

FEATS OF FANATICS

Dervishes of the Orient and Their Curious Practices

SEEM INSENSIBLE TO PAIN.

These Religious Enthusiasts Cut and Slash Themselves, and Under Correct Conditions No Blood Flows—Magical Cures by the Sheik.

Much has been written on the subject of the astounding things that are done by dervishes and the apparent insensibility to pain and injury that their fanaticism gives them, but the vivid account given by a writer in Blackwood's of some of these facts witnessed by himself cannot fail to prove of interest.

"In Constantinople you may see at any time howling dervishes, who howl professionally in their worship, and in Konia whirling dervishes, who similarly whirl instead of howl. And upon the road and in villages and country towns of the Turkish empire are to be met dervishes of the mendicant orders—wild eyed, austere men carrying bowl and battle ax, who wander afoot to places where most alms may be found. But those dervishes who lacerate themselves as the aim of their ecstasy are not, I think, to be found in any district near the coast or easy of access. In only one small town, a long way in the interior of Asia Minor, did I ever see one of their performances, and then it was in the way of a favor."

After describing the long processes of preparation by which the necessary "atmosphere" is obtained, the writer goes on:

"Presently two men left the semicircle of dervishes and stood before the sheik. On them the preparation had done its work and they were ready to begin laceration. The sheik licked the blades of two thin dagger-like knives with his tongue and handed them to the devotees. Each immediately pressed the knife through his own cheeks. It went in at one side and the point came out at the other. Meanwhile the swordsmen leaped and the semicircle roared and swayed with redoubled energy.

"Again the sheik licked two knives and handed them to the men, and again they pushed them through their cheeks, this time in the opposite direction. No blood flowed, and the operation looked as harmless, once you had seen it done, as stabbing a Dutch cheese. The sheik drew out the knives, wet the ball of his thumb upon his tongue, clapped it on the holes, and no holes could be seen, but merely white scars.

"Now, one who has not seen these or similar things done may think that some sleight of hand took place, or, failing that possibility, that I imagined these sights, being under strong influence so to do. I can only offer the evidence of my senses. I was within a distance of two or three yards when the cheeks were pierced, looked at them from two feet with the knives still in position, and at the same distance looked at the white scars that a few seconds before had been palpable holes. If I was hypnotized so were all of us, for we saw alike.

"When the display with knives was over two other men came forward as candidates for the spiked balls. The upper and lower points of the spikes were licked by the sheik and play began. The lower point was placed in the open palm of one hand, the upper point was capped by the open palm of the other, and then by a slight circular movement of the upper hand the ball was rotated violently. As it did so short lengths of chain attached to the circumference spread out and acted as a flywheel. With the balls spinning in this fashion the men began to leap, throwing them into the air, catching them with the point on an open palm and always keeping up the spinning.

"It was clever in its way, but no more, and I was thinking it a simple trick when one man dashed the spiked point forcibly into his head. The other fellow immediately followed by thrusting his into his neck. Both balls fell over and hung suspended with the point remaining in the flesh. These wounds immediately drew blood. Blood drawing, however, was not in the game. It showed something amiss—insufficient faith or preparation or both—and the sheik hastened to staunch it. His thumb went first to his infallible tongue and then to the wounds. The flow ceased under the application, and other men took up the balls. Sometimes they drew blood and sometimes not, but all the wounds made were immediately closed by the sheik and left only white scars. And these, like the other scars, whether you believe it or not, presently faded out of sight.

"It was nearing midnight when all was over. In the bazaar the next morning I recognized one of those who had used the spiked balls on the previous evening. He now appeared as an open faced youngster of eighteen or nineteen, with a smile that he could not suppress. He said he worked in the iron bazaar hard by, making rough hinges and other ironwork. And while he stood there, smiling and ingenuous, it needed an effort of mind to think of him as a fanatical dervish of the previous night's scene."

When Women Rule.

"Who is that lady?"
"Our peerless leader, Mrs. Cincinnati Coober. Called right from the fireless cooker to the senate."—Kansas City Journal.

There is only one irreparable loss—the loss of courage.—Lyman Abbott.

MONEY IN SALONKI.

Why the Merest Glimpse of It Will Produce a Near Riot.

In normal times, if Salonki is ever normal, she has a population of 120,000, and every one of those 120,000 is personally interested in any one else who engages or may be about to engage in a money transaction. In New York if a horse falls down there is at once an audience of a dozen persons. In Salonki the downfall of a horse is nobody's business, but a copper coin changing hands is everybody's. Of this local characteristic John T. McCutcheon and I made a careful study, and the result of our investigations produced certain statistics.

If in Salonki you buy a newspaper from a newsboy, of the persons passing two will stop; if at an open shop you buy a package of cigarettes five people will look over your shoulders; if you pay your cab driver his fare you block the sidewalk, and if you try to change a 100 franc note you cause a riot. In each block there are nearly a half dozen money changers. They sit in little shops as narrow as a doorway, and in front of them is a showcase filled with all the moneys of the world.

It is not alone the sight of your 100 franc note that enchants the crowd. That collects the crowd, but what holds the crowd is that it knows there are twenty different kinds of money, all current in Salonki, into which your note can be changed. And they know the money changer knows that and that you do not. So each man advises you—not because he does not want to see you cheated (between you and the money changer he is neutral), but because he can no more keep out of a money deal than can a fly pass a sugar bowl.

The men on the outskirts of the crowd ask, "What does he offer?"

The lucky ones in the front row seats call back, "A hundred and eighty drachmas." The rear ranks shout with indignation: "It is robbery!" "It is because he changes his money in Venizelos street!" "He is paying the money changer's rent!" "In the Jewish quarter they are giving nineteen!" "He is too lazy to walk two miles for a drachma!" "Then let him go to the Greek Papanastassion!"—Richard Harding Davis in Scribner's.

FRANCE IS VERY GREEN.

Every Possible Shade Is Shown in Its Amazing Vegetation.

It might fairly be said that the general impression France as a whole leaves upon the beholder is—green. Perpetually moist of climate—except in the south—endowed with heavy and continuous rainfalls and having a temperature which is astonishingly even year in and year out, the country is like an enormous hot-house.

The result is a study in greens of every conceivable and inconceivable shade. Verdure and foliage range from greens that are gray or black to greens that are hardly more than yellow. From the hardy pastures high upon the sides of the towering Pelvoux range, thousands of feet above the sea, to the cactus and agaves and olives that grow at the water's edge the verdant nuances are a revelation in rural coloring.

But France is not all green either. That is only the background, the filler, as it were, for a warm toned picture full of high lights, touched with the gold of grain, the ruddy tiles of ancient roofs, the fiery spatter of poppies, the tawny flood of a river or the steely thread of a brook, and on the glistening southern shore, with cliffs as red as any soil New Jersey boasts, water like melted sapphires, villas covered with majolica tiles that make the beholder rub his eyes and wonder if he is dreaming the amazing inebrities of style and color that strive to but cannot shatter the harmony of creation.—National Geographic Magazine.

A Miniature Holland.

England has a Holland in miniature near the mouth of the Thames. Canvey Island, beloved of holiday makers, was until three centuries ago almost submerged, but in 1023 a Dutch dyker named Crippenburgh erected a high sea wall and cut drains, which converted it into rich and arable land. Many of the Dutch workmen engaged in the work settled on the reclaimed land, and the Dutch aspect of the island is preserved until this day.—London Chronicle.

So Shy!

"That's a nasty cut on your temple," an employer said to his clerk. "How did it happen?"

"I had words with my wife," the clerk answered.

"Your wife gave you that?" exclaimed the employer. "And she used to be such a shy girl!"

"So she is now," said the clerk. "She's always shy, and she never misses."—Washington Star.

Set Her Thinking.

"I dress expensively. Do you think you could do as well for me in that respect as father does?"

"Perhaps so," said the young man. "Still, I shouldn't like to go around looking as shabby as he does."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At the Boarding House.

"Is this beef too rare for you, Mr. Simpkins?"

"Well, since you ask me, Mrs. Skinner, I would like it a little oftener."—Baltimore American.

Tart Retort.

Dad—No. I won't have my daughter tied to a stupid fool for life! He—Then don't you think you'd better let me take her off your hands?—Pennsylvania State Froth.

WASHINGTON HAS PUZZLE IN WOMEN

Officials' Wives Stand Reception Strain Better Than Men.

MRS. WILSON NEVER EXCITED

After Shaking Hands With 4,226 Persons She Appears as Fresh When Her Duties Are Completed as at Start. Mrs. Lansing Only One to Leave Line Early Because of Painful Shoulder.

Washington.—"How can the women stand it?"

This was the question asked hundreds of times by the guests at the first really truly White House reception that has been given by the present administration, which recently took place.

How they did no one knows, but they did, and the new mistress of the White House, after shaking hands with 4,226 persons, appeared just as fresh and happy when her duties were completed as she had at the start. It was not a question of being buoyed up by the excitement of the occasion either, for the next morning Mrs. Wood-



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MRS. WOODROW WILSON.

row Wilson was up bright and early and at 10 o'clock was paying a friendly visit to one of her older, but close personal friends in this city.

When it came to the men the matter was different. It is safe to say that the strain of the reception was harder on the president than days of the utmost worry over the various international questions that would cause the ordinary man to come close to the breaking point of nervous energy. The members of the cabinet, though not compelled to go through the handshaking which was inflicted on the chief executive, also showed the strain, and when the end of the long line was reached were epeh and all ready to take a long rest.

Only one of the ladies of the cabinet showed any effects from her exertions. Mrs. Lansing left the line early in the evening as the result of a shoulder which she recently strained while playing golf. This brought Mrs. McAdoo to the position of second in the reception line, and she showed herself to be completely at home in the gracious manner in which she greeted her father's guests. The petite Mrs. Burleson was one of the most attractive of the women who received. Sparkling and vivacious, she appeared at the end of the evening as though ready to go through a similar experience at a moment's notice.

There was just one disappointing feature—at least to some of the guests. They did not get anything to eat. A simple supper had been prepared, but when it came to midnight none remained. The waiters had done their best, but the appetites of those in the first ranks of the crowded rooms had been too hearty, and even the attempt to divide sandwiches in halves failed to bring the needed relief.

Washington society, however, was happy again. It was the first of the old time White House functions held for years. It will be by no means the last and will be followed by a revival of dinners, receptions and other entertainments which promise great joy to many, especially to the caterers and florists, who see a return of good times after a long term of lean months in their lines of business.

SAW AND CHOP FOR CHURCH.

Wood Enough to Heat the Place For the Winter in One Day.

Columbus, Ind.—How to get wood to last the Garden City Christian church through the winter bothered some of the members of the church, which is situated two miles southwest of this city.

Then somebody suggested a "wood chopping and sawing." The members of the church turned out, cut down trees, sawed the logs into the proper lengths and then split the blocks into stove wood. Mrs. Mack Neptune, one of the members of the church, served dinner at noon. The Rev. W. H. Book, pastor of the Tabernacle Christian church of this city, used a crosscut saw a part of the day.

YOUNG FOLKS' CORNER

How Boys Bathe In Finland.

A traveler in Finland says this is the way the Finnish boys take a bath: It is very cold in Finland. The bathroom is not in the house, but in a small round building near by. In the center is a great pile of stones with space under them for making a fire, and a great vessel standing near them is filled with water. On Saturday morning wood is brought, a fire is made under the stones and some birch switches laid handy. In the evening when the stones are very hot the fire is put out, and the boys undress in their homes and run to the bathroom. As the mercury is apt to be 30 degrees below zero, they are not long on the way. They shut the door tight and begin to throw water on the stones, which makes steam arise. Then the boys take a birch switch and fall to chasing and whipping each other, and though it's very hard whipping no one objects and all think it fun. This gets up a fine circulation, and then they jump in the water for their bath, splashing out water on the stones till the place is full of steam, and, looking like a lot of boiled lobsters, they rush out, taking a roll in the snow as they make for home.—Farm Journal.

New Boy Scout Handbook.

The official handbook of the boy scout movement, of which it has been necessary to print a new edition of 100,000 copies each year for the past five years, is being revised, and the next edition will contain a good deal of information which will interest boys in the subject of safety, explaining how accidents can be avoided and how to help others avoid them at home, at school, in shops, in the street, at public gatherings, etc. It is planned to have certain safety requirements incorporated in those which scouts must meet to advance to higher grades in scouting. To assist them a safety primer will be developed, safety ideas will be presented attractively in Boys' Life, which is the scout magazine, and local and possibly national contests will be conducted on a "good safety turn" basis.

"The Bookbinder."

The following game, called the bookbinder, is a very interesting one. Let the players stand with their fists closed, knuckles up and a book laid across the back of the hands. The leader in the center of the circle must snatch a book from a pair of hands and rap the knuckles before the owner of the hands can snatch them away. If the hands are snatched away when the leader does not really take the book, thus letting the latter fall, the one making this mistake must become the bookbinder, or if the book is snatched and the knuckles rapped before they can be drawn away the person thus rapped must become the bookbinder.

A Pussy Clock.

Can you tell time by your pussycat's eyes? Go and look. If it is early morning the pupils will be quite wide open. As the light grows stronger they will grow narrow, until by noon they are only little slits. Then again toward sundown they will begin to widen out again. Just how it would be if a big, black thundercloud came up, I couldn't say. But it would be good fun to tell time by Tabby on a clear day, just as they do in China.—Picture Story Paper.

How Coal Was Named.

The name of coal was first applied only to fuel made of charred wood, or what we call charcoal. When the use of mineral coal began it was called brown coal, because at first only found along the seashore along with seaweed and other wreckage cast up by the waves and thus supposed to be of marine origin. From its resemblance in color and burning qualities to charcoal it finally received the simple name of coal.

Jimmy's Reason.

One day a teacher was trying to keep the children from being frightened during a thunderstorm by talking to them about the wonders of air, electricity, etc. "And now," she said, "can you tell me why lightning never strikes twice in the same place?" "Because," said Jimmy, confident that he was right, "after it has struck once the same place ain't there any more."

New Fire Friction Record.

A new fire by friction record among boy scouts has been established by Deputy Scout Commissioner Robert M. Yergason of Hartford, Conn. On Feb. 22 Mr. Yergason produced fire in 15.25 seconds. The time was taken from the first stroke of the bow until the flame appeared. The best previous record, 17.35 seconds, was established by Scout L. M. Knight of Newton, Mass.

New Badge For Scouts.

A badge for scout scribes has been authorized. It will consist of the tenderfoot, second class or first class pin, with two pens crossed beneath it.

English Children's May Song.

Spring is coming, spring is coming; Birdies, build your nest. Weave together straw and feather, Doing each your best.

Spring is coming, spring is coming.

Flowers are coming too. Pansies, lilies, daffodills, Now are coming through.

Spring is coming, spring is coming.

All around is fair. Shimmer and quiver on the river, Joy is everywhere.

We wish you a happy May.

HE WANTED A BATH

And, Curiously Enough, That Fact Won Him a Lot of Fame.

QUEER TALE OF A LONDON INN

The Commotion a Traveler Fresh From Australia Kicked Up in the Blue Bear Tavern by a Simple Request That Made Him an Object of Wonder.

I cherish the thought, says the author of the autobiography entitled "The Record of Nicholas Freydon," that I have become something of a tradition at the Blue Bear inn, in London, where I have reason to think I am remembered today by a now aged Boots and others—many, many others—as "the genelum as ordered a bawth."

I happened on the Blue Bear, a new arrival from Australia, and stayed there for two nights. On rising after my first sleepless night I went prowling all about the house in search of the bathroom. Finally I was routed back to my room by a newly awakened maid (in curl pins), who told me rather crossly that I could not have a "bawth" unless I ordered it "before-and." I was in a hurry to get outdoors, so I did without my bath and promised myself I would see to it later in the day.

That afternoon, footsore, tired and feeling inexplicably grimy, I interviewed the lady again and begged permission to have a bath. She was then in much brighter humor and in curls in place of pins. She promised to arrange the matter shortly and to send some one to warn me when the moment had arrived. Where could I be found?

"Oh, I'll go and undress at once," I said.

"No, don't do that, sir; I can't get a bawth all in a minute," she told me. "Perhaps you'd like to write in the smoking room."

I agreed at once and retired to the flyblown smoking room, where there was an ample choice of distraction for a writing man entitled "King's Concordance" and a Southeastern railway time table cover, very solidly fastened, but with nothing inside. Presently Boots came in, elderly and sad, but furtively bird-like both in the way he held his head on one side and in the jerky quickness of his movements.

"You the genelum as ordud er bawth?" he asked anxiously. I admitted it, and he gave a long sigh of relief.

"Oo! All right," he said, almost gladly. "I'll letcher know when it's ready."

And he hopped out. I yawned, opened the concordance and shut it again hastily, by reason of the extraordinary pungent mustiness its pages emitted. Then I went prospecting into the passage between the stairs and the private bar. Here I passed a sort of ticket office window, at which a middle aged lady sat, eating winkles from a plate with the aid of a hairpin. Her face lighted up with sudden interest as she saw me.

"Oo!" she cried with spirit. "Er you the genelum as ordud er bawth?"

Again I pleaded guilty, and with a broad, reassuring smile, as of one who should say, "Bless you, we've had visitors just as mad as you before this," she nodded her ringletted head and said: "Right you are, sir. I'll send Boots to letcher know when it's ready."

Apart from consideration of her occupation, which demanded privacy, I could not stand gazing at this lady, and so I passed on to my only refuge from the concordance room—the private bar. There was a really splendid young lady in attendance here, who smiled upon me so sweetly that I felt constrained to order a lemon squash. While I pondered, with one hand on the counter, the still smiling barmaid opened conversation brightly.

"Er you the genelum what's ordud er bawth?" she asked engagingly.

I began to feel that there must be some kind of London joke about this formula. Perhaps it is a phrase in the current comic opera, I thought. As I hung indifferently waiting I heard a voice in the passage outside and recognized it as belonging to that elderly bird, Boots.

"No; I ain't a-wastin' uv me time," it said. "I'm a-lookin' fer some one. I ordud er bawth anywhere abart, 'ave yer?"

Fearful lest further delay should lead to the bricking up of the bathroom or to a crier's being sent round the town for the "genelum" and so forth, I hastened out almost into the arms of the retainer and forcibly checked him as he began on an interrogative note to cheep out. "You the genelum as ordud er?"

Coming from a country where, even in the poorest workman's house, the bathroom at all events is always in commission, I was especially struck by this incident, more especially when an hour later I heard the chambermaid cry out over the banisters:

"Mibell! The genelum as ordud er bawth sez 'e'll 'ave a chop wiv 'is tea!"

A Survival.

Grubbs—Humanity has improved wonderfully in the last 2,000 years. For example, we have no such person nowadays as the professional gladiator.

"Oh, I don't know. There's the professional chauffeur."—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

Deliberate with caution, but act with decision and yield with graciousness or oppose with firmness.—Colton.

SUICIDE CHANGED MIND.

Taste of Carbolic Acid Showed Smith He Didn't Want to Die.

Indianapolis.—Edward G. Smith, aged twenty-five, of 652 North Jefferson avenue, decided to commit suicide, but quickly changed his mind after he had tasted a small quantity of carbolic acid.

The customary fateful note, in which he attributed his despondency to a quarrel with his wife, was found in his pocket.

Smith staged his attempt at suicide in a drug store at Illinois and Washington streets. After the clerk had sold him the acid he turned around and held the upturned bottle to his lips. A moment later he gave out a shriek, threw the bottle and remaining bit of acid at the clerk and then fell against the counter. An ambulance took him to the city hospital.

Physicians at the hospital said that Smith's tongue was slightly burned, but that he had not swallowed any of the acid.

ONE LOOK WAS ENOUGH.

Farmer Fleece When He Seen Bride by Mail Get Off Train.

Kansas City.—When Timothy Riley, farmer, got one look at his bride to be the romance was "busted." Riley drove his brand new farm wagon up in front of the Union station, hitched the team and then stood guard at the exit door.

He wore a red carnation, by which sign the bride to be was to know him, all the love making having been done by mail. The bride, who was to have come from Nevada, was to wear a Palm Beach suit.

A few moments later a Palm Beach suit, garnished with numerous boxes and bundles, hove in sight. Riley took one look, snatched the carnation from his buttonhole and fled. The bride to be appeared to be fully twenty years older than he, which probably was the excuse for his hasty flight.

"TIPPERARY" SUNG IN LATIN IN NEW YORK

Night Pupils and Professor Collaborate on Songs.

New York.—You can't keep a good song down. When it has been translated into all the living languages it takes up the dead.

If whoever wrote "Tipperary" will visit the New York evening school in De Witt Clinton high school, Tenth avenue and Fifty-ninth street, he will hear there almost any night this lyric hit—and wonder what has happened to the darling of his brain:

Longa via ad Tipperarium.
Longa via ibo;
Longa via ad Tipperarium,
Ad puellam quam cognosco.

Vale Picidiumum.
Vale Leicaster Forum
Longa via est ad Tipperarium
Ibi est cor meum.

Also, if he listens longer, he will hear "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier" and the other songs of the moment done into the purest Latin of Manhattan.

The explanation, if he asks one, is that Professor Horace C. Wait, teacher of Latin in both De Witt Clinton high and the evening school, has discovered the way to interest his pupils is to bring Latin up to date. Of course, Caesar's legions may have sung the same song as they realized how far it was from London town to Ireland, but even so, thinks Professor Wait, to put "Tipperary" into Horace's tongue brings the past more in line with the present.

For several sessions lately the boys and the professor have collaborated on the translations of popular songs and then have sung them to detect imperfections in the rhythm. They will continue to adapt Broadway's best singing songs to the Appian Way as long as the songs and the Latin verbs hold out.

As for "Tipperary," even the German lads in the class join in on the "Ad puellam quam cognosco."

GIVES ADVICE IN WILL.

Among Many Items Testator Admonishes Children to Be Upright.

Winchester, Ind.—The will of James Tobin, a Union City resident, who died recently, has been filed here for probate in the circuit court. Among the many items the testator admonishes his children to walk uprightly and says: "In making this last will and testament and in making this disposition of my property, I beg to leave this advice and admonition to my children; and to each of them:

"First.—Love, honor and obey your mother.

"Second.—Be faithful to your religion.

"Third.—Love one another.

"Fourth.—Be honest, upright and truthful."

Eighty Chickens in Pie.

Pomona, Cal.—In order to feed 350 members of the Loyal Men's Bible class of the First Christian church at a banquet Rev. C. R. Hudson had a local restaurant bake eighty hens in a chicken pie four feet wide, one hen deep and eleven feet long.

Paid \$2,000 in Bounties.

Salem, Ore.—For 20,000 gopher and mole scalps, which were brought into the office of County Clerk Gehlbard residents of Marion county received \$2,000.