, formerly of Los Angeles, would prefer the torrid sun of India and the burning sands of Africa to the temperate climate of Oregon, but somehow or other he cannot get away from the Pacific coast. The spirit promised him deliverance some time ago, but as the date for his departure was not fixed Brother Williams does not know just when the railway and steamship companies will beg him to be a traveler for foreign parts.

Is Favorite Address.

Without doubt, Brother Williams often wishes he was in Africa, especially when he delivers the foregoing address. It appears to be his favorite one, for he has given it several times at the hall at 335 Second street and at the camp grounds at East Twelfth and Division streets. Usually it causes a few hoots by hoodlums, and it always excites so much laughter among those who have heard it before that the brother feels like disappearing somewhere. No sympathetic eyes meet his except those of the female first-nighters. Naturally a little moisture will cling to their lashes when they hear a nice-looking young man announce his intention of going to Africa, leaving them with streaming forehead thinks of the fate that might be his at the hands of the cannibals and then with the courage of an early saint overcome all fears and decide to go to the dark continent. The second time they hear the speech the women laugh as loudly as the men, as a result the brother hallelujahs and mops his forehead the oftener.

Attraction for First Nighters.

Now, Brother Williams is really the attraction for the first-nighters. He knows enough to pause when he sees all interested eyes upon him and his handkerchief and let his words get their full effect. Then he gets rational again. But the crowd soon tires of such performances, especially when they are of daily occurrence. Different indeed is the practice of Sister Crawford. She is not called to Africa more than once a month. The rest of the time—and she has 20 hours to spare daily—is given to the consideration of unholier matters, church members, preachers, politicians and others who will not follow her banner. When she exhausts her vocabulary, a pastime of casting devils out of her proselytes. When the devils take their departure, "screaming like babies and



VIEW OF THE CAMP GROUNDS OF THE TANGLED TONGUES 35 TENTS INCLUDING MEETING AND DINING TENTS

monkeys and mules and cats." Mrs. Crawford comes back to earth again. She says, but she will not tell how she made the little lumps go back to Satan. If she believes any one is especially desirous of obtaining that knowledge she will give a five-minute lecture in the tangled tongues. She says she never talks in the tongues except when the spirit moves her, and from that statement it has been inferred that the spirit discourages inquiries into the secrets and mysteries of the cult.

Negro Preacher Is Convert.

Mrs. Crawford's co-worker, the Rev. John Glasco, is unlike her in every way. His color is different. He is a negro, and he has been preaching in the streets and at a mission he maintains for years. He does not speak the tongues, and he often laughs when he hears the others cackle like chickens, hoot like owls and babble like children. He preaches in English, sings in the same language and has never expressed a wish to go to Africa. He believes he has enough sinners to look after here in Portland, and he is willing to stay here.

While the Oregon brothers and sisters have not been able to start for Africa several of those of California have found means to get away. Bro. Meade and Barrett were heard from in New York some time ago, and it is said that they are now in Norway, and are working their way south. Sister Hutchinson, an old friend of Mrs. Crawford, is supposed to be on her way across the continent. If possible she will go straight to Africa. Otherwise she will wander as the others are doing from city to city on the continent until she comes to some favorable port and finds

a kindly disposed shipowner who will give her a free pass to Egypt.

No Foreign Missionaries.

How many more missionaries have been sent out by Los Angeles is not known, for information is not published until results are obtained. Oregon has not sent out any missionaries, or rather none to foreign fields. It has sent a number to California, apparently believing that the southern state is more in need of them than Africa. About a

dozen who received the tongues at Salem and the second street mission are absent from the camp meeting, and it is believed that all of them have gone south.

Speaking of Salem reminds one of the capital city holds the world's records for the number of tongues and languages written by single persons. The writing record is held by Bro. Ryan, and was won under the inspiring influence of Sister Crawford. The sister saw the brother's hand shake violently one night, and passed him a piece of paper. In three hours he wrote 33

without saying goodbye to a soul, and with only a few francs in my pocket. I set out before dawn one summer morning to tramp that long, dusty highway to Lyons.

For a year he lived the life of the road. Then he entered the service of a firm of silk manufacturers as clerk. Quickly tiring of such a humdrum occupation, he knocked about for another year, experiencing all sorts of strange ups and downs, but generally "down." Thus he acquired a good, first-hand knowledge of the many sides of life.

He returned to Paris and betook himself to scribbling for some weary months, barely making enough to keep him alive. At last he got a job on a paper, a somewhat sensational story, he wrote, founded on his own experience of the under world, attracted the attention of Zola, and advised him to stick to journalism with the idea of eventually becoming a novelist.

He came to England and for several years combined newspaper work with fiction. At last his success in the latter field enabled him to give up the journalistic bread-and-butter grind altogether. He started again to knock about the world.

Crossed Sahara Desert.

He crossed Sahara from Algiers to In Salah, with a French military expedition, the result being his novel, "Zola." He wandered through Spain. He crossed Russia and Siberia to Tomsk. He visited Tunis and Egypt. Norway, Sweden, Poland and Italy in succession.

"Ten years or so of my life," he told me, "thus devoted to obtaining the knowledge which Zola declared was necessary for me if I ever intended to succeed in fiction. It is useless, my dear Le Queux, to imagine your average character. You must be personally acquainted with them if you mean to succeed," were the words he uttered one winter afternoon while he and I sat together in the garden of the Luxembourg. So I traveled Europe from end to end, always in search of weird cases and materials for my books. It is the same restless quest which takes him to the unknown regions of frozen Lapland.

To RESTORE HOLYROOD

Forty Thousand Pounds Said to Have Been Guaranteed for Purpose.

A sum of £40,000, or about \$200,000, is said to have been guaranteed for the purpose of restoring the venerable pile of the Abbey Church of the Holy Rood, adjoining the royal palace of the same name, in the heart of Edinburgh.

Holy Rood dates from the twelfth century. The exact year is uncertain, but 1128 is generally accepted as approximate.

According to the legend King David I, who was hunting in the neighboring forest, was attacked by a stag, which had been brought to bay by the hunting party. He was thrown to the ground by the furious animal and was in imminent danger of death.

Suddenly, says the Rosary Magazine, a cross arose from the ground between the stag and the king, and the stag, frightened, fled. The cross remained on the spot. Its material substance was a mystery to those who examined it.

The occurrence was looked upon as miraculous. In gratitude to heaven the king ordered that a shrine should arise on the ground adjacent to the church, and that it be called the Church of the Holy Rood, and gave it in the care of the canons regular of St. Augustine.

What remains of the abbey is called the Chapel Royal. It is only a fragment of the old building, but is yet considerable. The portion formed the nave of the great abbey. Its walls are lofty, its windows tall and its western door of generous proportions. The carving is rich, though not florid.

The tombs within the abbey walls include those of King David I, King James II (of Scotland), King James V and his queen, Margaret, Henry, Lord Darnley and many other members of the Scottish nobility. The grave of Richard III (of England) was discovered in 1713 in a passage leading to the quadrangle of the palace.

and the third night 80 languages, making a total of 127 languages. Neither himself nor Sister Crawford could read anything he had written, but the sister was positive that the languages were those of different nations, "hills why should Brother Ryan have written them?" The sister also said that some of the writings looked like shorthand. No one doubted this, for all the writings seemed to teach the same lesson.

Brother Walker, who ran the Temperance hotel, holds the record for the spoken tongue. While at dinner one day he talked in seven languages which he himself recognized and in another which he believed to be that which was spoken before the flood.

Gets Writing Fever.

About the same time Sister Byrl Hansen of The Dalles got the writing fever. She wrote only five languages, all unknown to herself, but in two days she filled several books, each of the size of a ledger. This feat accomplished, she took to the spoken language, and soon had seven tongues at her command whenever the spirit told her to speak. Brothers Ryan and Walker and Sister Hansen passed a part of last winter at the Portland mission, and have been at the camp meeting this summer. Sister Hansen is a frail girl of "over 15." She will not tell her exact age, but only enough of it to show that she has passed the legal limit. She still writes and talks the unknown tongues, but she is unable to translate her words because, so she says, the spirit has not given her the power to do so. As the holder of the double championship Sister Han-

sen is looked up to by all the Pentecosters.

Are Moved by Spirit.

What makes these people talk and write the gibberish which they themselves do not understand is the spirit. That is the same answer inquirers got when the Pentecostal sect was born in a mission in Azusa street in Los Angeles last summer. The Pentecosters have not got any wiser since. They have among

them in the Portland camp meeting men of ordinary intelligence, and yet these men cannot tell you why they believe in the tongues. They will only say that about the commands of God to scatter the gospel broadcast, and if you ask who the people they wish to convert are they "blasphemy." Ask one if he believes in Mrs. Crawford should have been permitted to teach the gibberish to her 9-year-old daughter Mildred and he will say it was the will of the Lord. Mrs. Crawford was forced to take her child out of the mission by Circuit Judge Fraser, as judge of the juvenile court, and the children of other fraternal members of the sect were also taken from them. These legal acts are not like the acts of the cult leader, looking down upon the world as a whole but as "the injustice and the persecution of man."

Pentecostal Papers.

Once in a while a visitor to the meeting may be lucky enough to obtain a copy of the Pentecostal papers. These are given only to the apostles and the mourners but occasionally a mourner will give his away. These papers contain glimpses of the teachings of the sect, and in substance are a sign to the unbelieving, and the ability to speak in a tongue never learned is a sign that the spirit has been received, and is the preparation that the bride of Christ must make for the coming of the Lord. It is the wedding garment that all must put on who would sit down to the marriage supper of the Lamb. "It is the gift of God whereby we are sealed unto the day of redemption. It is the one that in the last days will save the faithful from fainting for fear and for the expectation for things that are coming on the world. It is the preparation that enables the soul to stand in the day of the Lord. The 144,000 can sing that have been purchased out of the earth, and who follow the Lamb wherever he goes." Who is to be the "bride of Christ" the 200 or 300 Pentecosters in Portland do not know. Mrs. Crawford believed her little girl was designated for the bride ceremony, and so the child was spoken of by the Pentecosters before she was sent from the Second street mission to Oakland, California.

Financial Troubles.

After Mildred was sent away financial troubles for a time worried the Pentecosters and drove away thoughts of the bride. Liberal contributions by mourners relieved the mission of embarrassment, but did not cause a renewal of the talk about the ceremony. Meantime, the Pentecosters continue their services at their grounds. The worshippers live in 33 tents. Several have their families with them and take their meals in their tents. A separate kitchen and dining tent is maintained by the sect for the single men and women. Services are held in the big meeting tent, every evening, and the spectators' benches are fairly well filled with people seeking amusement. No rights of enthusiasm are manifested except by Sister Crawford, Brothers Glasco and Williams and a colored brother from Los Angeles and the mourners, who are the faithful or seven. Some of the mourners have been on the waiting list for months. They have not received the gift of tongues, although they have been baptized and speak for it nightly, but they still hope to obtain it and the spirit or Pentecost which goes with it. And when they get it, they will be able to speak in the past, jump exultingly to their feet, "I'm going to Africa," and then sit down and wait until some benevolent translator gives them a pass to the dark continent.

BRAVE TERRORS OF LAPLAND--Novelist William le Queux to Seek Material for His New Publication

LONDON.—William le Queux, whose novels and other works are known to most people, has an insatiable appetite for adventures and experiences that can be turned to profitable account. Though he writes fiction, mostly, it is fiction founded on real life. In search of material he has traveled far and round in all sorts of risky places. Still he clamors for fresh material—something that no other fellow has yet got hold of.

There is just one country in this effete, old Europe, it seems, where practically untapped material may be gathered. That is Lapland. Much of it is still terra incognita to civilized man. No one has yet succeeded in journeying clear across it. Phases of life and local color may be found there that no literary man has yet worked up.

It is that which the first of the scribes to traverse this virgin field that Mr. le Queux has planned in conjunction with Harry De Windt, the explorer, an expedition across Lapland of which you have doubtless heard something in America.

Obstacles Are Great.

Du Chailu, the intrepid Frenchman, tried to cross it some 30 years ago, but found the obstacles too great for him, and had to turn back before he had got very far across. Baron de Toll attempted to explore part of Lapland—the Tinea peninsula—but he and his party got lost and were no more heard of.

Protected by arctic cold and terrible snowstorms during its long winter and by bogs, swamps and mosquitoes during its short summer, Lapland remains unconquered. That means there is glory to be won in that frigid northern land. And De Windt and Le Queux are going to make a big effort to capture the laurels. They are a good team. De Windt, of course, is well known in America. His fame as an explorer was first established some years ago by his great overland journey from Paris to New York, when he crossed Behring straits on the ice. At the Hotel Cecil yesterday Mr. le Queux gave me some interesting details of the projected expedition.

Not Pleasant Jaunt.

"It is no pleasure jaunt we are going on," he said, "and we are making our plans with the utmost care. If anything goes wrong we may find ourselves in a very bad fix, and if everything goes well we shall still have to put up with what most folk would regard as great hardships."

"What constitutes the attractions of such a journey for you?" I asked, mentally contrasting the luxuries of the hotel with the bleak snow-clad wastes of Lapland.

"To get at facts nobody has yet got hold of," Mr. le Queux answered. "I have a passion for facts. Writing books and stories is only half my life. The best part of it—that which brings me most enjoyment—is the search for material."

Will Start Soon.

"In the course of a couple of weeks or so, De Windt and I will leave for Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, by the way, to make preliminary arrangements with the Lapps for reindeer, sleds, etc. Summer is the season to catch them on the coast, but in the winter they betake themselves to the interior. It is in the winter we shall make out attempt."

"The winter in preference to the summer?" I asked.

"Because travel in the interior is practically impossible in the summer," replied Mr. le Queux. "The Lapland summer though short is comparatively warm. The hard frozen surfaces give way to mud and slush. Swamps and morasses about Heden can't be used. And the mosquitoes become a veritable plague. If Lapland is to be crossed it can be done only in winter."

"It will be cold work."

"Rather," said Mr. le Queux, with a shrug, "something between 13 and 45 degrees below zero most of the time. I expect we shall be able to endure the cold all right. Mr. De Windt has survived a temperature of 25 degrees

below zero, and when travelling in Siberia I have got along without experiencing any great discomfort when it was 45 below zero.

To Use Reindeer Sleds.

"After making arrangements with the Lapps at Hammerfest we shall return to England and the expedition proper will start about the middle of November. The journey throughout will be done by reindeer sleds. We shall have 18 of them, each drawn by six reindeer. Altogether we shall use between 1,200 and 1,800 of them. We shall take a six months' stock of provisions with us, and fuel, too, for the same period as nose is obtainable in the country."

"In addition to our Lapp attendants we shall have with us a mineralogist and a photographer, and two friends who will go along for the fun of the thing."

"One result of the expedition I suppose will be a book."

"Of course, and a very interesting book it ought to make, for of the remote Laplanders—their manners, customs, modes of life, etc.—very little is known. But there are other objects in view besides the production of a book. One, which may prove to be of great practical importance, is to ascertain

"The distance covered will be about 2,800 miles. A few weeks after we start we shall find ourselves in the Arctic night and shall probably have to lay up for six weeks until the sun makes its appearance above the horizon again and gives us a little light, or the aurora borealis supplies sufficient illumination to enable us to make headway. We have a stiff job before us; we are going where white men have never been before, we don't know just what difficulties and dangers we may encounter, but I am looking forward to the prospect with huge delight and so is De Windt."

Short of moderate build; dark, with a thick, almost black moustache, strongly marked eyebrows, Mr. le Queux bears some physical likeness to Rudyard Kipling. The resemblance, however, is only superficial, for his complexion is olive, not mahogany, while the glance of his eager brown eyes has nothing of the intensity of Kipling's gaze. But, like Kipling, he gets his inspiration from real life. He believes in seeing things he writes about. The marvel is that he has been able to do and see so much and at the same time write so much. "The ordinary reader," he says, "who imagines that I simply sit down and write my stories as hard as I can, and think they cost me no effort, would be surprised if he knew the years of toil and patience I have gone through, and the dangers I have encountered in getting together the material which I use in my novels."

Must Wait for Sun.

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Visited Brigands.

His last search for material, from whence he has just returned, carried him to Macedonia and northern Albania. He was the first Englishman to visit the brigand tribe of the Skrelli, who live in "The Accursed Mountains" north of Macedonia. He is an uncommonly interesting man and has had an uncommonly interesting career. Born in London 43 years ago of a French father and an English mother, a nomad by birth and education, he has been a wanderer all his life. He is a true cosmopolitan.

"My youth," he told me, "commenced in Paris, where I became one of a crowd of merry, easy-going students of the Quartier Latin. I tried art, but failed ignominiously. I preferred to play students' pranks to studying, and at last, by reason of my youthful buoyancy getting the better of me, my father sent me to a boarding school in Paris. My father's treatment of me preyed upon my mind, until at last I threw everything to the winds and



HARRY DE WINDT

WM LE QUEUX

OASIS OF PEACE IN DESERT OF WAR

Professor Emil Reich Writes of Peace Conference at The Hague and of the Growth of the Red Cross

By Prof. Emil Reich.

WHEN people say that Europe contains the most civilized nations of the world they are, as a rule, not quite aware of the complicated nature of that civilization. It may, indeed, be said that the Europeans, like their forebears, the Hellenes, are at once the mildest and the wildest of humans.

Europe has seen more, and more terrible, wars than any other continent. On the other hand, it was reserved for Europe to introduce into the gruesome practice of war the divine element of charity. I hasten to add that it was Europe that did it, for even the amphitryonies of ancient Greece did very little for the toning down of the atrocities of a campaign. And among modern Europeans, British men and more particularly, an English woman, Miss Nightingale, did sterling work in the interest of humanity in periods of war.

As Caesar Borgia is the most unattractive complement and counteraction of Raphael, so modern war, with its numbers, engines of destruction, and the set-off to the ideal goodness and moral beauty of the Red Cross.

There are few things more interesting than a study of the men and their ideas of such a conference. Of Englishmen, one must, of course, most frequently the chairman of the committee of international conference, Danvers Power, Tall, with serene expression, a high forehead, saw everything and arranged everything. With characteristic modesty he affects none of the things he effects.

Of the foreign delegates he was struck first by the Marquis de Vogue, of the Academie Francaise, a veteran as a scholar, his status as a humanist. Tall, of strong build, he looks on life as if from a detached tower. Mild maturity of judgment, in every line of his noble features, and to the younger mind he recalls Nestor at Pylos, surrounded by generations of children. He was a great warrior, and of the country which these 800 years been the country of humanity par excellence he is one of the great benefactors of the world. He represents the same of what is best in man.

After the Marquis de Vogue the delegates listened to with greatest attention was Baron von Kneesebeck, the representative of Germany. In type representative of the great German, he was a great warrior, and of the country which these 800 years been the country of humanity par excellence he is one of the great benefactors of the world. He represents the same of what is best in man.

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