

THE BAN OF THE TURK.

WORKING OF THE THEORY THAT ALL PRIVATE INITIATIVE IS HOSTILE TO THE GOVERNMENT.

Will the Turk permanently suppress initiative and enterprise by his simple ban, or will enterprise suppress the Turk and his theory? This is the question raised by the latest edict of the Turkish Government, which forbids the use of typewriters in the Turkish Empire. This edict is one of a long series aimed at the pestilent activity of men of business who seek to improve their methods. Typewriters have been in use in Turkey for twenty years or more. At first they came into the country through the lamblike innocence of the custom house inspectors. No one knew what they were. After it was found that they could print as legibly as the terrible printing press itself, an attempt was made to refuse them admission to Turkey, on the ground that they were a kind of printing press, and therefore each one must have the special permit of the Sultan himself before being imported. The foreign embassies went sponsors for the inability of the thing to print more than two or three copies at once, and that obstacle to using typewriters was removed. But now it has come out that a devilish ingenuity has found means to combine typewriter with hektograph, and has also discovered an institution called the mimeograph. There is nothing now to hinder a man with a typewriter from sending out advertisements by the hundred which the censor has not seen. Hence the typewriter must go. We must suffer the pangs of deciphering painfully drawn hieroglyphics whenever we receive orders from Turkish business men.

This is an illustration of a state of affairs not really understood here. The idea of the Turk is that private initiative must necessarily be hostile to any well regulated government. An official elucidation of the subject of the place and danger of private enterprise was not long ago published in the Turkish "Sabah" newspaper. It says: "It is proven that the affairs of men cannot be perfectly carried on by individual and separate initiative. It is, therefore, the beneficent will of God that the whole interests of the human race be committed to the hand of one man inspired directly from God." The declaration goes on to show that the man alluded to is Sultan Abdul Hamid II. Under this principle, proscription of some of the main sinews and muscles of business enterprise has been enacted in Turkey. The theory is that any communication between men that is not under the supervision of censors of propriety in language must threaten the prosperity of the empire.

Telephones are forbidden in Turkey for this reason. Code telegrams may not be sent. Open telegrams are held until the censors can decipher their meaning. If the meaning is not clear, the merchant who supposed his order for a thousand "heavy weight" was already being filled in England is disillusioned by a summons to police headquarters for explanations which will release his telegram of two days before. There used to be a city post in Constantinople. Lest some one should say something to some one else by that means, it was suppressed. All communications between merchant and customer have to be by private messenger.

There is now a burning question between Turkey and the European powers about the foreign postoffices. They are the only sure means by which foreigners living in Turkey can communicate with their home lands. Turkish insistence on the suppression of these postoffices is based on the desire to have the police read the letters and suppress the newspapers of foreigners. The first result of the seizure by the Turkish police recently of mail bags from the foreign postoffice clerks was the arrest of a number of men to whom letters had been addressed by persons abroad whose language the police disapproved.

The same fear of individual and separate activity shackles the newspapers of the country. Censors must read and approve every word before publication. The difficulty of catching a censor makes morning newspapers impossible. Excepting the Turkish and semi-official papers no newspaper in Constantinople is published before noon. "Scoops" are impossible, and the latest telegrams have to lie over until the visit of the censor the next day. The necessity of overhearing everything that is being said naturally gives employment to an enormous multitude of spies. Each of the departments of the government has its corps of spies, the police force has its swarms of sneaking eavesdroppers. The Sultan's palace has its troops of secret agents to spy on the people and on the other spies. One relieving feature of this system is the fact that every high official contrives to have his paid spies in the palace to warn him of the way the cat is going to jump. Aside from the day laborers, hardly a Mahometan Turk can be found in Constantinople who has not pay in some form for services to the government. The support of this enormous army of non-producers burdens all classes by its increasing demand for funds.

The situation in Turkey is serious because this "divinely inspired" ban upon the initiative of individuals is resented by the people who read and think. In Turkish phrase, "the knife has reached the bone." Men do not like to have to ask permission of the police for every motion, and at the same time to have to pay taxes for the support of the police. The feeling of the

people may be judged from this story heard from the lips of a Turk:

In the time of the prophet Mahomet, a man came to him saying: "Oh, prophet of God, a dream has been given to me; vouchsafe, I pray thee, its meaning. In my dream I saw a drove of sheep with lambs, and a man tearing the wool from their backs, while the sheep ran to escape his clutch and filled heaven with their bleating. Then I saw a carcass, and birds were devouring it and at the same time shouting loudly the words of the Koran. Then I saw a stream of water sweeping through a canal toward a fine garden where plants thirsted for its coolness, but a little nightingale was drinking up the water as it flowed, and the garden withered for lack of it. These strange things I cannot put from my mind, for there is none to explain." Then the prophet replied: "O Son of the Belphegor, this is what is to come in an evil day. The sheep with lambs are my holy people who will one day be fleeced to the blood by the officers of an unholy government. The carcass that you saw stands for the goods of the people, which the religious doctors devour even while reciting the Koran in a loud voice. And the nightingale which drank up the river is the ruler of that unholy nation; a very small creature, and yet absorbing for himself the whole nourishment of the people. For into such evil hands the servants of God shall one day fall."

"This," said the Turk, "is a picture of the present time."

A SACRED ELEPHANT PROCESSION.

THE WEIRD SPECTACLE GOT UP IN CEYLON FOR THE ENGLISH ROYAL PARTY.

Ceylon correspondent of The London Standard.

Of all the spectacles presented to the eyes of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York the strangest and the weirdest was the Parahara, or procession of elephants. These exhibitions are part of the Buddhist ritual, and Ceylon is noted for its elephants. A sacred stud of forty is kept for festivals, the chiefs in the neighborhood acting as guardians. It was dark when the performers began to assemble at the entrance to the pavilion grounds—a long line of men and animals in fantastic dress. The air flamed with torches and reeked with coconut oil, and thousands of natives filled the lanes with a medley of color. Their royal highnesses, having dined, came out upon the balcony of the White House with the massive white pillars. The gardens were shrouded in blackness and silence. Suddenly, from the distance, came the sound of the tom tom and the shrill note of the Chetty pipe. There is a subtle sameness in all Eastern music. The tom tom and the pipe of the devil dancer were in my ears as the echo of Dervish drum and omobina sounding the charge at Omdurman. The head of the procession appeared. It was a white elephant on a cart drawn by a patient bullock and attended by a headman in that round cap. One was naturally curious to learn why this very obvious property animal should have the place of honor, seeing that so many magnificent beasts were behind. "Because it is beautiful," said the headman, hiding under an air of grave courtesy his surprise that any should doubt its claim to be leader.

Noisily and slowly the procession unfolded itself, in waves of yellow light from hundreds of long torches held by brown-skinned Cingalese. The order of their coming was after this fashion. First walked a company of men in loose robes of white and red, or clad only in cambay or waist cloth, the light gleaming on their shining bodies. Behind them marched three elephants, in rich trappings, the middle and largest having a crimson gold-embroidered cloth drawn over his head, leaving only eyes and ears uncovered, on their heels whirled the devil dancers—lilting figures, stripped to the waist, the sweat streaming from their dark bodies as they leapt and turned and chanted a strange, monotonous chant to the beating of drum and the shrieking of pipe. Some were children, others white-headed, of a solemn countenance that was grotesquely out of harmony with their strange antics. No chief of any pride and dignity would deign to appear in these processions without his devil dancers. I do not know whether rank is measured by the number or by the energy of the dancers. It was none the less manifest that distinctions exist even in devil worshippers, for the number, the dress and the noise seemed in proportion to the gravity and magnificence of the chieftains who followed these cyclones of color and sound.

The Kandyan chief may be a handsome and even an imposing man. He has the dignified solemnity of the Turk and the beard of the Prophet. His dress, too, is splendid. In the days of the kings it was simple white, but since they can no longer be courtiers at home, the chiefs have put on the dress of their kings. Around the waist are wound nearly sixty yards of white silk, embroidered with crimson and gold. The many folds are gathered at the waist into a great bulk, and end in gold fringes that fall over white linen trousers with broad frilled edges. The feet are bare, but on the head is a hat in shape not unlike a shrine, and in wealth of gold and gems not unworthy the altar of some saint. The upper part of the body is clothed in a zouave jacket, richly embroidered in red and gold, and worn over a white frilled shirt. Each chief has on the second finger of the right hand a ring of enormous size, resembling in shape the apostolic ring of the Pope. The chiefs walked in lines of six or seven, having between the lines elephants and devil dancers and torchbearers. When they drew near to the balcony there was a short halt, and the procession, turning to the left, reformed in front of the pavilion. The elephants ranged themselves in line on the green lawn, that shone a strangely vivid green in the light of the torches. The devil dancers gathered together in the centre, and gave themselves up to a frenzied dance. Not the dancing Dervishes of Damascus, not the howling Dervishes of Berber, could excel them in antics and noise as they sweated and turned and threw themselves into the air with an energy and an abandon that had at least the semblance of religious frenzy. Their exertions were rewarded by a few words of thanks from the duke, who declared himself greatly pleased and interested.

EXPORT DUTY ON OSTRICHES.

From The London Chronicle.

The most conspicuous instance of an export duty is at the Cape of Good Hope, where there is £100 to be paid before an ostrich is allowed to leave the colony. Even the export of ostrich eggs is taxed. But he would be a brave shipper who would pay duty on ostrich eggs. There is a poetical phrase in our language, "to sell a man a pup." Puppies may look all right, but they develop signs of bad breeding later in life. Of ostrich eggs a very small proportion develop

JAMRACH'S.

THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF A FAMOUS WILD ANIMAL BUSINESS.

From Chambers's Journal.

The beginnings of Jamrach's business belong to Hamburg, where the grandfather of the present Jamrach was chief of the river police. In his official capacity he was in the habit of boarding arriving vessels, and so was attracted by the curiosities the sailors brought home. He took to buying such of those as took his fancy. Then his friends wanted him to procure similar curiosities for them, and thereafter his friends' friends were seized with the same desire. The upshot of all this was that he saw an easy and a profitable business in these rarities; for the more they were distributed the greater the number of people that wanted them, and the more he bought from the sailors the greater were the quantities they continued to bring him. Accordingly, he resigned his office in the police and announced to the public that he was prepared to supply them with rarities of any kind from any shore; for the crew of every ship that sailed were now practically so many agents for him. Wonderful shells and birds of gorgeous plumage were his chief commodities; for these there was a constant market, and as long as the sailors were well remunerated there was an ever increasing supply. It was not easy to glut the market with natural rarities in those days, for the world was wider than it is now, and the products of distant lands comparatively unknown.

Others soon entered the business, and as there was always a market for a rarity, competition between the rival dealers centred round the sailors. The great point in this competition was to acquire early knowledge of the arrival of rarities on the docks; and, for this purpose the dealers employed the loafers round the quay-side to "run" to them with such news, the "runner" being rewarded in proportion to the importance of the information he brought. I have seen the late Charles Jamrach pay a runner as much as £5, and I have seen him pay as low as one shilling. Besides employing runners, one dealer took to going out to meet expected ships; another dealer did the same, and went further next time. This was capped by other dealers going further and further. The next innovation was to steal away unobserved in the night—a trick that came out in the course of time, and then the rival dealers used to have one another's movements watched by night as well as by day.

CREATING A MONOPOLY.

The masterstroke that killed this irksome competition for the time being was inflicted by Jamrach when he sent his son Charles to London, there to reside and buy up the rarities and animals, and send them to him on the Continent. This practically gave Jamrach a monopoly; for then, there being no Suez Canal, English ports were always those first touched by homeward-bound vessels. Enjoying this virtual monopoly, Jamrach could now tell captains of ships what to bring him without any fear of what they brought falling into rival hands. Thus it came about that if even a European monarch wanted a rarity—as did once the Emperor Joseph of Austria, who for years sought for what Jamrach got for him in as many months; namely, a lion with a particular kind of mane—his best plan was to go to Jamrach. Jamrach's accordingly became known as a place where anything could be procured, "from a needle to an elephant," as I have often heard it put. These were the good old times of the animal and curiosity trade, with an expanding world, so to speak, to draw supplies from; with people eager to know more and more of new countries; and with the institution and growth of menageries, of zoological gardens, and of museums. There was then a boom right along the whole line of the trade, and deals with long profits and small initial outlay were of weekly occurrence. Rooms there are still, now and then; but they are confined to particular objects or particular animals, and arise in rather odd ways sometimes.

At the time theosophy was attracting attention, for instance, a stranger dropped into Jamrach's shop. He was received courteously rather than cordially. "To tell you the truth," said Jamrach to me about the time, "I thought he was some dock clerk out of a job, and under the pretence of wanting some rarity, had come in to pass the time with a look round." People that come in just to have a look round usually begin by asking for some fanciful rarity, such as a parrot that can say the Lord's Prayer backward or do a sum in addition. This particular stranger began quite differently. Had Mr. Jamrach any symbols connected with the religion of Buddha? Mr. Jamrach had; and the stranger, being taken into the museum, bought various images and religious carvings. He then wrote out a check, and the name he put to it showed him to be the representative of one of the oldest families in England. This gentleman came several times after that, making similar purchases, and told Jamrach that he was furnishing a theosophic temple, and that he was endeavoring by a close study of the images and idols to discover the thoughts of the artists that produced them. How far he succeeded is not our concern. It is our concern simply to point out that articles that had lain in Jamrach's museum for a quarter of a century, perhaps more, and were considered unsalable almost, had a market value suddenly "precipitated" upon them by the far distant Mahatmas.

PRIVATE ANIMAL COLLECTIONS.

From this selling deities or delicate Japanese carvings, Jamrach may turn next minute to selling a panther to a showman, a python to a snake charmer, a monkey to an organ grinder, a rare deer to a duke. One morning last spring a gentleman came in to buy a brown Brahmin bull that he had heard of. He bought the bull, and then going round the stables, he took a fancy to a leopard. He bought that also. Then he bought two hyenas, four brown Russian bears, four Sambur deer, three Persian gazelles, some black swans, and emus. What was a Worcestershire squire—for so he turned out to be—to do with all these animals? This question would seem to have arisen in his own mind on completing his purchases; for, turning to Jamrach, he suddenly remarked: "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll build dens for them, and when they're finished, you come down and see that they are strong enough, and all right. Meanwhile, you keep the animals for me." This was agreed to, and in about a month Jamrach sent one of his men down to Malvern with the strange freight. Most people are fond of animals—fond of possessing them, at any rate; and if we all had country estates and plenty of money we should without doubt be often found indulging our fancy in quite as expensive a way as this Worcestershire squire. A notable example of this is furnished in the case of Captain Marshall, who died a few years ago. He had a wild animal farm in a meadow on the

banks of the Thames at Great Marlow. Among his animals, which included the finest collection of cranes ever got together, were three or four elephants—I forget the actual number. Now and then, just for the fun of the thing, he would go up the river in tow of one or other of these. He had an old lion, too, that used to follow him by day like a dog, and sleep at the foot of his bed by night, until it took to licking his face when he was asleep. A lion's tongue is as rough as a file, and scarcely to be endured on the human hand, to say nothing of the human face.

Young men inheriting fortunes frequently begin to show their independence by heavy purchases in the animal world, and give a filip to prices. One such appeared some years back with a fancy for snakes. One afternoon about this time I was having a quiet cigar with Jamrach in the back room that serves for an office. He was telling me of an extraordinary snake, reported to be twenty feet long, that he had lost through not going down to the docks as soon as he had heard about it and purchasing it. It had been brought over for Jamrach by the captain of a steamer from China; but, no Jamrach appearing, the captain grew nervous with it in his possession in the docks, and let it go for £12. "Foolish fellow!" exclaimed Jamrach. "If he had waited just over night—for I went down next morning—I'd have given him £40 or £50 for it. The strange thing about it, too, is that nobody knows where it has gone, and it's exactly a week to-day since it was sold." Not many minutes after he had thus spoken a runner burst in upon us. "Mr. Jamrach!" he cried excitedly, "do you want to buy the big snake?" "Certainly; and I'll give you a couple of sovereigns if I buy it." "Come on, then," returned the eager runner; "we haven't a minute to lose." Off they hurried in a cab. I afterward learned that the snake was remarkable for size, and proved to be the rare reticulated python from Java. The lucky purchaser of it for £12 had been holding it for £100. Being a man in a small way, he got apprehensive, and began to fear the snake might die on his hands as the £100 did not come as quickly as he had anticipated, so he had practically sold it for £40 to another dealer before Jamrach got there. The dealer was coming that very night with the money. "Here, my good man, is £45," said Jamrach on hearing the price he had been offered, "and I'll take the snake away with me now." "All right sir; the snake is yours."

KANGAROOS NOW UNSALABLE.

There was a boom in kangaroos some years ago. It will be remembered that a boxing kangaroo was exhibited in London at the Aquarium. It drew such crowds that every other place of entertainment had to have its boxing kangaroo; but kangaroos were not to be had in such numbers, and some resorted to the clumsy expedient of clothing a man in a kangaroo skin. Even so, the demand remained unsatisfied, and cables were sent out to Australia to agents and the captains of ships lying there to bring over as many kangaroos as they could find. Kangaroos consequently, which before were practically unsalable, bounded up to £100 apiece; now they are again unsalable, and are heard of only in connection with a rather rich soup that is made out of their tails.

A leading animal buyer in this country is the Hon. Walter Rothschild. He is a keen naturalist, and buys everything that is specially rare. The results of his observations and investigations he publishes from the Tring Zoological Museum in his journal, "Novitates Zoologicae." Not a week passes without telegrams or letters between him and Jamrach. It is the latter's habit, as soon as he lights on a novelty, to send off a telegram to a likely customer; and often an animal that has been travelling for weeks will be sent on a journey again an hour or two after its arrival, and when it has been seen to be all right. Once "Carnivora"—Jamrach's truculent telegraphic address—wired to a client that he had two lion cubs, just arrived, price £50. Would he send them? Back came the reply: "Don't want any live pups at any price," the first telegram having evidently been mutilated. To return to Walter Rothschild, he has for some years been making a special study of the cassowary, and the Christmas before last brought out a book on that bird, magnificently illustrated with colored plates. Very little is known of cassowaries; even experts cannot always tell the male from the female. On one occasion Jamrach sold a cassowary that all concerned regarded as a male. A few months afterward he received from his customer this telegraphic message, "Your male cassowary has laid an egg." Again, there are only some four or five species known to science. Walter Rothschild has established the existence of fifteen species. This has involved enormous outlay which no mere man of science could have borne. It entailed, to begin with, the purchasing of hundreds of live cassowaries, which sometimes cost as much as £150 each. Then these cassowaries, which were young birds, had to be kept until they came into color, the owner knowing all the time that he should derive no profit from his outlay. Previous students of the cassowary had to content themselves with the study of the mere skins, and could command only such skins as good luck might place in their way. Walter Rothschild, on the other hand, was able through Jamrach—whose hearty co-operation he recognized by presenting him with two copies of the elaborate book, which is for private circulation only—to institute a systematic search for cassowaries; and the officers of every ship that sailed from New-Guinea and other haunts of the bird knew that good prices awaited them for every specimen they found.

There is always a more or less steady demand from zoological gardens for animals. Even collections that may be complete get broken into by death and require recruiting. To this extent death may be regarded as the friend of the animal dealer; but it is as often his foe. "There's £160 gone," said Jamrach to me once as he handed me a telegram. It ran, "Will accept tapir at £160," and was from Barnum & Bailey. The tapir had died two days previously. Jamrach succeeded in saving £10, however, which he got from an animal stuffer for the carcass. Sometimes, too, a dead animal can be used to feed other animals with. The vultures and hyenas, for instance, had the pleasure not long ago of feasting on a Ceylon pygmy bull worth £40. The last thing Jamrach does at his place of business before going home is to record the day's deaths in the deathbook. Opposite each animal he puts its cost price; and the losses reckoned on this basis run from £150 to £200 a month.

VERBS MADE WHILE YOU WAIT.

From The Chicago Post.

The man who carelessly manufactures verbs to suit his convenience was speaking:

"Poor fellow!" he said; "he suicided, you know."

"To escape disgrace, I suppose?" ventured a listener.

"I believe so."

"What was the matter? Had he forged or merely misdeemed?"