The AWAKING of the OLDER NATIONS

Personalities Behind the Transformed Ottoman Empire—The Young Turk Organization Really a Masonic Movement—The Sultan as a Tool.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Constantinople.—At the back of every movement must be men. The transformation of Turkey from a mediaeval absolutism to a constitutional government was not wrought without human agencies. Who did it?

At the time of the constitution and the revolution there were stories of a romantic secret committee in Paris, with a chief possessed of greater statesmanship and more dictatorial powers than any crowned head in Europe. The present Paris committee is disgruntled and in opposition, and it is rather generally admitted that there was considerable romancing about the original committee.

Admittedly the Young Turk movement was a bit of successful opportunism. Its leaders were quick to take advantage of favorable events, which is certainly nothing to their discredit. The men were ready for their chance when it came.

A German on Top.

But now, after the lapse of many months, who is the top man in Turkey? Amid all the personalities here, which one towers above all others? It is none other than Baron von Beeberatein, the German ambassador. One searches in vain for this omniscient, omnipotent Young Turk of whom we read so much at the time of the passing of the old order. Instead, he finds behind the forces at work here this shrewd old diplomat, the ablest in Europe, who has within a year recovered all the prestige that the German cause lost with the fall of Abdul Hamid.

In domestic affairs, as well as in foreign relationships the hand of von Beeberstein may be traced by those whose business it is to know the inwardness of current events here. Since this wise old German is an extra-Turkish personality, perhaps it is not fair to consider him in looking for the most influential figure in the present regime.

A Glimpse of the Sultan.

It is easier to say who this man is not than who he is. First of all, it is not the sultan. He may be eliminated at the outset. A high diplomat who has had to converse with the present sultan says that the ordeal is like talking to a wooden man. One encounters various terms in the diplomatic circles to describe the nonentity of Mohammed V. Doubtless, many of these are exaggerated, like the stories of his devotion to the flowing bowl. The sultan sees no foreigners, but anybody may see him at the Selamlik—the weekly function when he goes to the mosque to pray.

With Abdul Hamid, this was an ordeal to be dreaded, and he sat cowering in his carriage in a coat of mail. Apparently his brother is glad to have this weekly outing, for the poorest hamal that totters over the Galata bridge beneath his monstrous load, sees more of life than does his Royal Highness. He likes the pomp of the lines of soldiers who line the highway for the short distance from the palace to the mosque.

These soldiers are part of the modern army; on the whole, well armed and fairly well set up. Along with them one sees the archaic, red-helmeted fire brigade, with the long leather guards at the back of their helmets. The lancers, who are the sultan's bodyguard, are plainly Mongolian, and fine fellows they appear. The sultan, himself, stares at the crowds as the crowds stare at him, or as a countryman gazes at the circus. He wears a fez, and but one decoration on his breast. His face is weak, with puffs under the eyes. His beard is grey and rather close cropped. He looks for all the world like the type of genial old New England no'-er-do-well, whom one may see sunning himself outside the house, or sitting on a cracker box in the corner store, while his wife runs the family affairs.

The day I saw the sultan an American girl in the carriage next mine was aiming a camera at him. He was attracted by the fresh young figure, and obligingly turned his face toward her and smiled—and then kept on smiling and craning his neck toward her like a gay old flirt. It was not very dignified or royal, but it was decidedly revealing, especially when one remembers that this man is "King of kings," "Commander of the Faithful," and "The Shadow of God on Earth.' Incidentally, he is a political cipher.

The Prisoner of Salonica.

Nor is Abdul Hamid any longer a possible factor in Turkish affairs. Wild rumors fly around occasionally of his escape from his imprisonment, in the garb of a woman servant, and of his being at the bottom of revolutionary plots. This is the last of the contingencies that the present government has to face. The best advised say that, while Abdul is morose and sleepless, he none the less is too fond of life to take any chances with this committee. His supreme passion is to be permitted to die a natural death. For a generation he has been haunted by the nightmare of a violent death.

Now he is guarded by the most trusted representatives of the committee of union and progress. I am told by one whose knowledge of Turkish affairs has proved correct on other points that the jailers of Abdul Hamid are men who have blood feuds with him—whose relatives the deposed sultan has slain—and who would be glad of an excuse to square their accounts with him. Moreover, Salonica is the center of Young Turk sentiment, and the most difficult soil for the growth of a reactionary plot.

That the common people expect never to see Abdul in power again is shown by the way the press and the public deride and detest and make sport of him. The meanest loafer in the sidewalk cafes is free to curse the memory of the prisoner at Salonica. A popular postcard in the shops represents the prison begullements of the late sultan. It is a portrait cunningly created by the grouping of several houris, and a vision of the mosques and palaces of the Bosphorus within the tarboosh. The harmless diversions of the harem are all of his former glory permitted to Abdul Hamid.

Is There a Man of Mystery?

One searches in vain for substantiation for the early tales of the wonderful dictator in Paris, who, unknown himself, rules Turkey through the committee of Union and Progress. There is no really great personality on that body. Not all of the members are known, however, although all possible members have been appraised.

There is an Arabian Nights' flavor to the situation in Constantinople today. The real head of a department may be a man in the outer office. The cabinet minister may be subject to his secretary in the ante-room. The inner circle of the Young Turk committee is made up of men who, for the purpose, occupy places high and low. Some of the members of this inner circle are in office, some are absolutely without official position. The committee has a penchant for putting forward the men who look a part and who will fill the role of popular heroes.

This is the anomaly of present-day Turkey. The committee of Union and Progress is supposed to have dissolved and passed out of existence. It really runs parliament—an incongruity which makes constitutional government seem like a farce. Furthermore, not all of the figureheads who themselves understand their lack of power can enjoy this empty show, and they are one element of weakness in the new order.

A Masonic and Jewish Body.

Everybody in Constantinople seems to know that the committee which overthrew Abdul Hamid and brought in the new day for the empire is really a Masonic organization. It differs from the masonry of the west in that it is non-religious—the name of the Deity is not mentioned in its documents. It is affiliated with the Italian masons and not with the British or American. This fact has incurred the special hostility of orthodox Mohammedans, who dislike the Masonic order even more than they detest Christianity. This fact may be borne in mind in any study of present conditions, for it is likelier to be a factor in the developments than some more apparent causes.

Another charge brought against the committee of Union and Progress is that its membership is largely Jewish. Here one must try to master a strange condition, possible only in this romantic east, where the improbable and the incongruous are matters of every day. This particular story harks back more than 200 years, when the son of a Salonica rabbi announced himself as the Messiah and got a considerable following. His cause was so portentous that he was arrested and taken before the sultan, where, in his extremity, he renounced his claims and accepted Islam.

So great was the confidence of his followers in this Messiah, that they too obeyed his lead and became Moslems. During the ensuing centuries they have remained a distinct community, with their own mosque. They never intermarry with other Moslems, and the genuineness and depth of their fidelity to Islam is a subject of scepticism among the faithful. Certainly this Moslem-Jewish community has furnished some of the most aggressive men in the empire, and far more than its proportion of the leaders of the Young Turk movement.

The Military "Dictator."

I have interviewed many of the leaders of the Turkish government, and shall have occasion to quote some of them. Here it must suffice to give as representative the one most picturesque figure in the government—Mahmoud Shevket Pasha, the minister of war, the supreme commander of the Turkish armies, the "Saviour of Constantinople" and the man who has frequently been said to be the real dictator of the present regime in Turkey.

Really, Gen. Shevket is practically subordinate to one of his own aids and associates. He is not in the inner circle of the committee of Union and Progress, although a genuine Young Turk. It is perhaps an inconsiderate way of putting the case, but I am credibly informed that he is only a sort of puppet in the hands of stronger men. However, he looks the part of a popular idol. Tall, bearded, with small black eyes that flash, he is a veritable Beau Brummel. He could readily be a cruel man and a dictator if he had the power, else I misread physiognomy. While we talked he twirled his nose glasses by the handle, or rolled them on his fingers, or twiddled his nose—the right side of which bears a large vaccination mark. Frequently he tilted aside his green astrachan fez and scratched his iron-gray hair.

He is a charming gentleman to meet, and he speaks with an apparent openness that would disarm an unsceptical interviewer. He told me in all earnestness and apparent sincerity that there was absolutely nothing in the rumored agreement between Roumania and Turkey, although I had other more trustworthy information, which history has since confirmed, that the deal had been made. He speaks with the greatest optimism concerning the future of the new regime. The financial revenues increased by thirty-three million francs during the first year and, because of better methods of collection, a still greater increase will probably be made during the present year. The situation throughout the provinces, he said, has very much improved, the turbulent Albanians have been pacified and disarmed. Parenthetically, I may remark that one who saw the arms the government took in, says that they are only fit for a museum, and that the rifles and revolvers which can really do business are still within reach of the warlike Albanians. Shevket Pasha says he thinks the Albanians will be a valuable asset to Turkey when enrolled in the army, and he spoke most magnanimously of their defeat by the Turkish army sent against them. He said they lacked good leaders and organization, and were overwhelmed by the mass of government troops. He looks forward to 150,000 troops from Albania now available.

Moslem Versus Christian.

When we got to talking about the possibility of further trouble between the Moslems and the Christians, he naively asserted that it was the Moslems who were in danger from the Christians, which would explain why Christians rather than the Moslems, are being disarmed.

He said that what is being done in Albania in the way of establishing a suitable government with law and order, is being carried out also among the Druses. There is a reasonable percentage of Christians now in the army, according to the new order, and he says it is unthinkable that there should ever again be strife between Islam and Christianity. The first business of Turkey is the development of her army for the sake of law and order throughout the country, as well as in the dealings with other nations. He stressed the idea of a strong Turkish army, ready for any emergency, but he looks forward to no immediate armed eventualities with any other country.

The Government's Many Critics.

So much for one cabinet minister's view. That he and many like him, in office and out, are real patriots cannot be denied. There are many disaffected persons in Turkey and for various reasons, some of them obvious.

The foreigner is displeased, as he chronically is with any government carried on by those whom he likes to call his inferiors. There are various portentous elements of disintegration at work in the empire. I question whether it will ever be possible to have a homogeneous nation here. The new order of things has brought in a new restlessness among all classes of people, and Turkey, be it ever remembered, is a hodge-podge of nationalities. On one occasion I counted at least fifteen distinct and different peoples that go to make up this strange government. The Turkish ship of state was never so difficult to navigate as just now.

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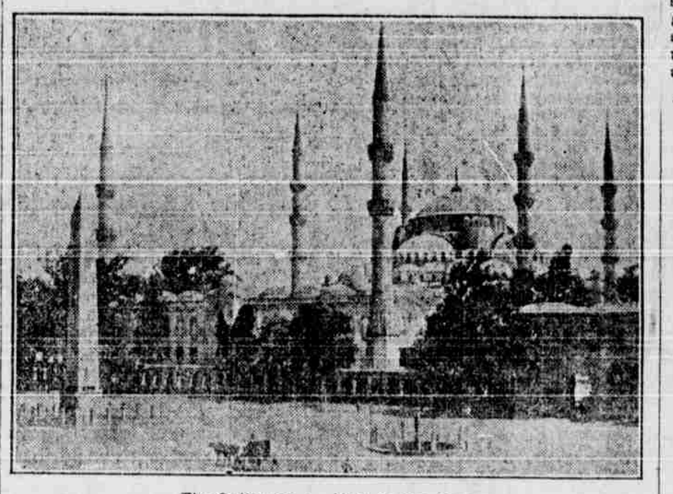


The Sultan on a Visit to the Mosque.

New Circulating Library Scheme.

The following scheme is about to be set on foot in Brussels for the diffusion of enlightening literature: A central library consisting at the outset of 10,000 choice volumes is, the Telegraph says, to be created there, and any inhabitant of any part of Belgium owning a savings bank book will be entitled to borrow from it and receive by post any book for a period of a fortnight on checking a penny off his savings bank book at the postoffice, his money at the bank serving as a guarantee for payment for books not returned.

As there are about 1,500 postoffices in Belgium this will amount to the creation of a circulating library with 1,500 branches whose risks will be more than covered by the deposits in the savings banks.

It Was All Right.

"Sorry, Brown," said the doctor, after the examination. "You're in a very serious condition. I'm afraid I'll have to operate on you."

"Operate!" gasped rBown. "Why, I haven't any money for operations. I'm only a poor workingman.

"You're insured, are you not?"

"Yes, but I don't get that until after I'm dead."

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the doctor consolingly.

Cumulative Trouble.

"The lives of some people are singularly unhappy."

"What's the matter now?"

"I have just been reading about a baseball umpire who was mobbed by a crowd of fans in the afternoon and when he got home was thrashed by his wife."

For the Hostess

Below Zero Luncheon.

The hostess issued her invitations on blue-white cards, the letters outlined with diamond dust. She did this by writing with a heavy pen in gilt ink, then went over the letters with liquid glue, then dipped the card in the diamond dust and the sparkles adhered to the glue. A polar bear clasping a thermometer which registered "10 below" was in the corner of the card. "Please wear a white frock" was in the lower left-hand corner.

On arriving iced grape juice with a dash of lemon was served. In a few moments the dining room doors were opened, revealing the coolest place imaginable. The chairs were covered with white cotton cloth, the curtains were white and the floor had been covered with sheets tightly stretched and fastened down with large tacks. A huge cake of ice was the centerpiece, surmounted by a group of toy polar bears. Ferns and vines were massed about the base. Two small globes of goldfish were on either side. The candles were white, also the shades. Diamond dust glistened on the tablecloth and glass icicles hung from the chandeliers, while the dearest of tiny dolls drew sleds inscribed with the name of each guest, forming the place cards.

Then a delicious white menu was served—first iced bouillon in glasses, cold breast of chicken, Saratoga chips, baking powder biscuit, pear and pineapple salad with whipped cream dressing, iced tea and cantaloupe, filled with vanilla cream completed this feast, with the usual accessories of nuts, white French bonbons and individual cases, and the most delicious watermelon preserves. The guests were asked to relate the coldest experience they had ever had. There were large thermometers around the room with the mercury down below zero.

Novel Potato Party.

The hostess passed to each lady a well-washed potato of rather long slender shape. Then each one was given four small wire hairpins, four small black tacks, two fancy paper napkins with gayly colored borders, and a supply of pins. There were scissors and tubes of library paste.

The order was to construct a doll. With prizes to be awarded for the best and poorest specimens the ladies worked with amazing zeal. This going back to childhood days was thoroughly enjoyed, and while none had manufactured "potato" dolls before, nearly everyone confessed to the "clothespin" variety, and it was surprising the array of attractive little figures that emerged from the hands of these erstwhile creative artists.

The hairpins were used for arms and legs, the tacks made eyes, nose and mouth, and it was astonishing the variety of facial expressions achieved. All sorts of garments were made from the napkins, which were pinned and pasted into shape. There were babies, children, Japs in kimonos, sun bonnet toddlers, ladies of high and low degree, all acknowledging a common potato for their origin.

The prizes were in keeping with the novelty of the pastime. The first one was a large sweet potato pie piled high with fluffy meringue; the consolation offering was several quarts of new potatoes in a most charming green basket.

For the Bride.

Many years ago this sentiment appeared in a household magazine and a woman confesses that from reading it she formulated a rule she adopted early in her married life. It is such excellent advice, I put it here for all our department brides and for those of us who are old housekeepers, too. I think the little quotation is by N. P. Willis. Be that as it may, the sentiment is one we should all adopt. Let us all try to give not only our husbands, but our children and friends "an unclouded welcome."

"The world well tried, the sweetest thing in life
Is the unclouded welcome of a wife."

MADAME MERRI.

To Whiten the Skin.

Benzoin, diluted or mixed with another ingredient, whitens and softens the skin, and it also closes the pores. It is a good plan to use a little of this mixture in the water just after the face has been given a good steaming.

Pretty Tea Cosy

HERE is an idea for a delightfully pretty cosy, which would sell well at a bazaar, or would make a charming present for a friend.

The materials necessary for it are: (1) Half a yard of sateen. (2) Three-quarters of a yard of thin silk in any pretty light color. (3) Half a yard of narrow ribbon. (4) A small china doll. (5) About a quarter of a yard of white cotton-wool.

Cut out from the sateen ten triangular-shaped pieces, each about six inches from point to base, and about three inches across the base. Take five for the cover and five for the lining of the padded part. Seam up both cover and lining on their wrong sides. Slip cotton-wool in between them, seam them together round the base, thus getting a padded cone, as shown in the illustration.

Now cut off the little doll at her waist, and fix her into a hole made at the point of the cone, so that her shoulders, head and arms stick out at the top, as the illustration shows.

Sew little hemmed frills of silk round and round the cone, to represent one of the flounced skirts which our great-grandmothers used to wear over crinolines. Fold a bit of silk to match across the doll's shoulders, to stimulate a low-cut evening dress, and tie the ribbon round to look like a high-waisted sash.

When the cosy is on the pot, it seems as though the little doll were keeping the tea warm under her billowy skirts.

The idea may be carried out in any color and almost any light fabric. A cosy of flowered muslin would, for instance, look exceedingly dainty with a white tea-set having small flowers upon the cups.

If the cosy is intended for use in the nursery or school room, you can make it far more serviceable by dressing the doll in a bonnet and a long dark cloak; or this cloak and bonnet may be added when the cosy grows a trifle soiled.

DRESS NOTES

In spite of its simple effectiveness, not one woman wears a sailor hat today where five wore them a few years ago.

Sleeves just now are half and three-quarter length, but there is a rumor afloat that they are to again be long and close.

With the incoming of thin summer clothes one sees a good deal of the now established French idea of using pink ribbon in one's lingerie instead of any other color.

Skirts of the hiur are close, narrow, quite short as a rule, but recently made suits show skirts some wider at the foot, although the straight effect still obtains.

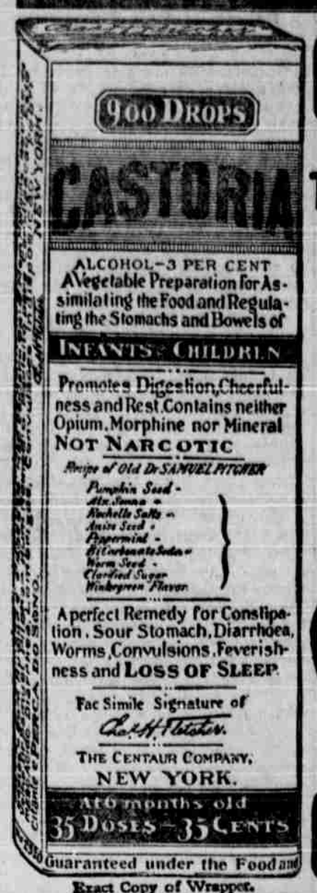
Saxe gloves, perfumed and pale of tint, long and loose, are one of the crazes of the hour. To be sure they are extravagant, for they soil at once, but they are liked well and are worn universally; they are chic.

Baby's Dresses.

It very often happens that baby's sheer little frocks are creased if put away in a drawer, even if great care be exercised in keeping them smooth. A much better plan is to procure a number of coat-hangers, children's size, and on these place the little dresses. Any particular dress is easily found and may be taken down without danger of crushing the others. It will be found worth while to have a circular bar put up in the closet, as a great many more frocks may be put away at a time.

To Pull Bastings.

Few persons know that an ordinary orangewood stick, such as is used for the nails, is the best instrument for removing bastings. A scissors when used is very apt to cut or tear the garment. Procure the stick at any drug st



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Myrtle—I understand Miss Critic paid me a compliment last night.

Natica—Not quite, but she came as near it as you could ever expect from her. She said you were charming, but—

A Human Cruet-Stand.

Several villagers were discussing a departed sister who had been given to good deeds but was rather too fond of dispensing sharp spoken advice.

"She was an excellent woman," said the deceased lady's pastor. "She was constantly in the homes of the poor and afflicted. In fact, she was the salt of the earth."

"She was more than that," remarked a villager. "She was the vinegar, the pepper and the mustard as well. She was a perfect cruet stand of Virtues."—London Tit-Bits.

Faces Included.

Howell—He has a weather-beaten face.

Powell—Well, the weather beats everything.

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Wifey Knew Him.

Benham—I can't remember dates.

Mrs. Benham—But you have a pretty good memory for peaches.

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