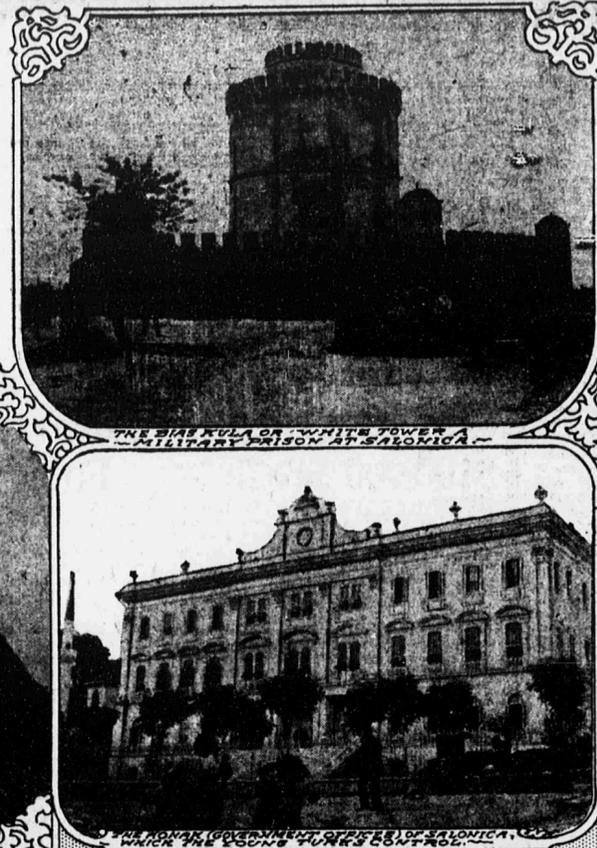


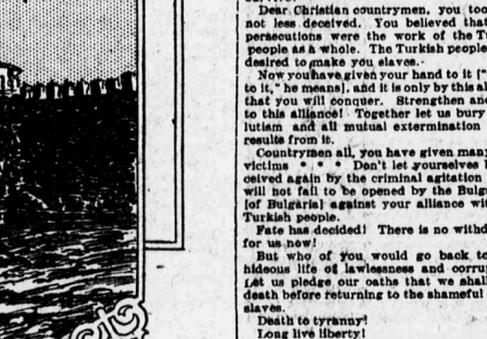
BULGARIAN PATRIOTS SPLIT

DIVIDED IN THEIR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE NEW TURKEY.

Sandanski, the Brigand Captain of Miss Stone, an Ally of the Young Turks... Threats for Rival Patriots Who Have Dreamed of a Big Bulgaria.



THE BALKAN OR "WHITE TOWER" MILITARY PRISON AT SALONICA



TURKISH SOLDIERS, SHOWING THE CONDITION WHICH DROVE THE ARMY TO REVOLT



SANDANSKI, THE CAPTOR OF MISS STONE, NOW LEADER OF THE CHRISTIAN PARTY IN MACEDONIA

"You see that man?" said my companion; "he is the Voivoda [chief] Nikoloff, one time an officer in our army. He resigned his commission here in 1894 and went to Macedonia to lead an insurgent band."

"The Turks captured him, but were not good enough to kill him, as they generally did with chiefs. They put him in prison in the walls of Salonica, and there he had been until the general amnesty which the Sultan granted last week."



CORNER OF THE OLD WALL AT SALONICA, BUILT BY THE CRUSADERS; FROM THE DUNGEONS OF THIS WALL HUNDREDS OF POLITICAL PRISONERS HAVE BEEN FREED

all of Macedonia where Bulgarians live, look askance at this movement, which for its amazing liberality may possibly find a measure of success."



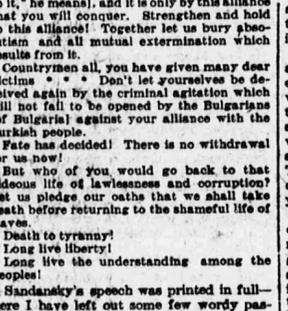
MANY OTHERS HAD PASSED AT HIS OWN HANDS

When, lying in bed, he was told that I was an American, he raised his head, and smiling, asked after Miss Stone, and told me to say to my countrymen that he was most grateful to them for the \$55,000 which they paid for her release. He said he wanted them to know that every pleasure of the money was spent for arms with which to fight the Turks."



NEW SANDANSKI APPEARS IN SALONICA, WITH A FORMIDABLE BAND, AS AN ALLY OF THE YOUNG TURKS

Dear Christian countrymen, you too were not less deceived. You believed that your persecution were the work of the Turkish people as a whole. The Turkish people never desired to make you slaves."



SANDANSKI'S SPEECH WAS PRINTED IN FULL—HERE I HAVE LEFT OUT SOME FEW WORDS

Dear countrymen, you have given many dear victims to the Turkish yoke. The Turkish people will not fail to be opened by the Bulgarians for Bulgaria against your alliance with the Turkish people."

PLAINER ATTIRE FOR MEN

REACTION AGAINST FREAKISH FASHIONS IN CLOTHES.

Signs That the Ready to Wear Clothing Makers Have Gone Too Far in Their Effort to Provide Novelty—New Modes Which Are Not Apt to Last Long.

The approaching season is likely to witness a change in the policy of the manufacturers of ready to wear clothing, and it is probable that for at least a season or two there will be somewhat more conservative in their styles. The creation of exaggerated modes with the idea of keeping up the impression that styles for men change every season just as feminine fashions do has been pushed just about as far as it can be.

One need only take the matter of the finish of the sleeves of men's coats to realize how far this desire for the unusual has gone. It was not more than five years ago that the London tailors, whose fashions remain the standard whatever else may be said about them, began to send over sack coats, overcoats and even dinner coats with a narrow turned back sleeve. This was regarded as rather a striking fashion in those days, but it was gradually adopted by well dressed men here.

Among the best of the custom tailors it has passed into a standard fashion. Customers may or may not like it. Just at present, as a matter of fact, the cuff is not in favor. In any case it is not regarded as a matter of great importance in the make of a coat, but it was just the opportunity that makers of cheap ready to wear clothes were looking for.

They did not do a thing to that cuff. They cut it broad and they cut it narrow. They put it on straight and they put it on curved again by the criminal agitation which will not fail to be opened by the Bulgarians for Bulgaria against your alliance with the Turkish people."

Some time ago, six months, perhaps, Sandanski declared war on any other Bulgarian leader who dared enter Macedonia in order to stir up a revolution. He was no doubt then in agreement with the Young Turks, though not even the Bulgarian Government suspected it. The declaration of war will undoubtedly hold if the "brigand" what England has striven for years to attain, the autonomy of Macedonia, may come about.

BY EASY STAGES TO SPAIN

NO HURRY WHEN YOU VOYAGE BY A SPANISH BOAT.

All is conducted gently to the end, but the Food and Company make the Journey Better. Then if they are not satisfied with an American Fare on His Way. The natural way to go to Spain is by a Spanish boat, but most Americans do not travel that way. For one thing, if they know little or no Spanish they are deterred by the apparent helplessness of it all.

No, the bell rings and the passenger, having had some time for extended leave taking, goes on board to his first meal while still the ship is still securely to the pier. In fact not until late in the afternoon does the boat leave and the lights are gleaming on shore and vessel when the pilot is dropped and the steamer starts on its leisurely but determined stroll.

more Rioja, as much as you want. Three nights a week champagne and three other nights a fine sherry are served. A little meal about 10 o'clock, generally chocolate, thick and heavy, with cinnamon and cakes. Tinged with a few raisins. If you like the Spanish cooking, and there aren't many who don't like it.

RIVER POLICE OF YONKERS. He is One Man, Edgar F. Wood, but He Handles His Job. The waterfront of Yonkers is no small thing, including as it does three yacht and boat clubs, sugar refineries and so on, and there is a deal of valuable property there.

STREET CAR COLORS. Red Cars on Third Avenue, Dark Green on Twenty-third Street. Promptly following its segregation from the Metropolitan system, the rollers of the Third Avenue railway began painting its cars red again, and in this they looked natural enough, for through the many years of its independent existence red was the Third Avenue's distinctive color.

COON HUNTERS WORRIED. Corporal Jim Meyers Parts Himself and His Dogs From Their Club. CHESTER COON-HE-IN-DE-HOLLER CLUB, an aggregation of mighty coon hunters which has just been formed to chase the ring-tailed design of the dim lit woods that range from the weird Sonnenunck hills and Goose Pond Mountain clear up to where the shadow of rock tipped old Sugar Loaf offers the hard pressed coon the refuge of its darkness, is threatened with dissolution, at least with disintegration, before it has scarcely settled into organization, right on the eve of the coon campaign of 1908 at that.