

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 100 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, flexibility 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 30,000 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

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 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 ambassador was there, and of course he wore much gold braid and 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."

"The organization of the Young Turks," the Bulgarian argument went on, "is composed chiefly of officers of the Macedonian regiments that massacred our people in 1903, and their first object in throwing over the old regime was to save Macedonia from us."

Program of Young Turks. "Had only the Christians of the Ottoman empire suffered under the old regime there would have been no change of government in Turkey; it was only because Abdul Hamid's regime began to oppress Moslems as well as raysahs that the Young Turks, with their European education, were able to persuade their people to make the change. The Young Turks have declared that they will never grant autonomy to Macedonia, and that means that they will hold that province, the most civilized of the empire, back at the level of the illiterate, more or less fanatical mass of the country."

They propose, too, that Turkish shall become the general language of this province, though under the old regime Bulgarian was at least tolerated. Not only this with regard to the unhappy province, but for us, free Bulgarians, only in name a "vassal state," they propose to impose the power of their suzerainty. "The first object of the new government is not reform or good government; these are but the means to the reorganization of the Ottoman army, and while justice

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\$50.00 Sample Coats, on sale at \$35.00
\$40.00 Sample Coats, on sale at \$29.75
\$30.00 Sample Coats, on sale at \$19.50
\$25.00 Sample Coats, on sale at \$17.50

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.

There are parks and public gardens where bands play on summer evenings. New streets and avenues have been laid out and some of the narrow ones of Turkish times have been widened. Substantial shops and hotels mark the business quarter, and avenues with modern houses the residential quarter.

Still Sofia reminds one of a lanky girl whose spindle shanks and lean arms have carried her through the narrow streets, standing far apart try to extend the long, new avenues and cover the gawky child, but in places it is absolutely bare.

But the streets of Sofia had not altogether parted with the past; there are many touches of Turkish times left. Many of the old shops are dark, low and dingy, though the shopkeepers no longer block the pavements with their wares, sitting crosslegged among them. An ancient Turkish bath and an old morgue stand side by side in front of the market place on one of the principal corners. The bath, which has been in use for most of the Mohammedans of Sofia have gone back to Turkey—is shortly to be torn down, and the old bath has given place to a splendid new one about the size of a first-class London hotel, for the baths of Sofia have some little reputation, the water coming from mineral springs at the temperature of 160 degrees.

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.

The institutions of Bulgaria are liberal in principle, and generally as fair in operation as those of France or Germany. The suffrage is extended to every male adult, as a result whereof seven Turks represent the Mohammedan districts of the Danube and the Turkish border in the Bulgarian assembly, and the Bulgarians without removing their fezes. Compulsory service in the army has given a splendid training to the peasants.

The Bulgarians owe much to the American missionaries, both directly and indirectly. The Americans translated the Bible for them. American missionaries first began to educate Bulgarian girls, but that was many years ago, before Bulgaria became a principality. Now the state schools afford every advantage the American schools can offer, except the English language.

It is due to the freedom of religious opinion in Bulgaria that the American missionaries have become so closely allied with the Bulgarians, for in no other Balkan country is the same freedom of

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." With this the leading lady bowed the reporter out, calling after him, "If you have any lady friends tell them about Marmola, but impress upon them that there are cheap substitutes on the market that do not do the work." Marmola Co., Detroit, Mich.

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 truly 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. The United States Geological Survey, by which the figures for the country are published, does not collect the information for the coal mines of the territory through the courtesy of other officials, who compile data concerning accidents and their causes and effects. A number of the coal-producing states have no officials charged with these duties and one or two of the state officials failed to report the injuries sent out by the survey. In 1906 returns were received from twenty-one states and territories; in 1907 only eighteen reported.

The reports received indicate a death rate per thousand employees of 3.11 in 1907 and 4.81 in 1906 and the number of tons mined for each life lost decreased from 94,950 to 145,671. The state which had the lowest death rate per thousand (1.50) in 1907 was Missouri, where 99,742 tons of coal were mined for each life lost. Michigan was second on the roll of honor so far as death rate per thousand employees was concerned, and Kentucky was second in the number of tons mined for each life lost.

The prominence given by the press to descriptions of mine explosions when such disasters claim a number of victims has led the general public to believe that of the many perils to which coal mine workers are exposed the danger from explosions is the greatest. Statistics do not bear out this impression. Of the total number reported for the last calendar year, 91 deaths and 233 injuries were caused by gas and dust explosions, 201 deaths and 416 injuries by powder explosions and windy shots. Like deaths and 2,241 injured by falls of roof or coal, and 852 deaths and 2,416 injuries were ascribed to other causes. The figures for 1907 show, however, that explosions of gas or mixtures of gas and dust have comparatively fatal results, the number killed in this way during the year being three times as great as the number injured; in accidents from other causes the number of nonfatal injuries largely exceed the fatal ones. In accidents from powder explosions and windy shots twice as many men were injured as were killed, and the same ratio holds in injuries from falls of roof or coal. In the accidents ascribed to other causes nearly three times as many men were injured as were killed.

Commenting upon this record in his report upon the coal production of the country, published by the United States Geological Survey as an advance chapter from "Mineral Resources of the United States, Calendar Year 1907," E. W. Parker, the coal expert and chief statistician of the survey, says:

"It has been said that there is only one way by which accidents in coal mines can be entirely prevented, and this is by ceasing to mine coal. There is no doubt, however, that the number of accidents may be greatly lessened, and much benefit is antici-

MUSIC AS A LIFE SAVER

Tiny Girl Visits Chicago to See Harpist Whose Playing Saved Her 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.

The little girl is 6-year-old Natalie Fernwood, of Heathcote, a fashionable suburb of London. The young woman is Miss Clara Louise Thurston, of 768 Emerald avenue, whom King Edward called "the girl with the musical fingers."

Two years ago Miss Thurston went to Germany to study under Herr Franz Peonitz the great harpist. After a year she returned to America by the way of Mrs. Clara Louise Thurston of 768 Emerald avenue, whom King Edward called "the girl with the musical fingers."

The girl's faint fingers picked out from the musical strings a gentle, soothing lullaby, and as she played—ever so softly—the strains reached the ears of the little invalid, who, in a nearby room, was sitting away from a disease that mystified the doctors.

A new light came into the child's eyes, and she asked her nurse "to bring the lady to play for me." The harp was brought

into the sick room, and Miss Thurston repeated the lullaby. Then she played another air—a happy, rollicking song from which lullabies ripple at every note. The child listened as if enchanted.

"Play again, please," she said when the young woman had finished.

Another melody—and then the American girl arose to go.

"You'll come again, tomorrow, won't you?" the child pleaded. It was the first time in weeks she had shown an interest in anything.

No heart could have resisted the appeal of the small sufferer, and Miss Thurston not only came the following day, but prolonged her visit two weeks, so that she might please Natalie.

When she finally sailed for America (the child's health had returned to little Natalie's cheeks, and her recovery was looked upon as certain.

"I'm going to get well, mamma," she said, "so I can go to America and see the kind lady who played for me."

When the small traveler arrived in Chicago with her parents a few days ago and went to the Thurston home she danced with joy as she caught sight of Miss Thurston. In a moment the two were in each other's arms and tears came to the eyes of the mother and the American girl as they watched the joy of the child.

Natalie would eat no lunch until Miss Thurston had played upon her own harp the wonderful lullaby to which the child's parents believe she owes her life.

Mr. Fernwood, who is a London merchant of prominence, and his wife will return to England in a few days, leaving Natalie to visit with the Thurstons until the Christmas holidays.—Chicago Post.

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