

The Coming of Abbas Effendi, MESSIAH of 6,000,000 SOULS

Mysterious Personality of the Persian Whom New York Baha'ists Soon Will Welcome

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WHEN Abbas Effendi, known to millions of his followers as "Our Master" and "Our Lord," arrives in America within a few weeks there will be among us a personality mysterious and strange as any that lives to-day on earth.

For Abbas Effendi, manifestation of the Son of God, direct instrument of the Divine Intelligence, as his followers declare him to be, possesses an influence over the lives of his followers only comparable to that displayed by the great prophets of the race, for whom men died that they might justify their faith.

Mohammed or Buddha had no more utter sovereignty over the minds and bodies of those that accepted their teachings than has Abbas Effendi, the Abdu'l Baha, or son of the Supreme One. Thousands have chosen death rather than deny his name and have died uttering his name, even as did the Christian martyrs while whispering the sacred name of the Founder of their religion.

Such is the leader of the Baha'ist or Baha'ist religion, whose following includes six million persons and whose purposes are toward the unification of all religions, the abolition of wars and the adoption of a universal language, all of which is in detail provided for in the Kitab'i Ahdas, or book of laws, and was set forth in 1870 by Abdul Baha, father of the present prophet.

Bahalism, as the religion is now called—though Bahaiism was formerly its name—originated in Persia in 1844. Then arose the first of the three prophets of the religion, one All Mohammed, who in Shiraz called himself the Bab, an Arabic word signifying "door," and announced himself as preparing for the promised one. People crowded to his call and thousands reverently listened to him. So deep was the impression he made that the unrest of the people alarmed the Turkish authorities.

He was persecuted for a time, then charged with heresy and put to death, an act which only resulted in creating in his followers a more intense faith. Then followed butchery and floods of emerging blood from which religions grow. Ten thousand Bahaiists were sacrificed within a few years because they refused to recant their belief in the coming of a divinity who was to fuse Christianity, Buddhism, Mohammedanism and all the religions of earth. Then the followers fled to Bagdad, in the domains of the Sultan of Turkey, were later translated to Adrianople and last to Akka, in Syria.

In the meantime, however, a greater prophet than the Bab had arisen. Mirza Haseyn Ali was thirty-five years of age. He was renowned for his wisdom. He had passed two years in the mountains, where he had given himself to preparation and meditation. The Bab had conferred upon him the title of "Ullah, Glory of God." The new prophet declared that he was the manifestation of God on earth, the prophet whose coming the Bab had foretold. He it was who was called "the Awgiver" and wrote the Book of Laws, Second in veneration only to the Baha Dillah, which name he went by, is his son Abbas Effendi, or third of the three prophets of the Baha'ist religion. And the third prophet it is whose first visit to this country will be made soon.

Its Simple Tenets. Such briefly is the history of the Baha'ist religion and of its prophets. Its tenets of belief are simple and very clear. There is but one God, of whom the great prophets of the race have seen so many manifestations, so many lamps reflecting the light of the Divine Spirit. For this reason, the Baha'ists say, the soul of all religions is the same, and the difference in the appeal of all the prophets is only accounted for by the difference in time and the character of their followers. Thus Moses had a Jewish world to which to make appeal; Buddha was qualified to teach the lesson of the divine to the Indian people; Christ reached the barbarians of Europe; but in the last resort all learned from the same Master, and the structure of all beliefs is morality and love.

Now, however, the Baha'ists say, newer countries have been discovered and science has linked them by invention. The world is ready for a newer prophet with an appeal not to a nation but to a world. The time has arrived when all religions can be accepted and unified upon the basic beliefs mentioned. And the Baha'ists believe that Abbas Effendi, who so soon will visit us—himself a prophet and the son of one—has been divinely inspired for the work. Years before his birth his coming was predicted on the day on which he was born. They hold that all religions foretold the coming of the millennium or time of universal peace, in the religion of Zoroaster was predicted "the reign of happy times." The prophecy of the sword being beaten into ploughshares is the Christian manifestation of the idea.

For this reason the Baha'ists assert that it is not incompatible with either prophecy or reason that their religion could be a universal unifier. They maintain that Bahaiism can actually strengthen people in their own faith while yet accepting Abbas as the divine reflection of the Supreme. They contend that their religion is complete than any that has preceded, including not only, as it does, the basic foundations of universal love, but a practical message to the nations as well, and laws for bringing about universal peace.

These are those that are contained in the sacred Book of Laws drawn up by the father of Abbas as far back as 1870. They provide for the establishment of houses of justice, of boards of councilors, for the elective and democratic principle in government, for the emancipation of women, for the adoption of a universal language and of a universal peace court with sufficient sanction to enforce its decrees. This, so far as one knows, was the first practical suggestion ever made for a peace tribunal which, crudely, has come to be started so many years after the composition of the Book of Laws, and

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"His Bearing Is Simple, but There Is Grace, Dignity and Even Majesty About His Movements."

one wonders whether it were from mere chance that the credit for this later suggestion came from the present Emperor of Russia, in whose dominions the Baha'ists display their strongest force.

Appearance of Abbas. Of Abbas himself some vivid pictures have been drawn by travellers who came to visit him from all corners of the earth during that period of forty years when he was so peculiar a prisoner in Akka—for he has but been at liberty since the ascendency of the New Turk party. So powerful is his influence on those about him that no Governor was continued in office at Akka for above one year. Several visitors tell of dinners at which the Governor and his staff—actually Abbas' jailers—stood with bared head till the prophet had seated himself, and only then sat in deference to a gesture from him. Professor Edward Granville Brown, of Cambridge University, wrote a description of "the Master," which followers of the prophet then imprisoned at Akka.

"Seldom have I seen one whose appearance impressed me more," he wrote. "A strongly built man, holding himself straight as an arrow, with white turban and raiment, long locks reaching almost to the shoulder; broad, powerful forehead, indicating a strong intellect, combined with an unswerving will; eyes keen as a hawk's, and strongly marked but pleasant features—such was my first impression of Abbas Effendi, 'the Master.'"

In 1892 an American visitor wrote, on the occasion of a first sight of Abbas, a description of the prophet and his surroundings at the time of his imprisonment:—"Imagine that we are in the ancient house of the still more ancient city of Akka. The room in which we are faces the opposite wall of a narrow paved street, which an active man might clear at one bound. Above is the bright sun of Palestine; to the right a glimpse of the old sea wall and the blue Mediterranean. As we sit we hear a singular sound rising from the pavement thirty

feet below, faint at first and increasing. It is like the murmur of human voices. We open the window and look down. We see a crowd of human beings, with patched and tattered garments. It is a noteworthy gathering.

"Many of these men are blind, more are pale and emaciated or aged; some are on crutches, some are so feeble that they can barely walk. Most of the women are closely veiled, but enough are uncovered to cause as well to believe that, if the veils were lifted, more pain and misery would be seen. Some of them carry babes with pinched and sallow faces. There are perhaps a hundred in this gathering, besides many children. They are of all the races one meets in these streets—Syrians, Arabs, Ethiopians and many others.

His Faithful Followers. "These people are ranged against the walls or seated on the ground, apparently in an attitude of expectation. A door opens and a man comes out. He is of middle stature and strongly built. He wears flowing, light colored robes. On his head is a light buff fez with a white cloth bound around it. He is perhaps sixty years of age. His long hair rests on his shoulders. His forehead is broad, full and high; his nose slightly aquiline; his mustache and beard, the latter full, though not heavy, nearly white. His eyes are gray and blue, large, and both soft and penetrating. His bearing is simple, but there is grace, dignity and even majesty about his movements.

He passes through the crowd, and as he goes, utters words of salutation. We do not understand them, but we see the benignity and kindness of his countenance. He stations himself at a narrow angle of the street and motions to the people to come toward him. They crowd up a little too insistently. He pushes them quietly back and lets them pass one by one. As they come they hold their hands extended. In each open palm he places some small coin. He knows them all. He caresses them with his hands in the face, on the shoulders, on the head. Some he stops and questions.

These courts were known as courts leet, courts customary and courts baron. In many places the sites where these tribunals sat are still pointed out. Near Herefordshire market town, a magnificent old elm goes by the name of the Court Leet Elm. The Court sat beneath its shade.

At Montisfort, near Romney, court baron still survives, but its powers are limited. The village of Beaconsfield, in Buckinghamshire, occasionally holds a court leet, the members of which are selected from the freeholders of the place. This court assembles for the purpose of choosing the parish constable, town crier, ale taster and pay warden. The court must be convened by the lord of the manor, and meets very infrequently. There was a meeting last year, the first since 1890.

However, if these manorial courts have for the most part disappeared, it is still possible to find a large number of towns or villages, which enjoy peculiar rights of one kind or another. When, some years ago, an act of Parliament robbed the Cinque Ports of their most ancient privileges, Brightlingsea, a Cinque Port "limb" or "apannage," was in some way overlooked. Consequently its inhabitants

are still exempt from serving on juries, they cannot be taken by the post, and the town can still appoint its own ale taster.

It is at Brightlingsea that the ceremony of electing the Mayor takes place in the belfry of the parish church, and there is an ancient statute still unrevoked to the effect that the inhabitants have the privilege of wrecking the house of any freeman who is foolish enough to refuse the honor of election to the town's chief civic dignity.

In at least one manor, that of the Earl of Carnarvon, the inhabitants may cheerfully disregard the enactments of the Ground Game act, passed twenty years ago. The ancient right of free chase and warren over freehold land is still in force there. Indeed, it was actually exercised a very few years ago, and a private bill was brought into Parliament designed to do away with it. The bill, however, failed to become a law.

The freedom of the city of London carries with it, nominally, at any rate, the right to keep pigs in the parish of St. James, Piccadilly. But even were any one disposed to avail himself of this liberty, and if the sanitary authorities failed to object, land in that part of London is somewhat too costly for profitable pig farming.

Chetwode Manor, in Buckinghamshire, is by ancient law permitted to collect what is known as the "Rhyne toll." For a certain period of the year in the late autumn all cattle passing on any road in the liberty of the manor have to pay a toll at the rate of two shillings a score. The local tenants are permitted to compound for an annual payment of one shilling.

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Odd Privileges of Old Towns.

TO this day there are many towns in Great Britain that enjoy special and peculiar privileges of various kinds. It was the custom until recently for manorial courts to hold jurisdiction in certain areas, and their rights to punish, reward, levy taxes and make local appointments were recognized as thoroughly as are to-day those of the local justices or the county councils.

These courts were known as courts leet, courts customary and courts baron. In many places the sites where these tribunals sat are still pointed out. Near Herefordshire market town, a magnificent old elm goes by the name of the Court Leet Elm. The Court sat beneath its shade.

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THE AMERICAN MODELING GIRL SUPPLANTING THE PROFESSIONAL BEAUTY AS ARTIST'S MODEL

Some of the thousands of wonderful models of Paris should come to America to pose at the present time in all probability they would have occasion to feel more than chagrined at the slight notice that would be accorded them by the American artist. Once upon a time this was not the case, but rivals have come into the field and they stand a really excellent chance of winning the laurels so long presented, without question, to beautiful women who make posing a profession. For years the professional models have ruled in the studios, but now they are being slowly supplanted by whom do you think? Why, by the working girls of this country.

Do you, can you, believe that the white aproned girl who serves you with a quick lunch, or she who measures a yard of ribbon, or tinkles a typewriter in a downtown office, may be the favorite model of your chosen illustrator?

In all probability you see nothing very expressive in her eyes, or out of the ordinary in the features. But then, more than one person exists who does not recognize beauty in everyday clothes, but must have it idealized and served up in a mode. Fortunately the men of pen and brush realize beauty when they see it. For this reason many working girls are posing on Sundays and during the evenings, being transformed for the edification of the public from neutral colored little cocoons to beautiful society butterflies.

Many artists who have travelled and painted in foreign countries declare that for real work the foreign models, those French beauties and Italian wonders, do not compare favorably with the American girl who works for her living. They also



Miss Leonie Chandos, Demonstrator, Henry Hutt Medal

say that the foreign models and the majority of our own professionals belong more particularly to art schools and decorative work of the mural variety. For instance, there is Mr. John Alexander, who stands for a great deal that is best in American art. Mr. Alexander has ideas on the subject. Said he:—"The American girl who is employed in stores and such places is absolutely essential to the American artist of the present time. She is a type that cannot be found elsewhere and she has characteristics that artists have just discovered are necessary to them.

"There are many pictures painted that deal with the girl just as she is found in her everyday life. To a great extent this has always been done. The man who really needs the working girl for a model is the illustrator, the magazine artist, the



Miss Amy Harland, Saleswoman

man who makes covers for periodicals. This class of painter is becoming exceptionally strong in America. Of course, there is some work in which the professional is required. This is in

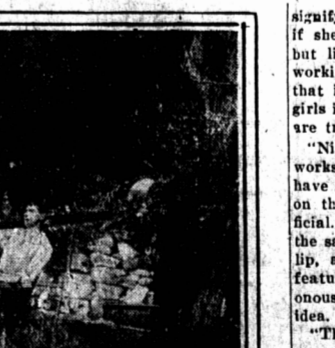
mural and decorative designs, but a large per cent of the best work is done today from girls who know more of the commercial world than of studio life. One of the most enthusiastic champions



Miss Ruth Barker, Manicure

of the working girl model is Harrison G. Fisher, whose pictures, most admire, and all of which bear an undeniable stamp of the American.

"You know," said Mr. Fisher, looking around from a picture on which he was working, "for some time I have been drawing from girls selected from stores, restaurants and offices. I do not see why more such models are not used, and in time I think this girl will supplant the professional as much as she can with the time she has.



Miss Bernice Lawton, Typewriter, Posing for H. Haggarth Leonard

"Why is she such a good model? Well, by a woman? For a good many years women have been employed, and because a girl must work it does not

signify that she is a whit less lovely than if she had remained at home and knew but little of the world. I believe that working adds to a woman's beauty, and that is why we have such a number of girls in offices, shops and restaurants who are truly more than good looking.

"Nine times out of ten the girl who works gives you new poses. Girls who have long been models and have also been on the stage generally become very artificial. Their emotions seem expressed by the same turn of the head or curve of the lip, and while you may find variety in features it is difficult to escape the monotonous sameness in the expression of an idea.

"This working girl has a distinctive personality. This is because she is not dominated by a set idea that she must act. She acts as she pleases, and not after the manner she has been taught by some false notion.

"Few persons look to the girl behind the counter for beauty; instead, they look across the footlights. Fresh, unspoiled beauty is many times to be found in the world of work; artificial, coaxed prettiness behind the footlights."

"The artists who use working girls for models have slightly different opinions concerning the reason of their fitness, and really they all seem plausible.

"Something must be brought out of the melting pot of humanity; in the case of women, beauty has been the result."

"That is what Mr. C. Ward Traver, who has been making delightful pictures for a long time, says about it.

"The world of work constitutes an immense melting pot. The beautiful girl is the golden residue. To immigration in the golden residue of certain types most valuable to artists. As long as immigra-

tion continues we will have these beauties.

"I found one of my best models in a restaurant. She was there waiting on the tables. She has an excellent intelligence. She is wide awake, earnest, and not only are her features good, but the activity of her mind imparts a beauty to her face that you may sometimes strive for days to catch in the girl who makes posing a business.

"Who does not know the Henry Hutt girl? The girl with the ensnaring eyes, the girl for all weathers and moods and places? This Hutt girl with the dancing eyes is picked from the rank and file of the workers of the world, for there is no cry that Mr. Hutt is forever voicing:—"Give me a green girl! Give me a green girl!"

"But why the green girl? Mr. Hutt was asked.