

NEAR VIEW OF ABDUL HAMID

Intimate Sketch of the Crooked and Shady Ruler of Turkey.

HIS VOICE ALONE ATTRACTIVE

Features of His Career Which Reduced Graft to a Science and Made Spying a Decorated Profession.

The sultan of Turkey, Abdul Hamid, during his reign of thirty odd years, has been the sport of some European monarchs, the fool of others and the byword of mankind. What manner of a ruler he is may be inferred from the fact that he has reached the throne by disposing of his elder brother and seizing the machinery of government. But how he looks and acts in public and private are not generally known. Just now, with Turkey a factor in the Balkan disturbance, with the progressives in control and a constitutional government in the formative stage, an intimate sketch of the sultan is instructive and timely. Such a picture is contributed to the November number of the American Magazine by Nicholas C. Adonides, formerly an attaché of the Turkish foreign office, son of Adonides Pasha, and who has enjoyed unusual facilities for observation of the ruler and the Turkish system. In part he says: Abdul Hamid, the sick man, is the most mysterious personage of our time. No other has so occupied the imagination of the world, no other has been so feared and so hated, no other has been so much the theme of the contemporary historian. What tragic epithets have been hurled against the unhappy sultan of Turkey, who has reigned for thirty-three years, throne on the fear of his subjects!

Rather tall and exceedingly slender, Abdul Hamid has the unsteady stoop of the consumptive. His face is wrinkled parchment, as if 1,000 anxieties and suspicions had left their impress there. His features, besides cruelty and cunning, denote intelligence and cowardice. The eyes, of almond shape, by far the most interesting detail of his person, are dark and piercing, aged with eternal suspicion. They denote high intellect, extraordinary intelligence, subtle judgment and pitiless cruelty.

The thin upper lip and the thick, sensual lower indicate a combination of passion, inflexibility and selfishness. His nose is aquiline and lends to his face the appearance of a bird of prey. The chin, though hidden by a beard, is weak and indecisive.

The Sultan's Remarkable Voice. The voice, however, belies the face. It is marvellously subtle and insinuating, melodious in its modulations and full of dulcet tones. With this remarkable voice Abdul Hamid has been able to seduce nearly everyone who has approached him, even his antagonists.

Inefficiency and Laziness. The city of Constantinople has a population of more than 1,000,000 inhabitants, over whom Abdul Hamid has appointed an army of 3,000 spies—official and secret—who, as they say, watch directly or indirectly for the preservation of his life. This work costs the Treasury department \$1,000,000 a year; still he allows to die of hunger, not the great officials, but all the petty ones too humble for him to fear, and in misery and destitution the army—not, of course, his private guards at Yildiz, whom he cherishes and pays highly, but the troops of the provinces.

The ordinary Turkish official is a curious example of the oriental character. One has only to look at him to feel that he is born an official; that he has come into the world with the soul of an Ottoman official. To rank as a functionary is, in fact, for a Turk the only honorable career. Commerce, even the liberal professions, are degrading—a very good job for the glaiour. That is why, whether he be son or a pasha or a son of a caddy, the Turk has only one ideal, one ambition—to end his days in the skin of an official.

The duties of an official consist in doing nothing, or almost nothing, for a Turkish bureau is a temple of idleness. The Ottoman functionary will make the unfortunate man who has to deal with him come tussle after time, to extract from him a little bakshish, or perhaps from more honorable motives, as, for instance, to save himself the trouble of writing a letter or locking up a register. Of course there are among these officials men who are industrious and painstaking, but it is only the strongest will that can resist the enervating atmosphere of a Turkish ministerial department.

On the other hand, the personnel of the Palace of Yildiz is unchanging and to some degree unchangeable, for here the qualities the sultan exacts from those who serve him are all united in each of his courtiers. If the ministers of Abdul-Hamid are servile, ten times more so are the people of the palace—one might say they had no personality, no individual existence. It is for this that they are chosen to serve as blind instruments of a personal policy, inaugurated by the sultan after concentrating in his hands all power; for, as I have already remarked, it is the Yildiz palace which rules the empire.

Some Depths of Oriental Intrigue. The word yildiz means "star." A beautiful name, but it hardly appears appropriate for the home of a monarch like the sultan, as it resembles a prison rather than a palace. It is a prison for the sultan himself, who lives there, self-immured and surrounded with real fortresses and by thousands of soldiers camped around the circle of the protecting walls, a prison for the hundreds of women who compose the imperial harem, a prison for the people of the court, for chamberlains as well as for the lowest domestics who live there, keeping themselves night and day at the disposal of their master. Everywhere one feels the despotism, the fear, the perpetual dread that centers around the gloomy person of the monarch, who, though shut within a triple ring of walls, allows no one so much as to cross the outer gate of the palace without being subjected to a searching inquiry. But for a prison it is a fine one, as big as a town—a city, one might say—built on the crest of a hill at the mouth of the Bosphorus and containing in itself everything—palaces great and small, kiosks, belvederes, arcades provided with quick-firing guns, museums, observatories, mosques, lakes, shops, work rooms, stables, etc. But most especially, Yildiz boasts the finest collection of spies that could possibly be gathered together; the entire household of his majesty is composed of them.

Abdul Hamid has gathered around himself an entourage such as no sovereign has ever had, having brought together the vilest and most corrupt men to be found in his realm, and when they were not bad enough for his purpose he has taken upon himself the art of fashioning them in his own image. All his policy consists in studying their vices and making such use of their weaknesses, hatreds, jealousies and discords as to render a combination against him impossible. For example, it often happens that two courtiers quarrel, exchange sarcasms, even blows, or perhaps merely insult; the sultan then decorates them and makes them a useful present—the decoration is the higher, the gift the more royal, in proportion as the quarrel has been the more violent. Later he calls the two enemies to him separately, recommending to each loyalty to his imperial person, gives conciliating advice and engages each to watch the other.

YOUNG TURKS CAUSE ALARM

Bulgaria Really Fears a Reformed Ottoman Army.

ONE FEATURE OF LATE SCARE

Belief that Revolution at Constantinople Portended Increase of Turkish Power in the Balkans.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 6.—In the capacity of special correspondent I have been to Sofia often, for the little Bulgarian capital has been the storm center of European politics from time to time for many years. It was in 1903 that I first drove into the town from the railroad station which lies on its outskirts. I drove in a small victoria drawn by two white ponies with blue beads around their necks and a diamond shaped spot of henna on each forehead—decorations in deference to the evil eye. The peasant Bulgarian is a man of superstitions.

As we entered the town, our ponies always galloping, the shops grew from peasant establishments where cheese and odd shapes of bread or fancy slippers and sheepskin coats were spread on open counters to places where Austrian gloves and French shapes of silk hats were on sale. At the center of the town electric cars became numerous, double lines crossing each other at one corner.

Here a sturdy gendarme raised his hand for us to stop. He was two heads shorter than a New York policeman, but he carried a sabre by his side. The chief of police explained to me later that the weapon was not for use, but simply to impress the peasants, who would have no respect for one of their fellows in a brown uniform only.

At the head of the broad main street we came to a solid, drab colored, rectangular building, surrounded by trees and high drab colored walls. The massive iron gates were wide open and before each two sentinels paced. This was the palace of the prince, now proclaimed czar of the Bulgarians. Just beyond the palace was the Hotel de Bulgarie, where I was to put up.

With Bulgarian Officers.

Several army officers in uniforms were standing before the Bulgarians as we drove up, and one speaking good American hailed me in this familiar manner: "Well, of the free and the brave." Strangers are conspicuous in Sofia, and when they are how goes it? I see you're from the land Americans they are always spoken to by some graduate of the American college at Constantinople, or some pupil of the American missionaries who have spread their language and their ideas of liberty throughout the little country.

There was to be a military ball at the Officers' club that night and I was invited forthwith. The officers waited at the hotel until I had my trunk and effect driving with me took me to the dance.

The scene was very like that at a military ball in any civilized country. The officers looked martial in their simple Russian uniforms and the women were simply dressed, though tastefully. There is no wealth in Bulgaria, and the women are in the land; and as for the officers of the army, they must live on their pay.

Members of the government and other state officials were at the ball wearing ordinary evening dress; some few with one or two decorations. Of course the Russian consular agent was there, and of course he wore much gold braid and many medals. He wore a monocle, and assumed a patronizing, pretentious air. I was introduced to him, and he talked about Russia's generous protection of the Bulgarians. But I knew that even though the Bulgarians were aware that Russia's interest was entirely selfish.

Not Partial to Foreigners.

It is said of the Bulgarians that they dislike foreigners, and this is true to an extent, for it has seemed to them that the sympathy of even England is moulded largely on self-interest. Still they are not like the Greeks, who believe that all actions are inspired by self-interest, and they realize the sympathy of the English of a newspaper correspondent. I was the special correspondent of an important newspaper and they were anxious that I should sympathize with their cause.

Yet they adopted no surreptitious means to make me do so; they went straight to the point, desiring to know my attitude—not one of two of them, but every man I met. I intimated that I had come out to the Balkans to take nobody's side, and they remarked that an honest man who was not a fool must perform become a partisan on the Balkan question.

That, as I have said, was five years ago, when the most horrible effects of Abdul Hamid's reign were being felt of the Bulgarians of Macedonia, more than 10,000 of whom had deserted their homes to seek the safety of Bulgarian territory. A few weeks after the Young Turks had taken over the Ottoman government I was at Sofia again and had occasion to talk with some of the same officers at the same club. Their argument now was as direct as it had been before.

Local Views of Matter.

"No," they said, "we have no legal rights over the Oriental railway. Neither by the Berlin treaty have we any right to possess an army or ship of war, or to fortify our territory, or to make commercial treaties, nor had we any legal right to annex Rumelia.

"But in all these things England gave us moral support and in the case of the last materially assisted us. Now it talks of rights in the Berlin treaty, in the making of which we had no voice.

"And it seems to us rather absurd to talk of breaking a treaty which has been transgressed in some fashion by every European power, not the least of all by England, and which the Turk has successfully combated ever since its creation.

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under the Moslem is to our minds a thing impossible, the creation, with the assistance of European officers, of a formidable Turkish army, is altogether too probable for our good wishes.

Improvements in Sofia.

Thirty years ago, when Bulgaria became independent, Sofia was a very dirty town without a street paved with anything but cobblestones, and with but one house of any pretensions—the Turkish Konak. Today, besides a palace and a parliamentary building, there are a national bank, a postoffice, a military academy, a national theater, many other government buildings and several vast barracks.

COAL COST IN HUMAN LIFE

Annual Death Toll Running Into Thousands—Mistaken Ideas as to Accidents.

Accidents in the coal mines of the United States in 1907 resulted in death to 2,128 men and injury to 4,336 more, an increase of 100 in the number of deaths and 308 in the number of injuries over the record of 1906. This record marks the year, in all other respects the most prosperous, as one of the worst in the history of the coal mining industry of the country. Even the above figures, however, fail to represent fully the number of the disasters, for any statistical statement that attempts to cover coal mining accidents for the entire United States is necessarily somewhat incomplete.

Not a Russian Country.

The institutions of the Bulgarians are by no means those of the great Slav country that liberated her. The Bulgarians can boast of having attained in a little over a quarter of a century a liberty which the Russians have not yet secured.

Her Figure is Trim, Her Form Sublime.

The actress looked debonair, though the play had been pronounced a frost by the critics. "It's got to succeed," she explained, "and for that reason I'm not nervous. Last season I played seven parts and I burned a lot of good coal for costumes. This season I am radiating with health. My form is ideally proportioned. I took the Marmola Prescription to get this sublime figure, and a woman's figure can not be nearer perfection than what Marmola has made of me. A doctor friend of mine gave me the prescription. He's a brick. It's so simple; just get at any drug store 1/2 ounce Marmola, 1/2 ounce Fluid Extract Casarea Aromatic and 1/2 ounce Peppermint Water and take a teaspoonful after meals and at bedtime. Now I have the strength, enthusiasm and power of a dozen stars. I tell you I am going to be IT."

Thought permitted. The Servian government prohibits by law all conversation to Protestantism; the Greeks since achieving independence have enacted laws which make religious teaching in the schools compulsory. The Turks would never have tolerated the missionaries if they had attempted to convert Mohammedans. A few Turks who have deserted Mohammedanism are said to have mysteriously disappeared. And it has been found almost impossible to convert Jews, so only the Bulgarians are left to the missionaries.

COAL COST IN HUMAN LIFE

The Turks accuse the American missionaries of propagating a revolutionary spirit among the Bulgars. Of this, however, they are not directly guilty, though the enlightenment of a people like the Bulgarians and the teaching of American ideals naturally tend to fire them with a desire for liberty. FREDERICK MOORE.

COAL COST IN HUMAN LIFE

A little girl has come all the way from England to Chicago to hear again the sweet strains of a harp played by a young woman whose wonderful music brought the small maid back to health a year ago, after she had been given up as incurable by the greatest physicians of London.

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MUSIC AS A LIFE SAVER

Tiny girl visits Chicago to see Harpist whose playing saved her life.

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