

The Turk's Victims and Foes in Macedonia

Distracted State of the Last Considerable Dominion Possessed by the Sultan in Europe—Misrule Made Worse by Conflicts of Race, Religion and Politics—Outrages That Stirred the People to Revolt.



TURKISH FLEET IN THE GOLDEN HORN, CONSTANTINOPLE.



BULGARIAN WOMEN WITH CROSSES STAFFED ON THEIR FOREHEADS TO SAVE THEM FROM BEING ABDUCTED FOR TURKISH SLAVERY.



LEADER OF MACEDONIAN BAND IN FULL REGALIA.



A BULGARIAN AND AN ALBANIAN.



TURKISH VILLAGE GUARD OF ERELIP ORGANIZED TO AID THE SOLDIER'S BUT READY TO START A MASSACRE.

Once again the eyes of the world have been turned on Constantinople, the city of the Sultan. There, enthroned amid every unrivaled for its beauty, sits the successor of the Emperors of Byzantium and the wearer of the Sword of Osman, a virtue of which he rules the Turks and claims the spiritual allegiance of the followers of the Prophet Mohammed the world over.

But the greatness of his power is on the ebb, and from the day that the Ottoman hosts fell back from the siege of Vienna up to the present, each conflict with Russia and the Western Powers has ended by stripping the Khalif of Islam territory and strength, until now his dominion in Europe is reduced to an insignificant portion of what fifty years ago was known as European Turkey, extending from the Bosphorus of the Marmora in the south, and from the Adriatic in the west to the Black Sea on the east.

The territory in Europe under the actual sovereignty of the Sultan Abdul Hamid II. may now be called Macedonia, the southern part of the Balkan Peninsula, and the administration of the whole western part of it is in dispute between him and the representatives of the Western Powers, and is the cause of the presence in the waters near the Dardanelles of an international squadron to enforce the demands of the European Governments.

Briefly told, they call upon the Sultan to submit to the amputation from his direct rule of the richest and largest part of his European territory, containing several millions of inhabitants who, unhappily, are divided among themselves by differences of race and religion to such a degree that all attempts made at different times to bring them together in their own interests have totally failed.

Among the Albanians are adherents of Islamism, Catholicism and the Eastern or Greek Orthodox Church. The people of what is called Macedonia are of Bulgarian, Servian and Greek origin, with about 100,000 of the descendants of the old Roman military colonists scattered over the southwest and given mostly to pastoral and commercial pursuits. The commercial port and capital of this country is Salonica, the old Thessalonica, with a population in which the Jewish element largely predominates, there being a section of 200 in number, called by the Turks Dimes, who profess the Mohammedan religion and have their own mosques.

The consequence of the division of the population into three strong sections is that there are only four full working days in the week, the Turks performing their Selamlik on Friday, the Jews observing the Saturday Sabbath and the Christians Sunday.

The products of Macedonia and Albania are many and varied. Fruits of all kinds known to the temperate zone abound, cereals flourish in the rich soil

and the most delicate qualities of opium are yielded by the Macedonian poppy, while some of the wines, like that of Nisoushta, bear comparison with the best of those from any country. Pripie, a scene in which forms the subject of one of the illustrations, is celebrated for its peaches, which have a delicious aromatic flavor peculiar to the locality.

The inhabitants are mostly Bulgarian, but authority is in the hands of Turks or Mussulmans of Bulgarian origin, of whom there are estimated to be some 400,000 in central Macedonia. The group of guards, among whom stands some all agha or big landowner of the neighborhood, have the look of a mixed crowd of Bulgarian Moslems and Albanians, probably Ghegas of the country behind Monastir.

The Albanian standing near his horse at the water, in another of the illustrations, may be a Ghega or an Arnaut from the north. They are a truculent, savage race, but make up for their lack of natural ability, and they are ugly customers, neither giving nor asking quarter. The army that has just vindicated the Sultan's authority in the Hedjaz, after the rebel Imam, Mohammed Yahya, had captured all the strongholds south of Mecca, is largely composed of Albanians.

Another type of Macedonian is the leader of one of the numerous Bulgarian bands that have kept the country in a state of turmoil during the last two years, and instead of freeing it for themselves have been the cause that any transfer of author-

ity that may take place as a consequence of the naval demonstration near the Dardanelles will be from the Sultan to an international control.

That the revolt against Turkish rule in Macedonia was justifiable cannot be denied. The condition of the country, so far from improving, had become intolerable to men who saw the results of the freedom given to the Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks, and who had, as so many of the leaders of the Macedonian bands, or comitat is, as the Turks call them, or committees, as we would call them, have had a western education.

The treatment of the Christian women by the Mussulman Aghas and Beys, and by the truculent zaptiehs, or gendarmes, who lived free on the country, had as much to do with the insurrection against Turkish rule as anything else. The crosses stamped on the foreheads of the women in the group in one of the illustrations appear to be a device to appeal to the Moslem prejudice against the giour and his religion, and so to serve as a defence of the honor of the otherwise helpless women.

Against such a rule and the social and political oppression accompanying it enlightened and highminded men could do nothing else but revolt, and maintain their revolt, whether by doing so they hurt the interests of European governments and financiers or not.

The most regrettable part of the trouble in Macedonia has been the results of the racial and religious bigotry with which those who aimed at everything except the welfare of the Macedonian people as a whole inspired them. Bulgarians, Greeks and Koutzo-Wallachs, as the descendants of the old Roman colonists are called, have been cutting one another's throats because one set looked to the Bulgarian Exarch at Constantinople as their spiritual head and the other acknowledged the supremacy of the Greek Orthodox Patriarch, from whose au-

thority the Exarch was an administrative but not a religious schismatic; while the Koutzo-Wallachs, under the influence of intrigues dating a long time back, and originally set on foot in Agram in Croatia, though directed ostensibly from Bucharest in Rumania, reject the authority of both the Patriarch and the Exarch, and give a sort of political allegiance to the King of Rumania, the whole business being in fact an Italian intrigue against the extension of their kingdom in Macedonia, and indirectly against Bulgaria and Servia.

The stalwart looking Macedonian revolutionary leader is no doubt a great hero among his people, and very likely deserves to be. He carries his life in his hands, and has need of keen sight, great powers of endurance and the gift of attracting to himself followers on whose fidelity he can depend.

There appear to be many such among the Macedonian revolutionaries, and though one particular hero may appear to American eyes somewhat of a poser in his attitude and costume, we must remember that the great popular heroes, like Robin Hood in England, Rob Roy in the Scottish highlands and William Tell in Switzerland, were, if accounts we have of them are true, men of much the same stamp and animated by much the same purpose.

The secrecy, too, of the organization and operations of the Macedonian comitat is seems to be as absolute as that of the celebrated Wehrmacht in the Middle Ages in Germany, when the people were driven to organize against the rapacity and freebooting of the Barons and their Knights. To the villages, covering under the Turkish lash, such men seem like demi-gods; it is, therefore, no wonder that they exercise a power and influence with which the international authorities as well as the Turks will have to reckon, under whatever arrangements may be the outcome of the

present crisis.

The Bulgarian and Servian Governments have endeavored to maintain what in diplomatic language is called a correct attitude toward the Macedonian insurgents; but their people, who have not yet forgotten what Turkish rule was, harbor and assist by every means in their power the revolutionary bands. This has not pleased the authorities at Vienna and Budapest, and it led to a note by the Austro-Hungarian Government warning the Bulgarian, Greek and Servian Governments against assisting their kinsmen in Macedonia, so strong are the traditions of despotism even when threatened with revolution within its own boundaries.

But the prospect for the Macedonians is brightened by what is going on in Russia and in Austria-Hungary, and if the Sultan were a wise man instead of the vacillating and cruel tyrant he has proved himself to be on so many occasions, he has consolidated what is left to him of the great empire his predecessors were able to conquer, but did not know how to govern.

It is when we turn to Constantinople itself and look at things there that we see how apparently hopeless it is to expect any good to come out of Turkish rule. It would seem as though nature in creating a scene of enchantment on the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn had exhausted her demand for high or gloriously colored and brilliant things, and was unable to inspire those inhabiting it with the spirit of her genius.

In all ages, as far back as historical records go, what we now call Byzantinism—the spirit of intrigue, cruelty and corruption—has been the dominating trait of the rulers and people of Byzance. A celebrated English diplomatist, now dead, once said that the worst thing an enemy of Russia could wish her was that Constantinople should become the capital of the empire of the Czars. Less than half a century, he thought, would be long enough to bring about the breakup of Russia and create a new Eastern question.

The illustration of the Golden Horn gives

an excellent impression of the picturesqueness of that far famed sheet of water, which perhaps a little by the inartistic aspect of the Turkish ships of war. Stretching inland for some five miles from where the Bosphorus merges into the Sea of Marmora there was no more romantic scene than the Golden Horn in the days before the puffing steam launch had taken the place of the graceful canoe swiftly gliding over the water, impelled by the powerful strokes of the oarsmen, radiant in his gorgeous costume of white, gold and crimson.

The sloping shores on either side with the kiosks of the wealthy citizens embowered among vines and trailing roses and jasmines; the Moslem cemeteries with their groves of cypresses; the mosques with their minarets, always suggesting the cry of the muezzin calling the faithful to prayer; and the ruins of old towers and other monuments of bygone days afforded in the spring and early summer of the year a panorama once seen never to be forgotten.

To-day the romance and picturesqueness are disappearing, and modern mechanical civilization is superseding the art of nature and the uncurbed genius of the half-civilized man. The natural glory of old Byzance is departed, but not the influences that have ever hung over the minds of those inhabiting it, whose lives grow more sordid as the years pass by.

And this is as true of the ruler in the Yildiz Kiosk as of the poorest beggar who has his place in the line of mendicants that infests the side of the bridge across the Horn that connects Galata with old Stamboul. The whole scene has an air of poverty and suspicion. Spies dog every movement of persons of prominence and strangers, and the distrust of the Sultan for his navy is as much the cause of the dismantled condition of his ships of war that the rusting and gathering barnacles in the waters of the Golden Horn as the emptiness of his exchequer.

Harassed by suspicion of every one around him the Sultan has always, for some

reason not easily explained, entertained special doubts of the fidelity of his navy. Whether it was because of the better education of the officers or the foreign influences under which most of them came, ships that cost millions were laid up in the Horn for years together, and the officers remained in idleness, with little else to do than pass their time in the café and gardens drinking mastik and forming part of the Sultan's cortege on the Friday when he performed the weekly Selamlik.

Volumes might be written on the conditions and inner life of Constantinople during the years that have elapsed since the day that the present Sultan was invested with the sword of Osman and the old gypsy woman foretold that he was destined to bring Islam to ruin. The most startling and stirring chapters of the last days of the eastern empire before the Turk entered the Church of St. Sophia could not approach what might be written of the latter day domination of the Turk.

The secret murders by poison, the dagger and drowning in the Bosphorus and the Golden Horn, the endless intrigues at the palace and in the provinces, the all-pervading spy system that centres in the Sultan himself, for since the flight into Egypt of his most trusted political agent Abdul Hamid gives his confidence to no one; all these, combined with the international jealousies that crop up between the embassies of the Powers, the intrigues at the Phanar, the headquarters of the Greek Patriarchate, and since 1878 those at the agencies of the minor Balkan States, leave the days of the Greek empire far behind.

Add to all the goings and comings of western concession hunters, contractors and financiers, with the bribery and corruption of palace and government officials of every grade from the highest to the lowest, and the wonder is not that there are disorder and oppression going on all over the empire, but that there is any empire at all left for the Sultan to reign over.

LAWYER, STATESMAN, FARMER

A PEX PICTURE OF SECRETARY OF THE NAVY BONAPARTE.

Devoted to Agriculture as He is to Reform—Set in His Opinions, Though Slow in Framing Them—A Hard Worker, Fond of His Joke at Times.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 16.—In the campaign of 1898, when Charles Joseph Bonaparte took a hand with such men as S. Teackle Wallis against the regular Democratic candidate for the Mayoralty of Baltimore, he was dubbed the "Academic Pharisee" and the "Imperial Peacock of Park Avenue." Since then he has at least demonstrated that he is a reformer of a practical type by his work in investigating various public scandals. But the nicknames are recalled as showing the impression his qualities made on his opponents.

He is a man of very marked qualities. His character has many interesting phases. There is one thing in particular that makes him stand out among men, according to those who know him best. He never tells a lie or evades a truth.

"Soup-House Charlie" his opponents called him when his activity in Maryland reform became dangerous—this because in a speech nearly twenty years ago he favored the establishment of soup-houses for the poor. They dubbed him a silk stocking and a Maryland Club Pharisee, but he is not and has never been a clubman in the ordinary sense, in spite of the fact that by wealth, family and social opportunity he might be one.

Although by far the largest individual

owner of land and houses in Baltimore, he has never sought special protection of any sort. True, there have been times when he seemed grasping—especially when he was one of the land owners on the waterfront to appeal from the appraisement of his property for dock purposes.

That was a great public improvement for Baltimore. He realized the fact, but insisted that it could not be considered as an offset against the market value of his ground. Similarly, when the Government wanted some land west of the new Custom House to build a public park, he demanded his price. There was some little resentment to which he replied:

"The scheme is all nonsense, anyhow; I don't approve it, and if they want my land they'll have to pay a good price for it."

That was his right, he considered, and he held to it. If Bonaparte is stubborn and set in his purposes, it is only after careful study and upon definite belief in the security and justice of his position. When his appointment as Secretary of the Navy was being discussed some Western paper referred to him as an independent. Bonaparte did not hesitate a moment to declare his position.

"I am a Republican," he said, "but I reserve the right to vote for any Democrat who is a better man than the Republican candidate. To that extent you may say that I am an independent."

And upon the heels of this declaration came the news of his appointment. He is a hard worker. He inherited the habit of systematic application, perhaps, Jerome Bonaparte was his father, and this Jerome was a son of Jerome, King of Westphalia, and Betsy Patterson Bonaparte. The great Napoleon was therefore great

uncle of Secretary Bonaparte.

Bella Vista, in Snow Bird Valley, fifteen miles from his office in a plain three-story brick building on St. Paul street, is his country home. There he has surrounded himself with all the most modern implements of farming, and there he farms—to the extent of writing down orders for the day, to be executed by his manager. Every morning he is up at 5:30 o'clock to take a look over the farm.

After this Mr. Bonaparte breakfasts, and by 7:30 o'clock he is ready for his drive to Baltimore. A mile in five minutes is the average speed of Ticoe and Trottie, his thoroughbreds, hitched to the yellow phaeton in which the drive is always made—a mile in five minutes, up hill and down. In an hour and fifteen minutes he is at his office door.

And he thoroughly enjoys that drive of fifteen miles morning and evening. He never handles the reins, for although an owner of many fine horses, the driving is to his taste. He sits back on his seat and reflects, and moralizes, and philosophizes, and views the scenery.

Arrived at his office, Mr. Bonaparte goes at once to his desk, with only a nodding salutation in the outside office, or a word or two with Cleveland P. Manning, who decides which callers may see Mr. Bonaparte. This is what the visitor finds upon gaining access to Mr. Bonaparte.

A man who shows less years than his age in general appearance, but whose head rolls from side to side continually, as if with weight of an age or two. He sits at his littered table with a pencil within reach. As the visitor approaches he looks up only slightly, removes his glasses, holds them in his right hand and lets his head roll and wobble at will.

He never looks directly at his visitor—not

for a moment. He just sits there and wobbles his head, and smiles. His smile is perpetual. He smiles when he is in good temper, and smiles when he is not. He continually shakes his eyeglasses with a vigorous motion, and when they are ready to snap them off at the black cord which retains them. He puts them on for half a second, then takes them off and shakes them again.

And when he finally speaks it is in a slow, drawing voice, but with a deliberation behind which is keen thought. He never says what he doesn't mean; never means more than or less than he says. If it is an opinion to express, he writes it down, carefully and with many erasures.

Recently a newspaper reporter called at his office for an explanation of his refusal to accept railroad passes. He wrote it. There were hardly more than 100 words, and the business had been finished by actual count. When he had finished it was an explanation couched in exact language, the shading of every word having been studiously considered before final passage.

But this does not mean that Mr. Bonaparte is slow. Recently one of the Cramps, the shipping people, went over to Washington and sent his car in to the new Secretary. Within five minutes he was before Mr. Bonaparte. Within half an hour the business had been finished and he was on his way home. Before leaving he turned to Mr. Bonaparte and said:

"I would like to tell you, Mr. Secretary, that I am astonished—simply astounded. I have been coming to Washington for fifteen years, and never before have I been able to finish my business in a day. It has usually taken me a week or two weeks."

Mr. Bonaparte smiled, shook his glasses energetically and replied:

"Mr. Cramp, I have done away with red tape in this department, so far as it lies in my power. We are here for business, not for procrastination and play."

But Mr. Bonaparte is not a man who takes life and business too seriously. He is thoughtful, he is serious, and he is direct; but with it all he has a peg of

humor and wit.

One of the most characteristic features of the Secretary is his dress. He wears the same black, year in and year out, season after season. He wears the white flannel shirt invariably, with a turn down collar and black bow shoofly tie.

The collar and tie, by the way, go with his evening dress, despite conventional demands for high or gloriously colored and brilliant things. He is always clean shaven, and the clear, strong lines of his face are shown to decided advantage as he talks, even as he thinks.

Socially, he is not active. He meets people now and then, when circumstances demand. He has been jolking about for the Quarter Club recently for the benefit of a consupinuous' home movement and chatted afterward with a few of the members with friends, but as a rule he leaves social affairs to his wife and devotes himself strictly to business.

He never goes out to luncheon during the summer, and is generally to be found at noontime eating at his desk something that he has brought in from the country. He goes to church, and is an intimate friend of Cardinal Gibbons. One of the books he had to sell for the Quarter Club was a copy of "Science and Immortality," by the Cardinal. He had been jolking about every book up to that time. Picking up the Cardinal's work, he handled it with a certain affection, and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, here is a book that I can't joke with, because it was written by my religious superior, and he might hear of it."

Cardinal Gibbons is invariably among the guests at Mr. Bonaparte's town house during the winter. An entertainment at his house, and he is the only one which breaks the Cardinal's general rule against attending any social functions.

In his office when he has time he will bet with friends. Thus once he was talking about his investigation of Indian abuses.

"I had been told," he said, "that the Indians, looking whiskey, were drinking anything they could secure that contained alcohol. I hardly believed it, but before

leaving was convinced. I left a bottle of bay rum on my dresser while away for only a short time. When I returned it was gone, and investigation proved that one of the Indian servants had drunk it. I was then satisfied that there were some medicines, lotions and other things that might as well be kept away from the noble race."

On the night that saw the late Lloyd Lowndes elected Governor a reporter went to Mr. Bonaparte's St. Paul street home to ask him for an expression of opinion on the result. The furjare secretary came downstairs in his pajamas and slippers, received the request for a statement through a letter slit in the door, and while the reporter waited outside wrote the statement, which he pushed through the slit. Then he placed his lips close to the door and trebled out:

"I guess that will about cover the ground. Good night."

And Mr. Bonaparte loves his joke with the newspaper men now and then. After the campaign of 1895 a question came up on which he was non-committal, but his opinion on the particular subject was very much desired—so much so that one paper persistently besought him for some sort of statement.

At last Mr. Bonaparte consented to give a written statement if a reporter would come around on the jump. The reporter arrived in a hurry. Mr. Bonaparte met him smilingly, and handed him a bunch of paper, folded. The reporter, profuse in his thanks, made a record run for the office and turned it in. Two minutes later he was on the carpet.

"What's the joke?" demanded the city editor.

Then he displayed the "copy." On the first page Mr. Bonaparte had written: "Mr. Bonaparte, when requested to make a statement concerning the matter, said: 'That was all.'" The rest of the paper was absolutely blank.

It has often been said that Mr. Bonaparte has a large charity law practice. The contrary is the case. He never works for nothing, and never takes a contingency commission. Yet he never refuses to try a case

because he knows that his client will not be able to pay his fee if he loses. As a matter of fact, he has for years had little time for general law practice.

There is one thing in particular that makes him stand out among men, according to those who know him best. He never tells a lie or evades a truth.

"I have always been careful not to mix my religion and my politics."

Mr. Bonaparte is not thin skinned, but he has one touchy point. If you want to make him your enemy for life drop an intimation that in the way of farming he doesn't know much.

He owns more farms in Maryland than Carter has oats. He owns farms everywhere—that pay and that don't pay, but they're all working.

The farm in which he takes special delight is his summer home, Bella Vista. Whitewashed fences divide all the fields, instead of picturesque hedges. Near the house grows a field of corn, instead of an undulating sward of verdant carpet and all that sort of thing. For he is a farmer, he says—not a gentlemanly rascal.

The house itself is colonial, surrounded by ample circular porches. A reception room runs the full width from north to south. In all the apartments are portraits, and busts of the great Napoleon or other members of the family.