

STRAIGHT FROM THE ARK STEPPED THE ALBANIANS

Something of the Sturdy Race
That Is Fighting the
Turk.

There are 33 letters in the Turkish alphabet, and there are 33,000 Albanians up in arms and bidding defiance to the whole Ottoman Empire rather than adopt these characters in place of their old Latin Alphabet. Salonika and Smyrna are filled with soldiers; two additional brigades are being rushed on from Constantinople; mountain batteries are being got in readiness; supplies are being rushed in; and the unappealing Turk is kicking his heels in anticipation of an orgy of butchery—all because a clannish little mountain people refuse to have its children taught a new style of handwriting.

Patriotism with a vengeance! Yes, but back of this trivial pretext for war lies a long story of oppression, humiliation and double-dealing. If blood almost flowed in America when the Latin language was introduced into the schools, and the spelling reform almost precipitated a new war of the rebellion, small wonder that the Albanians stand ready to resist this invasion of a new alphabet with a thousand men to every letter.

These mountain men have always been stiff-necked. As long ago as the time of the Caesars they put their thumbs to their noses and invited the rest of the world to come on. Under the leadership of Pyrrhus they raised a terrible fuss, and well-nigh upset all the existing geographical conditions. Two-thirds of the expletives in the Latin language were coined by the poets and historians to apply to these hardy fighters, who in those ancient times went by the name of Illyrians. Their country lies only about 50 miles from the Italian peninsula, where the Adriatic is narrowest, on a line with the heel of the boot, but they were never nice neighbors to have around; yet, though the Roman emperors were willing to issue a search warrant and a writ of ejectment to any budding warrior who wanted to win his spurs, all the armed constables, in legions assembled, couldn't get more than a half-score of miles back from the seashore before they were glad enough to turn about and run for it. The Illyrians were good runners, too, and it was always a merry race to see who got to the boats first. The most the Romans ever accomplished was to shanghai the pirate ports and scuttle the fleet of the Illyrian buccaners.

Now all this happened hundreds of years before the name Turk ever heard of in that part of the world. Therefore the Albanians, direct offspring of the Illyrians, have some pride of birth.

A Proud Race.
They have a certain pride of race, too. They are the oldest people on earth. (The Armenians, the Slavs and some others make the same claim, but no matter.) Straight out of the ark they stepped, and naturally they step high. An unutterable loathing they have for the Turk, who after all is only a Tartar, a yellow-skin adventurer who pushed his way to the Adriatic some thousands of years after the Albanians, the Illyrians, or what one chooses to call them, had settled and populated that fertile region. An equal loathing they feel toward his ally, the Greek, who ever heard of in that part of the world. Therefore the Albanians, direct offspring of the Illyrians, have some pride of birth.

As far as religion is concerned, the

Arabic writing is well enough. It is a tenet of Islam that every good Muslim should be able to read the Koran in Arabic, and Turkish is Arabic so far as the alphabet is concerned. Inasmuch as half the inhabitants of Albania are Moslems, the Arabic script is familiar enough. But what will do for religion won't do for textbooks; and that other half of the population, the Christian, doesn't propose to let the official alphabet of the creed of Islam become the official alphabet of their country as well. So it is evident that there are many reasons for the warlike state of affairs. And the Albanians would rather fight than eat, anyway.

At one of the indignation meetings at Berat recently, there were about 15,000 persons present. After addresses and music, a number of grammars and alphabets in Arabic characters were collected, piled on a platform and burned amid wild expressions of joy. One of the most progressive of the Albanian towns is Koritza, the centre of agitation. Students there left the Turkish schools because they would not study their letters in Arabic text-books. Their teachers protested vainly that Constantinople had issued strict orders forbidding the use of Latin characters. Thereupon followed one of the greatest public demonstrations that ever took place in Albania. Delegations came to Koritza from all over the country. Thirty thousand men vowed to shed their last drop of blood in defence of the Latin alphabet. And, entrenched in the mountain fastnesses near Pristene, they are still swearing to make good their vow.

About 30 years ago a grammar of the ancient Albanian language was printed at Constantinople. It was composed of Latin and some Greek characters, with a few specially-in-

vented letters. Abdul Hamid heard of the book. He forthwith ordered it seized and destroyed. In Northern Albania, however, too far away for the sultan's arm to reach, the books were printed, and with some modification, the same alphabet is still being used by missionaries and Bible societies. One of the interesting stories concerning the effort of the Albanians to keep their printed language is that of a student who devoted almost all his life to making a dictionary. He travelled from village to village and collected more than 40,000 words; and when he died, he bequeathed his work to a friend. This friend was offered 2,000 francs for the manuscript, but when he turned it over to the prospective buyer he was denounced to the Turks and jailed for two years. No one knows where the dictionary went. If it ever comes to light it will prove an important factor in establishing the language.

The Albanians are particularly wroth against Turkey, because they feel that the Young Turk party has not given them a square deal. Some of the best fighting men in the reformers' ranks were Albanians, and they were promised as a reward an educational system, so that as a constitution should be granted. But they found that, when the revolution was ended, the Young Turks did not regard them any longer as equals. But at last to the insistent demands of the Albanians, the Turkish Government offered to establish schools, in which the Albanian language was to be taught. That was a day of great rejoicing.

The celebration, however, scarcely subsided when they were told that, although they were to have their own language for use in the schools, it must be printed in Arabic characters. Turmoil burst forth at once. Several efforts have been made by the Turks to effect a compromise without success. The Albanians have given their "Bessa," they have sworn to stand by their language and their last drop of blood in its defence. It is to be a real war for an alphabet.

MAY DAY AT THE DOG OFFICE

Dog Talk the Only Introduction
Needed Between Strangers
There.

The liveliest time of the year at the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals building at Madison avenue and Twenty-Sixth street is around May 1, the date for the renewal of dog licenses, says the New York Sun. This is due to the fact that thousands of dog owners go there in person to secure the renewal of the licenses of their pets.

On one recent morning young and pretty women in gorgeous picture hats were there rubbing shoulders with working women who wore no hats at all. Occasionally a small boy popped up in the line and expressed a desire to fill out an application to join the Junior Defenders, an organization now 200,000 strong. Women who had never before exchanged confidences respecting the points, breeds, cute tricks, narrow escapes, etc., of their dogs. In most cases the only introduction necessary was to talk dog.

A poor German woman with a shawl over her shoulders and minus a hat beamed delightedly when some one complimented her lively fox terrier pup and launched volubly into his history.

"He is only eight months old," she said proudly, "and he is nearly as smart as my mother was when she died. I had her thirteen years."

Comic Pups.
"Has he torn up your last bonnet yet?" the admirer asked.

"Yah, yah," laughed the woman in high good humor. "But he knows better now. He hides my shoes though. I can't stop him from doing that."

Every now and then a mild thrill of excitement went the rounds as dogs of rival breeds, hastily yanked past each other by their owners, growled their distaste at the encounter.

A timid-looking woman joined the line, leading a sky terrier on a leash. Friskily along he went, sure to get into trouble when I leave him alone."

Friskily, peering out from his tangle of gray wisps, wagged his tail joyously quite unashamed.

The Story of Dick.
Over in a corner a woman who had got a license told two other women the story of Dick.

"Yes, I haven't recovered from the scare yet," she said. "There he was in Morningside Park running from side to

side and up and down in a queer way he has when lost, and which made a woman who was walking there with her little girl rush out to tell a policeman there was a mad dog in the park. On the way she told every person she met the same story, each in turn spreading the news till men and boys began to arrive from every direction and several policemen came up at top speed. Naturally Dick's excitement got more nervous every minute, and but for the help of a dear, kind woman, who saw his plight from a window, he would not be alive now. Noticing that a policeman had been certain that unless some one got there pretty soon to take his part he would be shot. She got there.

"That dog isn't any more mad than I am," she assured a policeman. "He's been lost for hours probably and he is very nervous. That's all."

"She coaxed Dick to her and out of the park and got him a big bowl of water at the nearest house, which he gulped to the last drop. Then what do you suppose Dick did? Stretched out on his hind legs, put his paws on the woman's shoulders and tried to lick her face."

Dick's mistress choked a little here and the listeners felt for their pocket handkerchiefs.

"Yes," she concluded, "Dick's address was on his collar and a policeman took him to the station house and sent me word."

A well-dressed woman with a tipped nose and projecting chin in tow of a dog that looked like a cross between a bull and a pug walked briskly into the corridor and got in line.

"My," commented the woman in front, "to another dog that has a wonderful likeness between them."

"Wonderful," the other replied, "but you often see women who look a good deal like their dogs. For instance, take that dachshund over there. Isn't his mistress got the same long face and placid, kind eyes?"

"Why, of course, and look at that girl with the Boston bull!" the other agreed laughingly. "I wonder if I look like our new collie."

"Two dollars for a first license," interrupted the man at the window, "for renewals."

The woman handed over \$2 and passed along to another window around a corner to get the license paper and tag.

A woman who neither wrote nor spoke English very well laboriously struggled with an application blank at a desk for high degrees of interest.

She succeeded in getting it done to her liking. Approaching the window she laid it down with \$2 and passed along to the next window, looking relieved and scared.

"Schneider," said the clerk tentatively, holding out a Schneider license. "That woman has her head bent."

"Not Schneider, Bloomberg is my name."

"But the blank you passed in is signed Schneider. We have no Bloomberg application."

The woman began to weep. She had paid her \$2 and no license was forthcoming. The clerk's eyes grew pathetic. Out came a basket near which the woman had filled out the blank, picking up torn licenses and matching the pieces to discover if names had been signed. The name was Bloomberg. Yes, near the bottom of the basket there it was, and the woman wiped her eyes and smiled when the clerk explained that in her confusion she had torn up her own application and picked up the discarded application of someone else.

Saturday, April 30, 1,200 persons applied for licenses. Monday, May 2, 1,500 were in line between the opening and closing hour, which explained in part how one dishonest man to profit by the mistake of a working woman just ahead of her," said a clerk.

The second woman handed in a \$2 bill along with the old license and as I turned away my eye was attracted by a dog and get the change, she moved along to the next window without waiting for her \$4, which was paid by the dog owner. The dog was a small, fat, black and white terrier and who disappeared before I knew what was happening.

"Yes, the loss was made good to the poor woman, for I also was partly to blame."

"About 45,000 dog licenses were taken out in Greater New York last year and the figures may go a trifle over that this year," said the general manager. "When the dog license law went into operation about fifteen years ago the society earned the gratitude of all dog lovers. The city dog pound was abolished and the dog pirates who used to travel the streets stealing every dog they could lay their hands on were out of a job."

In place of the pound a shelter for animals was erected at One Hundred and Second street and East River, where homeless and unwanted animals are sent to be put humanely out of the way.

Indigent women even are sometimes careless about getting a license for a dog and seem to have a hazy idea of what this provision means to dog. They forget that licenses must be renewed every year, and protest when their unlicensed dog is found by an agent and taken to the shelter. They don't or won't read the directions printed on the back of every license which make it perfectly clear that unless a licensed dog wears a collar with his metal license tag attached, he is likely to be taken off to the shelter and unless released in 48 hours on payment of \$3, will be destroyed. Many women of leisure who love their dogs and mean to be kind to the simply through indifference, often imperil their lives."

ODD EFFECTS OF COLOR BLINDNESS

Different Persons See From One
to Seven Hues in the
Rainbow.

"If we look at a rainbow, or the solar spectrum produced by a prism, we see the waves arranged in a regular series—red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet. We also know that there are larger waves below the violet, and smaller waves above the violet, but there are invisible to the eye. Persons possessing very acute color perception can recognize seven colors in the spectrum," says a writer in the "Strait," but I have never met a person who could see more than that number. Therefore, though there are really millions of waves, each differing, we can see only six, or at most seven, definite points of difference.

"Since below the red and above the violet there are other waves of a similar character, but invisible, we should expect that people would differ as to the points where they first recognize the colors. Some would differ in their ability to recognize very low and very high notes.

"This is the case. While one person will see the whole of the red (or for that matter, the rainbow, another will see only half of it, the remainder being totally invisible. In other cases the visible spectrum commences at the orange. A person of this kind will see only half of the rainbow, which is simply blinding in its intensity, and declare that the room is absolutely dark."

"The second class of the color blind are those who see five or less colors in the spectrum instead of six. Instead of six distinct colors are seen, orange having disappeared as a definite color. In the next degree only four colors are seen, blue being no longer a distinct color. Persons included in the above two degrees may for all practical purposes be regarded as normal sighted."

"In the next degree three colors only are seen, red, yellow and blue, or, as a definite color; it is called greenish red. A person belonging to this class of the color blind told me that a red clover held in full blossoms had to him an exactly similar appearance to the yellow of the spectrum."

"The green disappears in the next degree, only two colors being seen in the spectrum, or rainbow. Less and less difference is seen between any part of the spectrum, the colors of degrees of color blindness, until only the ends of the spectrum are recognized as being different. Finally the spectrum appears one uniform color, the individual being totally color blind."

"Many children find out that there is something wrong with their sight by not being able to find cherries or strawberries as quickly as their companions or because they are not able to tell the difference between colors."

"Many color-blind persons are very expert in matching colors. Persons of this kind have a very acute perception to prevent them from making mistakes in their work. They are, of course, very intelligent persons who are able to notice the very slight differences which they see between colors."

"With one exception I have not found any particular cases of individuals in whom color blindness is more frequent than in other classes. I have found more color blind persons among musicians than in any other class or profession."

"Color blindness is usually congenital, but a particular variety may be

acquired by excessive smoking. The person afflicted with this variety may be able to pass the official tests with ease because the central portion of the eye is the first to be affected.

The reader can test for himself whether he is suffering from this particular form of color blindness by purchasing a small packet of the sweets called hundreds and thousands. These are small sweets about the size of a small shot of different colors. He will find that he is unable to pick out all the reds and all the greens when he looks directly at them, but will see the colors readily enough when he looks at them sideways.

"Most women have the impression that they have a better eye for color, as they call it, than their male relatives. There is a foundation in fact for this, as the percentage of color-blind men is very much smaller than of women. Men seem to vary much more than women. While red green blindness, which is common among men, is comparatively rare in women, the slighter varieties are quite common."

Fat is often unappreciated or misunderstood and unduly blamed for sins of delinquencies of other body foods. From fifteen to twenty per cent of each healthy body food is composed of fat and is the chief source of the starches and sugars, though certain fats are directly utilized.

The weight of present opinion is in favor of the view that fat is completely decomposed in the intestines and that the fatty acids formed are absorbed, either as soaps or in a solution brought about by the bile.

A source of energy for the development of heat, fat may be described as quickly available, but not so lasting as some other substances. By its concentrated fuel power it saves other tissues, especially the albuminous ones from overoxidation and is valuable as a reserve force.

Moreover, by its presence the protein is better enabled to do its work in tissue building and as a storage of energy for emergencies it is of great importance. The last material use of fat is to serve as a protection of the body from injury and cold; it forms an outer cushion for the frame.

From an aesthetic standpoint the physiological and orderly distribution of fat in the connective tissue makes all the difference between beauty and ugliness. In considering the psychic role of fat we should specially bear in mind, G. M. Miles says, its reserve function in relation to active vital processes. A liberal deposition of fat is one of nature's wise precautions to enable us to bear some of the trials of life. It has been known from earliest antiquity that fat people are more contented and optimistic than lean ones and the supply of fat may be compared to the ample bank account of a busy and provident man.

Miles says that he believes he is correct in asserting that a physiological reserve of fat by its very presence makes all the difference between a quieting and reassuring influence on the vital forces most concerned in constructive metabolism, while its lack leads to a physical discontent and unrest, which sooner or later reacts on the disposition, developing into that pessimism and temperamental discontent so often seen in lean people.—The Medical Record.

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