OPENING OF BOSTON'S NEWEST GREAT HOTEL

The Copley-Plaza, Affiliated With the Plaza of New York, Ready to Receive Guests.

Building of Gray Stone, Seven Stories in Height, Containing Over 500 Private Rooms.

Fronting on Copley Square, Dartmouth street and Trinity place, with the public library flanking it on the left and Trinity Church in a similar position on the right, Boston's newest great hotel, the Copley-Plaza—the formal opening of which takes place to-morrow—is most advantageously located. As the name implies, it is affiliated with the Plaza Hotel, New York, and will be operated under the same management, with Fred Sterry as managing director, and C. La Vin is the manager.

The building is of gray stone, seven stories in height, and contains, in addition to the public rooms, halls and corridors, some 500 private rooms and 380 bathrooms. There are four principal entrances to the hotel, two upon Copley Square, and one each on Dartmouth street and Trinity place. Being but half a block from the Back Bay station, it is very conveniently located for railroad travellers, while through Copley Square in front of the hotel run the principal east and west automobile and trolley thoroughfares of the city.

The two entrances on Copley Square consist of massive porticos with monolithic columns, both alike in character, between which the central front of the building sweeps out in a wide bow that is carried up the full height of the structure. All three of the main floor corridors are wide, lofty and have marble columns on each side, the decorations being in Italian renaissance with mosaic floors. Their arrangement is such as to provide remarkable convenience in reaching the various rooms giving directly upon the corridors, and the effects of vastness and grandeur are secured by the long uninterrupted vistas. The main corridor, or lobby, in which are located the hotel offices and a spacious reception room, runs directly through the building between the Dartmouth street and Trinity place entrances. The Copley square entrances lead into this by two broad corridors between which are placed the great main dining room, oval in shape and located in the front of the building, facing on Copley square.

Immediately in the rear of the main dining room and opening into it is the tea room—in many modern hotels this is called the "palm room," while in England it is frequently termed the "lounge"—which is the general room now taking the place of the old fashioned hotel parlor or drawing room for the entertainment of guests as well as for the function of afternoon tea. The decorations of both these rooms are of period types, that of the dining room being in the style of Louis XIV., with marble bases and gray Sienna stone for the walls and flooring of gray Knoxville stone. The tea room is Italian Renaissance, with a mosaic floor and with numerous marble columns. The reception room in the main corridor is directly in the rear of the tea room and communicates with it. The style here is also Italian Renaissance, with massive marble columns and a mosaic floor. Above is a panelled screen of opalite glass.

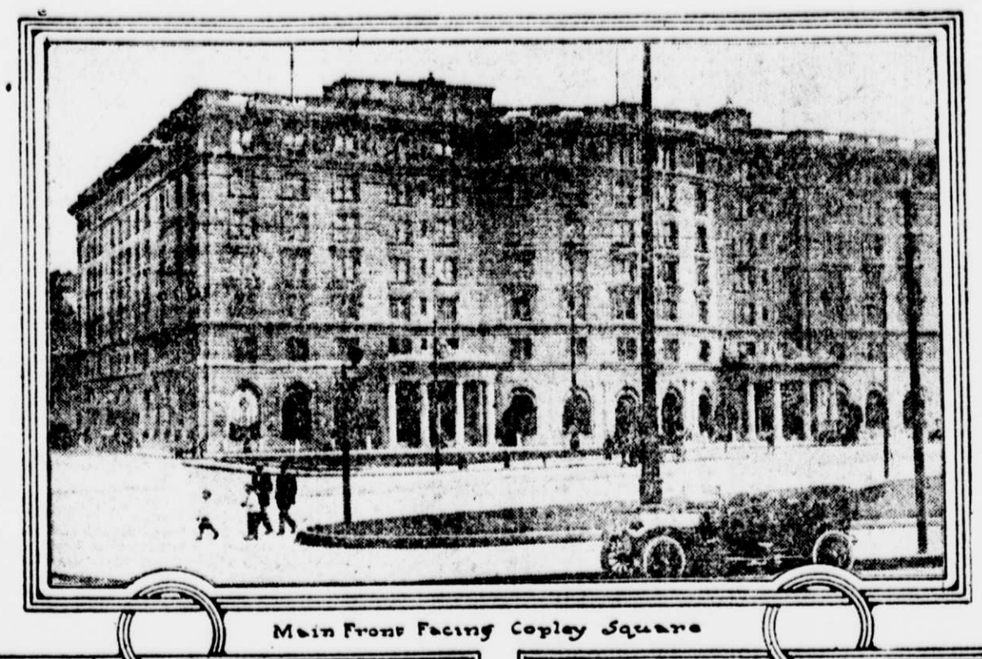
South of the main corridor, or lobby, is the great ballroom, which, with its foyer forming an anteroom, occupies the entire width of the building. This is a most spacious and luxurious apartment, easily capable of seating 650 persons at dinner, and accommodating about a thousand at literary, dramatic or musical entertainments. On the easterly corner of the ground floor, fronting on Copley Square and extending along Trinity place, is a suite of state apartments which can be used for the entertainment of distinguished guests, or for small receptions, dinners, &c. The type of decorations of the ballroom and foyer is Louis XIV., while that of the state apartments is Colonial.

On the front westerly corner, facing Copley Square and Dartmouth street, is the main cafe, decorated in the style of Francis I., with marble bases and walls hung with antique tapestries, the floor being of gray Knoxville stone. In the rear of the cafe is the bar, with walls in Art Nouveau and flooring similar to the cafe. Adjoining the bar is the gentlemen's reading and writing room.

There is a ladies' reception room at each end of the main corridor or lobby. That at the Dartmouth street end is decorated in the style of Louis XIV., while that at the Trinity place side is Louis XVI. The type of decoration in the men's room is Georgian.

The entrance to the basement, in addition to the main stairway from the ground floor, is from Copley Square on the exterior of the building and leads into a foyer opening directly into the grill room—Jacobean, with a tiled floor—located directly under the cafe at the corner of Copley Square and Dartmouth street.

The upper stories of the Copley-Plaza are laid out in a manner to provide single rooms or suites of convenient proportions. All of the bedrooms look out upon the street or upon two unusually broad courts.



Main Front Facing Copley Square

Lobby and Reception Room

View in the Tea Room

Main Dining Room

CURING A KURDISH BEY OF THE TOOTHACHE

Severe Treatment, According to American Ideas, But It Won His Friendship.

USEFUL PAIR OF TONGS

Result of a Mission to Savage Tribe of the Turkish Empire.

The Tigris and Euphrates rivers have their sources in the high plateaus of Armenia and Kurdistan. These regions are inhabited by Kurds, Armenians and Turks. Although the Turks are the ruling class in nearly all other parts of the Turkish Empire, they acknowledge the supremacy of the Kurds in the region mentioned. The Armenians are ground between the upper and the nether millstones of the Kurds and Turks.

In order to control the Kurds in any measure, the Turkish Government gives their chiefs official positions. No Turkish tax gatherer dares venture into Kurdish territory to collect the imperial dues. When the Turkish officer finds himself among the powerful Kurds he is more deferential to the Kurdish bey than he is to the Sultan himself.

The history of this strong and interesting people, numbering more than a million souls, is shrouded in mystery. As they have no literature, not even an alphabet of their own, the only way to study them is by dwelling among them and learning their traditions and history through the mastery of their language.

I had devoted several years to an attempt to become better acquainted with the Kurds, says the Rev. Howard Ashton in the *Youth's Companion*, and had established stations among them, where I placed young men of courage and education. These agents made extended observations and furnished me with full reports. As all of them had known from childhood the Kurdish languages and had been thoroughly educated at the mission colleges, their observations were exceedingly valuable.

In one large section, however, which I had reason to feel was one of the most important in all Kurdistan, my agents roused the intense hostility of the bey, and were expelled one after another from the country.

Finally a young man named Hano, who had been educated at Euphrates College, Kharput, volunteered his services.

I agreed to go with him into the unfriendly land and stay until he was satisfied that it would be safe to remain alone; if he could not be satisfied of this I would bring him away with me. We both knew it was essential that he should be started right with the Kurdish bey.

In the autumn of 1893, in the month of October, Hano and I set out upon our horseback journey of 170 miles to reach the city of Til, which is in the heart of the Kurdish region mentioned. This city is at the juncture of the Tigris and Bohtan rivers, and was the resident city of a Kurdish bey, whose name was a terror even to his own people and a nightmare to all outsiders. Nevertheless I felt sure that I knew the Kurds well enough to secure an audience with him.

We engaged as an official escort a Turkish cavalryman called a zabtie. He wore a faded and threadbare uniform, bestrode a sorry beast that I suppose would be classed as a horse, and carried a repeating rifle conspicuously slung across his back. He escorted us to a station which was the headquarters for the Turkish soldiery, and there gave way to another cavalryman. So we were passed on from one military post to another, changing our escort at each place.

As we passed through the country we heard of frequent robberies of caravans and travellers. I decided to investigate a little to see how thoroughly we were protected, and said to my escort:

"Have you heard of any recent robberies of travellers on these roads?"

"Yes, indeed," replied he; "they are of frequent occurrence. Only yesterday an entire caravan was captured within two hours of where we passed the night. Three men were killed and the rest, with one woman, are held for ransom."

"Are you alone sufficient protection for us?" I asked.

"Certainly," said he, "for I have a repeating rifle, and the Kurds of this region have only flintlocks and dirks. And besides, I represent the Government of his Imperial Highness, the Sultan."

"Then you would shoot the robbers if we were attacked," said I, reassured by the cavalryman's answer and feeling that we were indeed very well protected.

"Oh, not at all," replied the brave soldier. "It would not do for me to injure a Kurd, for I come through here frequently. In fact, I spend most of my life among them, and if I should injure one of them, they would avenge themselves upon me sooner or later. It would never do for me to hurt a Kurd."

"Then," said I, "if we were attacked, you would let me take your rifle and use it for our defence, would you not?"

"That would be of no use," said he, "for it is not loaded."

"You certainly have cartridges in your saddlebag with which to load it, have you not?" I asked, much interested.

"No," said he. "Why should I carry ammunition round with me if I have no use for it? I have nothing to put into the gun."

When he came to the border of the territory owned and governed by the Bey of Til, Selim by name, our prudent cavalryman declined to proceed any further. He said: "Selim Bey does not like the Sultan and he has recently badly used a body of cavalry numbering some thirty who were sent with presents to him and the request that he accept from the Sultan a salary and in return pay an annual tribute of an amount less than the salary offered. He stripped the troop of everything they possessed and sent them away on foot and almost naked with the message to the Sultan that he would expect a handsome present for not cutting off the heads of the entire lot. Oh, no," continued he, "I do not care to go any further."

I saw that there was no use in attempting to persuade him and gave up the attempt. But before he left us he aided us in finding a Kurdish guide, one of Selim's men, who agreed to direct us to his master.

We arrived at Til about 11 o'clock, Turkish time, or about an hour before sunset. I requested an audience that evening with the bey, but was informed that he was busy. This was not a good omen. It was decidedly bad. The present which I sent to him was not returned to me, but that was no proof that he had accepted it. There were plenty of opportunities for it to stick by the way.

It was another bad sign that I was not invited into the house of the chief for the night, but was directed to a room which was attached to the quarters of the attendants. My servants came with me, but Hano was taken elsewhere.

It would not do to show any suspicion if I wanted to entertain a hope of getting out of that place alive. I well knew this and so went about my preparations for the night as carelessly and elaborately as I would have done two hundred miles from there without a Kurd within hearing. I saw that every move was watched by the bey's men, who swarmed everywhere. Every man had a long dirk strapped upon his right side and many of them had flintlock pistols thrust into their girdles.

I carelessly unbuckled my brace of revolvers and threw them over a peg in the wall. My room was totally dark except for a fire that burned on the earth floor at one end.

I did not sleep much that night, but tried to make plans to meet any and every emergency. My plans were not very satisfactory, for everything depended upon the temper of that fellow Selim, who had me completely in his power. Six of his men stretched themselves on the floor of my room between me and the door. Others, I knew, were outside. Our horses were in the bey's stable and that too was filled with his men.

The night was not restful. It would not have been had there been a million fewer fleas than seemed to swarm upon me. I was practically certain that nothing would be done to us in the town, but that, if everything went against us, we should be dismissed without seeing the bey, and that a company of men would be sent out to waylay us in the first pass in the mountains. The bey's declining to see us that night was pretty certain proof that we should not see him, and that meant open hostility.

After a few hours of pretty close thinking I went to sleep; no archeological student of experience would permit such trifles to deprive him of his rest.

I was awakened by a commotion unusual for even a Kurdish castle. Hano was beside me with two Kurds, who showed by their dress that they were of higher rank than those I had seen the night before. I was too familiar with the ways of the country to exhibit surprise. I spoke with some severity to Hano, and asked why he had disturbed me at so early an hour. Without waiting for his reply I reprimanded my servant for permitting me to be thus awakened. The poor man was almost frightened to death, but I saw that my coolness was having a good effect upon the Kurds.

Hano broke in on my tirade. "His excellency, Selim Bey, is suffering much and entreats the Chelby to come to his relief at once." The Kurds repeated the request with an emphasis that showed their earnestness.

I could hardly conceal the joy I felt. If the Kurdish chief was in distress and I could relieve him I might make any request I pleased and he would grant it. I had some little knowledge of medicine, a few standard remedies and a pocket case of surgical instruments. I concluded that it would be a severe and complicated case indeed if I could not so manipulate it that he would think himself better. I could not ask for anything more favorable.

I was soon ushered into his presence. He sat amid a pile of beautiful silk cushions and magnificent rugs and round him in deferential attitude stood seven or eight stout Kurds, ready to obey his every command. His face was drawn with pain; he had evidently been making the life of his men miserable for many hours.

When I entered he attempted to look pleasant and to extend to me the courtesies which were due the night before, but I took no notice of his efforts. In a businesslike manner, most unsuited to that land, and with no recognition of the rank and power of the man I was dealing with, I stepped to his side and asked, "What is the matter, effendi? What can I do to relieve you?"

The crowd was awed by my familiarity with their chief and only waited to see how he would take it. He seemed to appreciate my haste in wishing to help him, and replied, "Cheliby, my head is splitting to pieces with pain. I never suffered such agony before. It seems to start in one of my teeth." My heart sank. I had not forceps for pulling teeth. It was clear that this was a case that demanded heroic and spectacular treatment, and there I stood helpless. It was a lost case. Probably in his agony, if I failed him, he would order me quartered.

I examined his mouth and saw at once that the key to more situations than one was a great upper molar that was slightly decayed. This was the first and only decayed tooth I ever saw in a Kurd's mouth.

With sinking heart, but with all the confidence and assurance I could command, I said: "I could relieve you at once, effendi, had I a pair of forceps, but as I have none I must try other methods."

One of the men stepped forward at once, saying, "Here are some forceps," and he exhibited a pair of homemade blacksmith tongs, such as curl over at the ends and have a strong and close grip.

I was overwhelmed with apprehension. To refuse to make the attempt would be to invoke the bey's wrath; to bungle the job would probably cost my life.

I took the tongs without a word and examined them carefully, while I strove to conceal the anxiety I felt.

They were certainly strong enough. Then I turned to the bey and ordered him to lie down on his back on the floor, off from the cushions. He obeyed mechanically, and the men's jaws dropped with astonishment. They had never before heard an order given to their chief.

I placed my left knee upon the bey's forehead and crowded the tongs as far up on the tooth as I could. Then, with profound confidence in the music produced by years of milking cows on a New England farm, supplemented by college athletic training, I braced myself for the supreme effort.

The tongs were broad, and as a result two teeth came out. The bey leaped to his feet, seized the teeth, held them up to the astonished gaze of his men and exclaimed, "Ajayib! ajayib!" (Miracle! miracle) "It did not hurt in the least."

One of his foremost men immediately stepped forward.

"I want one pulled," he said.

"Which one?" asked I, as he laid himself down upon the floor.

"Oh, any one," replied he.

I drew teeth from eleven men that morning before they would be satisfied, and every man declared that it did not hurt at all.

I afterward learned that it had always been their custom to knock teeth out with a blunt iron and mallet. Compared with that method my use of that awkward pair of tongs was painless.

The rest is quickly told. Our safety and success were assured. There was nothing in the way of favors Selim Bey would not do for me or my assistant after that experiment in dentistry.

I left Hano to his personal care. He gave me escort to every part of his territory and to this day there is no place on earth where I would feel safer than in the palace of Selim Bey, in the city of Til, on the shores of the Tigris; and no man made more valuable observations or gathered more trustworthy material of archæological, historical and linguistic value than did Hano, the protege of the savage Kurdish bey.

ILL AT EASE

By George Belcher, in *The Tatler*

"Yer seems restless, mare." "Yes; I dunno wot's up wiv me. I wake up every three or four hours now."

A TROUSERS CENTENARY.

It Was Napoleon's Men Who Brought That Garment Into Fashion.

As nearly as can be ascertained it is a hundred years since Napoleon Bonaparte's soldiers introduced the old-new style of leg wear which speedily secured recognition as the distinctively masculine garment of civilians throughout two continents.

In 1814—the year before Waterloo—it was related as a current news item of some importance that the great Duke of Wellington had been refused admittance to Almack's in London, because he presented himself wearing trousers instead of the conventional breeches which the dress regulations then in vogue demanded.

As a matter of historical fact trousers have been worn by various races and by both sexes in all the ages of which any authentic records exist. Generally speaking, trousers were regarded in ancient times as symbolical of inferiority or effeminacy. In the triumphal processions of the Cæsars, for example, prisoners of war wore them as a sign of defeat, while the sturdy legs of Rome's victorious legions were bare below the bottom of the skirted or kilted coat of mail.

For the last hundred years or thereabout trousers have been widely recognized as the garments of authority, the outward and visible sign of the stronger sex, says the *American Tailor and Cutter*. But that position has not been won or maintained without a struggle. Many attempts have been made to trample down the tyranny of trousers, as their rule has been called; many times has their superiority been challenged. But so far their position remains secure.

Radium Baths.

From the Chicago Tribune.

More than 10,000 baths of radium charged water have now been administered at the Austrian state mines at Joachimsthal, and an official report summarizes what has been learned of their curative value.

The experiments with cancer have been too brief to justify any positive conclusions. But good effects have been noticed, not merely in rheumatism and gout, but in spinal paralysis of children, hemorrhage of the brain and certain cases of nervous exhaustion. Corpulence is reduced by the baths, while washing the teeth with radium water has made firm those loosened by chronic inflammation.

TOBACCO'S EFFECT ON SMOKER'S HEALTH

Physician Admits Many Ills Are Caused When It Is Used in Excess.

OTHERWISE IT DOES GOOD

Sees No Reason Why Women Should Not Smoke—Late Suppers More Harmful.

"The influence of tobacco on health and morals has been the subject of controversy ever since its introduction into Europe, and we seem to be no nearer a sane and definite conclusion now," writes a physician in the *Dietic and Hygienic Gazette*, "than at the time when smokers were actually persecuted.

"Tobacco is an irritant to the lips, mouth, teeth, salivary glands, stomach and intestines to some persons when used even in minute quantities; to all persons when used excessively. It is said that eight drops of nicotine (the active principle of tobacco) will kill a horse and that two drops will kill a dog.

"According to records in the senior classes of Yale College for a period of eight years those who used no tobacco were considerably taller, heavier and possessed greater lung capacity than those who were habituated to its use. This is a disputed point, however, and lacks confirmation by further tests.

"Smoker's cancer of the lip, smoker's sore throat, smoker's indigestion, smoker's amblyopia or blindness, smoker's nervousness or tremor and the 'tobacco heart' are conditions only too well known to the practising physician.

It may be said, without hesitation, tha the aforementioned harms wrought in the human economy are due to individual idiosyncrasy or to overindulgence, and the idiom, 'What is one man's meat is another man's poison,' may in a sense be applied to the use of tobacco. 'Moderation' is a relative term. What is moderation to one may be excess to another.

"In this relation, therefore, every smoker must study and know himself. Everything—even pure water—is a poison if used in quantities to make it so; on the other hand, the most potent poisons, such as potassium cyanide or arsenic, are often useful if taken in non-poisonous, harmless doses. If tobacco is harmful alcohol is to be looked upon as an extreme poison in comparison; if tobacco has killed thousands alcohol has killed tens of thousands.

"But, generally speaking, does tobacco smoking, if indulged in with reasonable moderation, really shorten life? I am strongly tempted to reply in the negative.

"It must be confessed, even by those opposed to its use, that in most tobacco smokers the judicious use of this weed removes exhaustion, restlessness and listlessness due to bodily and mental fatigue, and seems to restore mental equanimity with extraordinary promptness. Anger, chagrin, worry, vexation and irritability gradually and solemnly take their leave under the soothing, calming influence of a few puffs from the divine weed, and nothing else on earth can successfully be substituted—not even the nerve sedatives of the physician's armamentarium.

"The time honored after dinner smoke has become a real necessity, even more so than the spices or condiments of the table. This has become such a deeply rooted habit that deprive the smoker of his after dinner cigar, though this may be the only smoke in twenty-four hours, and he feels miserable and prone to nervous indigestion.

"The luxuriant sense of complacency and the calming narcotism of the mild smoke in the form of the cigarette has caused many of the gentler sex to indulge in its pleasures. Despite the numerous protests at first, many ladies of the royal courts are confirmed smokers. This is especially true in the court of Russia.

"Smoking is a fad among some women, and if indulged in quantities consistent with reason and in proper place and time there should be no more ground for objection than playing cards, attending champagne suppers, late dances, &c. Why object to the occasional whiff from the cafe dispelling, soothing cigarette which is really less harmful than the late supper? It should be a matter of pure personal like or dislike and not that of sex privilege.

"Smoking will shorten life if indulged in by those singularly susceptible to its effects or if the limit of moderation is overreached, bearing in mind that each person is a law unto himself regarding what is moderation. Under those adverse conditions tobacco may abbreviate existence just as is the case in overindulgence in meats, tea and coffee, which causes organic disease.

"But the habit of tobacco smoking, gauged by reason and discretion, is not only a harmless pleasure, without which all social functions among men would be sadly incomplete, but I venture to say that in the present day of strife and high mental tension, many lives are distinctly prolonged by smoking. If the nervousness caused by the high tension of life to-day, with its excitability, worry and restlessness, shortens life (and this is agreed upon by all authorities), then tobacco, dispelling excitability, restlessness and overcoming the high tension for a while, will do more good than harm and will consequently prolong life.

"I do not advocate to the world the use of tobacco, nor do I condemn it. I ask the reader to draw his own deductions from the arguments presented. Inwardly, however, I say, 'Blessed be the divine weed.'"