

Lonely Bats Haunt Place Where Once A Harem Played

Civilization Wipes Muddy Shoes on Former Beauty Spot of Barbic Splendor.

Constantinople, Sept. 10.—In the valley to the north of Constantinople there is a winding stream which meanders among the hills into the Golden Horn, and goes by the name of the Sweet Waters of Europe.

Time was when the reality was as romantic as the name would imply. It was Sultan Abdul Meid the spendthrift who made the place popular about the middle of the last century by constructing there an entrancing little palace, with an artificial lake surrounded by rose gardens and numerous trees. Deer and zebras wandered among the trees, and peacocks strutted among the flowers, while the ladies of the imperial harem disported themselves on the lake in little boats shaped like swans and propelled by a pedal arrangement. Every Friday the stream was crowded with hundreds of the tapering, lightly balanced boats called caïques, sumptuously cushioned and bearing dainty little Turkish women in multi-colored silks and veils, the presence of a hideous black bunch here had their indicating the presence of the household of a ruling pasha.

Then and Now. In the days of Abdul Hamid, the Red Sultan, although the Pashah himself never moved out of his palatial seraglio at Yildiz to grace the Sweet Waters with his presence, the elite of Moslem society continued to foregather there every Friday. In time foreigners came to visit the place, and its romantic charm fascinated the mind of that exquisite egoist, Pierre Loti. Many an affaire de coeur between some cloistered beauty and some attache of a foreign embassy had its origin here in furtive glances and gestures almost imperceptible, but eloquently significant. Sometimes such affairs, innocent enough, would end in tragedy, and beneath the light chatter of the throng there would be a sinister hint of a mystery which only the sapphire waters of the Iosphorus could solve. But it was dangerous to show curiosity, and although there might be the same question in a hundred eyes, lips never framed the words.

Then came the thunderbolt of the revolution which hurled the dreaded Padishah from his throne, and the modernites he detested invaded Old Stamboul. An electricity generating station was established in the flowery valley, and reduced the Sweet Waters to a turbid, malodorous trickle. The terminus of a Decauville railway to the Black sea was installed higher up the stream, and a grimy mob of soldiers and sailors laborers turned the leafy meadows into a chaos of engine sheds and coal dumps. The Padishah's palace is tumbling into ruins, haunted by bats and owls. The trees have long ago been cut down for firewood, and at that part of the stream which is still navigable for small boats, the little caïques have been installed, where poisonous raki is sold by unshaven and unkempt Greeks.

Women Offend Eyes. A hideous cacophony of hurdy-gurdies and vulgar Greek songs assaults the ear, and instead of the dainty little veiled figures in variegated silks and feathers of imitation European fashions offend the eyes.

The only relief to the general banality and ugliness of the Sweet Waters today is afforded by the gypsy women who haunt the cafes to ply their traditional trade of fortune-telling and to dance to the accompaniment of pipe and tambourine. They wear vivid yellow and scarlet kerchiefs on their head, and the brilliance of their eyes and teeth is enhanced by the dark copper of their complexions. The sensuous movements of their lightly clad bodies and waving arms recall the dancing of Indian nautch girls, with whom they are scarcely less, but the invitation of their gestures arouses nothing more than gloating interest of the regular audience, for to Moslem and Christian alike the ching-an-ch, or gypsy, is an outcast.

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Truly the days of the Caliphs are over.

Passenger (after first night on board ship)—I say, where have all my clothes vanished to?

Steward—Where did you put them before you went to bed last night?

Passenger—I folded them up carefully and put them in that cupboard over there.

Steward—I see no cupboard, sir.

Passenger—Are you blind, man? I mean that one with the round glass door to it.

Steward—Bless me, sir, that ain't no cupboard, that's the porthole!

George—You do not call on Mollie Rosebud now?

Jack—No, I got disgusted. She has such a coarse laugh.

George—I never noticed that.

Jack—You would if you'd been within hearing when I proposed to her.

Fond Mamma—Yes, my darling, those little boys next door have no father and mother and no kind auntie. Wouldn't you like to give them something?

Archie (with great enthusiasm)—Oh, yes, mamma, let's give them Aunt Jane.

"How you getting on wid 'rhythmic Sambo" asked one nigger of another.

"Well," was the reply, "I done learned to add up my noughts, but de figgers bother me yet."

Teacher—And what is your name?

First Pupil—Julie, sir.

Teacher—Don't say "Julie," say "Julius." And what is your name?

A REVIEW OF THE SUMMER CAMPAIGN



By CHARLES DANA GIBSON Copyright, Life Publishing Company

Secret Wedding Of Duchess Fills Gypsy Prophecy

Madame Balsan, Formerly Consuelo Vanderbilt, Marries French Soldier After Divorce From Duke.

London, Sept. 10.—A gypsy prophecy has been fulfilled by the second marriage of Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, who now drops her title and becomes plain Madame Balsan, her husband being a French soldier well known in sporting circles in both countries, and employed during the war as a pilot officer in this country and in France.

When she was a girl making her visit to the Riviera for the first time she had her fortune told by a palmist, who declared that her husband would be a French soldier of good family.

The then Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt was somewhat indignant at this suggestion, for even then there was more than a suspicion that her matrimonial fate was settled, and I believe that the duke of Marlborough was one of those who shared her indignation over the prediction. "Time has proved my gypsy was right after all," was the comment of the duchess the last time I heard her tell the story, and she hopes that the rest of the prediction will come true, for the gypsy added that not until her life was united to this French soldier would the duchess realize what true happiness was.

Not Love at First Sight. It cannot be said that it was a case of love at first sight with the duchess and her new husband, but it can be said that it was a case of two people being powerfully attracted towards each other from the first meeting.

Five years ago the two were traveling together through the war zone on their separate business, and it was when obliged to journey part of their way by air that they had their first opportunity of becoming known to each other.

It was the beginning of a real friendship that developed into a firm love match.

Though a brave soldier and a man of the world, Colonel Balsan was terribly afraid of the publicity associated with his latest marriage, and it was on his account more than that of the lady that it was decided to evade the press and the public by resorting to stratagem.

Sworn to Secrecy. Everybody concerned was sworn to secrecy. The date was changed more than once because of the activity of newspaper men, and finally it was fixed for Monday last.

In case there should be any energetic newspaper men on the watch, the two arranged for doubles made up as nearly as possible like the real thing, to amuse for them at their usual haunts.

It is only fitting that a romance that began on an airplane should be associated with an airplane honeymoon.

It was at the suggestion of the duchess herself that the honeymoon was planned, and the parties traveled to Paris after the ceremony en route for the south of France, where the bridegroom has an estate.

It is the intention of the countess and her husband to settle down in France now, and the probabilities are that America and England will see very little of either.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

Helen's Favor-Currying Generosity Proves Disastrously Expensive. "I didn't know you'd ordered ice cream, ma'am," Annie was removing the salad plates. "I'd made bread pudding—but guess it'll keep."

Then voices in the hall—a woman's shrill excited treble. But Helen, listening with vague misgivings, could not catch the words. "It's Mrs. Gregory from the 11th floor—something about the cream."

"You didn't receive it—you sent it back?" excitedly. "Yes, of course you would. I'll phone the caterer—they'll send it right out again."

"Mrs. Gregory, we couldn't return it—it was sent up on the dumbwaiter without any address. The man was gone before we knew anything about it."

"Mrs. Gregory, we—we didn't know what to do with the cream," her face painfully red. "The tag must've been torn off—we couldn't find out anything about it. It seemed a shame to let it melt—so we—"

"You didn't eat it?" shrilly. "Why couldn't? There was a gallon!" "We gave most of it away. If you'd deliberately ate that cream—when you knew it didn't belong to you? I never heard of such a thing!" her voice rising to a shriek.

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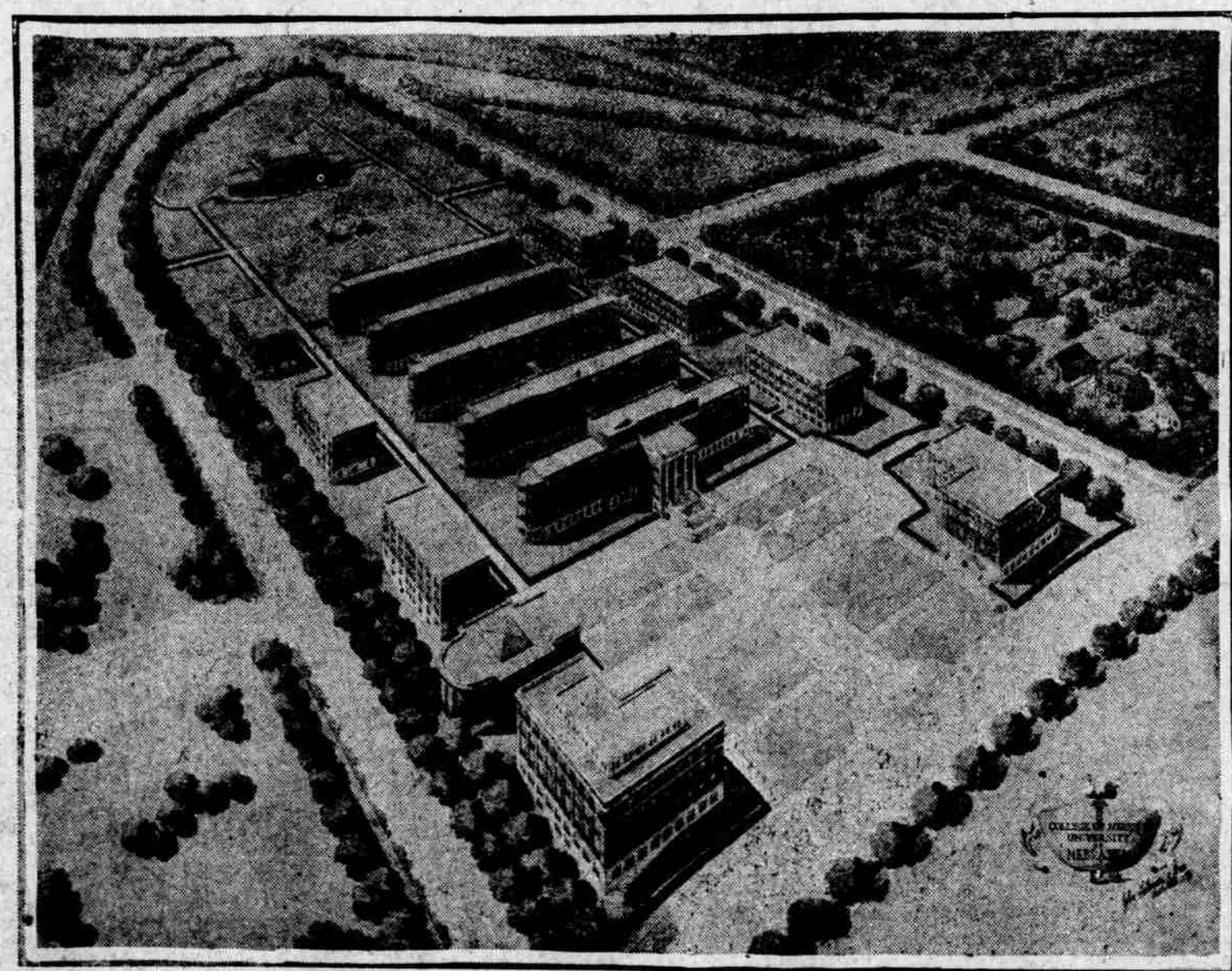
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State to Expand Medical College



This is how the University of Nebraska college of medicine will look 50 years hence, if it please the Nebraska state legislatures in the intervening years.

Omahans are familiar with the magnificent hospital building, flanked by north and side laboratory buildings, which crowns the hill at Forty-second street and Dewey avenue.

To the south are corresponding nurses' homes, to augment the one authorized by the last legislature, and erection of which begins this month.

A cafeteria will be installed with the opening of the coming school year for student use.

Extending west from the last of the five hospital units is a convalescent park for patients, surrounded by tennis courts; then a gymnasium with swimming pool for both men and women; and west of that, extending to the Belt line road, an athletic field.

School Buildings North. To the north will be erected various school buildings, including those for experimental medicine and surgery, physiology, chemistry and chief of them all, a public health building to house the school dispensary.

More than 20,000 cases were handled last year in the dispensary located in the south laboratory building. Every county in the state, but one, was included in the patients.

Still farther north from the row of school buildings a row of dormitories is proposed to house medical students. This is not shown in the drawing.

The housing situation is one of the most acute we have to meet," said Dr. Cutter, "on account of the fact that the West Farnam residence district, adjacent to the school, is not one in which rooms for students are easy to get. Where obtainable the cost is prohibitive."

Plan Cafeteria. A cafeteria will be installed with the opening of the coming school year for student use.

Looking Forward. "We have no intention to foist a heavy tax burden on the state," Dr. Cutter explains. "We merely thought it wise to look forward into future needs of the institution and to proceed along a definite plan. Buildings will be erected only as needed—all to complete a symmetrical whole."

The plan includes enlargement of the present hospital building by four additional connecting units, as shown in the center of the above drawing.

Behind Other States. Nebraska is behind Iowa, Colorado, Minnesota and Michigan in failing to establish a psychiatric institute, according to Dr. Cutter.

"The care of the acutely insane—those who can be cured by a proper knowledge of mental hygiene—is one of the biggest problems of modern medicine. It is made greater by the strain and pace of modern living. We have no facilities to care for temporarily unbalanced patients. Ordinary hospitals are not sufficiently equipped."

Provision for these patients will be made, if possible, in the next hospital unit erected on the campus.

Ice Cream Soda Detroit Product

Soda Fountain Concoction Stumbled Upon by Accident Following Thunder Storm.

Detroit, Sept. 10.—Detroit, home of the "flivver," is also the home of another great American "institution"—the ice cream soda. This was brought out with the unusual rush for soda fountains of the city during the heat wave just passed.

Ice cream sodas, Fred Sanders, jr., avers, came into being at the home of the elder Sanders following a thunderstorm 40 years ago.

The story of the discovery of the present day popular drink is as follows, according to Sanders:

"Forty years ago the American people regarded ice cream as a lily that could not be painted. At that time they 'took it straight.' Sirups were in general use in drink concoctions, but the ice cream soda, ice cream soda and other near relatives were unknown. Carbonated water was in use among soda dispensers in a drink known as 'sweet cream soda.' Its chief ingredient was sweet cream, direct from the farm."

"The thunderstorm that brought about my grandfather's discovery came in the summer of 1880. He was conducting a soft drink parlor, and the storm caused the sweet cream he had on hand to sour."

"Immediately following the storm a wedding party dropped in at my grandfather's place, seeking sodas. My grandfather then volunteered to experiment until he had found a substitute. It was then that the present day ice cream soda had its beginning."

"So popular proved the drink with the wedding party that they continued to ask my grandfather to make it for them on later visits to his place, and its fame gradually spread until today it is a drink that is known most of the world over."

Explosive. Rastus (after a visit to the doctor)—Da' doctah sure am a funny man.

His Wife—How come? Rastus—Made me swallow two cartridges filled with powder, and then tell me I shouldn't smoke. As if Ah would.—Cartoons Magazine.

Husband—You hadn't a rag to your back when I married you? Wife—Yes, but I've got plenty now.

"Nasty cold you've got. What are you taking for it?" "Anything—what'll you offer?"

Mildred—Madge's complexion has improved wonderfully of late. Marjorie—Yes, she is beginning to understand how to put it on.

(Next Week—Helen demonstrates her "New Thought" theories.) (Copyright, 1921, Kable Herbert Harter.)