

# Princess After the Sultan

**T**HE secrets of the harem" are to remain secrets no longer. Simultaneously with the publication of M. George Dony's new book, "The Private Life of the Sultan," a Turkish lady of high degree has just come to London to make a further expose. She proposes to begin a crusade against the degradation of her countrywomen, and after she has created a movement of reform to emanate from England, she will go to the United States. This female knight errant of modern

his party claims that all evils in Turkey would be righted if he were restored to power. The Princess Hairie bids fair to become the latest London fad and her movements are chronicled as if she were a personage of extraordinary importance. She possesses great beauty, having a face of unusual refinement for the somewhat heavy brunette type of the east, and she carries herself in a regal way. She drives out with her husband frequently, but always veiled, wearing a long black satin cloak and hood,

wives. She is the first Turkish lady who has ever set foot in Europe with the mission of making known the social condition of her native land, but she says that there are many other women in Turkey who would come forth in like manner if they dared, and that they are keenly conscious of their miseries.

The sultan himself seems to be the greatest polygamist. Although a law exists which permits a man to have only four wives at the same time and another which prohibits slavery, the sultan disdains to be bound by either law. But his greediness to acquire so many wives brings him no end of trouble, for each one becomes the center of a political faction as soon as she enters the royal palace. Many of them are very shrewd and ambitious, and sometimes not overly fond of his imperial majesty. One of his wives was accused of conspiracy against him about a month ago, and the sultan shot her with his own hand. Another one was sent into exile as late as last week, being suspected of setting fire to his majesty's bedroom. She was only saved from death because she had been a favorite wife for over fifteen years and because she had a brother high in political power.

The sultan seldom condescends to marry legally any of his wives, according to the princess, unless he takes a fancy to the wife of one of his subjects who is powerful enough to refuse to give her up. The sultan then decrees her divorced and goes through the form of marrying her. If he becomes tired of a wife, one of his royal ministers receives her as a present—whether the minister wants her or not. Another way of disposing of these wives is to present them to his political enemies, who dare not refuse them, and who thus take a spy into their own household in constant communication with the throne.

The women of Turkey could be well educated if the sultan and the religious teachers—who are his tools—would permit. But they have recently banished the English governesses from Turkish homes and they oppose the foreign schools, Catholic and Protestant, which have been established among them. The princess speaks very highly of the American school for girls at Constantinople, which, she says, is liberally patronized by the daughters of advanced Mussulmans, notwithstanding the opposition of the sultan. The priests try to keep the people, especially the women, in ignorance. These priests are in the employ of the government; they are the official surveyors of the wards and delegated by the municipality to arrange the marriage contracts. But the priest acts in this respect more as a magistrate than as an official of the church and the marriage is merely a business contract. If the parents pay him an extra sum he will deliver a long prayer at the end, but otherwise not. The bride and bridegroom hold separate fetes in honor of their marriage. If either family has a large house the fetes are celebrated on the same day in different apartments, but if not they occur on different days.

The only thing in which the women score in Turkey is in the "dot." The husband must give a dowry to his wife—if he marries her by law—but what the wife brings remains still her own. Her husband has no legal right to appropriate it. It is probable, however, that the poor Turkish woman as a general thing fails to enjoy this right, as well as so many others which are hers in law, but not in reality.

REBECCA A. INSLEY.



HAIRIE BEN AYAD, THE TURKISH PRINCESS WHO IS TELLING TALES ON THE SULTAN.

days is the Princess Hairie Ben Ayad, the wife of a former Turkish consul at Rotterdam, who has espoused the cause of the "Legitimist" party in Turkey and has, in consequence, been condemned to prison for ten years. He escaped to England and his wife has just joined him after numerous exciting experiences. The party of the "Legitimists" is in favor of the deposed sultan, Murad, the elder brother of the reigning monarch, Abdul Hamid. Murad has been in prison at Constantinople for over twenty-five years and

from which the veil hangs to the throat. In the house she loves to wear the close fitting garments of the European.

She is a daughter of the late Mahomond Pasha Ben Ayad of Tunis, who represented his country at the court of France during the time of Napoleon III and received several marks of honor from the emperor. He kept a magnificent harem of over 500, including his wives and female slaves, so that his daughter knows of things whereof she speaks, although her own husband has not indulged in the luxury of so many

# Ruth the Gleaner and Naomi

**T**HEY are so sweet, so tender, and so grave—these women of the east. There is a thrill of magic in their very names. True, the holy mother, isolated by her glory and her grief, is too sacred to approach—save on our knees, but the other Marys, Martha, Ruth, Naomi, Esther, and the rest, truly they form a gracious and a lovely group.

"No, I do not love them; they are too far away!" a young lass petulantly cried to me. "Ah!" I said, "you must go to them, approach them gently and with reverence. You may not rise in the busy marts of men today and call upon them loudly to stand forth—they will not obey. They were creatures who sought the shadows of the gateways, the colonnades, the vines: women who walked veiled and were ever silent in public places. Therefore, seek you the shadows, too, and in some quiet place call upon them with tender insistence, and these dear bible women will raise their broad lids heavy with dark lashes and on their grave lips may dawn the slow mysterious smile, the riddle of whose meaning each of us must solve—as conscious power, patient grief or tender love. Before long each woman will develop a personality and we will feel as sure of the haughty and imperial loveliness of Esther as we are of the sunburned, Hebe beauty of Ruth, or the willowy, wide-eyed Mary, sister of that active, anxious Martha, who was so tenderly rebuked by the blessed Master."

"For whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God."

If reaching us across the ages and through the cold medium of type, these words still have power to move the heart, what must have been their effect when they sprang warmly from the loyal heart and

lovely lips of that fair Ruth—most human and most approachable of all bible women?

"The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part thee and me." And these world-moving protestations were not addressed to a lover or a husband, but to an old and sorrowing woman. Can you not see the group standing outside the walls, by the dusty roadside? Naomi, tall and lean and strong, gray hair banding her care-lined forehead, a burning light in her fierce dark eyes, for there is bitterness in her grief, and her lips are pressed hard to keep back lamentation and wild cries—since she, a widow, has lost both her sons, and now stricken with sorrow, takes her sad way back to her own land from which famine had driven her years before. But by her side stand two Moabitish women, both young, both widowed, since they were the wives of Naomi's dead sons. Both are tearful, both have followed so far the mother-in-law whom they love. But she has entreated them to return, each to her mother, till they may find rest in a husband's home. And one, a little too full and loose of lip, somewhat wavering of eye, hesitates, while the other supple, straight and strong, hesitates not at all. Her veil falls away undraped, almost to her feet. She weeps but with her head well up and resolution stamped upon every feature of her beautiful young face, whose flashing eyes and rich coloring of lip and cheeks make her look like a Damask rose. And to we recognize these women at once, "for Orpha kissed her mother-in-law (and left her), but Ruth clave to her."

Poor Naomi was forgetting for the moment the lovely daughter who had followed her and who, finding that the barley harvest was beginning, went forth to glean in the fields, that she and Naomi might have some grain to parch and eat. It is very easy to sit in a cushioned seat and read of glean-

ing, but try it for just fifteen little minutes. Crouch or kneel in the open field beneath the blazing sun. Reach out and gather from the stubble with smarting wounded fingers the few scattered heads of grain the reapers have left in their wake, and after that you will better appreciate Ruth's labor in the field of Naomi's mighty kinsman, Boaz—better appreciate the quality of the beauty that could survive under such circumstances, and in a crowd of damsels at once attract the eye of the master, coming to overlook the harvesting. And what a pretty touch of sentiment is in that order of Boaz's, to his young men reapers: "Let her glean even among the sheaves and reproach her not, and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her, that she may glean them."

He cautioned her, too, against going to any other field than his, and advised her to keep close to his damsels as she worked. So when the day was over Ruth beat out the grain from her gleaning, and, tying it in an end of drapery, returned weary but triumphant to the city and Naomi.

And when the latter had learned that chance had led Ruth into the field of Boaz, her powerful kinsman, who had taken knowledge of the stranger, too, the match-making spirit awoke in her and a great hope sprang up in her heart. And when Boaz has taken lovely Ruth to wife, what a moment came to Naomi, when with towering pride and exquisite tenderness, she lays in her own bereft bosom, that tiny Obed, who is Ruth's son, and proclaims herself his nurse! Obed of whom the neighbors say to Naomi: "He shall be unto thee a restorer of thy life and a nourisher of thine old age, for thy daughter-in-law, which loveth thee—which is better to thee than seven sons—hath borne him!"

CLARA MORRIS.

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