

THE DARDANELLES



A VILLAGE ON THE DARDANELLES

THE Dardanelles, known in classic times as the Hellespont, is the golden key to the door of Asia. The strait, which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Aegean sea, is approximately forty-five miles long and varies in width from four miles to a mile and a quarter at Dardanelles, its narrowest point. It was just at this part of the strait that, according to the ancient verses ascribed to Musaeus, the servant of the muses, a legendary poet supposed to have lived about the fifth century, the enamored Leander, residing in Abydos, the Asiatic town, wooed and won the beautiful Hero, one of the priestesses of Venus, who dwelt at Sestos, exactly opposite on the European side.

armaments, proved how thorough were the preparations for war. On arriving at the little wooden dock at the port of Dardanelles in one of the huge Turkish flatboats which come out from the shore to take off passengers and freight from the steamer, the tourist's passport is demanded, even before he is permitted to alight on the dock, if being dragged up bodily by two villainous looking bandits who stand on the dock, succeeded by two equally ferocious appearing gentlemen in the swaying and bobbing boat some six or seven feet below, who expedite matters by none too gentle pokes and shoves, may be designated by any such mild appellation.

Meet Scowling Looks.

Once upon the dock the tourist is conscious that it is a long, long way to the steamer, which lies some distance out from the shore, and the confused babble of tongues greets the ear and the scowling looks cast upon the visitor make him well aware that he has left civilization and safety behind him in his characteristic American desire to "take in the whole show," as it is usually described.

It is almost with a sense of relief that the individual is seen approaching. He bows obsequiously and glibly announces: "I spik English; I guide."

At once his services are gladly secured, but unfortunately it is soon evident his knowledge of the English language is limited.

However, when one is in Turkey, and in Asiatic Turkey at that, it is the part of wisdom to take things as they come without making any unnecessary commotion. The glances cast upon the "glours" are usually far from friendly or reassuring, and the visitor to Dardanelles becomes soon convinced of the foolishness of his action in insisting upon going ashore in the face of the just warning from the captain and officers of the steamer, who frankly advised him to remain on board, as it was pleasanter and safer to view Dardanelles from the deck of the steamer.

The town of Dardanelles is situated on a flat point opposite the European fort of Tehanak Kalesi, which guards the entrance to the strait from the Aegean sea. Two famous forts known as castles defend the Dardanelles, the one in Asia, Tehanak Kalesi, or Earth-ware Castle of Asia, on the site of the ancient city of Abydos, and its mate opposite known as Khlidi Bahar, "the lock of the sea," which is built on the sides of a steep projecting cliff. This castle, however, is of less importance than its neighbor.

The Turks have a romantic story of their own regarding Abydos, now known as Dardanelles. It seems that a firm resistance was offered to the Ottomans who besieged it under the command of Orchan, the son of Sultan Othman. The city at last was forced to yield, owing to the treachery of the governor's daughter, who had fallen in love with a handsome young Turk. Her treachery alone occasioned the fall of the town, which to this day has remained one of the most prized strongholds of the Turks.

In the town the sight of a foreigner and the sound of the English tongue is a matter of much comment, even in the best of times. Just after the so-called bombardment of the Dardanelles reported to have taken place by an Italian warship during the war over Tripoli, the writer had the unique experience of being one of the eleven foolhardy passengers on the first Austrian Lloyd steamer from the port of Piraeus, Greece, willing to take the risk of attempting to pass through the Dardanelles.

A Hazardous Journey.

At the Aegean end of the strait, after a long wait and much uncertainty as to whether the steamer would be permitted to make the hazardous journey through the Dardanelles, known to be thickly sown with mines, a little grimy Turkish tug took the long line of shipping in tow, which had for some time been awaiting a convoy to proceed on its journey to Constantinople, or the ports on the Black sea, a journey interrupted by the false reports of an Italian bombardment, which very fortunately, as it happened, had not actually taken place.

The passengers were filled with trepidation and fear as they anxiously watched the little snorting tug laboriously twist and turn in an amazingly intricate and tortuous course, first close to shore, and then by sharp turns, making apparently for the opposite side of the famous channel. It was a wonderful sight to see the little craft ahead, each of the others following as closely as they could the stern of the preceding vessel, imitating most faithfully the antics of the small Turkish convoy, lest it be blown up by missing but one of the labyrinthian twists and turns, and to look back and see the five ships behind, as diligently playing the same game of follow the leader, while on each side of the narrow waterway an almost continuous line of fortifications, hidden breastworks, bristling batteries and anti-aircraft guns, cleverly concealed

Use for Anthologies.

The mistake is in thinking that all poetry is for all readers. On the contrary the realm of poetry is as wide as the world, for the very reason that each man may find there just what he needs and leave the rest. The thing is to discover the poetry that was meant for us, and perhaps the best way to do that is to turn over the pages of some well-made selection, and see where our eyes get caught and held.—Richard Le Gallienne.

Scotch Bill of Fare.

Several readers write to say that surely the English holidaymakers in Scotland who protest against the Scottish bills of fare at the boarding houses and hotels are unreasonable. "If one goes to Paris," writes one correspondent, "one rather enjoys eating the food of the place and accepting its feeding, hours and methods. It is a welcome change to have only coffee and rolls at the hour when Britton and Balham are gorging themselves with thawed eggs from Siberia and bacon that is all gristle; and I believe verte is a great idea, also a

big improvement on the brandy-and-soda interlude in the city before one catches the train that takes one toward home and dinner."—London Chronicle.

The Bee in Literature.

The bee has had a place in literature ever since there was a literature. Bees are frequently mentioned in our Scriptures. Classic poets rhymed the honey of Hybla, in Sicily, that being of incomparable quality, and it is a fact that the queens of the Hybla bees have been extensively imported to this country to improve the American stock.

What She Looked Like.

"Did you see that hussy who sued our son for breach of promise?" "I did." "What did she look like?" "She looked to me like a son-kist lemon."—Judge.

A Definition.

William—"Pop, what's a paradox?" Father—"A paradox, my son, is a woman who wears silk stockings and tries to keep it a secret."—Puck.

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life," Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," etc.

Nora's Sullen Spells Are Most Trying, and Helen Decides to Let Her Go

(Copyright, 1915, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Nora, when did you clean this stove?" Nora shut the ice box with a bang before she answered sullenly: "Wipe it off after every meal." "Well, just look at this!" With the tip of her finger Helen touched a blackened, grease-crust-ed burner. "And this drip pan," drawing it out, "is filthy!"

"Guess I know how it was when I came. Guess I keep my stove and my kitchen cleaner than the girl you had 'fore me."

"That will do, Nora. Now, this pan must be scoured! You'll have to use ammonia to cut that grease, and take a stiff brush to those burners. I want this cleaned this morning—before you begin the silver."

Helen left the kitchen with an angry flush. Nora was getting more sullen and insolent every day. She had made a mistake in taking her back. She should have known that once having clashed, things could never be the same. Now, she was elighting her work. There was no excuse for that stove.

"Thompson's here to fix that hot water spigot," announced Nora, appearing at the door a moment later. "You said you wanted to see him."

Helen turned sharply. "What did you say, Nora? What did you call Mr. Thompson?"

"I said Thompson's here to fix that hot water spigot," defiantly.

"Nora, I want this to be the last time you ever call Mr. Thompson—Thompson. I've spoken to you about that before. He's the superintendent here, and for you to presume to call him Thompson—"

"Well, that's his name, ain't it?" her face reddening with sulky temper. "And he calls me Nora, doesn't he? I've got no use for that man. He made my uncle come up on that servants' elevator—and my uncle's just as much a gentleman as anybody that comes to this house."

"But, Nora, that's the rule here—anybody calling on the maids must use that elevator. They can't make an exception of your uncle."

And Helen hurried out to Mr. Thompson, irritably conscious that Nora was getting more and more on her nerves.

It was after luncheon before Helen went into the kitchen again. In a glance she saw the stove had been only half cleaned, but she ignored it, not feeling equal to another combat just then. Yet she knew Nora had seen her look at it, and was furious at her own lack of courage.

"Where did these come from, Nora?" taking up a monkey wrench and a large screw driver from the kitchen table.

"He left 'em when he was fixin' the sink."

"Who do you mean by 'he'?" demanded Helen, pointedly.

Nora hesitated. She dared not say "Thompson," and her stubborn pride would not let her say "Mr. Thompson."

Then came an inspiration. "The superintendent, ma'am."

"And what did I tell you to call the superintendent, Nora?"

"Mister Thompson," with sneering emphasis. Then, under her breath, "But I'll call him what I please when you ain't around."

Pretending not to hear this last mumbled comment, Helen left the kitchen. She went straight to her desk and took up the calendar.

Nora's month would be up the fifteenth—just nine more days. She would tell her tomorrow that she must look for another place. She would not keep her after the fifteenth!

That evening at dinner Nora waited on the table with lowered, reddened eyes and an air of gloomy sullenness.

"What's the matter with her?" demanded Warren, as she left the room. "She's getting difficult again," admitted Helen, with a sigh. "She had one of her sullen spells today."

"What'd I tell you when you took her back?"

"Well, when her month's up I'm going to let her go. I shall tell her tomorrow that she'll have to look for another place."

"Huh! I'd have fired her long ago." "You've put up with—"

"Hush, dear!" Through the partly opened pantry door Helen caught the gleam of Nora's white apron. "Oh, I believe she heard!"

"Serves her right for listening."

When Nora brought in the salad her eyes were lowered, but Helen saw her hand tremble as she put down the dish. How much had she heard?

For the rest of the evening Helen felt vaguely uncomfortable. She thought of Nora out there brooding alone, thinking, no doubt, they were still "talking her over." She could never bear to feel that they were two against one—and Nora was so alone!

Finally, yielding to her uneasiness, she went out to the kitchen. The door of Nora's room was open, but she was not there.

"Nora!" she called, uncertainly.

On a warm night she sometimes went up to the roof, but never without permission, and never so late as this.

Only yesterday Helen had read about a servant hurling herself from the window because she was homesick and lonely. The next moment she was out in the hall. Not waiting for the elevator she darted up the stairs.

It was Nora, huddled against the chimney, her head on her arms. "Why, Nora, what are you doing up here in the rain?" No answer except a choking sob. "You'll be sick," Helen shook her lightly; her thin waist was damp. "I don't care," sobbingly. "Well, I do. I can't afford to have you sick on my hands."

The heartlessness of this remark struck Helen, but it had its effect. It checked Nora's emotionalism. Without a word she rose and started down. Determinedly Helen followed her to her room.

"Nora, you're not happy here. You say your mother wants you to come back to Ireland—now, why don't you go?"

Helen was not prepared for the storm of tears that followed.

"Hush, Nora, hush!" sternly. "They'll hear you outside. If you won't go back home, then why don't you get another place where you'll have only chamber work? You'd like that better, I'm sure."

Gradually Nora sobbed out that she didn't want another place, that she had heard what they said about the fifteenth, but that she wanted to stay.

Helen, helpless before this hysterical outburst, finally promised to give her another month's trial, another chance to conquer her sullenness.

Reassured by this, Nora quieted down, but Helen left her with vague misgivings. Already she had regretted her promise.

"Where in the deuce have you been?" demanded Warren.

"With Nora. I told you she overheard us at dinner. Then, resignedly, 'I've promised to give her another month's trial.'"

"For the love of Mike! That makes how many times you've discharged and taken her back?"

"Only once before, dear. And this time, if she doesn't improve—she'll have to go. I told her that distinctly."

"Well, by Jingo," stooping for his paper with a disdainful shrug, "that girl's got your number. She can work you to the limit."

Absently, Helen tidied her workbasket, wound up the spools, and thrust pins and needles into the strawberry cushion. Warren was right, Nora did impose on her. No one else would put up with her sullen obstinacy. Why had she promised to keep her? For the moment her resentment against Nora hardened into a positive dislike.

Mechanically she opened a tightly-folded envelope and poured into her hand some bullet-like pearl buttons. Where had they come from? They had been on that old silk waist she had given Nora for a dust cloth, and Nora had carefully cut them off and put them here.

They were a mute testimony of Nora's loyalty and economy. She was always doing just such things. No other girl ever worked so wholeheartedly for their interest.

And it was only lately that she had begun to slight her work. She had said she was not well; perhaps she was tired, overworked. She had been with them over a year without a day's rest or change.

Slowly, thoughtfully, Helen put back the buttons, refolded the envelope, then turned to Warren with an abrupt: "Dear, how long has Miss Middleton been with you?"

"Bout a year. Why?"

"You're going to give her a vacation this summer?"

"Sure. Two weeks this month. Why?"

"Nothing. I was just wondering."

The stenographer would get her vacation, that was taken for granted. Why not the servant? Her hours were longer and her work more monotonous. No wonder Nora was growing sullen and irritable. She was never away from the kitchen or her little room adjoining it.

"Warren, about how much does it cost to go to some nearby seashore for a week? I mean for someone who has to go cheaply. Not to a big hotel, but just to a cheap boarding house?"

"What're you driving at, anyway? Miss Middleton can engineer her own vacation."

"I wasn't thinking of Miss Middleton," musingly. Then, with sudden briskness, "Dear, do you know it's after twelve—and we were up so late last night. Shall I turn on your bath?"

Diet of Ancient Athletes.

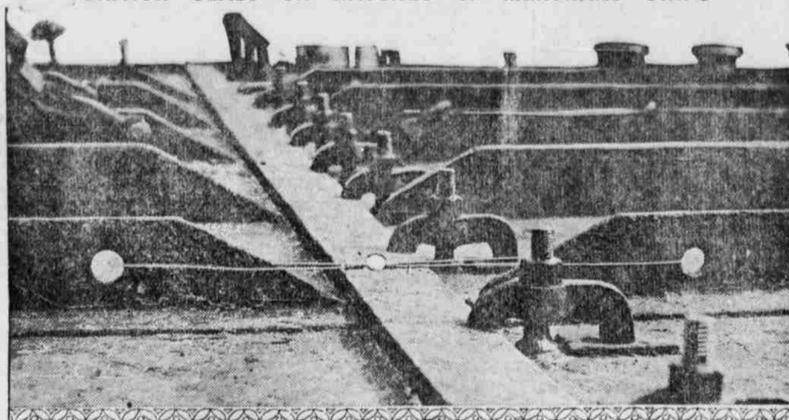
The actual diet used by the ancient Greek athletes consisted of a certain kind of cheese, specially prepared from goats' milk. Later on a flesh diet was introduced. The Romans, in the early stages of training, utilized a vegetarian form of diet, consisting of dried figs, new cheese, and boiled grain. Later on, again, meat was added to the list, but only one sort of flesh was thought suitable, and that, curiously enough, was pork, an edible absolutely banned by most modern trainers. Galen most firmly maintained that pork contains far more nutriment than any other flesh food. It certainly is a very significant fact that the ancient athletes complained that if they were forced, when in training, to live upon anything else but pork for any one meal their mental and physical forces alike were seriously impaired.

Bees Carry Own Weight.

Five thousand bees will weigh a pound as they leave the hive, but when they return loaded with honey their weight is doubled.

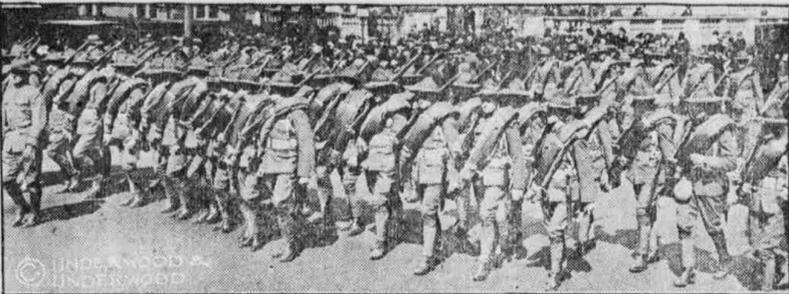
During the rush hours in Buffalo the street car company operates two-car trains.

BRITISH SEALS ON HATCHES OF MERCHANT SHIPS



British officials in American ports are now putting their seals on cargoes that are bound for neutral ports over routes that pass through the naval war zone. The photograph shows one of these seals wired across the hatches on board the steamship Joseph Fordney at New York.

MORE TROOPS OFF FOR PANAMA CANAL ZONE



The Twenty-ninth infantry, U. S. A., here seen marching past the New York public library, has just been sent to the Panama Canal zone to be a part of the permanent garrison. Before departing it was reviewed by Gen. Leonard Wood, Mayor Mitchell and other dignitaries.

AMERICAN RED CROSS NURSES FOR RUSSIA



Miss Cora V. Johnson and her corps of ten trained nurses photographed on the steamship Bergensfjord as they were about to sail for Europe for service on the battlefields in Russia.

GIANT CACTI TRANSPLANTED



The two largest giant cacti that have ever been moved have been transplanted from the Arizona desert to the Panama-Pacific International exposition. They have been placed on the parapet of the Zuni Indian village, which is one of the most realistic bits of reproduction to be found at the exposition. Each cactus occupied a separate flat car. One weighed 3,700 and the other 4,500 pounds. It cost \$2,000 to dig up and transport the two giant growths to the exposition. The larger of the two desert plants is 35 feet in height.

Boss Didn't Know It.

The Employee—I've called for my time. I'm not going to work for you any more.

The Sarcastic Boss—Have you been working for us? I thought you were merely drawing pay.

World's Square Club.

New York city has a unique society called the Square club. So square is the Square club that all regular and most irregular meetings of the club are held around the four sides of a square table. On the square table are the names of all its members. To become eligible for membership to the club you must join with three others. When the club was first organized the members used to carve their names on the table, now they are inserted on steel plates. The Square club is the

YOUNGEST ELOPERS ON RECORD



Alston Curtin, aged sixteen years, and Grace Bowles, one year his junior, who eloped from Washington and were arrested in New York, where they attempted to get a license to marry. The Children's society returned them to their parents in the national capital.

Crowded Civilization.

In a way Europe itself was outgrown. draw a line from Koenigsberg on the Baltic to, Odessa on the Black sea. West of that lies a stretch of country, highly favored by climate and water communication. But it is now rapidly feeling its relatively small size. It would hold comfortably between Key West and Chicago, the Aroostook and Mobile. Yet within it are crammed half a dozen civilizations, a dozen languages and well nigh twenty armies, three-quarters of which are in a high state of efficiency. The hostile lines of competing tariff systems are just as numerous; while a multiplicity of traditions, in which war and religion play a great part, are hopelessly rooted in a past that is not altogether edifying.

ing. Imagine all this in between Chicago and New York, and how unhappy we should be.—Century Magazine.

Traits of the Camel.

"The camel," says an oriental proverb, "curses its parents when it has to go uphill and its maker when it goes down." Still, this is hardly to be wondered at, for it is a well established fact that even young camels never play. They are born sad, and thereafter their life is one protest against being made to work, although work has been their portion since the beginning of the memory of man. How largely they have been domesticated from the earliest times we know from the statement that Job possessed 6,000 camels.

the spirit of graver and decorator; even as idyllicists their appeal is to the bodily eye; they are overcareful of words, and not only of their little pictures, but of the frames that contain them—book, cover, margin, paper, adornment. That lyrical compositions should go forth in attractive guise is delectable, but not the one thing needful for the true poet, whose strength lies in that which distinguishes him from other artists, not in what is common to all.—Edmund Clarence Steadman.

Verses and Poetry.

It is true that much correct verse is written without inspiration, and as an act of taste. The makers seem artists rather than poets; they work in