

The Sultan of Turkey as He Is To-Day

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF ABDUL-HAMID BY AN EX-ATTACHE IN THE TURKISH FOREIGN OFFICE

THE sultan of Turkey, Abdul-Hamid, the man who has attracted more of the world's attention during the past year, and we might say for the past ten years, than any other single individual, is nearing his sixty-first birthday. It will occur on September 22. Time has worked great changes in his majesty's appearance, and it is only with difficulty that one can now recognize in him the Prince Hamid represented in a portrait taken of him at the time he mounted the throne.

His jaws have grown broader, giving to his face a coarseness it did not have before; the cheek bones, formerly unnoticeable, protrude prominently on hollow cheeks which have been covered for more than 20 years by a short beard, not quite gray, and which he himself dyes various shades of brown and brownish red with a mixture of coffee and gall-nut, the recipe for which was given him by a shiek.

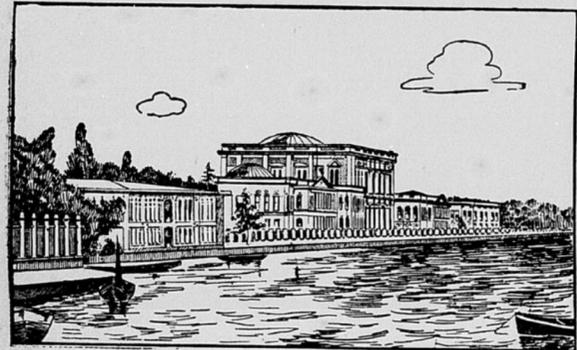
His forehead bulges out slightly, and he conceals his baldness under the enormous fez which he has made fashionable in Turkey, and the form, size and color of which make the emaciated paleness of his face seem even more sickly.

His nose has become more hooked. A stronger mustache, also dyed, which his delicate and thin hand often caresses

abiding passions. Thus in the progress of time Abdul-Hamid has ended by becoming one of that class known to doctors as the persecuting persecutor.

He is gifted with an acute scent and keen perspicacity, which enables him to grasp at once the drift of events and ascertain the nature of the danger threatening him, which his imagination exaggerates out of all proportion. This explains the violence of his repressions. Thanks to the clearness of his perception, he can watch the under-currents, and he knows how to extricate himself from the most critical situations. Analyst and psychologist, he understands men and knows how to use them.

He has shown perfect knowledge of the little tricks of diplomacy. He knows how to neutralize the claims of the powers by setting one against the other. At the time of the Armenian massacre, in 1896, he showed Chinese astuteness in this regard. But this intelligence is sometimes misdirected. Living in continual terror of death, a victim of nightmares and weariness, this constant thinking of nothing but his own safety has prompted him to carry the severity of his punishments and the precautions inspired by his distrust to the point of cruelty. And instead of serving the cause of his country, this strange monarch, concerned only with himself, oppresses his subjects, checks all intellectual development, and ruins



THE SULTAN'S PALACE ON THE BOSPHORUS.

with a mechanical gesture, now conceals almost entirely the upper lip, which is thin and hard. The lower lip has become still thicker, and has accentuated a somewhat sensual expression. The line of determination which completes the character of his mouth, so interesting for the physiognomist, is also deeper and more apparent.

The flattened temples, with the widely separated orbits, have become more hollow, and in the depths of the eyes, now half hidden under the drooping eyelids and heavy lashes, seems to be smoldering the vacillating flame of his glance.

The eyes are the most disconcerting part of his complex physiognomy. Reflecting usually uneasy melancholy, at other times they will stare for a long time into vacancy as though absorbed in thought, and then, if a flash of anger or fear lighten up the dark-gray iris—the color of a stormy sky—they instantly become remarkably keen and alert, and



THE MOSQUE OF ORTAKÖY.

cause those whose glance they meet a painful impression that can be borne only after long familiarity.

In short, the entire physiognomy of the sultan confirms his divers characteristics, even that of the gentleness that he assumes at times. Of medium height, slightly rickety on his legs, and painfully thin, he seems now only to have his breath left, and, in fact, it is his nerves that keep him alive. Such a constitution must necessarily influence his mentality. Abdul-Hamid is, in truth, a victim of neurasthenia, and in some things a monomaniac. His physical condition alone can explain the contradictions of his character.

A Turk who has lived a long time in close intimacy with him has said of him: "I do not yet know whether he is intelligent or stupid, courageous or cowardly, sane or mad." His psychological condition presents a problem—but a problem that can be solved by study.

The sultan is very intelligent, without doubt. But tyranny and the continual fear in which he lives have led him to devote all his energies to his personal preservation, and to use only the faculties which contribute to that end, such as distrust, cunning, and the instinct of defense. These faculties are monstrously developed, to the suffocation of the others, and in his brain, wearied by neurasthenia, have become

his empire by allowing it to be robbed of its most beautiful provinces.

If, as has been said, generalizing rather too freely, cunning is the intelligence of the oriental people, the sultan may be considered among them as a man of genius.

He is full of dissimulated obstinacy, and only yields to force with the secret intention of getting back later what he is compelled temporarily to abandon. He is never at a loss for expedients, is a deep calculator, and knows admirably how to escape dangers by stratagems that are always new. He is a skillful layer of traps, and capable of all kinds of abjectness toward his enemies when he fears them, and of the greatest severity when he has them in his power, and his vengeance is the heavier for having been patiently nourished in secret.

Not only is the life of a man who is troublesome to him of little account, but spilled blood seems to calm and soothe his shattered nerves, always stretched to the snapping point. "At night, before going to sleep," says one of his chamberlains, "he has some one to read to him. His favorite books are those giving detailed accounts of assassinations and executions. The stories of crimes excite him and prevent him sleeping, but as soon as his reader reaches a passage where punishment falls upon the criminal the sultan immediately becomes calm and falls asleep."

Abdul-Hamid sometimes acts in cold blood, at other times in a fit of anger. When premeditated, his punishments are more refined and subtle; then forgetting his usual prudence and cunning, he betrays his true character.

The sultan, like all neurotics, has moments of great irritability, during which he becomes violent. Several times he has beaten his secretaries or his chamberlains. Once he threw his ink stand at the head of Kutchuk-Said Pasha, then secretary in chief, who was able to dodge his head in time. Another day, suddenly enraged with the same personage during a discussion on the Egyptian question, he drew from his pocket a revolver and threatened to fire at the pasha, who, terrified, implored his pardon.

It is said that Abdul-Hamid quickly regrets his violence, which he fears will arouse the resentment of his suite. It is, moreover, his policy as well as his temperament to make people think him gentle and good, and to pretend that he has in reserve vast stores of tenderness. He tries to feel sympathetic everywhere, fawning that no one loves him. Thus, he poses often as a victim, complaining of the malice and ingratitude of men, and his complaints have such an accent of sincerity that for the moment they deceive those who listen.

Although his voice is naturally deep and strong, he knows how to make it caressing and almost gentle, and he has the gift of making himself agreeable in order to win the friendship of those who approach him, especially foreigners. He takes all kinds of pains to please them, and it is seldom that a European leaves him without being fascinated by his cordial and charming manner and exquisite tact.



She Will Do It.

Lady Member of the Advanced Brigade—I cannot understand why you men seem to prefer the silly, foolish, insane women, who have not two thoughts in their empty heads. If I were a man, I should select a girl with a mind of her own.

Male Outsider—The worst of what sort of woman it is that she is always so fond of giving pieces of it away.—Ally Sloper.

In the Mountains. From the hotel we see the hills That in the hazy distance slip—The waiter, too, with gladness thrills As he goes on from tip to tip.—Chicago Tribune.

RARE OPPORTUNITY.



She—Yes, papa is suffering terribly from gout—he can hardly move his foot.

He—Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, something seems to tell me to speak to him about our engagement to-day—bah Jove.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Not Satisfied. The boarder as he said farewell Exclaimed in terms emphatic: "Madam, I find your attic room Entirely too rheumatic!"—Penn. Punch Bowl.

A Pretty Good Indentation. "What makes you think she's in love with him?" "Why, she's letting him teach her to swim when she knows more about it than he does."—Chicago Post.

Among Rogues. Life Prisoner—My ancestors all got to be more than 80 years old. Short Term Man—That must have been before the death penalty was established.—N. Y. Herald.

Human Nature. Some people practice what they preach, But it's a lead pipe cinch They preach to others by the yard And practice by the inch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

IT'S UP TO HIM.



"I'm going away to-morrow. Won't you think of me sometimes while I'm gone?" "Hadn't you better ask papa if I may?"—Chicago American.

The Chauffeur. A rubber mask adorns his nose, Large goggles hide his eyes, Two wing-like things are on his ears, As down the street he flies, A rubber coat conceals his form, Great gloves his two hands fill, A rakish cap is on his head—In fact, he's "dressed to kill."—Yonkers Statesman.

Preferable. "I think I will write a book on the automobile," said Hojack. "Too wobbly for comfort," replied Tomdik. "Better use a desk."—Town Topics.

The Trouble in the Case. "You see," said the Social Reformer, "we arranged a harmony dinner to help reconcile labor and capital, but it didn't come off." "Why not?" "Why, just then the bricklayers asked for shorter hours, and the waiters went out on a sympathetic strike."—Puck.

Began at the End. Grace—Why, Ethel! How could you tell all the news in Mary's letter so soon? You haven't even read it. Ethel—Well, you see, dear, I read the postscript first.—Yonkers Statesman.

So Exclusive. Hubbs—Jekyl Island would be an ideal place for absconders if it wasn't a private preserve. Stubbs—Why? Hubbs—It's a great place to Hyde.—N. Y. Herald.

One of Many. Askitt—Is your son in business? Knoitt—Yes; he's an architect. Askitt—Indeed! What's his specialty? Knoitt—Air castles.—Chicago Daily News.

An Opinion. Tourist—I'm afraid you're prejudiced against the bulls and bears. Farmer—Mebbe so. Anyhow, I think there's more useful animals than they are.—N. Y. Times.

Why So Named. Wantano—Why do you call that boy of yours "Flannel?" Duzno—Because he just naturally shrinks from washing.—Baltimore American.

Bargain Hunting. Mrs. Trotter—I've been downtown all afternoon and feel awfully tired. Trotter—Undoubtedly, my dear; you certainly do look rather shop-worn.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

What Did She Mean? Jones—I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. Golightly; I've taken a house on the river. Mrs. G.—Oh, well, I hope you'll drop in some day.—Tit-Bits.

The Lucky Farmer. Oh, the man with a hoe, Told a story of woe, But in the procession of years, Some coupons he got, First a few, then a lot, And now he's the man with the shears.—Washington Star.

After the Lodge Dinner. "Say, uncle—some fool's collared my hat." "That's funny—some idiot's taken mine."—Ally Sloper.

He Got in Bad. A sporty young man got in debt Because on the races he'd bet. He was forced to succumb When he owed quite a sum—And he's wearing his winter suit yeb.—Chicago Daily News.

Ye Modern Mistresses. Fair Guest—My goodness! This room looks like a prison cell. What is it for? Hostess—That is to lock myself in when I scald the cook.—N. Y. Weekly.

Too Much for Him. "Have you ever made bread before, Marie?" "Oh, yes. I used to make it for my father until his doctor made me stop."—Chicago American.

His String. "He says he accumulated quite a string of fish." "He means he accumulated quite a string of fish stories."—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Investment. Bramble—What would you do if you had a million dollars? Thorne—I'd hire a private secretary to answer fool questions.—Smart Set.

Willie on Literature. "That," said Willie, as he launched a heavy volume at the teacher's head, "is the coming book. It's bound to make a hit."—Columbia Jester.

He Clinged It. Young Lawyer—Your honor, I claim the release of my client on the ground of insanity. He is a stupid fool, an idiot, and is not responsible for any act he may have committed. The Judge—He doesn't appear stupid to me. The Prisoner (interrupting)—Just look at the lawyer I've hired, your honor.—N. Y. Times.

Eggs That Are Common. In Virginia gulls' eggs are commonly eaten, and in Texas the eggs of terns and herons are gathered along the coast.

THE REPUBLICAN MANAGER.

There Will Be No Call for a Great Amount of Skill in the Coming Campaign.

The question as to who will be at the head of the republican national committee in the campaign of 1904 is troubling the democrats a good deal more than it is the republicans, although the republicans are beginning to give a little attention to it. Every few days a report comes that Senator Hanna is to retire from the head of that committee. The name of the personage who is to succeed him varies with the successive stories of the retirement of the present head. The latest person to be mentioned in that connection is Senator Lodge. Senator Quay was previously mentioned with considerable prominence. Postmaster General Payne was an earlier probability, according to the stories which appeared at the time. The latest guess may be no better than the others. The question of the selection can, however, be dismissed from serious consideration for many months yet, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

It is altogether possible that Mr. Hanna will want to step down from the post of chairman of the national committee in 1904. He will be 67 years of age at that time, and even under the present overwhelming preponderance of the republican party among the voters of the United States, the management of a great national canvass is a task of some magnitude for a man of that age. It is known that the senator wanted to retire from the chairmanship in 1900, but that he was persuaded by his friend McKinley to hold it until the campaign ended. He did this as a personal favor to the president. Possibly he will be persuaded to continue the chairmanship for another canvass. This is a matter which cannot be determined officially until the committee meets to select officers for the campaign. While there is a likelihood that Mr. Hanna will retire, nobody except the senator himself can say positively whether he will or not. The senator, in the two campaigns which he managed, showed himself to be a party manager of rare skill. It is probable that his superior in that field does not live.

Yet the republican campaign of 1904 will be ably managed, even if the present capable head of the committee declines to serve through another canvass. The republican party has many men who are able to meet all the demands of leadership or management in any sort of a campaign. Nobody supposes that the republicans will have any such formidable opposition in the canvass of 1904 as they had in that of 1896. No matter what may be thought of Bryan in other respects, it will be conceded that he put up a very resolute and effective fight in his first campaign. Even in his second canvass the result could not have been foretold with any great amount of confidence. So far as the country can see, there is nobody in the democratic ranks who could arouse anything like the enthusiasm which Bryan evoked in 1896, or even in 1900. This much of a concession will have to be made to the hypnotic powers of the recent candidate of the democracy. It must be remembered that that party, in those two campaigns, polled a far larger vote than it had ever previously rolled up. In 1904 there is a reasonable certainty that a large section of the strictly Bryan element will be in opposition to the democratic candidate, who will almost certainly be selected from what is called the Cleveland section of the party. The outlook is that not a very great amount of skill will be needed to manage the republican campaign successfully next year.

Whether, however, the republican difficulties in the canvass should turn out to be formidable or not, the republican party has many men who will be able to cope successfully with the situation.

CURRENT COMMENT.

It is stated that the democrats and populists of Nebraska will again fuse. They have such a close resemblance to each other—particularly in that state—that it would probably be impossible to sort them out, anyway.—Philadelphia Press.

The only matter of consequence in the action of the Iowa democratic convention is the ignoring and virtual repudiation of free silver. Two years ago it reaffirmed the Kansas City platform in whole and in every part. Its present action shows a feeble sort of attempt at reformation. The demand that "the integrity of the money of the nation be guarded with zealous care" might be construed as demanding a new burglar-proof safe in the treasury department.—Indianapolis Journal.

The same dispatches that bring the news that Mr. Bryan bitterly denounces the action of the Iowa democrats also brings the news that the outcome in Iowa has greatly stimulated the Cleveland movement in the east. In spite of the protestations of Mr. Cleveland's friends that he does not want the nomination and of his enemies that he cannot have the nomination, Mr. Cleveland is more and more becoming the inevitable candidate of the conservative democracy.—Des Moines Register-Leader.

A considerable part of the democratic party is booming Senator Gorman's presidential ambitions with no little vigor. One politician has openly declared that "capital has no confidence in Bryan." Had the same politician affirmed that the earth was round he would have been no safer in his declaration. Indeed, it looks very much as if the pilots on the democratic ship had lost their bearings, through lack of practice, and were maneuvering among the shoals, but now and then venturing to cast anchor in some safe spot from which they might view the open sea and wait for calm weather.—Troy Times.

THE POST OFFICE AFFAIR.

Thorough Investigation Will Be Made Under Direction of the President.

There have been no great steals in the postoffice department, but it would appear that a large number of prominent officials have assisted in grafting on to the pay roll persons who had no business there, and one late official has been indicted for receiving a substantial sum as a bribe for awarding contracts. Two assistant attorney generals for the postoffice department are found by Assistant Postmaster General Bristow to have been connected with irregularities, and of these both have been removed and one has been arrested. All have been for a long time connected with the department, and all but the assistant attorneys general were apparently civil service appointees who had been promoted on what was deemed "merit." All those under fire have powerful friends and every possible influence has been exerted to save them from punishment, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

The American people are fortunate in knowing that they have a president whom nothing can deter from probing this scandal to the bottom, no matter who is hit. He does not, of course, carry on the investigation. That is the duty of the postmaster general, but the power of the president is behind everything which is of sufficient importance to claim his attention. The postmaster general, in turn, does not deal directly with the investigating officials, or with those who are accused. His proper place is that of an official reviewer, and to direct action on the facts as they come before him. His action has been so prompt and so stern as to satisfy the most exacting critic, and he has placed all the facts before the public as fast as they have been properly authenticated. The real work of the investigation has been in charge of Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow, and the result shows that he is sparing nobody. Whether we have yet seen the end is uncertain. Attention having been drawn to scandals in the civil service, all departments are doubtless now being quietly examined. It is certain that the entire administration is thoroughly aroused. None of these derelict officials are recent appointees. Some of them date back to Cleveland's administration or before. All must have borne good reputations and gone wrong under the temptations of extravagant Washington life.

The greater part of the irregularities are in petty things. The most common offense was in getting some one irregularly on the pay rolls at the behest of some influential person. The public has the right to know the names of the congressmen or other high officials to whose demand these officials yielded. They may be beyond the reach of the law, and probably are, but the public would like to know their names just the same.

WYOMING WANTS HANNA.

Senator Warren Says the People of That State Would Nominate Roosevelt by Acclamation.

"Senator Hanna should serve as chairman of the national republican committee and manage the campaign for Roosevelt, who will be nominated by acclamation," said Senator Warren, of Wyoming. "I hope he will serve in this capacity and so do the people of my state. The republicans of Wyoming are all for Roosevelt. They also believe the relations between the president and Senator Hanna are as pleasant, whether they are as intimate or not, as were the relations between President McKinley and the Ohio senator.

"Our people believe that Mr. Roosevelt is a broad man and one in whose care the interests of the country, of all kinds, are perfectly safe. They are interested in having capital come to our state and wish to do nothing that in any way could make capital timid in seeking investment.

"We believe that while protecting labor President Roosevelt is also a thorough friend of capital in whatever form it may be found, and that he will protect it under the laws of the land and encourage its use and increase.

"In the Rocky mountain region," continued Senator Warren, "we do not consider it worthy of making an issue of any plan for the revision of the tariff. It may be there are cases in which the tariff is not just what we should like to see it, but we believe about it as did Tom Reed when he said: 'It is not what you want; it is what you can get in comparison with what you have got.' When we get into a tariff revision it is not what we want that we will get.

"At the present time we think we are better off without any revision. The country generally is prosperous and the people are doing well. A revision of the tariff will bring with it uncertainty, which would result in untold loss from the stoppage of business. Our Rocky mountain country has few items of the tariff in which we are interested directly, but we are looking to the general effect of the tariff rather than to our interest in specific terms.

"We are for the tariff just as we are for a good navy. It is a national issue with us. There are perhaps but three or four items of the tariff that we are directly interested in."

"A government that can afford to remove taxes to the amount of nearly \$40,000,000, as was done in the repeal of the last of the internal revenue war taxes, and still come out at the end of the year with a surplus of about \$53,000,000, has reason to congratulate itself on the prosperity of its people.—Indianapolis Journal.

Col. Bryan's favorite plank was completely ignored by the Iowa democratic convention. A more unneighborly or unchristianlike act could hardly have been conceived.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.