

grance, but with distinct reverence. As a matter of fact, the Salvation army does parade the streets of Constantinople and nobody objects.

It is a striking fact, say the Mohammedan apologists, that, though the Turks and Kurds do massacre and persecute Christians for reasons not connected with religion, they never insult the Christian faith or commit sacrilege in Christian churches. The Mohammedan, like all Easterns, has a wonderful tolerance for people who do not think as he thinks. His standard of right and wrong is a personal one, and he starts out with the idea that what may be wrong for him may be right for outsiders. He admits frankly that he has no standard by which to judge the Christians.

Westerners are prone to say, in considering Eastern institutions, "That is not Western, therefore it must be wrong." The converse would be a criticism impossible to any Eastern mind. A Mohammedan would never say: "That is not Eastern, therefore it must be wrong." The Koran commands that the "ahl kitab" who have never embraced Islam must be judged and treated on their own merits, if they have to be judged at all. They are to be kindly treated and cherished.

"We admire many of your missionaries," says the Mohammedan. "Of course, we think them mistaken, but we see that they are good men who follow their lights. Many Mohammedans help them in their educational work by gifts of money, land and buildings."

"Before you are judged at all by Mohammedans, much less condemned, many things will there be to be inquired of," says a European who has spent almost a lifetime among Mohammedans. "First, are you an eastern? If you are not, says the eastern, 'I have no standard at all by which to measure you. If you are, then of what class or caste of eastern are you? If you are not of my particular community, equally are you without my orbit. If you are, and you have sinned, my condemnation extends to the exclusion of you from 'bread and water.' That rule our religion, which is greater than either of us, has made. But I will buy with you, sell with you and talk with you.' Generous and cheerful, indeed, is this tolerance among a people, who still will die of thirst rather than drink water from the hands of an outsider."

Religion, says the true follower of the Prophet, is woven throughout the entire fabric of Mohammedan civilization. It is not a mere decoration, it is part of the piece, and every man's daily conduct is guided and regulated by the ceremonial duties as well as by the principles of his faith. Nobody is ashamed of practicing his religion. In Mohammedan countries it is a common sight to see people praying at the corners of streets or by the wayside. They spread their mats and pray because it is the hour of prayer, and they dare not neglect it, even though it catches them unawares upon a public road. They do not expect to gain a reputation for sanctity by such conduct, just as certainly they would not accord it to others who did the same. And they expect Christians who dwell among them to be as devout and attached to their religion as they are themselves. If the Christian is lax, the Mohammedan has no respect for him.

Similarly, they are rigid in their fasts. Even the children cannot be tempted to break "hunger-stricken Ramadan," or any other of the numerous fasts of Islam.

An Anglo-Indian woman, who has spent years studying the Mohammedan temperament, tells a striking story on this head,

which illustrates the Mohammedan spirit:

"I remember a dear, small boy, the son of our night watchman. His small soul loved mangoes, and one day, as he followed me about the garden, I offered him one.

"No," he said, wistfully; 'I may not take it.'

"But why?"

"Does the Miss Sahib not know it is my fast? The giant of darkness strives to overcome the sun, and not even water must pass my lips for so many hours!"

"The duty, in the case of this youngster, was self-imposed, for he was only 6 years of age, and so not yet within the pale of orthodox Moslem rigidity."

This story, says the Mohammedan, explains the fighting strength of Mohammedanism, the absolute subordination of its devotees. Men trained as this boy was training himself will kill for the faith just as readily as will they die for the faith, but there is nothing petty about them. They can appreciate and tolerate other faiths so long as the adherents of those faiths do not insult Mohammedanism. Half the outbreaks at places like Beyroot are caused if Mohammedans may be believed, by Christians committing, either intentionally or accidentally, what a Mohammedan deems to be sacrilege.

For a Moslem the world is divided by tradition into two parts—"Dar al-Islam" (the abode of Islam) and "Dar al-harb" (the abode of war). That would seem to imply that the Moslem's hand is against all unbelievers; but Mohammedan canon law, if the best Egyptian lawyers are to be believed, decrees that "jihad" (holy war) must never be made unprovoked upon "Dar al-harb."

Everyone knows that the whole system of Mohammedan civilization bears hardly on Christians who live under it. It has been said that personal rights "exist only for Mohammedans in Islam." Christians cannot give evidence in Mohammedan law courts, they may not bear arms and they have to pay a capitation tax. "The Koran makes these decrees," says the Mohammedan, in defense "and we cannot go back of it."

"These are religious dogmas," says a United States vice consul in Turkey, in one of his official reports, "which will never alter unless the whole fabric of their religion passes away and another institution is planted in its stead. I have opened the subject before the doctors of the law, and they assert: 'These are religious dogmas based on religious principles and if his majesty, the sultan, wishes to order anything contrary, the Mohammedan population collectively will not obey him.' And they might have added, 'that such a step might bring on an insurrection.'"

What "the faith" prescribes must be obeyed. Outside of that, the Mohammedans claim they are remarkably tolerant especially in the Turkish dominions. Copts and Maronites, Druses and Greek Christians are all allowed the free exercise of their different religions and no Mohammedan would dream of molesting them or insulting them while they were assembled to worship their God in their own way. His mental attitude toward "infidels" is curious. If a "jihad" (holy war) is proclaimed, he would be ready enough to slay them, but if, in his path of massacre he came upon a Christian at prayer he would hold his hand until his destined victim had finished the act of worship. His instinctive reverence for any kind of religious manifestation would check his lust for blood.

It is usually assumed by western statesmen and western newspapers that the sul-

tan of Turkey is an autocrat who can rule as he wishes, whose fiat means the slaughter or the sparing of Christian villages and Christian peoples within his domain. Nothing is further from the fact, says the Mohammedan.

In theory, the sultan may be despotic, though even that is doubtful in the light of Moslem civil and religious law. In practice, he is even more hampered by ecclesiastical bureaucracy than the czar of Russia is. And public opinion is a more powerful force in Turkey and other Mohammedan countries than it is in the western civilizations. The sultan dare not move a step without the sanction of his myriad coreligionists and his fellow rulers of the Mohammedan world. He may be the caliph of Islam, the theoretical head of the faith, but he only holds that position while he pleases Islam.

The Mohammedan conception of an acceptable ruler is very different from that of the westerners. The "articles of belief" composed by the Sheikh Najm Ad-Din Abu Hafs Umar Ibn Mohammed Ibn Ahmad an-Nasafi, a famous Mohammedan theologian, say that the Moslems must have a leader "who shall occupy himself with the enforcing of their decisions."

"It is not a condition," says the gentleman with the long name, "that he should be protected by God from sin, nor that he should be the most excellent of the people of his time, but it is a condition that he should have administrative ability, should be a good governor and be able to carry out decrees and to guard the restrictive ordinances of Islam and to protect the wronged against him who wrongs him. And he is not to be deposed from the leadership on account of immorality or tyranny."

The "restrictive ordinances" are those which deny civil rights to the Christian. If the sultan does not enforce them, he is liable to be deposed.

The Sultan Abdul Hamid is in constant correspondence with the ameer of Afghanistan, the shah of Persia, the sultan of Wadal, and other great Mohammedan rulers. Their opinions influence his dealings with Christian nations at crises like the present. But, beyond and above these temporal princes, he is forced to consider two spiritual monarchs—the sheikh-ul-Islam and the mysterious head of the great secret order of the Senussiyah.

The sheikh-ul-Islam, who lives in Cairo, is practically the supreme religious authority of the orthodox Mohammedans. In effect, he is the pope of the Mohammedan world, holding somewhat the same position toward the sultan as that which the popes of Rome held toward Christian monarchs in the middle ages.

If the sultan were to extend real reforms, in the western sense of the word, to the Christian people under his rule; if he were to give them personal rights, remove their civil disabilities, and make them equal with Mohammedans before the law, he would violate the cardinal principles upon which the Mohammedan civilization is based. The sheikh-ul-Islam probably would feel obliged to release his subjects from their allegiance in the name of religion. "The faith" is far stronger than either sultan or sheikh, and neither can afford to play with it. If they combined to improve the status of the sultan's non-Mohammedan subjects they would probably both fall. The Senussiyah, which stands for orthodox Mohammedanism, stands for orthodox Mohammedanism of the old-fashioned puritanical type, would attend to that.

Mohammedans do not admit the superiority of western civilization, even when

they have lived under it. They prefer their own system and think it is the better one.

Here is the rationale of Moslem civilization, as it was expounded to an Anglo-Indian woman by an aged Hindoo follower of the prophet. The old man had known some of the glories of the last mogul before the English had riveted their hold upon India. The woman tried to convince him that those old days of bloodshed and brigandage were bad days when compared with the present era of peace and liberty under British rule.

"Nowadays," she said, "you can reap that which you have sown. You can gather your wheat into your garner. You do not fear that your wife will be stolen from you, or your children slain while you work in your fields. Your homes and occupations are secure now."

"Yes," he replied, "there is all that."

"And what is there not? What is lost which you regret?"

"There is no longer a chance for a man," said the old Mohammedan, heaving a regretful sigh. "In olden days, before the Christians came to rule over us, the beggar by the wayside might become grand vizier if the king did but smile upon him."

"And equally," she replied, "his head might be cut off if he failed to laugh at the king's last joke."

"We liked to take that chance," said the Mohammedan.

There is the secret of the hold which the Moslem political system has upon its adherents. It is an enormous gamble. The career is open to the lucky and the talented as it is under no other social organization.

Americans are fond of dwelling upon the rise of poor boys to positions of affluence and dignity in the American commonwealth by sheer force of native merit. There are a thousand stories in Mohammedan lands which parallel the progress of Lincoln "from log cabin to White House." But the possibilities of advancement in a Mohammedan civilization immeasurably surpass those in America or any other western country. Here the truckman may become a millionaire, but there the base-born slave may become an emperor wielding sway over millions of subjects.

The spirit of "The Thousand and One Nights" dominates the Mohammedan world today. As if by the rubbing of Aladdin's lamp a man's fortune may be changed in the twinkling of an eye.

Take the case of Rabah, "the Black Napoleon of the Soudan." He started life as a slave of Zebhr Pasha, the great Central African warrior. He imbibed the spirit of Mohammedan fanaticism so thoroughly that when his master died he was able to take his place and wield absolute sovereignty over millions of warlike tribesmen. Nobody thought of saying, "Why should this slave rule over us?" He was the strongest man in sight, and he naturally ruled in a democracy of physical force, until eventually his power was broken by the French in West Africa.

A Mohammedan feels that what Rabah and a dozen men like him have done, he may do. There is the chance. In the conditions under which he lives he may always have the luck to fight his way to the top, if he is not summarily extinguished before he gets there. It is "up to him." He likes the gamble, and would not exchange it for the stolid security of Christian government. There may be a million chances to one that he will never be anything except a peasant, subject to the rapacity of the sultan and the veil and the mutaserrif and the tax collector; but he endorses the social system under which he has one chance in a million of becoming a sultan.

Which Bachelor Would You Rather Be?

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WHICH bachelor would you rather be—the bachelor man or the bachelor maid? Maybe you would rather not be a bachelor at all.

In that case you are barred out of the discussion. If you, monsieur, have just been scanning trays of diamond solitaires or dining and drinking your farewell to single blessedness, you won't be interested in the economics of the single man. You have other economics to look after. If you, mademoiselle, are counting your effects after the linen shower or exchanging cut-glass rose bowls, you don't care how much it costs your fancy free sister to remain fancy free.

It is for the bachelors of both genders to decide—which gets the more comfort and enjoyment out of life for the same amount of money?

All bachelors are young nowadays, so they want all there is coming to them in the way of a good time. Old bachelors and spinsters are of the past. The modern bachelor wants to be young, whether it be on \$15 a week or on \$50.

"Can a man live in a city like New York, Chicago or Philadelphia on \$50 a week?" a very young bachelor was asked.

"He might exist—he couldn't live," was the scornful reply.

It was not for several weeks that his questioner learned he was a \$15-a-week clerk, and that his landlady was several weeks' board to the bad, and that she is now holding a dress suit, a watch con-

taining the girl's picture, and three favorite pipes.

"I can rent a dress suit if it comes to the worst, the town is over-run with public clocks, and I'm very comfortable without the girl's picture, but I've got to have those pipes," he confided in a heart to heart.

He has not solved the problem of living on \$15. But there are plenty who have and who pay their bills.

"They are the best pay in the world, these young people on small incomes," the trades people say. "They pay as they go along and they never reckon their income without subtracting the bills. It's the rich that have to be dunned."

But the \$15 man sweeps all the luxuries of life off the board if he determines to pay his way. He has to eat. This is one of the needs that goes with being a man. Eating is a secondary consideration with the girl who economizes. What she must have is a chiffon parasol.

The man says:

"I won't wear a rented dress suit. I never did such a thing while the old man paid the bills. Even if I did, I couldn't keep up. I can't be invited all the time when I can't invite. I've got to cut it out."

The girl says:

"I can take that old silk parasol and clean it up with gasoline and ruffe it myself with chiffon; and there's that white neck ribbon that I can clean and press and use for the handle's trimming. Organdies are cheap, and I can make my own. There's

no reason why I can't spend Sunday at the Alken's country home."

The man slaps himself sympathetically on the shoulder and says:

"Of course, you can't pay less than 75 cents a day for your meals, old chap."

The girl, when she has footed what the yards of chiffon will come to and reflected on how much dressier the organdie will be with velvet ribbon trimming, says:

"I can just as well do without breakfast for awhile. A great many up-to-date thinkers are protesting against the breakfast habit, anyway."

A man is willing to do with something very modest in the way of a room. He is never in it much. Even when he cannot afford to go at a swift pace he contrives to find some way to pass his time away from home. So he can house himself within some sort of four walls for \$1.50, or take a hall bedroom in a comfortable house for \$2 a week.

He probably will get an inartistic wall paper at that price and the chair is likely to be black walnut upholstered in peacock blue plush, but the man doesn't care. He can cut out the \$1 a week extra that the gas costs, too, for he doesn't need a fire to dress and go to bed by, and the rest of the time he's asleep.

But when it comes to the question of table the Inner Man sits up and takes notice. A \$6 table makes the actual living—that is, mere board and lodging—come to at least half of his income; yet \$15 men are found at \$6 tables. The \$5 table is apt to be furnished with poor cuts of meat, with

cheap fruit and vegetables. The Sunday chicken sneaks, in disguise, into the latter end of the week. The Inner Man protests. Restaurants are better.

It is at the cheap, business man's restaurant that the genuine economist solves his problem best. He eats meat three times a day. He allows himself dessert at dinner, but not a lunch. He drinks coffee twice. Breakfast costs 25 cents, lunch 15 and dinner 25.

The \$15 girl, on the other hand, pays more for her room and less for her board. She is at home more of the time, she says. As a matter of fact, she is not thinking so much of her own comfort, for she is too self-denying in the matter of that, as she is thinking of the appearance her home will make. There will be callers. If possible, she secures a room in some house where the privilege of the parlor is included, or she clubs with three other girls and takes a \$40 apartment in a pleasant location. Her share in this apartment will cost \$2.50 a week, and it has to be furnished in the beginning, which will make it impossible, unless somebody can rummage at home for old bits of furniture that busy hands can re-cover. Occasionally savings will add to the furnishings from time to time.

"You may as well have a decently comfortable room—board costs so little," she says.

"Can you be satisfied with a \$5 table?" one of these economists was asked.

"Five dollars?" she exclaimed. "Two and

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