

MENACE TO SOCIETY.

John Alexander Dowie, King of Religious Confidence Men.

Rules His Followers with Iron Hand, Pockets the Lion's Share of Their Earnings and Abuses All the World.

[Special Chicago Letter.]

THE religious confidence game is a money-maker par excellence. From time immemorial there have arisen so-called prophets and sons of prophets. Every nation and every sect have paid tribute or given followers to one or more impostors who posed as God-sent apostles and preached recognition and social reform by simply

"Stamping God's name upon a lie just made. To turn a penny in the way of trade."

The religious confidence man is a cosmopolitan sort of chap; and that is why the United States, with its mixed and somewhat nomadic population, has been his favorite field of operation. And of the cities in the United States, Chicago has been his Mecca.

The oily Schweinfurth established his headquarters in the modern Babylon at the foot of Lake Michigan, after he had been driven out of Michigan, where he began operations, and his somewhat less notorious imitator, Teed, likewise selected Chicago as his headquarters. Both of these oleaginuous individuals found hundreds of disciples; especially Schweinfurth, who proclaimed himself as the Messiah. Hysterical women flocked to hear him,

legal proceedings which terminated in a victory for law and order, as far as the location of the sanitarium was concerned, but also resulted in advantage to Dowie, who posed as a martyr before his dupes, and induced them to buy a valuable piece of property at the corner of Twelfth street and Michigan boulevard, then known as the Imperial hotel. He renamed it "Zion," refurbished it throughout, and advertised it far and wide as the headquarters of the new religion. Subsequently additional real estate purchases were made and new buildings erected, and a year or so ago his people sanctioned the purchase of a valuable tract of land near Waukegan, Ill., where a modern city, to be known as Zion, is to be built.

The Christian Catholic church claims a membership of 10,000; and as each communicant is supposed to contribute a lion's share of his or her income to the overseer in the form of tithes, it is not surprising that Dowie can live in the lap of luxury. The humble exile of ten years ago assumes all the dignity of an Indian nabob and for a stranger to approach him is about as difficult as to secure an audience with the pope. He still preaches, but evidently only for the purpose of abusing those who do not agree with him. Many of his remarks are positively libidinous, others would do credit to a Hamburg fishwife. In word and action he is puffed up by arrogance, and although so far nothing has been said against his personal life his actions would indicate that he is the slave of some drug or else on the verge of insanity.

Looking at the man from a purely commercial point of view it cannot be denied that as an organizer and financier he has few superiors. Starting

NAMING THE STREETS

A Task That Is Puzzling Washington City Officials.

They Are in Favor of Euphonious Nomenclature, But the "Old Settlers" Protest Against Aesthetic Innovations.

[Special Washington Letter.]

WE RECENTLY had a talk about the development of Greater Washington, according to plans and purposes of the executive and legislative branches of the federal government; and this is supplementary to that statement of current history.

The citizens who have opportunity to visit the capital city of this republic take occasion always to express their pride in its beauty, but they do not realize the fact that its grandeur is due primarily to the genius of L'Enfant, the man whose brain conceived and whose skilled fingers drafted the plan upon which it has been builded.

As a matter of fact, this city has been a gradual growth, from decade to decade, and but for the commands of Washington, requiring that every development should be in accordance with the original designs of L'Enfant, this city would be as zig-zag and unsymmetrical as cow-paths could have made it. But every city government has carefully adhered to the original plans, so that out of domestic conditions symmetry has resulted. Within the memory of the writer, farm lands have been invaded, subdivided and builded upon, by street and avenue extension of the plans made so many, many years ago.

Now that the congress has authorized a complete system of extension of the highways, in accordance with L'Enfant's plan, the gentlemen in charge in the work, which will stand for a century of city development, are bothered by street and locality nomenclature. The people have heretofore paid little attention to this subject, but it is very interesting.

In its beginning every town is more or less crude and uncouth. Only as it grows into pretensions proportions the civic pride of its people develops. Early conditions and events have a way of leaving their traces in names; this being apparently the principal means of linking past with present conditions and environments. History shows us that many secrets are unraveled in names of locations and individuals.

There is no other way probably in which people put themselves on record in a more spontaneous manner than the names they give to things about them. So it happens that the residents of new towns sum up many of the picturesque, unhappy, ludicrous or grotesque incidents and conditions of the early days by the names which they give their cities, streets, buildings and environs.

As a town grows older its early names are replaced by new ones, frequently much more euphonious and conventional, but seldom as full of meaning. Thus it seems that people who have been content to have their mail addressed Dead Man's Gulch, Snakeville, Cowtown or Windy Gap, eventually begin to feel an aesthetic longing in their souls which leads them to have the names of their post-offices changed to Buena Vista, Lakeside, Glendower or Idlewild. This is usually accomplished against the



STUDYING THE PLANS.

wishes of the "old-timers," who feel it a sacrilege to dishonor local traditions.

But although the name of a town be changed, and its streets rechristened, the old traditions will be kept up in the names of its alleys, and of particular localities of doubtful desirability. The reason for this is because the progress which sweeps the old things away elsewhere doesn't penetrate these places. Hence in every large city, where the landmarks of its founding are annually disappearing, many of the old traditions will be found preserved in the names of its alleys and less improved localities.

Washington is no exception in this, and a study of the names of its alleys must convince one that this is a matter in which very little interest has been taken by the citizens. In almost every section of the city alleys are to be found with amusing and surprising names, behind many of which there

is doubtless a wealth of local history, while in others nothing more than a vagrant whim or a passing fancy is expressed.

It was not without meaning that a certain section of Washington between the capitol and the Potomac river came to be known, and is still called "Bloodfield." The name is less deserved now than it once was, but in the popular mind it will live on long after the reason for it has lapsed; just as few people could reconcile themselves to speaking of the stream that used to flow from the north of Washington down past the capitol by its official name. That noble stream, which was turned into a sewer some years ago, stood on the maps since the city was laid out as the Tiber river, but thoughtless people were always letting the cat out of the bag, and revealing the plebeian origin of the



THEY FAVOR THE OLD NAMES.

sparkling waters by referring to it as "Goose creek."

Few people who know much about Washington have failed to hear of "Hell's bottom," although the conditions which gave rise to that unkind designation passed away years ago. Without question, however, the immediate neighborhood where the notorious Triangle saloon used to stand will go down among the policemen of Washington as "Hell's bottom," and the stories that the name recalls will serve to keep fresh a chapter in Washington history which might otherwise be forgotten. There is a surprising tenacity about names. Long after they have left the plate on the front door, they lead a contented and impersonal life on the alley door.

The officials who are rejuvenating Greater Washington in this matter of street and avenue extension are bothered with the names of the thoroughfares which are being extended. They have concluded that "Blood alley" should be called "Broad alley," and that "Fighting alley," "Ambush alley" and "Savage alley" shall be named after less disreputable historic events of their localities, and they are to be called streets instead of alleys.

It has been decided that there shall be no change made in the paved alleys, which will continue to be known as Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Catholic and Grace alleys; because their names are suggestive of good things and good people. Moreover, their denizens are typical of the religious beliefs indicated by their appellations.

There are two Pig alleys, three Hog alleys and five Bacon alleys, which will keep their names, just as Cow alley will be allowed to hold its own. The porcines and bovine whose peregrinations to the sledge and knife of the butcher gave names to their highways no longer reach the tables of epicures in that way; but the names of the pathways will be retained by these wise officials who think that a growing city should retain, for at least a time, a part of its local traditions. Parenthetically, it might be said, that it is a pity Chicago might not retain some of the names of its cowpaths and pigpaths, instead of the names of presidents which have been assumed during these later years, since

"The fire fiend threw back his red mantle, From off his big blood-dappled vest, And jeered in the face of Chicago."

"The queen of the north and the west."

But this is not a talk about Chicago, although a reference to that capital city of the commercial center of our republic is not out of place by way of illustration of this street nomenclature theme concerning the capital city of the republic in which all of us are intensely and intensely interested.

The officials charged with responsibility in this work for greater Washington are bending over their desks studying the plans and maps. They have already decided upon certain streets and avenues which shall bear the names of presidents, cities and momentous events. It is quite likely that they will manifest sufficient acumen and comprehension to take care of these alleys also; albeit there are scores of gray-haired and bald-headed old men who are making their lives a burden by clamors in vehement behalf of the retention of the names of hitherto almost unheard-of obscure paths which are open according to the common law as "commons of way."

Greater Washington is following in the footsteps of Greater New York and Greater Chicago; but it is toddling along with its difficulties and household troubles, as herein slightly indicated.

SMITH D. FRY.

COOLING DRINKS OF CUBA.

Many of the Most Popular Are Non-Alcoholic and Contain the Finest Fruit Juices.

Americans have long enjoyed the distinction throughout the world of being the most skillful of all compounders of liquid beverages, yet they have been compelled to acknowledge that they do not know all that is to be learned in that line. The dispensers of liquid refreshment in Cuba have been able to teach them a lesson or two, says the Chicago Chronicle.

Our soldiers in Cuba were not long in testifying their appreciation of the cooling beverages peculiar to the island. The Cubans are temperate. Many of their most popular drinks are nonalcoholic. In time many of them will probably become common. The native island rum and brandy are practically the only intoxicating beverages used. Light wines are drunk, but only with meals. The popular drinks, however, are the "refrecoos," which are long, soft and cooling. The most popular is the "naranjada," composed of slices of orange, a little lime, seltzer, ice and sugar.

A popular variation consists of a stew of cold fruits, containing sliced pine, mango, orange, lime, pear, seltzer, ice and sugar. Accustomed to drinks of this nature the Cubans observe the whisky drinking of the Americans with disgust.

In the interior of the island the popular drink is the "cebada," made of sweetened barley water slightly fermented. "Agraz," another drink consumed in large quantities, is made of the juice of unripe grapes, sweetened with honey and diluted with seltzer. Drinks slightly fermented are used in a great variety of flavors. "Goripena," which goes in this class, is a pungent fermented mixture of pineapple rind sweetened with honey. "Yacamaya" is a strong, heavy cider used in comparatively small quantities.

No list of Cuban drinks would be complete without the mention of the "panaie." This drink was one of the first adopted by the American soldiers. It consists of the whites of eggs beaten with sugar, dried and served in little cakes or rolls. Every bakery shop in Cuba displays a pile of these frothy little cakes. A glass of "panaie" is made by putting one or more of these cakes in a glass of milk.

The best of the regular alcoholic drinks made in Cuba is "Boardi" rum. It is a thin, pale, amber-colored liquor and is claimed to be particularly adapted to warm climates. It is drunk with seltzer and is said to leave no unpleasant after effects in the hottest weather.

WHERE CAPT. COOK DIED.

Interesting Description of Kaawaloa Taken from "Diary in the Pacific."

And later we have come to a great bank of black rock running out to sea, and precipices of black, spotted with a green all of one color, which is where Cook was killed and where they have put up a little monument to him. This is Kaawaloa. We try the land, for the roll of the ship is disagreeable as it waits and we run in over the transparent water. It is too deep just by the landing for anchorage. The sea jumps from light aquamarine to the color of a peacock's breast in the shadow. We go up the black lava that looks as if it had been run out on the road, not under it, and sit in the shade a moment, and exchange a few words with our fellow passengers now on land—a little flock of tired children and mother and our "chieffess." And it is hot—the heights have shut off the wind and all is baking. Horses and donkeys, saddled, stand about near the shadow of fences, left to themselves, while the cargo is landed. Higher up on the heights, some planters tell us, it is cool. They wear enormous hats and have a planterlike appearance that suggests our being different.

As I look around on this green and black, and the few cocoanuts, and the dark blue-green olive water, I think that it is not an unlikely place for a man to have been killed in, writes John La Farge in Scribner's. The place has, for Hawaiians, another interest—it was once a great place, and the high cliffs have many holes where chiefs were buried, inaccessible and hidden. And a little way beyond was a city of refuge—that is to say, a sacred city—where none who took refuge would be injured. Even though the enemy came rushing up to the last outlying landmark, the moment that it had been passed, the pursued was safe, and, after having sojourned according to due rite, could depart in peace and safety.

What She Thought Upon.

Jack—I called on Miss Loveigh last night and found her absorbed with thoughts of you.

Chollie—Delighted to hear it, dear boy! Did she tell you so?

"Well, she said she was thinking of nothing in particular."—Harlem Life.

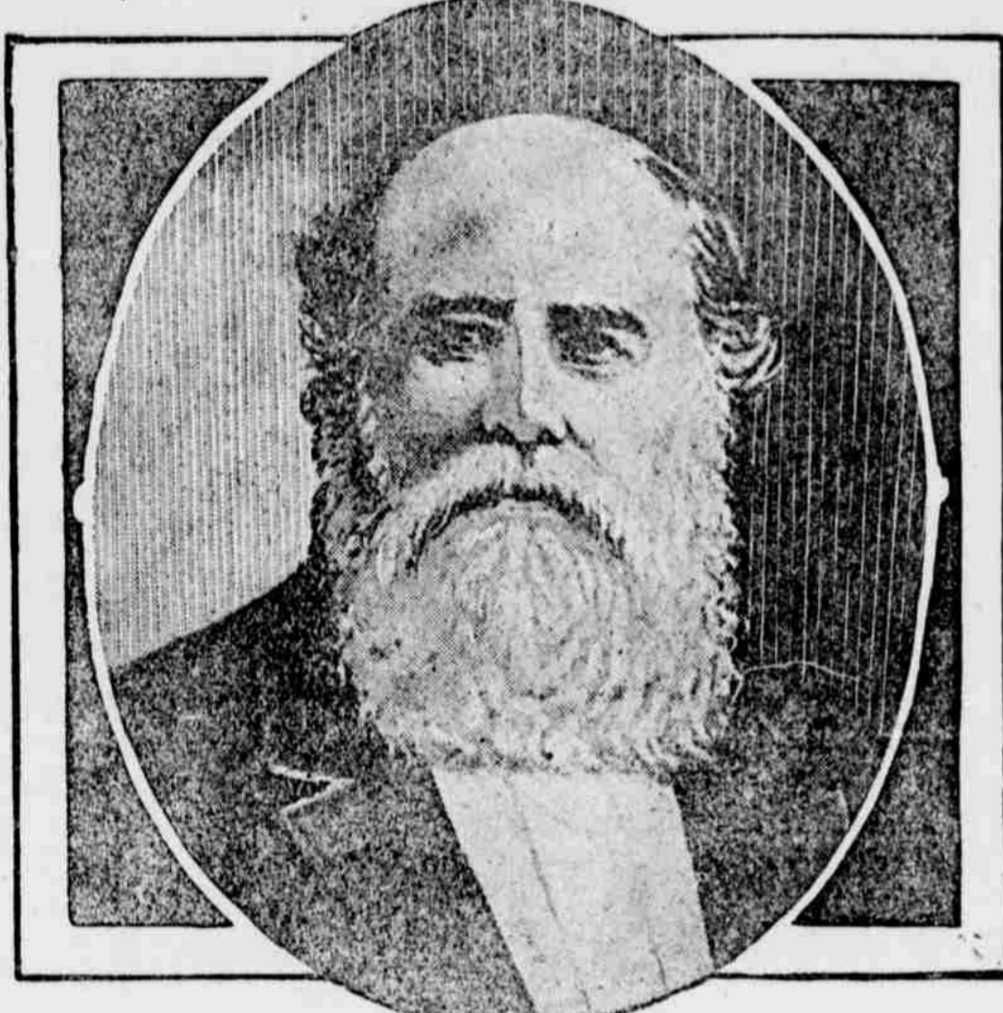
A New Feeling.

Clara—It seems so strange to be in love.

Maud—Why, haven't you ever experienced that feeling?

"Oh, yes, but not for several weeks."

—Detroit Free Press.



JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE, GENERAL OVERSEER OF ZION.

and transferred everything they had in the world to the "community" of which he was the head—the whole thing, in fact. He might have ended his days as a very rich man had not his baser nature triumphed over his by no means inferior intellectual and business attainments. But in an hour, evil to himself and beneficial to his dupes, he established a community house near Rockford, Ill., which he called "Heaven," but which, according to others, was nothing but a harem. The people of Rockford forced him to leave their town, and in the course of time Schweinfurth disappeared altogether from public view. It has been stated that he has turned over a new leaf and is leading an exemplary life. For the truth of this rumor the writer cannot vouch, although it comes from a fairly reliable source.

Before the Schweinfurth excitement had subsided there appeared in Chicago another prophet, whose name has since become familiar to the newspaper readers the world over—John Alexander Dowie. He came from Australia, spoke with an oily tongue, called himself a doctor of divinity and the founder of a new faith cure system of healing all diseases. His assumed humility secured immediate recognition. Several churches opened their doors to him, and his first proselytes were made in houses of worship whose people he has since denounced as "children of the devil." He made some remarkable "cures" and preached a series of powerful sermons. Within a short time the pauper immigrant from the Antipodes had accumulated enough capital to buy a handsome pair of horses and a carriage and to equip a large tabernacle, printing house and sanitarium in Woodlawn, the world's fair district of Chicago. These outward manifestations of prosperity were followed by the founding of the Christian Catholic Church of Zion, of which he made himself "general overseer." His "hospital" soon degenerated into a public nuisance; and the property owners of Woodlawn, under the leadership of George W. Riggs, instituted a series of

with nothing, he accumulated \$4,000,000 worth of property in less than a decade, founded a bank conducted for his personal benefit, and laid the foundation of what may become a prosperous and important manufacturing town. In spite of opposition from press and pulpit he is holding together thousands of men and women who would prefer death to the loss of their faith. That such devotion should turn the head of any man is not unnatural; nor is it surprising that Dowie considers himself a second Elijah and the object of many of the prophecies of the Old and New Testament. As the head of the most perfect religious oligarchy of our day he occupies a position without parallel in the history of this or any other country.

Much of his success is due to hypnotic power, which he possesses in a remarkable degree. A vast percentage of the so-called "cures" performed in the early days of the movement were due to this force, and to it he owes his fame as a healer. His unprecedented financial triumphs are the result of nerve and the gift of selecting competent assistants. It is said that in employing heads for the various departments of Zion he has not made a single mistake, which, if true, stamps him as a wise judge of human nature. The men intrusted with the management of the vast machinery of the Zion organization are paid liberal salaries—more than they could earn elsewhere—and thus self-interest is made an ally of religious prejudice.

Attempts to bring the Zion bank under state supervision have been foiled by the clever managers of the institution, as well as honest endeavors to secure a statement of its resources and deposits.

The numberless slaughter of innocents—men, women and children, who die by the score, and might have been saved by rational medical treatment—has attracted considerable attention, but thus far the law has not been able to protect the victims of Zion fanaticism.

G. W. WEIPPIERT.