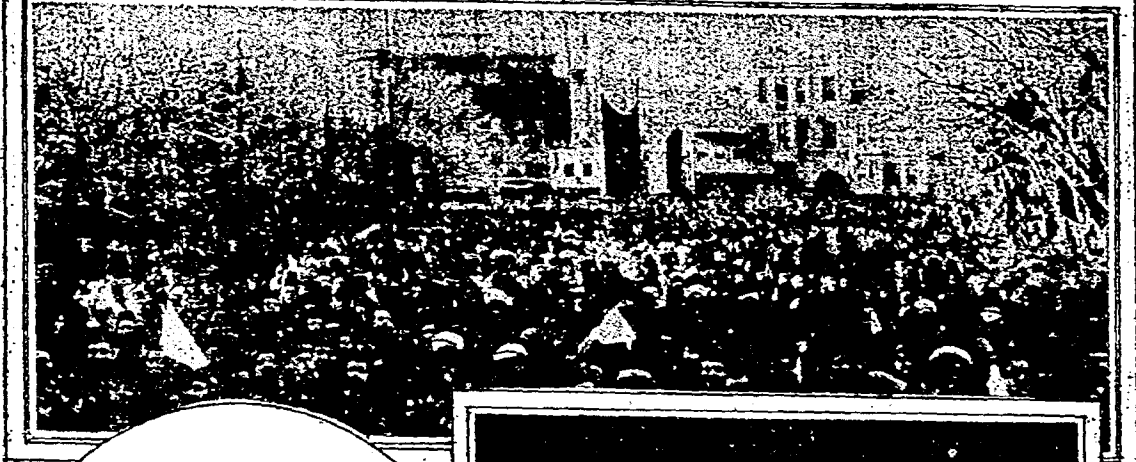


DEPOSED SULTAN OF TURKEY A TYPE OF THE "DARK AGES"

TYPICAL PUBLIC DEMONSTRATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE



ABDUL HAMID
EARLIER PICTURE OF SULTAN



LATE AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF ABDUL HAMID.

There was one thing that Abdul Hamid II, the deposed sultan of Turkey, could do well. He could shoot. It is said that he could write his name in a wall with pistol bullets at 30 yards. He reigned for 33 years over Ottoman empire, and murdered by his own hand or by his personal orders upward of 100,000 persons, including babes in arms and women, who were often subjected to unspeakable outrages before being sent to merciful death.

History tells, therefore, write Abdul Hamid down as great in two respects, says the Philadelphia North American. He was a crack shot with a pistol, and he was a great assassin. But there have been more expert marksmen, even in his own time, and as an assassin he can hardly be given first rank. If history tells the truth.

Yet in both respects he must be accorded a high rating. Sometimes he combined his two most notable qualifications in a single incident. One of these cost a gardener his life, because he was so indiscreet as to mix with unwanted celebrity on the approach of the Shadow of God.

The Shadow—that is Abdul Hamid—was taking a walk in his garden. The gardener was not aware of the approach of the Lord's anointed until he heard a whisp of glass at hand. At the time the gardener was bending down to assist a little rose that had been injured. The footsteps startled him. He made a quick movement to stand erect.

Abdul saw the movement, and, always fearful of sudden attack, he whipped out one of the three revolvers that he always carried, and before the gardener could bow in humble gratitude for the royal favor, a bullet had passed through his brain.

The secrets of the seraglio are written in blood and are kept only in terror. But some of the truths have leaked through the slaves and favorites that Abdul has from time to time given to influential subjects, usually as a sign of favor, but sometimes as a cunning death warrant.

Kills a Harem Belle. Abdul, walking into a retiring room in his pavilion, one day unexpectedly encountered a beautiful Circassian slave. This belle of the harem had been the recipient of especial marks of favor from the sultan, which accounted for her having the run of his apartments.

But Abdul is a neurotic, and the sight of a human figure where he thought none was threw him into an ecstasy of fear. His restless eye instantly sought the hands of the girl. He caught the glitter of steel. A spiteful bark, a sobbing scream and the girl lay dying in a pool of blood. In her hands she grasped a pair of scissors which Allah had decreed her she should pick up just as the king of kings entered the room.

"Kismet!" said the sultan. At times Abdul was not so precipitate in his pronouncements. For those upon whom his suspicion fell, a poor little slave girl, 12 years old, was so young and harmless that even in the suspicious atmosphere of the sultan's household she was permitted to run about almost as carelessly as if she lived in a common household.

One day she wandered into the sultan's apartments, where he had left one of his revolvers on a table. The curious object attracted her childish inquisitiveness. She picked it up wondering, looked it over and hearing footsteps hurried to put it down. Guilty wretch!

The sultan entered the room just in time to observe her sinister fear of detection. He sprang upon her in a frenzy, and accused her of being a conspirator. She burst into tears, and the sultan, who was suspicious of the commander of the faithful, ordered her to be executed.

He tried to wrest from her the full secret of her companions in the murderous plot. She was too frightened to know even of what she was accused.

The torturers took hold of her to extract from her the body of the revolution in which she was engaged. Red-hot knife blades were thrust under her finger nails, but only paroxysms of agony resulted.

At last the inquisitors reported to the sultan that she had nothing to tell, and her broken body was ordered to the sully of some other place where it would not offend the fastidious taste of Abdul Hamid.

will bands of Kurds or Saracens let loose on helpless villages and towns in the Christian parts of his empire. Bulgars, Roumelians, Montenegrins, Servians, Macedonians, Greeks, Albanian Christians and Armenians have all felt the heat of Abdul Hamid's lust for blood.

Nearly every important political move in the 33 years of his dismal reign was accomplished by the massacre of his subjects. It was his solace in time of reverses, his note of triumph in time of joy.

His delight in blood is beyond the province of decent speech to express. Nothing but "the music of the future" can do that.

The mystery that attends Abdul Hamid goes back to his birth. His mother was a Circassian slave of Armenian caste. There are many in Turkey who profess to believe that his father was not the sultan, Abdul Medjid. The ignominy of his paternity put upon an Armenian pastry cook.

The best authorities, however, unite in saying that Hamid is actually a descendant of the house of Osman, which has ruled Turkey for centuries. In appearance he is more of a Semite than a Turk, getting his aquiline features from his mother. The Turks in appearance resemble the Germanic peoples more than they do Asiatics, although they came out of the heart of Asia to conquer the Arab tribes that then ruled the Moslem world.

Slanders His Mother. Hamid's mother died of tuberculosis when he was an infant. His foster mother was Perest-Hanoum, his father's fourth wife. The princess lavished upon him all the mother love which had been accumulating because nature had denied to her children of her own. She tried to educate him, cared for him, plotted for him and repaid him through all vicissitudes.

He repaid her by committing Abdul Aziz, then sultan, that the princess was maintaining improper relations with a former servant of the palace. Nobody believed him.

Later Abdul Hamid made another assault on the character of his foster mother by remarking to several favorites that two of her relatives, one of her nephews, as she represented, but that she made a pretense of relationship as a cover for the real intimacy which existed between her and one of the young men.

As a boy Abdul Hamid had been pale, silent, morose, vindictive and dull. He never mastered any foreign language, and even his own he speaks and writes indifferently. At an early age he took a liking to magic, astrology, alchemy and other discredited sciences. Through alchemy he did hope to come something of a chemist, prompted by his fear of being poisoned. Often in later years he has been known suddenly to terminate a meal on imagining some suspicious taste in the food.

Later, ordering the victuals to his laboratory, he would make a chemical analysis.

The accession of Abdul Hamid was the result of intrigue and characterized by bloodshed. His whole career since has been in keeping. When he did not find it convenient or safe to indulge his passion for gore, he sought a substitute, by reading tales of murder, intrigue and other crimes. Almost every night he had to be read to sleep. His favorite books were of the most gruesome and sanguinary character.

It was said that the tales would excite him to a nervous pitch, but as soon as the reader reached the climax Abdul would sink back, relieved and exhausted, and almost immediately fall into a deep sleep.

Afraid of the Dark. This sleep, however, was very easily broken. The thing most fatal to it was silence or darkness. The sultan always had his bedchamber brilliantly lighted, while outside his windows the steady tramp of sentinels was kept up all night long.

If a sentinel paused on his beat for ever so short a time the nervous sleeper would wake. More than one hapless guard had been condemned to prison because he stopped for a few seconds to adjust a strap to ease an aching corn.

But even the brilliance of his bed-room lamps and the tramp of his soldiers did not reassure Hamid. Often, starting from his sleep, he would rush to his gardens, where, from a vantage point, he would sweep the surrounding land and sea with a nightglass to make sure that no enemies were approaching.

He feared the dead as much as he did the living. When Kadri Pasha died

at Adrianople, to which he had been banished, his family thought to have the body returned to Constantinople for burial. The sultan heard of it, ordered that the coffin be halted outside the city walls, and sent back to its place of departure. He seemed to think that the dead might be alive and using a coffin to get inside the city and cause trouble.

The day following an attempt on his life, he rushed in excitement to the window of the palace, and, calling his secretary, he pointed to the sublime porte. "Look," said he, "my own ministers are over there plotting against my life."

Two of his enemies were executed at Taifa. The sultan ordered their heads embalmed and sent to him at Constantinople.

Subtle Assassination. Many assassinations he accomplished by mere suggestion. Among his household certain phrases, innocent in themselves, were understood to mean that the person to whom they were directed might be removed without setting the detectives in search of the remover.

The loan of a beautiful slave from the sultan's harem was an especial mark of favor, but was accepted with fear and trembling. If the woman were deep enough in the confidence of her royal master she might have been instructed with a secret mission. More than one man prominent in the state died mysteriously soon after receiving the compliment of a Circassian beauty from Abdul Hamid. Ulema Seifeddin was one of the most notable instances.

The son of a grand vizier became offensive to the sultan. An Albanian officer of 200 soldiers, who had been a ready tool in all kinds of crime, was so insolent that his removal was deemed necessary. One day he was stabbed. The assassin escaped. Soon stories were afloat that the crime had been committed at the instigation of the son of the grand vizier. Abdul Hamid told the brother of the Albanian that he felt the murder as a personal insult toward the sovereign.

Not long after the son of the grand vizier was murdered, the assassin was seen and recognized, but there was no attempt at punishing him.

When Djavid Pasha died of tuberculosis, it was whispered in Constantinople that his soup had been inoculated with tubercle bacilli. The sultan was a great student of bacteriology. In his youth a sorcerer told him that he would die from some disease coming from outside his empire. He has been a terror of infection since, and his monomania on germs, and his fanaticism on the thorough sterilization of everything connected with his personal service. Even state papers have had to be disinfected before he would touch them.

To the sultan's personal fear, Constantinople owes its splendid sanitary organization.

To his fear of lightning the city owed its partial darkness. He would not until recently allow an electric light in Constantinople, although other cities were permitted to use them. To titles were permitted to use them. To titles were permitted to use them.

Had a Generous Side. Abdul Hamid has not been without a generous side. His foster received a rich reward for his service in inventing a new kind of torture, which consisted of putting gradual pressure on certain soft portions of the body and increasing it until the victim confessed or swooned from pain. Another favorite torture in the inquisition at Yildiz was to place boiling hot eggs into the hands of the victim and to pinion the hands by his side. This torture, it is said, inflicted such a shock to the nervous organism that the victim rarely escaped with his reason.

The sultan's meals were as grotesque as if designed by a comic opera writer. He had his own private kitchen, built in what was virtually a safe deposit vault.

Everything was prepared under the personal supervision of an officer of the household who at the time was held in less suspicion than the others. The meals were sent to the dining apartment with the royal seal, which was the equivalent of high treason for any subject to break those seals,

except at the order of the sultan, and in his presence. Notwithstanding all these precautions, Abdul Hamid often refused to taste a dish until it had been tried on the dog. Usually the dog was an officer of the household or an attendant.

No individual was free from suspicion. Every unexpected incident threw him into a panic. Akef Pasha, president of the council of state, was talking with Abdul Hamid one day when, perceiving that a window was open, the minister rose suddenly to close it.

Before he could take a step the sultan had his hand on one of his revolvers. The prince of Samos, in withdrawing from the royal presence, tripped on a rug and threw himself forward violently to recover his equilibrium. In an instant the ruler of the two continents and the two seas was behind the friendly shelter of a screen with a revolver ready for action.

The Captain of Port Will He Ask? From "Lucile."

When the great ship of life,
Surviving, though shattered, the tumult
and strife
Of earth's angry element—masts broken
short,
Decks detached, bulwarks beaten—drives
safe into port,
When the Pilot of Gallies, seen on the
strand,
Stretches over the waters a welcoming
hand,
When, heeding no longer the sea's baffled
roar,
The mariner turns to his rest evermore;
What will the answer the helmsman
man must give?

Will it be, "Lo, our log book! Thus once
did we live
In the zones of the South; thus we traversed,
the seas,
Of the orient, there dwelt with the Hes-
perides;
Thence followed the west wind; here, east-
ward we turn'd;
The stars fall'd us there; just here land
we discern'd
On our lee, there the storm overtook us
and
That day went the bewspirt, the next day
the mast;
There the merman came round us, and
"A siren?" The Captain of Port will he
ask
Any one of such questions? I cannot think
But
"What is the last bill of health you
can show?"
Not—How fared the soul through the
But—What is the state of that soul at the
last?

The Biggest Locomotive. From the Philadelphia North American. Hundreds of Philadelphians Thursday stopped to gaze in wonder at the greatest locomotive so far built anywhere in the world. It stood on the Baldwin Locomotive works track just east of Broad street and above the Reading's subway. With its tender this locomotive, in working order, will weigh about 300 tons.

With a sister machine, about completed, this monster locomotive is for the Southern Pacific. The two locomotives, one hauling and the other pushing, will be used together in moving trains from Roseville, Cal., to the steep west slope grades to the summit of the Sierra mountain range, a distance of 57 miles. Each will do the work of two of the largest locomotives now in use.

The machines are of the Mallet articulated type. The locomotive is called "articulated" because the frame is jointed at midlength, and the forward wheels thus constitute a truck, which swings about the fulcrum pin when the locomotive is rounding a curve. Thus, although the total wheel base is long, the rigid wheel base is comparatively short. Each group of driving wheels is operated by a separate pair of cylinders, and these are arranged on the compound system.

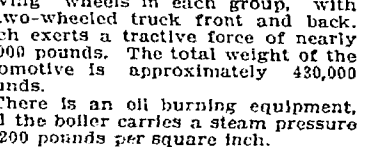
The Mallet type was first introduced on American railroads by the Baltimore & Ohio in 1904, and has since fully proved its value for heavy service on lines having severe grades and curves.

These Southern Pacific locomotives are carried on 20 wheels, four pairs of driving wheels in each group, with a two-wheeled truck front and back. Each exerts a tractive force of nearly 95,000 pounds. The total weight of the locomotive is approximately 430,000 pounds.

There is an oil burning equipment, and the boiler carries a steam pressure of 290 pounds per square inch.

An interesting feature of this locomotive is that it is separable. The boiler is built in two parts, which are bolted together. By removing the bolts, taking out the frame fulcrum pin and disconnecting the longitudinal pipes, the locomotive is readily separated into two sections.

Runs Department Store on Steamship



MISS EDITH LIVINGSTON
PROBABLE CLERK OF THE
S. S. LAPLAND'S DEPARTMENT
STORE.

New York, May 8.—The Lapland's ocean department store was instituted as an innovation and a decided experiment, and the line officials are jubilant over its success. Miss Edith Livingston Broom, whose home is in Orange, N. J., is the saleswoman of the store, which is situated at the head of the broad companionway.

The store has its wares attractively displayed, and they range from figs and raisins and confectionery to the many necessary articles for the comfort of an ocean voyage. By the installation of the store it is now possible for a traveller to go on board at the last moment and know that any articles that might not have been purchased otherwise can be got without inconvenience during the trip.

He Doth Protest Too Much. From the Philadelphia Inquirer. Gerald—My love for you is like the boundless ocean. Geraldine—Exactly the way I take it. Gerald—What do you mean? Geraldine—With a good many grains of salt.

FOR FEMININE EYES



A QUIAINT HAT.

Could anything be more fascinating when placed above a young and blooming face than the charming hat here illustrated? Distinctly modern and yet suggesting the quaint fashion of a bygone day, it is a sample of the many things modern Dame Fashion has fished from our great-grandmothers and by twists of her deft fingers has made them all her own. The hat itself is of soft white felt, the trimming heavy black satin ribbon, which is stretched flatly across the brim in front, brought down at each side of the back and tied in a fetching bow under the chin. Directly in the center of the front, a gun metal buckle holds a downy white marabou feather.

Doings in the World of Fashion

BY PHOEBE A. REED. The smart frock of the one-piece type today is so much a matter of line that it calls for an artist's eye and hand. Moreover, it is cruel to any figure not built upon slender lines, and the dressmaker must understand how to bring about compromise between the average figure's imperfections and the fashionable frock's demands. She has no friendly blouse fullness and skirt fullness and general fullness among which to hide her incompetency, and—well, the little plain dressmaker is in a dilemma. So is the woman who depends upon her, and that woman is legion. Luckily, there are good patterns to be had nowadays, and if one is wise enough and willing to pay the price one may even have a fairly accurate crinoline or paper pattern or model cut to measure. This reduces the chances of failure. Even so, it is well to bow to limitations and select for one's spring frocks not the designs that look most chic in the journals, but those that, while conforming to the demands of the modes, present fewest real difficulties for the dressmaker.

DELIGHTFUL THINGS IN COLORED BLOUSES

Now that colored blouses are fashionable, the shops are showing some delightful combinations. An especially worthy model was made from a lovely shade of violet crepe de chine, with shaped bands of white embroidery, blue silk running from shoulders to girdle, the latter of velvet a shade darker than the crepe. A round yoke and stock of tucked white silk mousseline was bordered by an embroidered band matching the silk pieces. Sleeves cut in one with the bodice were tucked from top to hand and finished there with a narrow frill of mousseline.

Cold Lunches. Two sandwiches of dates and white bread, a slice of lamb, two ginger snaps, some molasses candy. Two sandwiches of whole wheat bread and stewed prunes and chopped nuts, two chocolate wafers, two olives. Two sandwiches of cream cheese, lettuce, white bread, two of preserved ginger, a little round cake, an orange. Two roast beef sandwiches, two of cream cheese and chopped peanuts, two small celery stalks, two sugar cookies, a jar of apple jam. Two minced ham sandwiches, two of chopped celery with a dressing; cantaloupe. Three sandwiches of plain bread and butter, a jar of mixed fruit salad, a slice of cold meat, three ginger cookies. Two lettuce sandwiches, two of brown bread, and cream cheese, two olives, an orange. Two chicken sandwiches, two of chopped figs, a handful of peanuts, a little sponge cake, a pear.

The Ruined Chapel. By the shore, a plot of ground sits a ruined chapel round, Buttressed with a ruined mound, Where Day and Night and Day go by, And bring no touch of human sound. Washing of the lonely seas, Sipping of the guardian trees, Spiking of the salted breeze, Day and Night and Day go by, To the endless tune of these.

Or when, as winds and waters keep A hush more dead than any sleep, Still morns to stiffer evenings creep, And Day and Night and Day go by; Here the silence is most deep. The empty ruins, lapsed again Into Nature's wide domain, Sow themselves with seed and grain As Day and Night and Day go by; And hoard June's sun and April's rain. Here fresh funereal tears were shed; Now the graves are also dead; And suckers from the ash tree spread, While Day and Night and Day go by, And stars move calmly overhead. —William Aillingham.

Nearly a Hero. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. "Hands up!" The passengers on the Pullman car took in the situation at a glance and did them to. At the points of his train he relieved them of their valuables. But in the sight of one woman he paused with a start. "Who are you, woman?" he demanded. "I," she quavered, "am Miss Fay de Fluffin, the well-known actress. Here are my jewels—take them all!" The holdup held up his head proudly. "No," he replied, "I may be a robber, but I am no press agent. Keep your wealth!"

The World's entire supply of the oil of bergamot comes from a small section of Calabria, fronting on the Straits of Messina.