# European War Injures the Wool Market in Argentina

## Frank G. Carpenter Says the Idle Mills of Belgium, France and Germany Have Caused Argentine Wool Growers to Ask Their Government for Aid—Want an Increased Business With the United States—Warehouses of Argentina Are Filled With Bales Awaiting Shipment—European Countries Formerly Took Two-Thirds of the Clip—The World's Greatest Wool Market. How Argentina Is Improving Her Sheep—The Favorite Breeds—The New Stock Farms of Patagonia and Tierra Del Fuego—Great Factories to Freeze Mutton and Lamb — How the Animals Are Killed and Transported to Europe at a Cost of One Cent a Pound.

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BUENOS AIRES.

THE war in Europe is seriously affecting the wool market of Argentina. The mills of Belgium are idle and those of France are running at only a fraction of their capicity. The exports to Germany are entirely cut off, and the only markets left are England and the United States. Before the war began France, Belgium, Germany and Austria were taking about two-thirds of the wool clip, and the government here is now asked to aid the woolgrowers in increasing their business with us. The clip of this year will amount to more than 250,000,000 pounds, and the Mercado Central de Frutos is already packed with bales awaiting shipment abroad.

The Mercado Central de Frutos is the largest wool market of the world. In connection with Bahia Blanca, the great port of southern Argentina, it handles practically all of the wool grown in the republic and something like 200,000,000 pounds pass through it each year. The market is owned by a stock company, which has a capital of $2,000,000 in gold, and which for a number of years has been paying dividends from 12 to 15 per cent. It has buildings which cover acres, and it is said to be the largest market anywhere under one roof. The main building is of brick, with a vast iron roof supported by iron pillars, of which there are more than 2,500. It has 1,300 windows, and 50,000 cars loaded with freight come into it every year. It is situated on the banks of the Riachuelo river, surrounded by a network of railways, and at such a place that freight can come in by ship from different parts of the republic and go out on ocean vessels to all parts of the world. The business of the market is enormous. Something like a thousand ships load and unload at its wharves every year, and it takes care of hides, grain, skins and wool to the hundreds of millions of pounds.

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At shearing time the wool comes in both on trains and on ships. There are not enough cars to haul the crop, and the vast market is so packed that you can hardly get through it. Its three floors are stacked high with bales of dirty, greasy wool, and the carts and wagons that carry the wool from the trains and boats fill the streets. Much of the work is done with hydraulic cranes, and the arrangement is such that a great part of the clip goes from the cars and ships direct to its place in the market. Each man's wool is in a pile by itself, and so arranged that the buyers can easily examine it. The wool is sold unwashed. It is said to lose fifty per cent of its weight by being cleaned, and the exporters say that it crosses the ocean better in an unwashed state. The clip of this year contains so much grease that when I thrust my hand in one of the bales it came out shining as though I had dipped it in vaseline, and I had to put on a cotton coat to save my clothes from the dirt.

The Argentine wool crop is growing in value. The quantity is not as great as it has been in the past, but the quality is steadily improving, the amount per sheep growing, and today the average fleece is one-third again as large as it was in 1860. This is due to the improvement brought about by the importation of fine stock.

Every day or so there is an auction sale of imported rams here, and not long ago a California Merino sold for $2,000 in gold. There is one estanciero who recently paid $150,000 for 930 imported sheep, and during my stay in the country I have seen a hundred rams which would sell at auction for $500 and upward apiece.

The wool clip of 1885 was sold for about $36,000,000, and since then it has risen as high in one year as $59,000,000. In 1912 the amount received for the wool was $58,000,000, and altogether, during the past generation, the country has gotten a billion and a half dollars from its wool crop and something like $200,000,000 from the sheepskins. This does not take in the enormous receipts from frozen mutton and lamb, which amount to hundreds of millions more.

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It is said that the sheep of the world are falling off in number. I doubt it. There were something like 400,000,000 in 1875, and today the statistics show that there are 628,000,000, and the Argentine Republic has about one-sixth of the whole. The only country that has more sheep is Australia, which has eighty-three millions to Argentine's seventy-five or eighty millions. The United States has fifty million sheep, Asiatic Russia thirty-two millions and Great Britain and Ireland about twenty-seven millions. There are in all South America only about one hundred and twelve millions, of which this country has perhaps two-thirds. There are ten sheep to every man, woman and child in the republic, or an average flock of fifty per family.

But the sheep of Agentina are not divided up in that way. They are mostly in enormous holdings. I know several men who each own 100,000 sheep, and there is a Chilean stock company at the Strait of Magellan which is said to own in the neighborhood of two millions. On the Alvear estate there are one hundred thousand fine Lincolns. The Casares family, which has a little farm of over one hundred and fifty thousand acres, within a day's ride of Buenos Aires, has eighty-seven thousand Lincoln sheep, and the San Julian Sheep Company of Santa Cruz has something like sixty-three thousand lambs born every year. That estate is in a province that formed a part of old Patagonia, and there are sheep farms now in operation all the way from the Strait of Magellan to the borders of Paraguay. There are a million and a half sheep on that part of the Island of Tierra del Fuego belonging to Argentina, and the flocks of the south are steadily growing. Patagonia has become a great sheep farm, although the land is so desert in places that it can carry but a few animals. The sheep eat the tough scrub and bushes, and they are found in large numbers along the slopes of the Andes and in those places where the better kinds of grass grow. Wells are now being dug even in the driest areas, and it is said that the semi-deserts of Santa Cruz can support as many as five million sheep. In Chabut, farther north, there is a fine grazing country at the base of the Andes, and that province supports two million sheep. Here in Buenos Aires some of the lands are so rich that they will feed two or three sheep to the acre.

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So far the sheep of the south have been raised almost altogether for their wool. They are now establishing meat-freezing factories in Patagonia, at the Strait of Magellan, and the result will be an increase in the exports of frozen mutton and lamb. There are certain breeds of sheep that make better mutton than others, and new breeds will be in demand. Today there are a million Rambouillets in Chabut, and there are other millions of them scattered throughout other parts of Patagonia. The Tierra del Fuego sheep are chiefly Romneys and Lincolns, and those of the north are Lincolns, Rambouillets, Black Faces and Southdowns.

Of the 75,000,000 sheep now in Argentina it is estimated that there are about 30,000,000 made up of cross-breeds, and about 10,000,000 Merinos. There are 18,000,000 Lincolns, something like 9,000,000 Rambouillets, and several hundred thousand Black Faces and Southdowns. The herd book of the Rural Society has a record of 16,000 pedigreed sheep. The flocks are increasing in value, and they are now estimated to be worth upward of $540,000,000.

Here in Buenos Aires province the sheep are kept in fenced inclosures. In the south they are herded by shepherds, and the size of the average flock is several thousand. They are watched by a shepherd on horseback, and are allowed to graze about as they please. No artificial feeding is done. The sheep live out of doors from one year's end to the other. There are no sheds, barns or stacks of hay in that region. The sheep wander off in the morning grazing in the direction whence the wind blows, and they return in the evening to sleep about the huts of the shepherds. It is only where the grass is plenty that the fields are fenced with wire, and the most of the animals wander about on the pampas or plains. The close grazing betters the grasses, and a farm is improved by the keeping of sheep. The herder receives about $20 a month, or he may herd on the shares for one-fourth of the profit. His life is dreary to an extreme. His only home is a mud hut away out on the prairie, and his only companions are the sheep, his house and his dogs. His chief food is mutton, and his employer allows him to kill enough sheep to supply him with meat.

The first sheep brought to Argentina came from the West Indies Islands. They were descended from a flock brought in by Columbus and other navigators to Santo Domingo. From there some were taken to Jamaica, Cuba and Porto Rico, and they thence made their way south to the Rio de la Plata. As far back as 1550 some were brought to Tucuman, in northern Argentina, and later others were driven over the Andes from Chile. The Chilean sheep are said to have also come from the Santo Domingo flocks, which came not from Spain, but from the Canary Islands. If this is true practically all of the sheep of Latin America had their origin in the Canaries.

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By inbreeding for hundreds of years the native sheep became reduced in size and their wool hard and short. They looked much like goats, and it was not until other importations were made that the flocks began to improve. One of the men who did much to introduce fine breeds into Argentina was an American consul named Halley, who represented us at Buenos Aires at the beginning of the last century. It was not until about the time of our civil war, however, that much attention was paid to the importation of fine stock. After that Merinos began to be imported, and a little later on came the Southdowns and others. I saw on the San Juan estancia the other day a Southdown flock descended from rams and ewes imported eighty years ago, and it was at about that same time that the Rambouillets and the Black Faces began to come in.

It is only recently that mutton has brought a good price in the local markets. A generation or so ago sheep were so common that the beggars refused to eat mutton, and the only profit from the sheep came from the wool. A little before that sheep were killed in great numbers without taking the trouble to shear them, the hides being allowed to rot so that the wool could be more easily plucked off. At that time the bodies were used as fuel for the brick kilns, and it is said that there are old churches in Buenos Aires built of bricks burned with sheep carcasses. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the flocks were so numerous that sheep brought at times as low as 6 cents apiece, and at one time they multiplied so rapidly that thousands of the older ones were driven over the rocks into the sea to get rid of them. At another period they were slaughtered for their tallow, a single sheep bringing as much as $1 for the fat in it.

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Before the white man came to South America the only sources of wool there were from llamas, alpacas, vicunas and guanacos. These animals lived only in the highlands of the Andes. The vicunas and guanacos ran wild, as they do now, and every year the Incas had a great hunt, during which they captured many thousands of them and dried the meat. The wool was shorn and stored in the imperial depots.

The frigerificos are now freezing vast numbers of sheep for exportation to Europe. Some of these institutions are killing as many as 6,000 a day, and a great caravan of frozen sheep and lambs is on the march across the sea to the armies of the allies. Argentina was the first country to export frozen meat to England, and the first shipments were on account of the foot and mouth disease, which kept the live cattle and sheep out of the United Kingdom. It was not until 1885, however, that the industry was definitely established by the opening of freezing works. It proved profitable, and today there are something like ten companies, with a capitalization of many million dollars. The business done in frozen mutton alone amounts to five or six million dollars a year, and since the beginning it has brought in more than $115,000,000. The beef shipped abroad is sent in quarters. The mutton and lamb are shipped in whole carcasses, and the animals killed for the purpose number millions. The carcasses weigh from thirty to fifty pounds each, and the English prefer the medium weights. The mutton has to be thawed before selling, but it is said to be quite as good as any of the fresh mutton sold by its side in the markets.

During my stay here I have gone through a freezing factory which has a capacity of 5,000 sheep every day. When I entered the killing room the floor was covered with blood. There were 2,000 sheep in the pens, and hundreds had been skinned and cleaned and hung up to cool before being put in the freezing rooms. I stopped for a moment and timed the killing. Within just three minutes I saw a sheep pass from its active bleating life into a carcass, skinned and cleaned and ready to be frozen for its long voyage of 7,000 miles over the ocean to Europe. The killing was done in sight of the awaiting victims, and hundreds of sheep looked on while their brothers and sisters were butchered. Each pen had at least fifty sheep, and along the front of it on a bench as high as my knee lay rows of dying animals. Each had two great round holes in its white throat, and out of these ran the red blood into a little canal below. Some of the sheep were kicking, others were feebly groaning, but I could see that the deaths were almost instantaneous. The killing is done with a long double-bladed knife. The sheep is caught by two men, who throw it upon its back upon a bench. While they hold it there the butcher seizes it by the chin, bends its head back, and with one thrust drives the knife into its throat, cutting the jugular vein. He then goes on to the next sheep, which is ready for him, and keeps on killing sheep after sheep like a very machine. He butchers them at the rate of one or more per minute.

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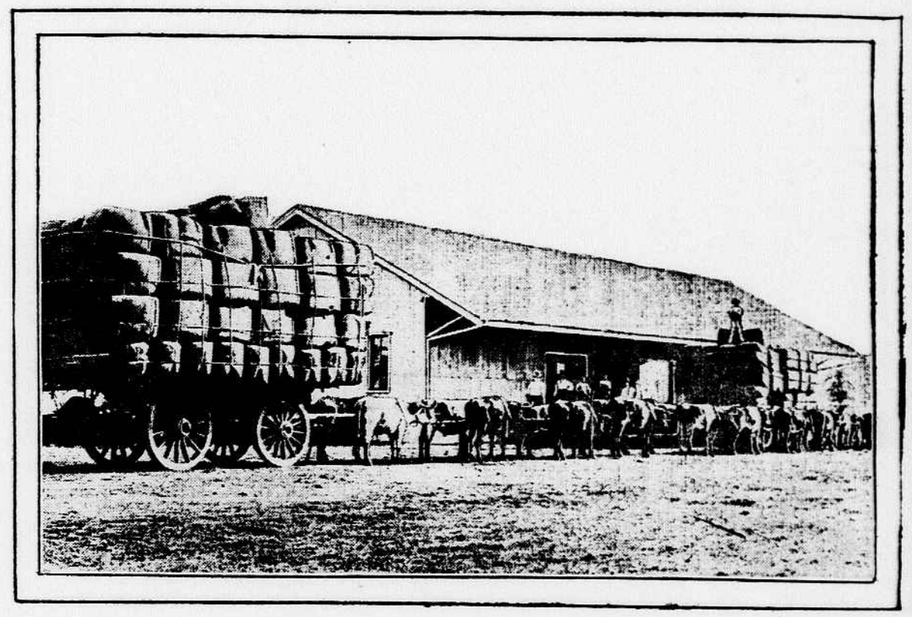
As soon as a sheep has been killed it is disemboweled and carefully skinned. The entrails are thrown into one place and after cleaning they go to Germany for the casings of sausages. The kidneys and their fat are laid in another place. The kidney fat is made into an oleomargarine, used here for cooking, and the kidneys are sold in the markets of Buenos Aires. The tongues are frozen, the feet and heads are cut off, and at the end the carcas looks as well as any to be seen in our markets. It is dressed after the fashion most popular in England, and there are London market men here to superintend this part of the work.

The freezing is done in great chambers, each of which will hold 60,000 carcasses. These rooms have double walls of wood a foot thick: and their ceilings are covered with coils of pipes through which flow ammonia and brine, which lower the temperature of the room to thirty degrees below zero. Great engines are employed to keep the pipes filled and they work day and night. The coils are covered with frost an inch thick, and when I entered the chamber it was intensely cold. As I stood at one end of the room I could see a thousand freezing carcasses hanging from the hooks in the ceiling with their heads next the floor. They were almost ready for shipment, and, when the chief engineer, who was my guide, lifted one down to show it to me, I found that its flesh was as hard as stone and that it would stand alone. That carcass had been in the room forty-eight hours, and it was already perfectly hard. It weighed, I judge, seventy pounds. It was that of a sheep three years old.

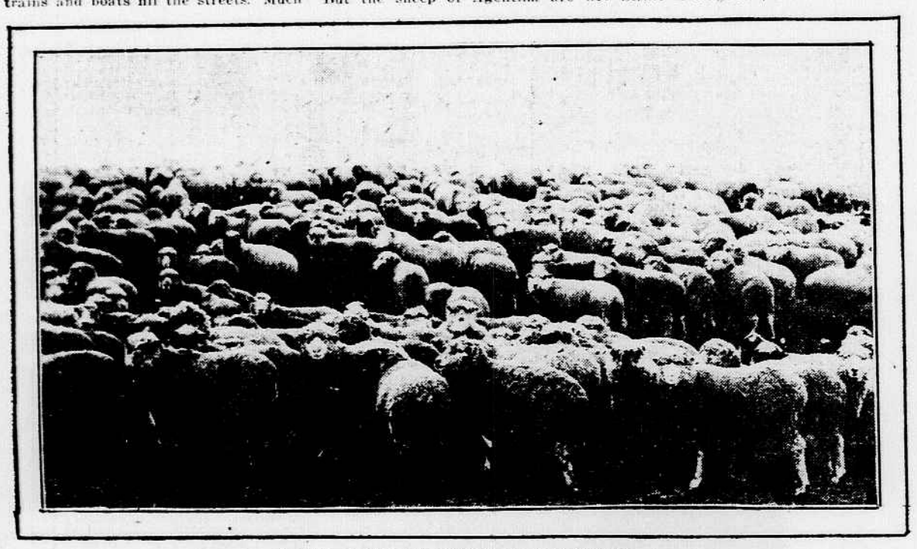
Before shipping the carcasses are sewed up in fine white muslin cloths. They are then put in the cold storage chambers of the steamers, where the temperature is almost as low as that of the freezing rooms, and are kept there until they reach Liverpool or London. The freight to London is about 1 cent a pound.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.



HAULING WOOL TO THE STATION IN ARGENTINA.
The clip this year will be 250,000,000 pounds.

A SHEEP WORTH $2,000.



A BIG FLOCK OF SHEEP IN ARGENTINA.

# FORTIFICATIONS OF DARDANELLES CRUMBLE UNDER FIRE OF WARSHIPS

CONSTANTINOPLE dispatches say that expert engineers are working day and night strengthening the fortifications on the Dardanelles. The number of mine chains has been largely augmented, and reports from Berlin declare that the further passage of warships of great draught through the dangerous waterway has now been made impossible.

On the other hand, reports from the Island of Tenedos state that the Turkish artillery in the Dardanelles gets weaker daily, and it is believed that the sustained fire at 18,000 yards in the last bombardment of the allies has severely damaged the forts at Chanak Kelesi, and according to latest reports the population of the town has sought refuge from the rain of shells by fleeing to the villages in the Asiatic littoral. The batteries at Dardanus are said to have been entirely destroyed, Fort Chimikli alone continuing to return a scattered fire.

A recent spell of bad weather which for a time is reported to have caused some abatement in the bombardment of the inner fortifications of the strait, owing to the thick fog and heavy rainfall making accurate marksmanship impossible, has now passed, and latest reports from London state that the allied fleet is slowly but surely pounding its way toward the Sea of Marmora. The warships have now reached Karantina, within the Dardanelles, it is reported, and although Vice Admiral Carden's dispatches admit that the allies have eight forts and a countless number of batteries to reduce, the British officer expresses the opinion that the allies will be able to hammer their way through the entire straits before Easter. He bases this statement upon the operations of the warships alone, it is pointed out, without counting upon the aid of the land forces, which to the number of 2,000 men, according to Athenian dispatches, have been landed in an attempt to seize the Constantinople railway.

The Gallipoli peninsula exceeds fifty miles in length and extends from the northeast to the southwest between the Strait of Dardanelles and the Gulf of Saros. This gulf, so frequently mentioned in the war dispatches, lies at the northeastern extremity of the Aegean sea, and was called by the ancients Melas Sinus.

From the southwestern end of the Gallipoli peninsula to the city of Gallipoli is estimated to be something more than forty miles, and for the entire distance the bleak and bare European shores of the waterway are a chain of huge forts, concealed batteries and other forms of defense, linked together by a line of little watch towers which dot the hills and valleys as far as the eye can reach. While both sides of the strait are very hilly, the European shore is bare, while the Troad is a well wooded, lovely shore. The whole coast line of Asia Minor from Kum Kaleh at the Aegean entrance to the Dardanelles to Scutari, the squalid little Moslem town which forms part of Constantinople at the mouth of the Bosporus, is a picturesque line of green hills, "where all the prospect pleases and only man is vile."

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The city of Gallipoli, in the Turkish vilayet of Edirneh, is the most important seaport with the exception of Chanak Kelesi, or Dardanelles, on the entire strait. In the middle ages it was a famous commercial center, and the prized key of the Hellespont, as the waterway was then called. It is supposed to have a population in the neighborhood of 40,000, but having been a Turkish possession since 1354 no official census has been taken. Like Dardanelles, Gallipoli, on account of its geographical position, is of great strategical value, and its possession is of the most vital importance. Military experts agree that with Gallipoli successfully bombarded the Anglo-French fleet can easily secure the prize of the orient, the city of Constantine.

The Dardanelles is about forty-five miles long, and the famous waterway has an average width of from three to four miles, but at the narrowest portion, from Nagara, the fortress in Asia Minor, across the strait to the mountainous shore of the peninsula of Gallipoli in Europe, is little more than a mile and a quarter.

For centuries strong fortifications at Kum Kaleh, in Asia Minor, and at Seddil Bahr, have defended the entrance into the strait from the Aegean sea, while the earthenware castle of Asia, at Chanak Kelesi, on the European shore at Khilid Bahri (the castle of Europe known to the Turks as "The Lock of the Sea"), has defended the passage and the important port of Dardanelles. It was at about this part of the Hellespont that the famous ancient warrior Xerxes crossed with his army, on a bridge formed of boats, in the year 480 B.C., a military feat which was repeated by Alexander the Great, not quite a century and a half later. The strait was forced by the British fleet under Admiral Duckworth in 1807. It is related that the English commander was primarily successful in passing unscathed through the Dardanelles on account of the lack of Turkish munitions. After the forts had expended a few shots at the venturesome British, which, because the guns were old and badly aimed, did little or no damage, the admiral's fleet passed the forts without resistance.

It was closed against foreign warships in 1841, 1856, 1871 and 1878, but was passed by the British fleet in February, 1878, at the time when England protected Constantinople from the Russians. As late as 1891, by an agreement with the sultan, Russia's "volunteer fleet," flying the flag of her merchant marine, was allowed free passage, but when convicts or soldiers are carried it was particularly stipulated that notice of the fact must be given the porte.

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It has been estimated that as many as 12,000 merchant vessels alone pass through the Dardanelles each year, and many representatives of foreign commercial agencies live at Dardanelles and Gallipoli, the two most important ports. Dardanelles boasts not only an English telegraph company, but an English consul and his family are residents of the town, while there are Russian, French, Austrian and English post offices established there. As in Constantinople and other places in the sultan's domain, each of the large European nations has its own individual post office, owing to the well established fact that letters and papers mailed in the Turkish post are not only frequently tampered with, but often fail to arrive at their destination.

Reports state that fifty-two warships are now engaged in the attempt to force the Dardanelles and open the way to Constantinople. The Turks are reported to have massed 100,000 men along the coast of the Gallipoli peninsula barring the entrance into the Sea of Marmora, which is about 150 miles from Constantinople. It is well known that for four years the Dardanelles have been almost constantly mined. Before the hostilities ceased in Turkey's war with Italy, over the possession of Tripoli, the Balkans had been set aflame.

It is maintained that the British will never be able to clear a way through the Dardanelles until the Turkish guns have been completely silenced. The latter defend the five great mine fields. Of these, three lines of mines, are believed to have been placed nearly across the strait from the European side at points near Siddil Bahr, Kilid Bahr and Galata Burnu (near Gallipoli,) and at Kepes Kalesi, Fort Sultanie and Nagara. And added to the dangers of the mines and fortifications which line both shores, is the terrific current which makes the navigation of the passage extremely hazardous. The system of countermining employed in the British navy, it is reported, involves the employment of high speed picket launches and towing cutters. To blow out a channel way, under fire of mine defense guns, the general practice of the British is to move up a parent ship as close as possible off the channel entrance and to dispatch directly in for the channel mouth a picket launch, towing a heavy service cutter. The cutter carries across the thwarts eight or ten light but strongly constructed hollow steel tubes, each in the neighborhood of fifty feet in length. These tubes have a countermine on each end and are all connected by a strong running line.

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When the picket launch has thrown out all the tubes, there has been covered something like 250 yards of the channel, and at that moment the launch fires a rocket as a signal. This is answered immediately by the parent ship, whose operators fire the line of countermines. The effect is instantaneous, and every observation or contact mine in the channel is blown up. The part of the channel covered by the operation is rendered absolutely free of mines. The sustained fire of the warships has been directed against the powerful guns protecting the mine fields, and as soon as they can be put out of commission the passage through the channel can be cleared of mines at the rate of almost a mile an hour by the use of the countermining launches.

On the European side of the Dardanelles, above Fort Kilid Bahr, the allied fleet must subdue the guns of Forts Diermen Burnu, Cian Burnu, Bokali Tabia, Kilia Tepe and Gallipoli, while on the shores of Asia Minor above the great fortress of Chanak Kelesi are Forts Mejidieh, Kose and Nagara. But beside these fortifications, both sides of the strait bristle with hidden batteries and with modern Krupps, which continually appear in sight as a vessel steams through the narrow waterway, popping up most unexpectedly behind the hills which have completely concealed them from view until almost upon them.

All the forts defending the Dardanelles on both shores have been reorganized in recent years. At Fort Sultanieh, on the Asiatic side, the new Krupps are said to be the most powerful weapons owned by the Turks and capable of defending the channel for a great distance both above and below the town, while at short intervals, along both sides of the strait, earthworks have been constructed, behind which heavy Krupps have been cleverly concealed. The writer, on a trip to Constantinople at the beginning of the Balkan war, noticed the great number of these hidden batteries, and made a partial count of them, until warned by an official on the steamer that such a procedure was most dangerous, particularly in view of the conditions, and that visitors en route to Constantinople, if they hoped to leave that city, had better refrain from taking note of anything even remotely connected with the Turkish fortifications. Notwithstanding these wise counsels, a number of views on the Dardanelles were caught surreptitiously by the heedless American voyagers. In the cabin's seclusion a detailed narrative of things heard and seen were jotted down in a small diary to amuse friends at home.

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The usual crowd of native loungers are seen at the dock at Gallipoli. The same listless, ragged, unkempt and barefoot hangers-on, seen at every Turkish port on the Dardanelles. The older men have a decidedly surly, unfriendly air, but the youths show a mild interest in strangers. The streets are roughly paved with cobblestones if paved at all, and the rows of dark little Turkish shops have for sale nothing but the bare necessities of life.

Beyond Nagara the Sea of Marmora widens out, a sea blue and smiling and studded with innumerable little islands that remind one of the islands of the Aegean at the other end of the strait.

Marmora, Katalu, Afsia and Aloni are islands in the Sea of Marmora at the western outlet of the Dardanelles. The island of Marmora is the largest and most important of the small group which lies at the entrance of the Gulf of Artaki, on the Asiatic side of the sea, owing to its great strategical importance. Like almost all of the innumerable islands of the Aegean sea and the Sea of Marmora, it is crowned with pretty wooded hills, in which an unknown number of guns may be easily concealed. The island forms a natural means of defense of the Dardanelles at this end, exactly as Kum Kaleh and Siddil Bahr constitute an ideal situation for formidable armaments for the defense at the Aegean entrance.

Constantinople has three different lines of defense from attack. The first is her land defenses, the second her Bosporus forts and the third the fortifications on the Dardanelles, which also include the protection afforded by the old Bulair line. The Ottoman capital is situated on a peninsula twenty-five miles wide, and extends in a westerly direction from the city to where, about thirty-five miles beyond, it widens out and becomes a part of the mainland. The city has a unique geographical position on both sides of the Strait of Bosporus, which connects the Sea of Marmora with the Black sea, and which also separates Europe from Asia, and it lies on both shores of the Golden Horn, at its juncture with the Bosporus and the Sea of Marmora. At the portal of two continents Constantinople's ideal situation is enhanced by the beauty of the picturesque buildings which crown its wooded hills and extend down to the water. There is motley but artistic conglomeration of tawdry wooden buildings, warehouses, hotels and primitive dwellings, with exquisite marble kiosks, gleaming white domes and graceful minarets, all jumbled together in a heterogeneous mass. The beauty of the city, as its shining domes and airy minarets rise out of the mist when first approached, at early morning by steamer, is world famous. Unfortunately, as with everything Turkish, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

What are known as the Chatalja lines are defenses situated about twenty-five miles to the west of the city proper. They extend across the isthmus and constitute Constantinople's principal land defenses. While in the past they consisted merely of an inner and outer line of fortifications formed of earth badly out of repair and with no garrison occupying them, it is reported that in recent times the Chatalja forts have been completely reorganized and equipped with modern guns.

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An English military expert, a visitor to Constantinople a few years ago, pointed out that the inlet on the Sea of Marmora, on the south, and the position of the small Lake of Derkos Gol, on the north, leaves but some fifteen or sixteen miles to be defended by the forts. This line of defenses was hastily thrown up in 1877, when the Russian army was advancing upon Constantinople. They form a most effective defense. The earthworks are constructed on hills reaching a height of 500 feet above the sea and are flanked by the two lakes already mentioned and with a small stream, Kara Su, meandering in a southeasterly direction across almost their entire length. The forts are built in two and three lines, planned to cover all the ground and guard against an enemy's advance.

It is reported that at the time of the war with Italy at least eight battalions of fortress artillery, making some 2,400 men, were quartered in the Chatalja forts—a force which could easily be reinforced by the large number of soldiers encamped in the neighborhood. At the present time it is believed the number of Turkish troops in this vicinity is largely in excess of the number mentioned. It is pointed out that as long as the forts on the Dardanelles continue to defend the way into the Sea of Marmora numberless troops can be readily brought from Asia Minor to strengthen these land defenses.

The Isles des Princes, or Princes Islands, is a group of beautiful and interesting little islands which lie in the Sea of Marmora about sixteen miles southeast of Constantinople.

Of the nine islands but two, Prinkipo and Halki, are of any importance. The former's value is principally as a summer resort for the people of Constantinople, who come by thousands every summer day from the city to regale themselves at the seaside resorts, ride the donkeys or sit at the little cafes on the waterside, under the awnings, to sip tiny cups of muddy, black Turkish coffee, or nibble one of the sweetmeats of which the Moslems are so fond.

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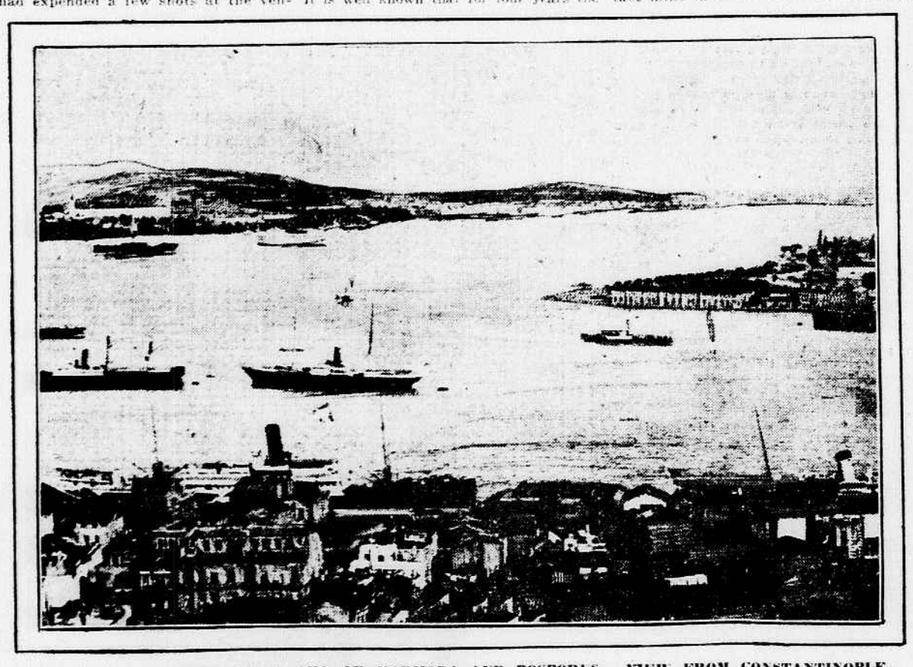
During the Byzantine period the Princes Islands were used as asylums for deposed sovereigns, unpopular princes and others who were persona non grata in the city of Constantine—hence the name. The island of Prinkipo is famous for its smooth beach and the delightful bathing, and crowds of people of all nationalities, ages and conditions sport daily in the limpid waters of the Sea of Marmora. The island is thickly wooded and two miles in length and only about a half mile in width, but it boasts two lovely peaks, cleft in twain by a deep pass. Little black-eyed Turks drive small donkeys with water barrels strapped to their backs through the main, unpaved street of the island, while the hotels are thronged by a gay crowd of Europeans, mostly English and Russian, from the legations and embassies on the Bosporus, who congregate here to enjoy the breezes and indulge in the luxury of a Prinkipo bath.

Haki, also a mountainous island, is the seat of important educational institutions, including the Imperial Commercial School, with 150 students, and the Greek Orthodox Theological Seminary.

Robert's College, the famous American seat of learning, is situated on a high hill on the banks of the Bosporus, a short distance beyond the sultan's imperial kiosk. Armenians, Greeks and Egyptians constitute the majority of the students, some of the advantages of the philanthropic American benevolent institutions. The Moslem by instinct is said to look with suspicion any attempt to mingle with the hated "giaours," or infidels.

TURKISH CROWD AT GALLIPOLI DOCK, MARMORA ENTRANCE TO THE DARDANELLES.



JUNCTION OF GOLDEN HORN, SEA OF MARMORA AND BOSPORUS. VIEW FROM CONSTANTINOPLE.

## Revenge.

WILL IRWIN, the novelist, sailing for a second war visit to Belgium, said to a reporter:

"The Belgians accept their condition philosophically, but sometimes they show how they really feel. Here is an instance:

"A German officer asked the conductor of a street car in Brussels if it would take him to the army headquarters. The conductor hardly understood German at all, and, finally, in his exasperation at not being comprehended, the officer took the man by the back of the neck and shook him violently.

"But at this point a Brussels woman interrupted.

"'Take car No. 37, sir,' she said to the officer. 'That is the car you need.'

"The officer thanked her and jumped off. After he had gone, the lady smiled and said to the assembled passengers:

"'Car No. 37 won't take him to the army headquarters. It will take him to the hog-killing pens. I think that is the most suitable place for him.'"