

Dramatic Order Knights of the Khorassan



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THE Dramatic Order Knights of Khorassan, seven years old last month, is one of the important social orders of the country, springing to prominence almost immediately upon the organization of the imperial palace at Chicago, September 26, 1895.

It was organized by a number of representatives to the supreme lodge Knights of Pythias who found within the parent organization much that was good, but that there was a place for sociability and for dramatic initiation, which, under the laws of the order could not be introduced, and that among the members of the knights there were many congenial spirits who were willing to join hands to promote a society where sociability would be the chief aim and where they could commune with each other for mutual benefit. The essential qualification for membership in the dramatic order is prior membership in the Knights of Pythias and under the present laws forfeiture of membership in the Knights of Pythias forfeits membership in the Knights of Khorassan. At the same time the two organizations are distinct in their work and government, neither exercising authority over the other, and the Knights of Khorassan asking for no recognition from the Knights of Pythias.

As stated by its members the fundamental teaching of the dramatic order is the



ARTHUR A. HEATH, SAHIB.



G. L. BARTON, ESCORT.



JOHN N. DENNIS, ESCORT.

brotherhood of man. This lesson is impressed upon the initiate at the first ceremony and through the entire service it is repeated in different forms. The initiatory ceremony is said to be, from a literary standpoint, the most complete and well rounded of any order in the United States.

Much of the work is unwritten and all of it is delivered in a manner which requires the highest dramatic ability on the part of officers. For this reason and the great expense attending the institution of a temple the jurisdiction of the temples now in existence is extended over territory compara-

tively wide, and the initiatory services are held not oftener than twice a year, more frequently once a year, it being a progressive temple and situated in a prosperous state which can regularly hold two ceremonial sessions each year.

Because of the expense and difficulty of

putting on the work the custom has grown into an unwritten but inviolable law that there shall be at least twenty candidates for initiation before a ceremonial session is held. With this number of initiates and a degree team drawn probably from a dozen towns in the jurisdiction of the temple, the work is started early in the evening and usually continues all night, closing with a banquet.

The banquets of the Knights of Khorassan have attained a reputation unique in lodges for their completeness in every detail. This, as with a few other societies has given the unenlightened an idea that the lodge is convivial rather than elevating, but according to the evidence of members, such is not the case, as the time devoted to the banquet is short, while the time devoted to benevolent and charitable work is long, both in the lodge room and out, and that the refreshing banquet is more or less public, while the hard work which precedes them is known only to those who are present.

After a few months of no ceremonial sessions Moquaddem temple, the Omaha organization, will hold a ceremonial session October 14, at which a number of tyros will be initiated into the mysteries while thrown around the inner sanctuary order, and the customary banquet will be served to all members, who in the vernacular of the lodge are known as "votaries."

People in the Lime Light of Publicity

TUKEFER SCHAUCHEK, an Eskimo from the Aleutian Islands, plays center in the football eleven belonging to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. A popular notion regarding the Eskimos is that they are sluggish and phlegmatic, but Schaucek plays football with a courage, agility and endurance that surprise other members of a team which has a fine reputation in the three necessities named.

The late Prof. Virchow was one of the guests of the Victoria university when Lord Lister received an honorary degree. The large audience which witnessed the ceremony was astonished to see Lord Lister stop suddenly in the address which he was delivering, and shake his fist fiercely at Prof. Virchow. Lord Lister, who is no orator, had his speech written out on a number of sheets of paper, and Virchow before the meeting had expressed a great desire to see the manuscript and had taken the opportunity to throw the papers into hopeless confusion.

In an article in the Century on Mark Twain's birthplace, Hannibal, Mo., Rev. Henry M. Wharton offers fresh evidence that the man we consider a crank today may turn out to be the prophet of tomorrow. The prototype of that Colonel Sellers, at whom millions have laughed, was a neighbor of Mr. Clemens, and one night in a public address told his audience the time would come when we could take train at Hannibal and ride to Puget Sound without a change of cars. The villagers laughed his assertion to scorn, for then the only means of travel they knew were a wheezy little steamer and an antiquated

stage. Now a modern express train passes Hannibal every day for Puget Sound. Perhaps the millions Colonel Sellers saw in a cure for ophthalmia in Asia may yet be realized.

Mrs. Hanna, wife of the senator, settled a labor dispute in a hurry the other day. A Cleveland house owned by the senator was being painted by a force of sixteen men who did not belong to the union. Officials of the painters' union came to see the senator, who was not at home. Mrs. Hanna heard what they had to say, drove to the house at once and ordered the men to quit work. They obeyed her promptly, and that night every one of them joined the union. Employees of another firm followed suit next day and the painters are considering the advisability of electing Mrs. Hanna an honorary business agent.

One of the queerest of French authors, Clavis Pierre, has died this week. He was a poet whose talent would have received recognition doubtless even if the contrast between his vocation and his avocation had not tickled the fancy of the Parisians. He lived and wrote his poetry at the morgue, of which he was registrar. He was a merry soul who found most of his inspiration in the corpses in his care and who used to describe himself as the manager of a big hotel well known in Paris, which was a quiet place of rest for travelers from all countries. He dwelt at the morgue for thirty-two years before he retired on a pension.

There are two John Smiths in the little town of Prelia, Kan., one very stout and the other very thin, and they were good

friends until one day last week, when the thin John gave the thick John a severe thrashing. The neighbors were much astonished at the row, but laughed when they learned the reason. A green goods letter came to town addressed to John Smith. It was delivered by chance to stout John, who read it and, seeing a chance for a joke on his namesake, marked it "Opened by mistake" and put it in thin John's mail box. The latter resented the implication and lost no time in hunting up the joker. Then the trouble began.

Mr. Sage's office is in the building occupied by the National Bank of Commerce, in Nassau street. In an anteroom sits his faithful guardian and confidential man, Mr. Menzies, through whom the aged financier must be reached. Mr. Menzies is protected by a lattice having a latticed wire top with iron spikes reaching to the ceiling. It would be impossible for a man to climb over these spikes or to throw a bomb between them. Mr. Sage is not always accompanied in the streets or in traveling between his home and office by a bodyguard or detective. Frequently he goes about entirely alone, and seemingly is without fear except when in his office.

James Doel, the oldest actor in Europe, died in England the other day at the age of 98. He remembered seeing Napoleon as a prisoner on board Bellerophon in Plymouth sound, for by the time the battle of Waterloo was fought he was 11 years old. But most remarkable were his memories of the stage in the days when one man in a very little time had to play many parts. He was already an actor when

Queen Victoria was but 2 years old, and though he never made a name in leading parts he played innumerable minor parts with such ancient lights of the stage as Edmund Kean and Macready. He kept an inn at the time of his death, did his own marketing, was active and cheerful and had laid away some cigars to smoke on his hundredth birthday.

An eminent Scotch surgeon and professor in the University of Edinburg was entirely devoted to his profession. The poet Tennyson had at one time consulted him about some affection of the lungs. Years afterward he returned on the same errand. On being announced he was nettled to observe that Mr. Syme had neither any recollection of his face, nor, still more galling, any acquaintance with his name. Tennyson thereupon mentioned the fact of his former visit. Still Syme failed to remember him. But when the professor put his ear to the poet's chest and heard the peculiar sound which the old ailment had made chronic, he at once exclaimed: "Ah, I remember you now! I know you by your lung." Can you imagine a greater humiliation for a poet than to be known, not by his lyre, but by his lung?

Ray Stannard Baker describes in the Outlook the sultan as he appeared in his carriage on his way to the mosque. The extraordinary precautions taken to protect him on this short journey, and the ceremonies that attend this function, which occur on Friday, are termed by the writer as "a strange, gorgeous, incongruous spectacle."

"The sultan wears a red fez; his face

is a sickly white, like parchment; the nose is that of an old eagle, long, hooked, high-bridged—the Armenian nose, his subjects will whisper in contempt. His eyes, what one sees of them, for he turns his head neither to right nor left, are deep-set and black. Those who know him best say that he has a peculiar way of moving his head, as if he were always seeking to look behind him, to pry out secrets, to surprise hidden motives. His beard is deep blue-black, as are his eyebrows; naturally they would be gray, but he dyes them, for the sultan must never look old. To his generals he leaves all the pomp and display of gold lace and tinsel; for himself he is clad wholly in black, like a eunuch, without ornamentation of any kind. 'The Raven,' he has been called, and the raven he looks. The sultan is not really a very old man—only 60 years old—and yet if there is one impression above another that he gives, it is that of old age and great weariness.

"Poor old sultan!"

Rev. John S. Brown, who has just died in Lawrence, Kan., at the age of 97, was probably the last member of the idealistic coterie which many years ago established the famous colony known as Brook Farm. From an intellectual standpoint that socialist experiment was on a higher plane than any other known to history. Among the noted persons connected with it were Nathaniel Hawthorne, Charles A. Dana, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Bronson Alcott, Horace Greeley, George William Curtis, Russell Lowell, John Greenleaf Whittier, Wentworth Higginson and many others. Not all of them lived at the farm, but they helped it with either pen, purse or visit.