

WHEN the FLEET GETS to MALTA

ODD SIGHTS WHICH WILL GREET THE AMERICAN SAILORS THERE



MALTESE LADY



INTERIOR OF ST. JOHN'S CONVENTUAL

ence that forms the principal thoroughfare of the city of Valletta. Up through the narrow streets you are driven to the hotel, passing under every hand men who wear the uniform of King Edward. The barefooted, or sandaled, native trudges leisurely along. Here and there one sees a group of Maltese women, their faces half-hidden beneath the faldette. This primitive race is deeply attached to their national usages for which other nationalities sometimes show lack of consideration. The faldette is a peculiar mantilla of black silk worn by the women. It is sometimes called onega. In shape it resembles a huge poke bonnet or skirt turned over the head. It is gathered in on one side and kept in place by an arched whalebone. This is operated very skillfully by the women, and gives them the nun-like effect remarked by the visitor.

The ovens of the knights still supply the garrison. The present postoffice on Strada Mercanti, formerly the Palazzo Parisio, was occupied by Napoleon I. as his headquarters when he was at Valletta. A tablet marks the spot for the tourist. Strada Santa Lucia, or, as it is known by the tourists, the "street of steps," is a decided novelty. It leads from the lower town along the bay to the main street of Valletta, Strada Reale. This climb is lined with shops, and here also are found at the corners the saints' shrines, before which burn the candles placed there by the devout people.

The governor's palace is all that one could picture as typical. Here is the room hung in rich tapestry in which the house of assembly for the local parliament meets. Here Italian is spoken, this language also being used in the courts of justice on the island. It is declared by the commercial classes that the use of English as a supplement to Maltese and Italian would be desirable.

St. John's Conventual church is next in importance to the palace. Within, from floor to ceiling, it is one blaze of memorial antiquity. The floor is paved with tombstones of more than 400 cavaliers. With the heraldic emblemmation in marble mosaic, and the sculpture, bronze and paintings, a wealth of history is unfolded. This wonderful church has its chapels, each devoted to the nationality of men who have figured in the stirring history of the island, each chapel having art in oil and marble.

No visitor to Malta ever leaves without first visiting the Chapel of Bones, beneath the Hospital of Incurables, which adjoins the burial place of the knights who died in hospital and who were buried in mantels a bed with their white cross. This chapel's architecture is rendered in every detail by the bleached bones of humanity. At the base of the altar is a tablet bearing an inscription. The following is a translation:

D. O. M.
THE WORLD IS A STAGE,
OUR LIFE A TRAGEDY,
ALL IS ILLUSION; ALL A FANTASY.
DEATH THE CLOSE OF ALL THINGS,
IT UNMAKES AND SOLVES ALL.
THOU WHO LIVEST, PONDER ON THIS.
PRAY THAT PERPETUAL LIGHT MAY SHINE ON THOSE WHO REST HEREIN.
GO IN PEACE, REMEMBER THAT THOU SHALT DIE.

The mortuary connected with the hospital has a singular relic. It is a place where the body is left 24 hours after death, with straps fastened to the hands and feet. The slightest motion would set a bell ringing and thus prevent any likelihood of being buried alive.

Both the islands of Gozo and Malta are honeycombed with caves which date from the period of Phoenician occupation. These catacombs are attractive in their gruesomeness. One enters them at Citta Vecchia, where native guides are always waiting to earn a few pennies for the privilege of escorting you through the maze-like corridors extending in all directions.

The two great harbors spread their arms invitingly and within there is ample anchorage for the "big 16" fleet of Uncle Sam. The huge breakwater, peaking its nose into the channel, speaks of the enterprise of the English in protecting this wee spot from tempests.

The buildings skirt the shore of the harbor, rising abruptly to the emin-

The Sultan's Name.

American and English newspapers have a way of mangling the name of the sultan of Turkey. Often he is called simply "Abdul"—nothing more. Sometimes it is "Abdul the Artful," "Abdul the Wary." The proper way to write the name, according to the London Chronicle, is "Abd-ul-Hamid," or as some would transliterate it, "Abd-'l-Hamid." This means "Servant (or slave) of the praised one," i. e., God, or Allah. The "ul" or "l" merely represents the Arabic definite article, which in writing is always joined to the following word.

"Abd" is the very common first name with Mohammedans, as in Abd-ul-Kadir, Abd-ul-Latif, Abd-ul-Aziz, "Abdul," with or without the Hamid makes nonsense, but no one seems to notice it.

On this principle George du Maurier might be called "Georgedul" for short, and T. P. O'Connor would lose his nationality under the Italian looking disguise of "Thomasedul."

The number of sugar factories in operation last year in Russia was 278.

How to Avoid Cramps. "You often hear of people dying from cramps while in swimming," said a physician, "but the fact is that a very small percentage of persons really die from cramps while bathing. Be the bather a good swimmer or otherwise, he or she usually gets more or less water in the ears and when a large quantity of the fluid finds its way there it floods the ear drums and causes the nerves leading to the brain to become paralyzed. This naturally forces other vital nerves to cease performing their duty and the result is death. If people who go in swimming would, as I save done for the past 40 years, put a piece of cotton in each ear to prevent the flooding of that organ,

The New Arithmetic. Boggs—How much is two times one, plus one?
Joggs—Why, three, of course.
Boggs—No; a man, wife and baby; two and one to carry.—Half-Holiday.

Different Then. "First come, first served," is true enough unless you make a practice of never tipping the waiter.

Sultan to Decapitate His Court Astrologer

By WILLARD W. GARRISON

Soothsayer Gets In Bad with the Stars and Is Now in Jail

Wise Sage Will Offer Up His Head as New Year's Gift to Turkey's Highest Potentate—Recital of the Country's Trials and Tribulations—Some High Officials Flee—Others Are Jailed Before They Can Escape—How His Majesty Feels About the Regal Distress.



EX-COURT ASTROLOGER ABDUL HUDA'S New Year's offering to the sultan of Turkey will be the former's head. This is the latest bit of wireless news from the imperial palace at Constantinople, and it is vouched for by Lord High Guardian of His Majesty's Wearing Apparel Mafid Mohammed, who whispered the words across the plaza to a tall blonde lady who was interested in stars before they thrust Huda into jail.

It all came about in this manner: At a recent star chamber session between his majesty and the court astrologer, Huda informed the sultan that as far as he could discern by daylight the orbs of the universe were in their correct positions, thus lending security to the monarch.

A few days later the Young Turks started revolution. A few days after that the sultan was compelled to proclaim that the equal rights constitution of 1876 would again be in force. This he did with one



ABDUL HUDA.

eye pinned upon the threat that the empire would be disrupted by the malcontents.

Then he fired the cabinet. And appointed a new one. Finally a minor palace official attempted to locate his majesty's vitals between the ruffles of the latter's coat of mail.

Each day as his majesty smoked his long pipe, dismissed these disturbances by a new shifting motion, the impression began to gain strength with him that all was not serene.

The use of the word serene in his thoughts immediately recalled the star predictions of Abdul Huda, but then no better star-gazer was to be found in the empire, for had not the imperial guardian of the Turkish empire tested him many times and found that Abdul's predictions were always true? He had.

Then mentally the sultan went over what his astrologer had told him only the Friday previous.

Mars, the star which portended for war, was gradually fading away, and Huda had also said that within a few weeks there would probably be no Mars.

The big dipper, suggestive of the horn of plenty, was brighter than ever. It was true, for had not Huda in all his wise raving said it?
Mercury, the swift one, whose existence was a memory of work, was soon to go into a perpetual total eclipse, so had Abdul said.

Huda's inside reasoning had also depicted the eventual union between Jupiter and Venus, which, of course,



PALACE OF THE SULTAN IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

assured well for friends of the sultan. Surely, then, there was no cause for trouble, the ruler soliloquized to himself. He paused and pondered and then lit up with a new kind of tobacco.

Fifteen minutes elapsed. "Ha, I see it all," he whispered to the royal fox terrier. "Huda's in bad with the stars."

Then in a loud voice: "Corporal of the imperial guard, front!"

In came the trusty band, weapons in hand. "Hunt up Abdul Huda, royal astrologer, and bring him hence," ordered his majesty.

Within a few minutes, Huda, his trunk packed for his vacation, was ushered into the regal presence, well knowing that the signs had been switched under his eyes.

"Off with his head!" shouted the sultan, rising from the divan.

Fifteen brown forearms pulled 15 shining sabers and were ready to deliver the fatal stroke with the same regularity that governs up-to-date melodrama.

"Stay, slaves," quoth his highness. "I would fain give him a worse punishment before I am ready to deprive him of what little gray matter there may be beneath that bald pate. To the dungeon with him."

The day's routine over, the sultan re-ascended himself upon the divan and thought of what had best be done. Finally he decided that there could be no place just like jail as a punishment, and so Huda remained there.

However, the story goes, the former student of the stars will offer up his head on New Year's day as his sacrifice for getting into the evil graces of the stars.

Previously everything had looked splendid to the monarch. The Young Turks had not objected to his harem until Huda got in bad with the planets and many of that party had promised to leave the country rather than be called purgatory by decapitation.

As each step in this fearful condition of things came to his mind his royal highness decided that it looked darker for Abdul Huda's head and also rather dark for Abdul Second's safety, the latter being the sultan himself.

There was no one else to blame it on except the astrologer. Had not his plea of sickness when other nations pressed him for the return of their loans, always been sufficient to quell them? It had, and he could see no other reason for the status than by returning to his original reason.

If things went wrong in this manner Huda must have been in league with the palace camarilla.

A double tap at a secret bell, an order shouted down the speaking tube and the officials of the palace camarilla were pinched.

This retinue included Riza Pasha, the former minister of war, and Raghib Pasha, one of the justly exalted and highly honored court chamberlains. Because he considered the dignity of his position Raghib barricaded himself within his cyclone cellar a few piazas from the royal mansion and prepared to sell his life as dearly as possible. He opened fire on the police, but his ammunition soon gave out and the minions of the law escorted him into the royal presence, who meted out 30 days and costs in the royal dungeon.

Because the court soothsayer's report had been doctored, the sultan set about to corral the entire body of hangers-on, who daily loafed about the



ABDUL HAMID, II, Sultan of Turkey.

"Power Behind the Throne" Gone and the Monarch Is Compelled to Dictate His Own "Copy"—Cheering of the Multitude Outside the Royal Palace Greatly Disturbs the Ruler—Granting of Constitution of 1876 Is Great Victory for Young Turks Party—Other Events in Revolution of Form of Government.

court. This done he issued notice that parliament, representing the people, would be held in the fall.

He had to issue the notice himself, for the former power behind the throne—Achmed Izzet Pasha, his secretary—smelling the trouble by a far better method than that which the astrologer possessed, skipped the country and a few days later was reported in the United States.

Then in view of the new order of things within his realm, Abdul II decided to call home his ambassadors at foreign capitals. Hence not long ago we read in press dispatches that Mehmed Ali Bey had been recalled from Washington and a successor appointed. The Turk recalled from the national capital is no other than the father of the missing secretary, and as a consequence it was expected that the pair would connive together as to the best mode of procedure in the present case, for both might be made a part of the consignment of corpses which the sultan had billed for the morgue on New Year's day.

Thus by the foregoing will be seen that things are in a bad way in Turkey.



IZZETT PASHA.

and despite the fact that they cheer the sultan outside of the palace until he has to empty the court water pitcher upon them so that he may sleep in peace, many of the tall Turkish minds have announced that they "are going away from here, never again to return."

And the cause of all this trouble, according to those who sympathize with his majesty, is none other than Huda himself.

Therefore he is pining away the idle hours in the jail's solitary confinement pen, playing solitaire with the covers from Turkish cigarette boxes, which the guard shoves toward him with his manna and water twice a day. The only solace which he had on first entering the jail was that within two months he would have a full pack of cards for they furnished him a box of cigarettes with each meal. That is, his friends did. For they provide his luxuries, while the actual bodily necessities are given by the ruler himself.

However, let it be said that the astrologer does not know of his fate, and he probably will not until the time comes for him to be led out to sacrifice his star-filled cranium to the art which he has studied throughout his 49 years.

As Turks go he is a young man still, and being unmarried there probably will be few who mourn him. His only acquaintances were court officials, and they had little love for him for the reason that he would at every opportunity take their predictions from their mouths and turning them into magic Turkish words return them to the sultan as sayings from the Zodiac.

HOUSE WORK



Thousands of American women in our homes are daily sacrificing their lives to duty.

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women overdo. A female weakness or displacement is often brought on and they suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these faithful women that **LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND** comes as a boon and a blessing, as it did to Mrs. F. Ellsworth, of Mayville, N. Y., and to Mrs. W. P. Boyd, of Beaver Falls, Pa., who say:

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Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



Timid Bard—Does poetry go around here? Cruel Editor—Some of it does. That last batch you submitted just went out of the window.

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Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist Clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

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TRAMPS WHO DO GOOD.

The story is told of a Pennsylvania tramp who in his wanderings up and down on the earth carries his pockets full of nuts, which he plants as he goes. For three years he has followed this practice, says the Virginia Pilot, and during that time is said to have planted thousands and thousands of nuts, always seeking the out-of-the-way spots—rocky hillsides and abandoned lands at the edges of creeks and

streams—so that the chances of the trees being destroyed before they grow up and mature will be minimized. This old tramp is doing something more than guaranteeing the future youth of Pennsylvania against the loss of the joy of nutting. He is setting an example in tree planting which the farmers throughout the land may well follow with profit to themselves and to the country. This nut-planting

tramp recalls another member of the wandering tribes. He was known throughout the country as Apple Tree Johnny from his habit of planting apple seeds in fence corners and other nooks. Many a wayside fruit tree is said to owe its existence to Apple Tree Johnny.

Use of Adjectives. Certain adjectives are reserved for men and others for women. A man is never called "beautiful." Along with "pretty" and "lovely" that adjective

has become the property of women and children alone. "Handsome" and the weak "good-looking" are the only two adjectives of the kind common to either sex. Even "belle" has no real masculine correlative in English, since "beau" came to signify something other than personal looks. It is singular that "handsome" should have become the word for a strikingly good-looking person, since its literal meaning is handy, dexterous. But "pretty" likewise comes from the Anglo-Saxon word meaning "sly."