

PHOTOGRAPHER TO THE GREAT ASSASSIN, MADE PICTURES OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

IT WAS with excellent reason that Hovhannes Murguditch Cheenegeozian, a young Armenian, living at 48 Butler avenue, Irvington, had the sultan of the great assassin, Abdul Hamid, the sultan of Turkey, says a writer in the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Hovhannes Murguditch Cheenegeozian, or John the Baptist, as his name is translated into English, has had an eventful life. He was born and raised at Marsovan, Turkey, in Asia.

His family were all photographers many years before his time, and when he became old enough to perform a service he was taught the art of photography. He studied in several universities in his own country, and became so proficient in his art that he was selected by Abdul Hamid, the sultan of Turkey, as the official court photographer. This position he occupied in 1896, when the great Armenian massacre occurred.

The young Armenian witnessed the assassination of 800 of his countrymen and narrowly escaped with his own life through the friendship of an aged Turk, who was an assistant in the gallery. On the old man's advice the young Armenian disguised himself as a Turk and continued to serve in his official capacity. He remained in the service of the sultan for over three years, or until late in 1896, when he became converted and, deeming it advisable to leave his position and the country for the retention of his religious faith and to save his life, he decided to come to the United States.

The young Oriental is preparing himself for missionary work among his countrymen that he may return in safety to Turkey. He declares that as soon as he obtains his naturalization papers he will return to his native land.

"John the Baptist" is very intellectual and cultured. He speaks Greek, Turkish, Armenian and English, the latter tongue very fluently and accurately, and with a soft, charming Oriental accent. He spends his time lecturing and preaching about the horrible atrocities of the sultan, and he declares that the reports of the outrages are not half so bad as the actual facts. He tells his own story.

His Own Story.

About 43 years ago an Armenian gentleman went to Paris to learn the art of photography and drawing. After completing his studies he returned to Constantinople. At that time Sultan Abdul Aziz, who was assassinated by his prime minister, Hussain Ovnee Pasha, called all the artists of the city together, and ordered them to make a picture of him, seeing him but once. Among the contestants was this young artist from Paris, Abdullah Vencau, whose fame had spread over the city. Sultan Aziz was so pleased with the likeness made of him by Vencau that he presented the young artist with a medal and appointed him court photographer.

After the assassination of Sultan Aziz, Sultan Murad V ascended the throne, but after three months he was declared insane in order to depose him and place his brother, Abdul Hamid, the present sultan, on the throne. When the new sultan chose his officers he retained Abdullah Vencau as court photographer.

At this time, in 1892, I was in Constantinople seeking an opening in business. Just at this time Vencau's brother, who was his partner, died. I thought this was my opportunity and sought the presence of the court photographer. On fastening a certain amount of capital in the business he agreed to take me in as partner. I accepted his proposition. I was while working in this capacity that I came in contact with the representative men of other nations of Europe.

In my capacity as photographer to the sultan I have been called many times to his different palaces to make the pictures his royal highness desired. Among the sultan's most noted palaces is the Yildiz palace, the Dolmabahaghi palace and the palace of the harems. At the Yildiz palace I have taken pictures of the departments of the palace, and of the officers of the sultan.

Photographs of the Harem.

I have been called to the harem many times on the order of the sultan to make pictures of its different departments and of the ladies of the palace. It is only by special permission of the sultan that the ladies of the harem may have their pictures taken. The women keep their faces veiled constantly in the presence of men, for to expose the features to a man is deemed a disgrace.

The palace of the harem is an immense building, having a great courtyard filled with lakes, trees, flower beds and otherwise beautiful by nature. All the business of the palace is conducted by 300 colored eunuchs, at the head of which a Turk, who is known as the "cuzlar agasi." The 300 eunuchs are divided into small companies, and over each of these is a captain. These different companies have their own special duties.

The sultan has in his harem 60 wives, "sarays," or palace girls, as they are

known. Their life is one of luxury and monotony, the daily purgand being repeated day after day without change. In fact, their fate is sometimes pitiable, as in many cases they are no more than prisoners. The palace girl rises at 8 o'clock, has breakfast at 10, dinner at 1 and supper at 8. The time between meals is spent in conversation, dancing, walking about the courtyard, dressing luxuriously and smoking cigarettes. It is part of the duties of the eunuchs to provide entertainment for the sarays, such as boat riding on the small artificial lakes within the palace court yard and indoor sports.

Every two sarays are permitted to have a carriage, two drivers and four horses. Permission to go outside of the palace can be obtained only from the sultan. A palace girl wishing to go for a drive makes known her desire to the eunuch chief, who reports it to the chief eunuch, who in turn sends the request to the sultan. If he is in a good humor when it is received the request is granted; if not, it is curtly refused.

Whenever the sultan wishes to see one of his wives he sends words to the chief eunuch, and then, surrounded by royal officers, the favored one is driven to Yildiz, the private palace.

Beautiful Circassian Girls.

These wives of the sultan are beautiful Circassian girls, and vary in age from 18 to 23. Each year the sultan sends an agent to Circassia, the land of beautiful girls, who travels over the country and selects, or takes by force, if necessary, 600 of the most beautiful girls he can find. These are taken to Constantinople, and from this number the sultan selects 60 girls to become sarays in his harem.

Whenever the sultan summons one of his sarays, and as soon as the fact becomes known among the other palace girls, their jealousy is aroused and in the absence of the harem of the favored one, plots are laid for revenge. It has even been known for these jealous sarays to subject to the most cruel and inhuman torture the favored one, or make a way with her by murder, or burial alive.

Who knows even how much blood and how many tears have already flowed behind the impenetrable barrier of the harem's double walls, and how many innocent victims have been immolated in silence to the fierce distrust of Abdul Hamid? It is notorious that at the slightest suspicion regarding a woman he sees red, and does not hesitate to strike on the spot.

Act of a Field.

One day the sultan, having to leave his study for a moment, forgot on his desk one of the miniature revolvers which he is never long without. Returning soon after to the room he found a little girl 12 years old, a little slave in the harem, who had wandered by accident into the room, handling curiously the little weapon, thinking doubtless that it was some pretty toy. Abdul Hamid's morbid fancy at once made him think some attempt against his life was intended. Seeing his terrified expression, the child burst into tears, and her emotion convinced the despot that it was a confession of guilt. He had her seized and "questioned," which at the Yildiz means tortured in the most abominable manner. Though they thrust red hot blades under the poor child's finger nails, they got nothing from her but screams and sobs, and the investigation finally proved that she had nothing to confess. Then only ceased the punishment of the little martyr, whose pitiful story is probably forgotten already in the imperial harem.

It is the duty of the eunuchs to keep order among the palace girls; but their plots against each other are often carried on with such secrecy that they are not discovered in time. These things are immediately reported to the sultan, and he betide the unfortunate palace girl upon whom the monster's suspicion may fall. One form of torture to compel a saray who is under suspicion to make a confession is to heat a Turkish sword blade to a white heat and hold it before her eyes until the heat has caused them to literally shrivel up, destroying the sight and rendering her an object of hideousness and contempt. Many of the sarays in desperation over their fate are driven to suicide.

The Harem a Royal Hell.

In truth, the sultan's harem is nothing but a royal hell.

Many interesting stories might be told of how inmates of the harem have attempted to escape, or how members of the sultan, whose heads were turned while on some mission to the harem by catching but a glimpse of the dark-eyed and languorous beauties reclining on silken couches.

Hobart Pasha, the head of the Constantinople fire department, successfully escaped with one of the sultan's wives. It was during the course of a fire at the palace of the harem one day that the handsome officer saw some of the beautiful "harems," and was smitten by the beauty of one. He resolved then and there to flee to a foreign country and make the girl his wife. Availing himself of his high position, Hobart

Pasha made the acquaintance of the chief eunuch.

On the pretext of inspecting the ruined portion of the palace he visited the harem the day after the fire to declare his love to the beautiful prisoner and unfold his plans for her escape. As he entered the court yard he saw the sarays walking about. He mingled among them and soon recognized the object of his affections. The girl instantly recognized the officer and was pleased at his attention. Divining that he wished to speak to her, she moved apart from the others and stood behind a clump of small bushes, where he joined her a moment later.

Plans for Escape.

As Hobart Pasha declared his love for Aleia Hanum, for that was her name, and unfolded his plans for her escape, she felt herself thrilled with a new hope and promised the officer to follow his plans and become his wife. She said that she was torn from her happy Circassian home two years before, and that he was the first man she had seen since being made a prisoner of the harem.

Hobart Pasha's plan was to come on horseback that night at 1 o'clock to a certain position along the north wall of the palace. Aleia Hanum was to be at a certain spot within that hour. He was to be provided with a rope ladder, a length of strong rope and a ball of twine. After casting the ball of twine over the wall to the girl she was to draw over the rope, to which would be tied the rope ladder. After securing the end of the ladder to the trunk of a small tree which grew near the wall at that spot, she was to mount the ladder and get over the wall into her lover's arms, the other end of the ladder being held by the officer. Once outside the walls the girl was to don her disguise, and, accompanied by Hobart Pasha, hasten to the harbor and board a ship about to sail for Marseilles. The officer feared no interference, as he was permitted to go anywhere in the city at night because of his position. The harem has no guards except the eunuchs, and at that hour nothing was to be feared from them. Had the escape been from the Yildiz, the sultan's private palace, it would have been a difficult matter, as the building is surrounded day and night by a guard of 40,000 soldiers.

Suffice it to say that the officer and his sweetheart made their escape as planned and without interference. On arrival at Paris they were married. The next morning the greatest excitement existed at the harem when it was learned that Aleia Hanum had escaped. When the sultan heard of how one of his wives had been stolen he flew into a rage and made a decree that no man under any circumstances should be permitted to enter the harem under pain of death.

Hobart Pasha boasted of his feat when in Paris and it was published in the Parisian papers, copies of which fell into the hands of the sultan. He went into another rage and declared that any found having copies of those papers in his possession would be put to death.

Another Attempt.

The very fact that the sultan had decreed that no man should ever again enter the harem seemed to fire Apig Effendi, the chief zoologist of the empire, to do so. Influenced, no doubt by the success of his friend, Hobart Pasha, and he himself being a handsome and attractive man, and thinking that he could readily find favor among the sultan's wives, resolved to make his way into the harem in the disguise of a woman.

Accordingly, the next day, dressed as a Turkish woman of high degree, and in a luxurious carriage, Apig Effendi, closely veiled, entered the harem. He was readily admitted on inquiring for Hatuja Hanum, one of the sarays whose name he had learned previously. No one, not even the eunuchs, dared lift his veil to scan his features. On entering the palace he found all the palace girls walking about with faces unveiled, as no man was supposed to be present. Seeking the presence of Hatuja Hanum, he revealed his identity. The girl was greatly encouraged, and received the officer kindly, thinking no doubt of the escape of Aleia Hanum, and that she had found a like friend. Apig Effendi then explained his purpose in entering the harem, and his desire to thwart the decree of the sultan.

It is customary for two sarays to occupy one private apartment. When Apig Effendi disguised as a woman was discovered in the apartment of Hatuja Hanum by her room-mate the latter became insanely jealous and threatened to tell of the officer's presence. On threats of murdering him the sarays fled, and Apig Effendi, in a hurry, made his escape. He was taken ill, and on his promise to return in his disguise when he recovered they let him go.

A few days after the officer left the secret of his presence within the walls of the harem leaked out and was reported to the sultan. Without waiting for further investigation Abdul Hamid ordered Apig Effendi seized and to be banished for life to a penal island. The guilty sarays were in all probability cruelly tortured, murdered or forced to commit suicide.

One of the chief promoters of technical and industrial art in Austria has passed away in Joseph Ritter von Stork, the former director of the Kunstgewerbeschule of the Oestrichische Museum, whose death is announced in his 72d year. He was by profession an architect, but there were few branches of art in which he was not an expert, and as a designer he showed remarkable originality and versatility. The revival of the Austrian lace industry was entirely his work, and he was indefatigable in his search for old designs and forgotten stitches.

"In the city of Hot Springs, Ark., running is a misdemeanor," says Victor Smith, in the New York Press. "Any person going faster than a walk is arrested and fined. This law is in the interest of invalids who throng the streets and suffer relapses from the excitement caused by the undue haste of a stranger. One who runs is supposed to be a thief, murderer or escaped lunatic."

Hetty Green now has a police permit to carry a revolver in New York. Thieves who attack her now will do so at the peril of everybody in the vicinity.

BRIDGING ATLANTIC.

MORGAN STEAMER COMBINE MAY DO THIS.

Wireless Telegraphy to Keep the Chain of Ships in Touch With the Land and Each Other.

New York letter: Whether the Morgan Steamship Line Syndicate will become an actuality or not the subject is a fascinating one.

The opponents of the trust idea on broad principles, declare that such property as railways or ocean steamship lines can never become an absolutely private interest; it is too intimately connected with public rights and privileges.

A steamship man of prominence from the continent, put a very pertinent question to the writer. He asked why, if none of the foreign companies—English, French and German—are surrendering any of their rights or abating a jot of their independence in joining the Morgan combine, do we hear all this jubilation about the future complete domination of the seas by America and the disappearance of the British flag as the emblem of the world's greatest mercantile marine. If these German, French and English lines, as they themselves say, are merely entering into an agreement whereby, while they continue to be absolutely individual organizations, they just work together for profit, why should we hear on all sides the cry that the Morgan combine has simply achieved a colossal victory. If they are victors in the case, there must be losers somewhere. In fact, who are the conquerors?

Such was the very logical view of the matter taken by this experienced American steamship man. He said, further, that so far as the question of national pride is concerned, that is all very well. "We may," he said, "as Americans, feel a pride in the consummation of such a tremendous absorption by the United States of practically all the world's great shipping lines, but we have to consider very gravely whether we are not paying too high a price for our glory. In fact, when all competition is killed, may it not end in the man who ships goods north, south, east and west, and all over the seven seas, finding himself just paying more money for rates of transportation than he is paying now. When a man cannot change his shipping agent because there is only one in the business, he is liable to have to take what rates he is offered."

To look on the other side of the picture, one finds here much enthusiasm and anticipation of good things to follow in the wake of the great Morgan steamship combine. The people who support the principle of the giant deal—and there are many such to be found in New York—look forward to rates for freight and passage certainly not higher than the present ones—and, they claim, steeper than those of the past.

But what attracts the optimists most is the amazing promise of the new trust that after a certain time there will be the daily sailings from New York a steamer a day to Europe. This opens up some extraordinary possibilities in the way of ocean travel. The steamboat trust will give us the daily ocean steamer and wireless telegraphy will do the rest. It will be quite easy, by beginning the telegraphic flash from the land to the ship which is closest to shore, to pass on news from one ship to another so that the printing office aboard each ocean liner can print the news of the day in successive bulletins just as if done in any big city ashore. The whole world's news will be received on every ship.

The wonder can come to pass in this way. Every day a steamer leaves Liverpool for New York, and every day a steamer sails from New York for Liverpool. Under the conditions the steamers eastwardbound cannot at any given time of day, be separated from each other by a greater distance than 250 miles. The same will be true of the ships traveling westward. But suppose that the genius back of the daily steamer service should make it possible for each westbound ship never to be further distant from each east bound ship than 125 miles at any given time. Then the ships would resolve themselves into floating news exchanges, and it would be impossible for any vessel in distress to be without relief from some other ship for more than a few hours.

These are some of the marvelous things the great ship-combine has in store for us. But here again, in accordance with this policy of the writer to give all sides and views of the momentous question impartially, we must listen to what the anti-trust steamship man, who has been already quoted, says on this point.

"There is such a thing as improving ourselves off the face of the earth, and this idea of maintaining a bridge of ships across the Atlantic along which we might almost step so to speak, from hemisphere to hemisphere, certainly strikes me as being of the H. G. Wells, Jules Verne order of prophecy. And what is to become of our one unfeeling resource for getting away absolutely from the cares of business—the ocean trip. Why, no over-worked business man but knows how delightful it was to cut himself adrift from business worries and find, on board an ocean liner, a perfect emancipation from all the exacting, petty tyrannies of his workday life. Worries simply can't get at a man who is safe at sea. But imagine the nightmare of your daily-steam-dotted Atlantic, where wireless telegraphy won't let a man stop thinking.

St. Louis Journal: Those Des Moines bloodhounds were placed on the trail of a chicken thief, and ran down a Methodist church sexton, whose integrity is above suspicion. As a consequence bloodhound stock is quoted away below par in Des Moines.

The official returns of the local-option vote in Connecticut towns show that no-license in that state is almost wholly limited to the smaller places. The only considerable towns in which it prevails are Stonington, with a population of 8,540; Groton, with 5,062, and Plainfield, with 4,821. The no-license towns preponderate, there being 94 of them, as compared with 74 license towns.

Colonel Mott Hooton, who has been made a brigadier general, is a native of Pennsylvania. His great-grandfather was a captain in the revolutionary army.

FELT DEATH SIX TIMES.

Minneapolis Man Tells How It Feels to Give Up One's Life.

New York Herald: Probably no man ever lived who has not at one time or another asked himself the question, How does it feel to die?

In Minneapolis there lives a man who is able to answer it. This man, whose experience baffles comparison, is William J. Rohr. Since he was a boy going to school he has traveled six different routes attempting to cross the River St. Peter, but each time, as he expresses it, "St. Peter turned away and announced a false alarm."

Rohr is confident that the slender thread that holds his life possesses marvelous strength, for he has passed through the following ordeals, each of which brought him near death:

Fell through a hole in the ice while skating on a millpond; unconscious when taken from the water.

Fell into a river while protecting a bridge against an ice foe; unconscious when found.

Smothered in an airtight trunk while hiding in a game of "hide and seek;" unconscious when found.

Fell over a precipice in St. Paul to the ground below, a distance of 195 feet; unconscious when picked up.

Stricken with consumption and given up to die, but refused to allow physicians to have their way.

Attempted suicide by shooting himself twice in the breast with a revolver; unconscious when picked up, but not dead.

What is rather unusual in Mr. Rohr is that he has experienced the novelty of writing about his own death sensations.

"When I slid under the ice of the millpond that was the beginning of a series of accidents that have followed me to this day," he says, "As my slide carried me to the edge of the thin ice and into the water thoughts began to flash through my brain.

"What would father and mother say when my lifeless body had been recovered?—If ever.

"With the shouts of my playmates ringing in my ears, I passed through and made a supreme effort to drink all the water under the ice. It came into my nose and mouth and I began to feel that I had all I could hold.

"The passage of such large quantities of water through my nostrils gave me a strangling, suffocating sensation, which in turn gave way to one that seemed to be a desire to fly—to wave the arms—and then a bump, and it faintly dawned on my drowning mind that it was the ice which covered the pond.

"The last sensation was as if floating away on the crest of fleecy clouds, as they swept through the sky on a summer's day, and then unconsciousness.

"When I came to there was a disagreeable sensation of some one trying to use my arms for pump handles. A pressing down on the chest, and then at last, a voice, 'He lives!'

Describing the sensation of suffocating in the airtight trunk he says:

"The fear of suffocating finally gave way to one of pleasure, and I felt as though music were floating around with the melodies rising and falling as I drew near or receded in the distance. Hours afterward I heard voices strangely familiar."

Describing his attempt at suicide Rohr says:

"Advancing before a mirror, so as to better see what I was doing, I grasped the handle and pressed the muzzle to my breast and pulled the trigger.

"A flash, a report and I felt something like a sudden prick of a pin in my side. Well, what was the trouble? The muzzle that the muzzle had deflected in the effort required to pull the trigger.

"There was a numbness coming over me and I realized that if I were to end it all I must forthwith insert another bullet nearer in.

"Frenzied with rage and frenzied with the unsuccessful first effort, I again placed the weapon to a place where I thought the heart must be, and as the realization came over me that this was to be the end of all my sleeplessness and the heat, I seemed to glow over the fact that they could be chided so easily. Nervously and hastily I again pulled the trigger.

"When consciousness returned, for strange to relate, I had not succeeded in my design, I found the room filled with strangers and a physician kneeling by my side as I lay on the floor."

Retort Courteous.

"How did she get here?" At a famous dancing assembly this was the quite audible comment made by several married belles when a beautiful young matron, as yet on the outskirts of the exclusive set, entered the room. The newcomer, whose first appearance it was, proved herself quite equal to the occasion. She had a nodding acquaintance with nearly every woman in the room. Some of them even went to her luncheon parties. Calmly turning to the most supercilious critic in the room, she echoed, as though in reply:

"How did I get here? I drove here, my dear Mrs. Crossbeam. Did you walk?"—May Lippincott's Magazine.

He Remembered.

"Do you remember," said Mrs. Grumps, "when you asked me to marry you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Grumps.

"And I said 'Yes?'"

"I remember it. We both always did talk too much."—Washington Post.

"She says she'll have to have a new bonnet before she can sing in the choir."

"Well?"

"Well, he says that she'll have to sing in the choir to get the money for a new bonnet."—Chicago Post.

A Rapid Rise.

"I," says the self-made man with some pride, "began life as a corn doctor, but after working a year at that profession invented a dandruff cure that has made me independently rich."

This shows us that if we begin at the foot it doesn't take long to reach the head, or something to that effect.—Baltimore American.

Between Friends.

Helen—Young Softleigh proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him.

Mattie—'I'm sure he did, dear.—London Tit-Bits.

EXTRA SESSION OF CONGRESS.

Very Little Hope of Passing the Cuban Tariff Bill This Session.

President Finds That Opposition to Administration Reciprocity is too Strong.

Washington, D. C.—The question of Cuban reciprocity is now up to the senate. The bill providing for the civil government of the Philippines after long weeks of debate came to a vote and was passed by that body and the next measure of national importance which will come before the senate is the bill providing for reciprocal trade relations with Cuba.

It will be remembered that this is the measure which caused such a vigorous fight in the house some weeks ago. Thirty-five republican members of the house refused to abide by the report of the ways and means committee and joined with the democrats in striking out the differential on refined sugar.

President Roosevelt expressed himself a few weeks ago as determined to call congress together in special session should they adjourn without enacting legislation on this subject. It is known that many republican senators are opposed to the policy of the administration on this question and with the view of finding out how many there were among the senators who would stand out on this question Senator Elkins called a meeting in his committee rooms of all senators who were opposed to Cuban reciprocity on sugar. Eighteen republican senators responded to this call. Among them were the two senators from Nebraska. These eighteen senators, should they continue their opposition to the measure, would only leave thirty republican senators supporting it, and in order to put the measure through it would require the assistance of nine democratic senators.

As there is scant prospect of getting this number of senators from the democratic side to support this policy there is not much chance of the measure becoming a law during the present session, unless some of the eighteen republicans now announced as opposed to it change their views and get in harmony with the administration and its policy, and should this measure be brought up at the present session of the senate the country can look for a long and bitter fight in that body.

THE PRESIDENT IS FEELING HIS WAY.

Washington, D. C.—The president talked with Hon. Carroll D. Wright, the United States commissioner of labor, for some time regarding the situation in the anthracite region. Mr. Wright came to Washington at the request of the president to get his views on the question and to discuss what might be done under the law giving the commissioner of labor the right to investigate affairs of this kind and to collect information relating to them, which may be reported to the president or to congress. The president stands ready at any time to be of any service possible to aid in effecting a settlement of the differences existing between the operators and the miners if this be possible.

Under the act creating the department of labor the commissioner is appointed to investigate the cause of labor troubles that tend to interfere with the welfare of the people of the different states and report the same to congress or to the president. Persons familiar with the law question and its utility, saying ample information is already public property through statements which have been partly printed in the newspapers, and that no one has authority under the law to take any action on the information which may be obtained.

BOERS ARE GLAD WAR IS OVER.

London.—(Special)—The war office has received the following message from Lord Kitchener:

"The disarmament of the Boers is proceeding satisfactorily and good spirit is displayed everywhere. Yesterday 4,342 rifles had been surrendered up to date."

Dispatches received from Pretoria confirm the statements made in Lord Kitchener's communication to the war office and say that the whole staff of the late Transvaal government, with a bodyguard of fifty men, have surrendered.

The following formalities are observed when General Botha, General DeWet or any of the Boer commanders accompany the British who have been detailed to receive surrenders:

The Boer leader goes out to meet a commandant and returns at his head. The Boers who come in are generally dressed in dilapidated clothing, but have a smart and soldierly bearing. Those who are to surrender are then assembled and the Boer leader delivers an address to his men, urging them to listen to the British officer who has been detailed on this work.

Plot Causes Sixty Arrests.

London.—In a letter from Pretoria, dated May 18, the correspondent of the Daily Mail states that the previous Thursday sixty arrests were made there as the result of the discovery of an extensive plot to blow up the government buildings and Lord Kitchener's residence and to spike the guns in the artillery barracks. The parties concerned in this plot, according to the correspondent, were lawyers, chemists and Boer and Dutch prisoners on parole.