

THE GREAT KNIGHTS TEMPLAR DEMONSTRATION AT CHICAGO

(By John R. Gair.)

Knights Templar representing Scotland, England, Ireland, Canada and the United States assembled in Chicago last week. My estimation of the numbers of humbly men, women and children, with the numerous commanderies from the different states of the Union, and Canada, Scotland, England and Ireland, would be little inside three-quarters of a million.

Chicago papers say 500,000. I would safely say a few hundred thousand more. There have been many large gatherings in this city, but this of Knights Templar surpasses and eclipses them all.

Chicago is a fast growing and beautiful city, and I predict ere many years will not only be the largest and leading city in the Union, but may, I go further and say, be the largest city in the world, because for miles north, south and west, it is expanding rapidly. The population is increasing rapidly also. I will eliminate the east, as Lake Michigan stops her land acreage, but the people come from the east, as they do from the other three corners, and when the multitudes kept surging onto the lake front, Michigan avenue, on Tuesday morning early, to be sure of seats in the grand stand, I tell you it was a marvellous sight.

Michigan avenue, or the lake front, it not what it was even fifteen years ago; the magnificence of the costly structures erected, and those being erected. But on that day, Tuesday, the 9th of August, 1910, will be to thousands, nay, more, millions, a day memorable. We forgot for the moment, or the day, the gigantic buildings, their beautiful architecture, and we are gazing intently on the Templar commanderies as they march past that deluge of humanity in the grand stand, and the other deluge along the avenue on the opposite side from the stand. To look south from the museum along the grand stand, extending to the Illinois Central depot, was a sight worth coming many miles to see alone.

I have witnessed many gatherings. I have seen enormous crowds, but this magnificent display of humanity well to be truthful, the fact is, 'tis inexpressible, to say the least; 'twas heavenly.

I had the honor of a front seat, and got a fine view of the many commanderies, their bands, etc. Their music was excellent; the procession and time of the march would be a credit to the regulars. I saw the Queen's Own or the Black Watch. After an hour's waiting with the rest of the throng, I heard the first gun go. Then the Toronto Klitties, headed by their fine pipers' band, came marching

along. Do not say there is no Scottish blood in Chicago, for all around me men, women and children stood up, cheered, waved their flags and handkerchiefs. "Ay, but isn't that grand and lovely!" "Oh, quit that talk, and look at our Klitties and listen to the pipers!" The sight of the Highlanders, the auld tunes of the bagpipes, the auld style drumming, worked up the hearts of the Scotch to real Scottish blood enthusiasm.

One old lady, surrounded by a gay lot of bonnie lasses, wearing Royal Stuart plaids, shouted, "O, my heart's in the Highlands."

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here; My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer; Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe; My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go."

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the north, The birthplace of valor, the country of the brave.

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove, The hills of the Highlands forever I love." —Robert Burns.

So during the short time the brave Klitties took in marching past the tremendous lines of people of all nations, they all seemed to enjoy and appreciate the boys in the kilts, the pipers and their music. The cheering was loud and enthusiastic, and well did the noble boys deserve it. One band of one of the commanderies took my attention. It was a colored one. They were playing as they came opposite where I sat the Portuguese Hymn; from that they started "Annie Laurie."

The air, coming from a colored band, brought forth a burst of applause all along the line, as far as it could be heard. So much for "Annie Laurie" so finely executed by the negro band. The Knights Templar certainly had the freedom of the city. They made themselves at home, enjoyed themselves, and were hospitably treated by the citizens of all classes, denominations and creeds, and it's a well-known fact that Chicago is famed for her fine treatment and hospitalities all the world over.

The manner in which the preparations for the receptions and accommodations of the visiting Knights, their wives, sons, daughters and sweet-

hearts, was amazingly complete, and beautiful, and the Windy City by the lake and her congenial and hospitable citizens will be lasting remembrances to those who participated.

I was very much struck with the music of the hundreds of bands in parades. It is not often you would hear so much sacred music; while some of the hymns were played I could hear women all around singing the choruses with the bands. The Portuguese Hymn seemed to be one of the favorites, and to my knowledge I counted eleven bands that played it passing the grand stand. Another hymn, I only heard one play it, reminded me of my boyhood days in Bonnie Scotland, as the temperance meetings I had sung it in our big choir. It was, "Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul; touch not the cup, touch it not." The band that played it may call it another name, but the air is the same as we used to sing to it, and these are the words beginning the verses. As they marched past to the tune, men and women all around me rose up and clapped joyously; men uncovered with some of them, and I heard in appreciation of it, "Fine, fine, glorious, beautiful." It is natural to suppose those dear ones were temperance people, but not prohibitionists, for I had the extreme pleasure of conversing with some of them, and all I found in the same category: "I believe in temperance. We preach temperance, not prohibition, for we know it will never prohibit. We want to lead men, not to drive them."

"One other thing struck me very forcibly. It was the sight of intemperate men. No matter what part of the city you might be walking, you would notice groups of men and women talking of the grand parade, the grand evolutions on the marching grounds, but, least but not least, the grand and glorious sunny weather which the weather bureau gave us.

On Tuesday, the 9th, the full and most important part of the great concert programme, the programme, about 2:30, a slight thunder-shower came down and lasted for about fifteen minutes. For that short time, as far as the eye could see, one would imagine it was a solid umbrella covering a few hundred thousand people.

The sight to me was amusing and cheering. Why, the agile youth came out of the water almost as fresh as the water itself. After a two-mile swim, being an enthusiastic Scotchman, I had hard work from keeping yelling out, "Hurrah for Scotland! Three cheers for McGillivray!" but the mixture of nationalities told me to keep "ma mouth" closed, and I did.

The only serious attempt at fatalities was the throwing of an acid bottle, of course, filled with dangerous explosive chemicals, at a lady and gentleman riding in a taxicab, with a non-union man driving it. The thrower was captured and will be severely punished, as the lady was badly burned, her dress being ignited, and her husband badly burned in his endeavor to extinguish the flames. All wearing apparel being packed and sent away, new apparel had to be purchased for her. Also a Templar was crushed to death under a trolley car opposite the Palmer House.

Sunday was a lazy, lazy, daisy day. Hundreds of the left-over Templars, church services, and thousands, I must assume, went automobileing, taking in the city's sights, which are many and beautiful. No doubt, after all is over, and after a good refreshing sleep, these over-stops will get back to their homes and families, and be spinning millions of stories of what Chicago is, what they have seen, and, last, but not least, how they've been treated. The mode of travel during the great congregate was not soon to be forgotten by Mr. Cuthbertson, of the weather bureau. I am sure, is getting his well-deserved votes of thanks.

Now, Mr. Cuthbertson, send us all the rain you can, for, you know, we need it. You have been promising showers for many weeks now. All went by default, so try and do a wee bit better quick.

Chicago, Aug. 15, 1910.

STORIES ABOUT COBRAS

Their Power Over Birds—Making a Snake Dance—Snake Charmers' Methods.

A delusion which is often found in story books is the power of fascination which cobras are said to exercise toward birds. On the contrary, in at least two instances I saw cobras chased by birds, writes a correspondent of the Spolia Zeylandica, a Ceylon paper. One case happened in 1896, near Hoorana. I was returning to my camp about 3 p.m. when I saw a group of people gazing at the top of a large breadfruit tree. I asked them what they were looking at, and they told me that a snake was fighting an intruder into its nest situated near the top of the tree. The crowd was circling close quarters and pecking hard at the nest, cawing loudly all the time. The nest was at some forty feet above ground.

Presently a snake came out of the nest and started climbing down the tree, with the crow in hot pursuit behind it, pecking at it all the time, the snake hissing back at it again with loud refuge about ten feet down into a clump of dead ferns, from which it was chased out by the crow, and it came from branch to branch until it reached a large horizontal one, which stretched out about twenty feet.

Here the snake was at great disadvantage, as it could not turn upon the crow. The latter seemed to know it, and its tactics were splendid. It would peck hard near the spine close to the tail and then peck near its neck. At each peck pieces of the snake's skin were torn, and the snake would stop; but as soon as it started moving the crow would peck at it again with extraordinary surety of aim. After fully fifteen minutes on the branch two large patches had been torn out of the snake, which was evidently getting exhausted.

On Sunday morning in February, 1892, two Indian snake charmers came to my small bungalow at Hanwell. They had three snakes with them and proceeded to make them dance as usual. I stopped them and told them I had seen all that before and asked them whether they could compel a wild snake to dance, and if so whether they could catch one for the purpose. One of them expressed his willingness to do so. Ten days previously I had chased a cobra of the species called by the natives "Tom-tom beater," i.e., the black cobra with the red spectacle mark on its hood. The snake, I believe, think that

they are reincarnations of low caste natives; hence its name. It is certainly fiercer and more active than the common brown cobra.

I had noticed at the time that it had taken refuge in an ant hill near the edge of the paddy field which formed one boundary of the new clearing upon which my bungalow stood, and situated about 200 feet from it. I had assured him that a snake almost certainly occupied the hole he squatted down opposite to it and started blowing into a reed pipe which gave a sound similar to that of a bagpipe.

After a long time, when I had almost given up the idea of the snake being there still, the cobra protruded its head about an inch out of the hole in order presumably to see what was going on; the charmer pounced upon it, and seizing the head of the snake between his thumb and two fingers so that it could not open its mouth he pulled it out of the white ants' nest and brought it to the bungalow.

He then tried to make it dance by holding a small piece of white rot above its head. The snake tried to escape several times, but was brought back and again made to dance. I had noticed before. I then asked the charmer what he would do if he happened to get bitten by a wild snake. He told me that he did not mind it, as he had a certain medicine which would prevent any ill effects.

"Then, more as a joke than anything else, I promised him 5 rupees if he would allow himself to be stung by the snake he had just caught, fully believing that he would never attempt the feat. But before I could stop him he had seized the snake by the back and had thrust the forefinger of his right hand deep in its mouth, and when he withdrew it there were two punctures on each side of the second joint. Both punctures were bleeding slightly.

"He at once handed over the cobra to his companion, who immediately shut him up into the snake basket, and the charmer promptly went out from his waist cloth a piece of charred bone, well known as the snake stone, which he applied at once to the two punctures. He then waited for some minutes, and then said that the back of his hands standing out like knotted strings.

"After a couple of minutes or so the stone dropped down and he then told me that he had extracted all the poison, and calling for a small coconut shell full of milk he dropped the stone into it; in a moment, after a considerable amount of bubbling there came to the surface a certain amount of an

olly looking liquid pale straw in color. "In order to test whether the wounds on his knuckle had been produced by the fangs or whether they were due to scratching by the back teeth, I called for a small chicken, of which I had a certain number in my fowl run, and making a small incision of its leg, I dipped a feather into the oily liquid and rubbed it into the incision. The chicken died within ten minutes, with all the symptoms of snake bite. I then paid the man the amount agreed upon."

MARRYING THE DEAF.

"How to notify a deaf person who is getting married when it is time to make the responses puzzles every clergyman," a curate said. "If a person is only slightly deaf I can make him hear by raising my voice, or if he is afraid to depend upon his ears a nod tells him when it is his turn to say something. But I married a couple the other day who distrusted both ears and nods."

"Said the bridegroom: 'Mary is very

deaf. When it comes time for her to say, 'I do,' will you pinch her?" "I suggested that it might be advisable for the bridegroom to do the pinching, but he declined on the ground that he might make a mistake and pinch at the wrong time."

"It's all right," he said. "I have explained it to her. She will understand."

"And apparently she did, for at every nip at her forehead she gave the required responses."—New York Sun.

EDUCATIONAL CIGARS.

The school committee was in executive session. There were many problems for sober consideration as the schools of the district gathered in thoughtful consideration, says an official connected with headquarters on Mason street. Schoolhouse Custodian Mulvey, who does not use tobacco in any form, entered with a handful of cigars and distributed them as gifts to four of the five members present.

"Thank you," was the response from each as a neat bundle of the weed was passed to him. Soon matches were applied, and smoke and a mysteriously suspicious odor floated in the air. A minute or two elapsed. The chairman had removed his cigar from his mouth and was looking at it long and thoughtfully.

Joseph Lee, who does not smoke, sat silently gazing into space, wondering how men can.

Dr. Scannell was puffing and frowning furiously. George Brock was the first to break the silence, holding his cigar at a secure distance from his nostrils: "I wonder what kind of cigar this is?" he asked.

It was J. P. Magenis who responded as he quizzically surveyed the roll of tobacco between his fingers. "That," said he, "is a Manila cigar." "How can you tell?" asked the doubtful Brock.

"Readily," replied Magenis, "I recognize it by the taste of the rope."—Boston Evening Record.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER IN THE PRAIRIE PROVINCES



AN EPISODE OF PREMIER LAURIER'S TOUR. At Yorkton a bodyguard of lads dressed in sailor uniform, escorted Sir Wilfrid Laurier through the streets and encircling him on the platform, at an opportune moment sang "Rule, Britannia." From such as these will be trained the force that will man Canada's navy.

ABDUL HAMID'S 746 WIVES

Turkish Government Gives Pensions To Them All—Piquant Discussion.

Abdul Hamid's wives continue to be a source of perplexity to the Turkish Government. Their number was estimated not to exceed 200, including female slaves of all ranks, but the ministry of finance found itself confronted by claims from 746 women who demanded from the ex-Sultan's successor compensation to the tune of \$800,000.

The Government refused to pay this sum but proposed that the chamber should sanction an arrangement by which the women of the harem for a period of ten years should receive monthly pensions ranging from \$4 25 to \$21 25, which, even in frugal Turkey, is a pretty meagre subsistence. The Turkish deputies, however, still thought the ministry overgenerous.

Some of the extreme left shouted: "Why don't you get them married off?" whereupon the finance minister retorted that the women were alone and homeless widows and according to Turkish custom could not expect to attract husbands among the faithful. Other deputies suggested that as the women came mostly from Asia Minor or Albania they should be sent back to their native provinces to be cared for locally.

Here the members for the provinces concerned jumped up and pointed out indignantly that the families of these women had received good money for them by selling them to Yildiz Kiosk and that the local authorities could not now be expected to provide for their maintenance. Other deputies again firmly refused to do anything at all for the ex-Sultan's grass widows so long as wives and mothers of Ottoman soldiers who had bled for their country were living in dire poverty.

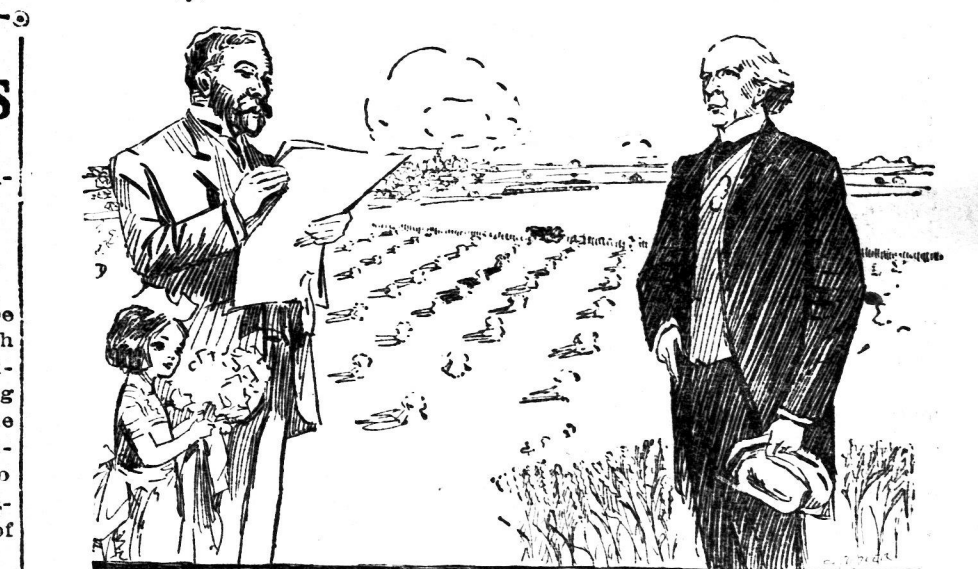
Finally a small majority was found for the Government's project and so the women of the harem may look forward to receiving their little pension, all events until 1920.

CURIOS "PIGEON ORCHESTRA."

Among the curious objects illustrating a peculiar and little known musical custom of the Chinese which were recently obtained by the oriental explorer, Dr. Berthold Laufer, for the Museum of Natural History, New York, are some quaint "pigeon whistles." These ingenious musical instruments are decided novelties in their way and are said to be the only ones ever brought out of the Celestial Empire. The whistles, very light, weighing hardly a few grams, are attached to the tails of young pigeons soon after their birth by means of fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind blowing through the whistles sets them vibrating, and thus produces a melodious open-air concert, for the instruments in one and the same flock are all tuned differently.

The explanation of this odd custom which the Chinese offer is not very satisfactory. According to them these whistles are intended to keep the flock together and to protect the pigeons from attacks of birds of prey. A more practical and correct interpretation, however, is thought to be that it is merely the music-loving ear of the Chinese which feasts on and derives esthetic pleasure from the wind-blown tunes of this curious "pigeon orchestra."—Wide World Magazine.

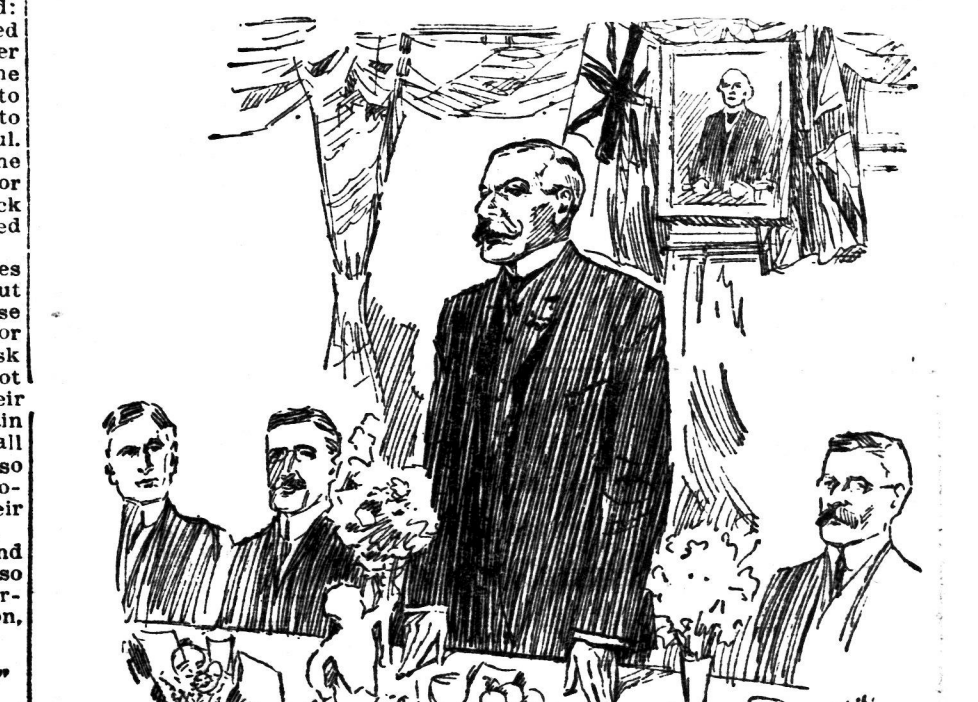
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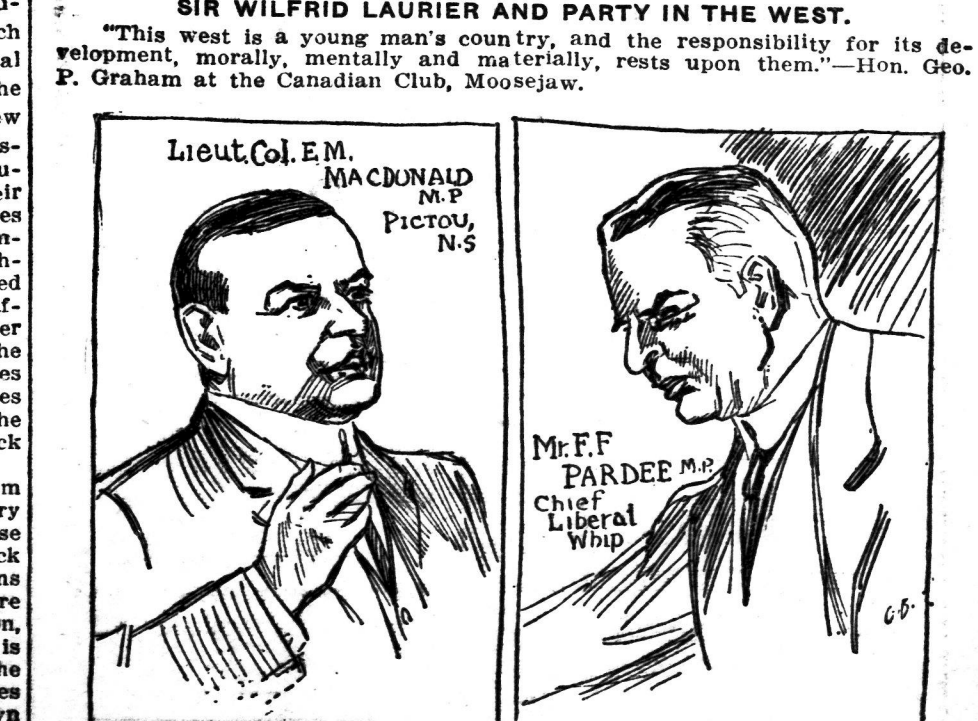
THE PREMIER'S WESTERN TOUR—THE PROSPEROUS WEST. At the many newer and smaller towns the stops are necessarily brief. The Premier speaks from the platform of his car, or, where the schedule permits, a longer meeting is held from a temporarily erected stand nearby.

The mayor reads an address, patriotic, optimistic, contrasting the prosperity of the community today with its condition at the time of Sir Wilfrid's visit sixteen years ago.

The prettiest little girl presents a bouquet, the Premier replies to the address, short speeches from other members of the party, cheers for Sir Wilfrid and the King, and "All aboard!" again.—Artist's Note.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER AND PARTY IN THE WEST. "This west is a young man's country, and the responsibility for its development, morally, mentally and materially, rests upon them."—Hon. Geo. P. Graham at the Canadian Club, Moosejaw.



SIR WILFRID LAURIER'S WESTERN TOUR. Sketches of two of the speakers who were accompanying the Premier on his visit to the west. Mr. MacDonald, as will be noticed, has parted with his mustache since starting on his journey.

A DAY AT THE GRAND PRIX

Picturesque Parisian Crowd at the Race—Spectators in Balloons.

An Englishman's description of this year's Grand Prix, the greatest of French horse races, enlivens the pages of a recent number of the Saturday Review.

"All Paris," he says, "is on its way to Longchamps to see the great spectacle of the year, the most picturesque function of the world, the climax of the Grande Semaine, which leaves fashionable Paris enervate and gasping for sea air."

"The boulevards are impassable with a swift stream of cabs, motor cars, omnibuses and chrys-a-buses, and the people who cannot afford to ride cheerfully walk. The cochers are rude and demand impossible prices. They refuse to bargain: 'C'est le Grand Prix'!" "Confound those robbers!" exclaims a friend from London. Let us join the crowd. So we make a risky plunge from an island into the stream of vehicles, and clamber on to a passing wagonette, a huge thing with six prancing horses. The boy on the step is at our side in a moment.

"Five francs," says he, firmly determined that there shall be no chance of escape or room for argument. He proceeds to go the whole round of the rolling vehicle, hanging precariously onto the side, and protests arise everywhere.

"A young lady travelling alone refuses to pay. 'It is an outrage,' she protests. 'Five francs! Here are three.' The boy is brusque. 'Five francs, or will you take yourself down?' The young lady consults her purse—and get down. 'Bloodsucker!' she cries from the road.

"On we go, avoiding the racing stream of motor cars and smart equipages up the Champs Elysees, and taking a roundabout route along the quays of the Seine. Racegoers, stout papas in Panamas and stout mammas in feathers haul us from time to time, climb on board breathlessly and fall into the trap."

"Five francs! C'est une infamie!" "Non! C'est le Grand Prix!" returns the boy. They are too tired to get down, and their new yellow boots are tight; so we roll on with a full load at last through Auteuil and on to Longchamps.

"A franc at the gate, and we pass the little soldiers on guard, and enter the pelouse where tens of thousands of Parisians in family groups crowd round the booths of the pari-mutuel (the betting booths), or eat sandwiches on the grass, or sand little Pierre and little Marthe not to stray. We push through the multitude—where hearts are beating high at the thought of what may hang on a five-franc bet—and, paying another nineteen francs, enter the race. Here is quite another Paris. The President has just arrived, and, with republican simplicity, the world of fashion is clustered round his box."

"There are mannequins (dressmakers' models) in wonderful costumes from the Rue de la Paix. These are real ladies dressed so wonderfully that it is impossible to tell them from the mannequins. At the booth where only 240 bets are taken a long top-hatted line is waiting patiently; Frenchmen and Englishmen all dressed correctly, and with only an occasional American breaking away from strict convention and wearing a soft hat and whatever else he pleases. Officers in brilliant uniforms are everywhere. On the flower-studded lawn, under the trees, beautiful women are chatting."

"Time passes, and the first races begin. The great event is at hand, the race for the biggest prize ever offered, and the air is full of rumors. Everybody has a 'sure thing,' but everybody really is in the dark, and the dimly betting slips issued from the pari-mutuel reveal nothing. The Frenchmen are troubled about the English horses, and the Englishmen do not know what to think. But gold pours into the pari-mutuel all the time, and the officials peering through their little windows are impassive and inscrutable."

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"So the crowd looks at the parade of horses, wonders who is the charming lady talking to the president, and crowds to the skyline on the top of the grandstands to see the great race. It is impossible to move an inch, but the view is wonderful. The earth seems to be full of people, and the air is dotted with a dozen balloons. Over from the forts at Mont Valerien, which barked too long and vainly at the Germans during the siege, a great military airship comes, manoeuvring against the wind."

"But we do not envy the spectators in the air. The clouds, which have peppered us before, now break in real earnest just as the horses are prancing in the air, and the rain comes down in a sheet. On the pelouse tens of thousands of umbrellas shoot up together, and the earth seems to be hidden under a square mile of tortoiseshell, shifting uneasily in the heavy downpour."

"On the grandstands it is a massacre of silk hats. Thousands of people struggle to raise their umbrellas, and then with the view of the course completely blotted out the shout goes 'They're off!' And then another cry, an angry shout, arises: 'A bas les parapluies!' ('Down with the umbrellas!') The great race is being run and nobody can see it."

"A bas les parapluies!" becomes a sustained roar. An old French gentleman, a bon sportsman of 70, who has no umbrella, foams with rage. 'Mon Dieu!' he shouts, 'does one come to the Grand Prix to look at umbrellas? A bas les parapluies!' Umbrellas drop one by one, although the pitiless rain continues, and at last through a sheet of falling water we dimly discern the horses scampering on the horizon."

"The old gentleman, however, is no better off. One umbrella remains aloft, and it is just in front. A young man, wearing a bowler hat, holds it. His is the only bowler hat in the solid ranks of dripping toppers. 'Mon Dieu!' the old gentleman shouts again, 'did I come here to see your umbrella? It is already rag. You with a sacre chapeau melon—!'"

"Another roar goes up. The field in a bunch is coming round into the straight. There is a medley of cries, and among all those excited thousands the old gentleman is the only one who cannot see the horses as they race to the post. It is too much. 'I have 500 francs on Negofol,' he screams, 'and I will see him win!' The young man under the umbrella rounds on him. 'Go, old fellow!' he says, and turns to the horses again. It is the end. The old gentleman leaps upon his compatriot, grips him by the throat, punches him hard, and as the horses thunder past the post the two disappear."

"The crisis over, the people pick them up, and pull them apart. 'What has won?' asks the old gentleman. 'Verdun,' we reply. The old gentleman, a dollar torn, his cheek scratched, his trousers all mud, lifts his battered silk hat. 'A bas le Grand Prix!' he cries."