

HABIBULLAH, "THE BELOVED OF GOD"



GIVING JUDGMENT AGAINST HIS BROTHER

QUELLING A MUTINY

The Present Ruler of Afghanistan Is the Ablest and Most Enlightened of All Moslem Potentates—How His Father Trained Him to Be a Brave Man and a Just Ruler—In His Youth He Quelled a Mutinous Regiment Single Handed and Won Great Honor as a Righteous Judge—How He Fought Harem Intrigues to Keep Him Off the Throne, and Magnanimously Honored His Rivals After He Became King—To-day He Is Carrying Afghanistan Forward, in the Footsteps of Japan, to Be a Great Civilized Nation.

By William Thorp.

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SEVERAL years ago an English physician rode up to the entrance of the Ameer of Afghanistan's palace in Kabul. He had been engaged to act as a court surgeon to the Ameer Abdur Rahman, and had called to pay his respects to that potentate on arriving in his capital. The Ameer was away, suppressing an insurrection—a familiar occupation to the ruler of the turbulent Afghans—but the doctor was told that his eldest son, Prince Habibullah Khan, would receive him.

He had never met an Oriental prince, and he expected to see a stout, indolent, ignorant, bejeweled creature reclining on cushions and sleepily smoking an opium pipe. He wondered whether he would be expected to grovel on the floor, and mentally resolved that he wouldn't.

When he entered the reception-room a dark-skinned, clear-eyed, athletic young man in a European-looking military uniform, stepped forward and shook him heartily by the hand.

"How do you do, doctor?" he said in excellent English. "I'm awfully glad to see you. Hope you had a good journey! I've been looking for you anxiously. I'm a fix, and you can help me out. Do you know anything about the water supply of London and other big cities? I want to provide a good water supply for Kabul, and I've been reading up the subject, but there are some points I can't understand."

This was not the kind of Oriental prince the doctor had expected, but as soon as he had recovered from his astonishment, he discussed the subject and was surprised to discover how much Habibullah knew about it, and about a thousand other points of western science and polity.

"However did you manage to learn so much?" the doctor finally asked in amazement. "You never studied abroad, did you?"

"No," replied the prince, "but I learned what I could from my father, and from Europeans who came here, and I read a great many books and newspapers. It is my duty to work and to study night and day, to qualify myself to rule my people and make them a great nation. That is what my father has taught me since I was a child, and he teaches the other princes the same."

Abdur Rahman Khan, the Ameer of Afghanistan, in whose stead Habibullah now reigns, was one of the world's few great men. Competent judges ranked him with such supreme statesmen as Prince Bismarck, Cavour and the present emperor of Austria. He found the Afghans a turbulent horde of barbarian tribes; he left them a strong, united nation, for whose alliance Russia and England eagerly compete. Out of chaos he created law, order, justice and the

beginnings of civilization. And Habibullah, who now carries on his great work, was his right-hand man. Europeans called Abdur a barbarous tyrant, and certainly his methods seemed cruel and merciless. He ruled with an iron hand, but he had to rule an iron people.

Travelers who entered his kingdom thru the Khyber Pass saw, swinging a hundred feet above their heads, from a precipitous rock, an iron cage, containing a skeleton. It was the skeleton of a bandit who had robbed and murdered wayfarers in the pass. Abdur Rahman caught him, put him in the cage and swung him over the rock to die miserably of hunger and thirst. Cruel, no doubt, but after that his section of the Khyber Pass became as safe as Fifth avenue, New York.

In such a spirit he and his son Habibullah administered the law until they tamed the Afghans, suppressing a hundred rebellions in the process. Then they were able to make the laws milder, and introduce education, civilization and western arts and industries, until to-day Afghanistan is far ahead of the most progressive and enlightened of all Moslem states—the only Moslem state, in fact, which is going ahead as Japan went ahead, instead of falling into decay.

From his youth upward Habibullah had been a brave, enlightened, hard-working, patriotic prince. Abdur Rahman was a stalwart believer in the strenuous life. He taught by precept and example that luxury and pleasure were unworthy of a prince. Hunting, fighting, judging the people, governing justly and working unceasingly for the good of his country—these were the things which he taught Habibullah from his childhood.

The pupil was apt. When he was a child of 10, Abdur Rahman left him to govern Kabul while he went out to suppress a rebellion among the chiefs and the people, clear-eyed, fearless, commanding, and issued his orders and his rebukes as if he were in truth a king. He said to a man, "Do this!" and it was done; or, "Go!" and the man went.

Some years later Abdur Rahman was obliged to go to Turkestan for two years to put down a rebellion. During that period he left Habibullah then a young man, at Kabul, as regent. While the father was fighting in the field, the son ruled the country with perfect justice and wisdom. One day he had the chance to show the stuff of which he was made.

As he was sitting in judgment in his palace, listening patiently to the long-winded complaints of rival suitors, a dozen Hazara officers suddenly rushed into his presence. They were hot, dusty, bloodstained, and their clothing was torn into rags. They reported that their battalion had broken out into mutiny and killed some of its officers

while they themselves had barely escaped with their lives.

"Hasten, O, prince!" they concluded. "Escape while there is time! Those sons of dogs are even now marching upon the palace to slay you!"

Habibullah calmly lighted a cigarette. "I hasten, yes," he added—"to meet them." And as soon as his horse could be brought, he galloped alone down the road by which the mutineers were advancing.

When they saw him they shouted in savage triumph and leveled their rifles at his head. Two or three shots were fired, but other men knocked over the guns and the bullets passed over the prince's head.

Undaunted, he galloped into the midst of the mutineers, reined his steed up on its haunches, and sternly ordered them back to their camp.

"They refused to go, saying that their officers had treated them like dogs and they would not return to such a life. They would rather die."

"Your grievances shall be inquired into, and if wrong has been done toward you, you shall have justice," said Habibullah. "By the beard of my father, I swear it. But if you go not back, you shall surely die."

Awed by his reckless courage and kingly bearing, the mutineers wavered. Then one of the ringleaders cried: "Go forward, brothers! Shall we be ruled by this son of a slave woman? Kill him!"

At this insult Habibullah cast diplomacy to the winds. He drew his sword and spurred his horse towards the man. The mutineer fired, but the bullet tore harmlessly thru the prince's turban. Next moment the prince's sword shaved the man's head from his body.

The audacity of the act held the mutineers spellbound. It passed their understanding how this young man alone and at their mercy, dared to slay one of their number. While they hesitated, Habibullah calmly wiped his sword on the dead man's turban and put it back into its sheath.

Then a gray-bearded veteran-shouted: "Truly he is a king's son, and a great ruler of men! We will serve him, brothers, and gain much glory and honor."

naturally Mahomed Omar Jan's mother insisted on regarding him in the latter light.

She is a remarkable woman. Once in her youth, a revolt broke out in Kabul while the Ameer was away. She left the harem, dressed herself as a soldier, put herself at the head of the loyal troops, and led the charge which won the day. When the Ameer hurried back, he found that she had hanged the principal rebels, restored law and order, and gone back to the harem. He gave her a jeweled sword as a reward.

Naturally such a woman would fight hard for what she considered to be the rights of her son. She vainly pestered Abdur Rahman to proclaim him the heir. He would not do it, but she pestered him so much that at last he gave up visiting the harem.

The sultana did all she could in honor to bar Habibullah from the succession. Some of her supporters tried several times to assassinate him, but without her sanction. Once, some of them told her of a plot they had made to poison him. She instantly revealed it to the Ameer and they died a very unpleasant death.

On another occasion, a mullah named Kishmash, who was employed by the Ameer as a spy and belonged to the sultana's party, made a false report that Habibullah was plotting against his father. The sultana helped to prove the charge untrue, and the unhappy Kishmash was blown from a gun.

Poor Halima played a straight hand and lost. From an Oriental standpoint, Habibullah ought to have succeeded to the throne. That would have been playing the game according to the traditions of Afghan politics. But he is chivalrous. He maintains her in equal dignity with his own queen, and has made her a position of great importance in Afghanistan.

It is quite likely that Mahomed Omar Jan, who is that Mahomed youngster, will succeed Habibullah—being a country where the strongest man rules. He shares the government with him now.

The name Habibullah means "The beloved of God," and it seems to fit the man who rules Afghanistan. He has now ruled Afghanistan for over two years with great success. He is far milder and gentler towards his people than his father was, but he is as strong and as able.

With the help of Mahomed Omar Jan, Nasrullah, and his other brothers, Habibullah runs numerous factories in Kabul, which are equipped on up-to-date lines. These factories turn out rifles, cannon, ammunition, steel goods, cotton goods and a hundred other articles. Habibullah is himself a skilled engineer, and is laying plans for equipping his country with railroads, telegraphs, telephones and many other factories. But, following the policy of his father, he means to do all these things himself.

He does not want to give concessions to foreigners. He fears that would be the thin edge of the wedge of foreign aggression, and he does not intend that Afghanistan shall become a second China.

"We will run no risks," he often says. "If we have to call in foreigners to develop the wonderful resources of our country, we will invite Americans or Germans or Italians, who have no interest in coveting our territory. We will not call in the Russians or the English."

PILLOW LACE MAKING THE LATEST MINNEAPOLIS FANCY

Fine Needlework in Fancy Stitches and Tenerife Lace Wheels Have Led Up by Easy Steps to Genuine Lace Making With Pillow and Bobbins.

MINNEAPOLIS women are going to be lace makers and the loom, with its dozens of bobbins, will soon be such an ordinary bit of furniture that its presence will not occasion any surprise. The desire to make lace has followed the craze for hand work and is the direct result of all the fancy sewing, featherstitching and fagoting which has been so popular. The up-to-date girl has taken great pride in the linens and lawns which she has tucked and embellished herself until they are

quite as beautiful as the famous French convent work. The desire to have only finger work on one's underthings has brought the lace loom to its present position and the girls will soon talk as glibly on "antique diamond" and "spider" and other lace patterns as they have of featherstitching, satin stitch and button-holing.

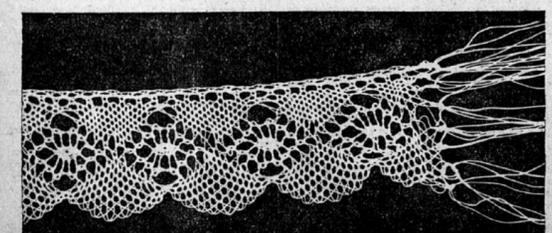
Minneapolis women are considered faddy and they are only too quick to take up a new amusement. As lace making is slow work, there are some who prophesy for it

a short life, but the delight of owning a piece of real lace, made by one's self, will keep many a weaver at the loom, and as the pattern grows under her fingers the interest will not flag until the required number of yards have been finished and the little roll taken from the holder.

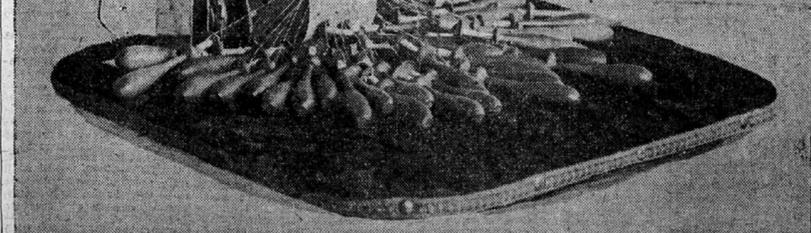
Mrs. L. E. Weitzel is perhaps the most skillful of the Minneapolis weavers, but she has known of lace making since her childhood and also she never actually handled a loom until this fall, she has known how the lace was made. Mrs. Weitzel is an Englishwoman and, while still a little girl in her home at Ports-

mouth, she used to listen to the stories told by an old servant who belonged to the lace makers of Devonshire. She was one of the village weavers each of whom had woven a sprig for the wedding gown of the princess royal, who later became empress of Germany. Mrs. Weitzel married and came to America and forgot the old lace weaver until she found this new and fascinating fancy work this summer.

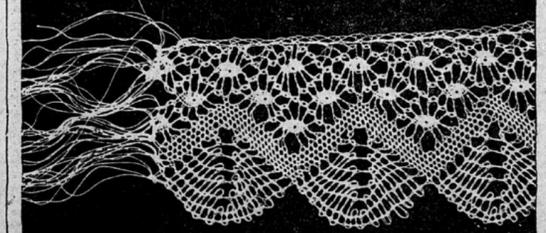
The making of lace is really not so serious nor so difficult as one might think. The patterns are all marked with dots numbered to correspond with similar numbers in the book of instructions. The



ANTIQUE SPIDER PATTERN WOVEN BY MRS. WEITZEL.



A LOOM ON WHICH ANY KIND OF LACE MAY BE WOVEN.



ANTIQUE DIAMOND PATTERN WOVEN BY MRS. WEITZEL.

chosen pattern is placed on the loom cushion, the bobbins are wound, leaving on each six or eight inches of thread. These threads are tied in pairs and pinned on the numbered dots. When the required number of dots have been covered, the weaver is ready to follow the pattern. There are only a few movements to learn and all others are a modification of the half throw, the whole throw, the cross twist and cross and the close.

With these four movements the weaver can make any kind of lace, duchesse, mechin, valenciennes, honiton or torchon. In making torchon lace for underthings a rather coarse thread of Irish flax, No. 60, is used, and for some of the valenciennes patterns thread No. 250, a very cobweb, is woven in and out. As many as forty-six bobbins are handled in some of the patterns and it is bewildering to watch the weaver who invariably lifts the right one at the right time, for they present a hopeless mass to the uninitiated.

"After one has learned the few movements, lace making becomes purely mechanical," said Mrs. Weitzel, as her fingers moved swiftly among the bobbins. "I find that it is less trying on the eyes than embroidery or fine sewing. I did not expect that I would be able to work at night, but when I wished to find a special bit one evening, I had no difficulty whatever and found it quite as simple as to crochet or knit."

Mrs. Weitzel's letters from her English friends were "lace making is a fact among the wealthy English women which probably explains why American women have taken it up. The English women