

THE REALM OF THE SULTAN.

Richmond Girl's Impression of Constantinople. VISITED THE GREAT HAREM. Many Things of Interest Seen in Going Through the Turkish, Greek and Armenian Quarters of the Old City.

A well-known young lady of Richmond, who is traveling abroad, with friends, writes back in a private letter interesting sketches and comments, from which the following is taken. PERA PALACE, CONSTANTINOPLE, March 20.—Take New York winds and multiply by those of Constantinople, and you have Constantinople. Eight days ago on the Nile we were in the shade...



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY.

If we fail to secure a clerical situation, paying \$45 or more per month, for a student after he has completed the commercial and stenographic courses, we will refund in cash the money paid to us for tuition. A contract to this effect is given in writing and we have \$30,000 cash capital to make our contracts good.

Eastern and fascinating than Constantinople. I am glad I came here, as I am enabled to place the Turk better politically. Despite the Turkish military successes and the personnel of the army in the Turkish-Greek war, despite the fine display in Constantinople of barracks, buildings, military grounds, etc., the general Europeanization of the whole town, the lack of distinctive Easternness, the crumbling, slipshod air would seem to say "the Turk's years in Europe are waxing old."

Wife and by his mother. These gossamer veils, skirt, jacket and scarf of a kind of white cloth zouave, elegantly embroidered in antique-shabie gold and studded with turquoise, here and there the star and crescent the Sultan's wife only wears when she appears before him and only wears each outfit once. So he said.

VISIT TO THE HAREM

Our guide sent us down under the mosque to see a harem, from which I could not stand it. Two pitiful old women and a young one with two babies. They were delighted to see us and were about to serve us coffee when I departed. Then we, escorted by a large harem-dress-bearer, in fact with kersevens, had gone down into the wistful bowels of the earth to see the imperial eastern of Constantine the Great, our guide made another adventure—great Pasha's rich harem. He persuaded a servant to let us in and a little girl led the way. I noticed a smile on the face of affairs, but somehow the humorous American suspects no one but an American of a joke. She led us down ways and finally into an ordinary room where, on the floor, sat one aged crane (shades of black-eyed beauty) apparently having lived her term in the last stages of dissolution. Two of the girls looked upon waiting for the hour, but the beautiful faces told the story.

We saw, gradually filled and covered with sand during the empire. We also saw Constantinople, very much elevated, the one that used to wear the crown of nails from the iron cross. Then the drive back along the quay, getting the brilliant sunset tones on the Bosphorus and on Scutari—a gorgeous display of color—through the Turkish, Greek and Armenian quarters—seeing here a family of Kurds, there an Albanian or Armenian and again a Montenegro in his native dress. The view from a hill of the palaces and the Bosphorus—and to the hotel for dinner, whisky and soda to warm us up.

CITY OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

Constantinople, on its many hills, surrounded by the Bosphorus, the sea of Marmora, the Golden Horn—seemingly surrounded—has a fine point of view. The European Pera and Galata town is separated by the Golden Horn from old Byzantium, the Turkish, Scutari, and both are separated by the Bosphorus from the Asiatic side, Scutari.

have just the opportunity through the man we know on the Alley to go with a party through the Sultan's palaces and treasury. We had no hope of going, as we must have a Sultan's firman, and then it costs \$30 in fees for one party. Now we go for 10 francs each—if it doesn't kill us.

Four Division Engineers

Some important changes have been made in the Maintenance of Way department of the Baltimore and Ohio lines east of the Ohio river by Assistant General Manager Willard. There will hereafter be four division engineers instead of six, with territory and headquarters as follows:

H. T. Fendall, all lines between Philadelphia and Brunswick, Md., with headquarters at Baltimore.

G. B. Owen, the main line and branches between Brunswick, Md., and Grantsville, W. Va., including Brownsville, with headquarters at Cumberland, Md.

J. P. Cassell, the main line from Parkersburg to Wheeling including both terminals and the Bolington branch with headquarters at Grantsville, W. Va.

C. T. Manning, the main line and branches from Wheeling to Cumberland by way of Pittsburg with headquarters at Pittsburg.

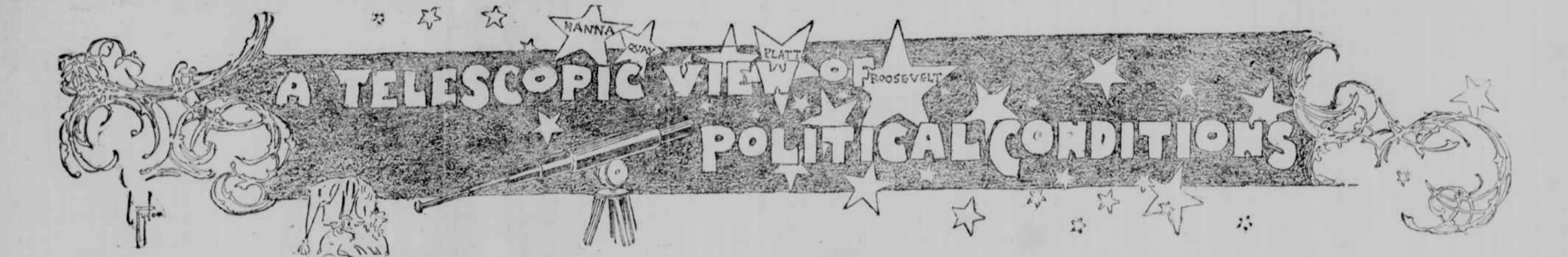
New York pipe cankers won a strike for the recognition of their union and Minnesota State Federation of Labor will hold its annual convention on June 12.

Thursday—Showing feet and dogs? We

the scrimmage to identify our luggage and get out the row into shore. Cook's men sent us all—Major-General Sir E. Stedman (a kindly man, his niece, a Frenchman, a possible American and his wife, into a stuffy little office with our backs turned, while he (Cook's man) arranged for the customs. Cook fees everywhere, which makes the value of his embarking ticket. So to-day an inspector (copy) was about, so we all had to troop back with our keys. He opened the Stedman's things, but whether our things were more insignificant or because I said "America" (I noticed Cook's man took the cue for our next trunk), but by the time we and our effects were ready we were in. Then dogs on the streets, but not so lean as I expected to see them. Have just been interrupted by a man we knew on the Alley, unexpectedly appeared. Great bore those sudden revivals.

THE TERRIBLE TURK.

The Greek (some said to be from Ephesus) and Egyptian pillars in the church of St. Sophia are exquisite. Constantly you see the Greek crosses painted over by jealous Mohammedanism, and the crosses on the fine old bronze doors are mutilated. Here and there the Christian decorations seem to be pushing through the Mohammedan wash which, since Mohammed the Conqueror, has covered them. Cairo is far more picturesque.

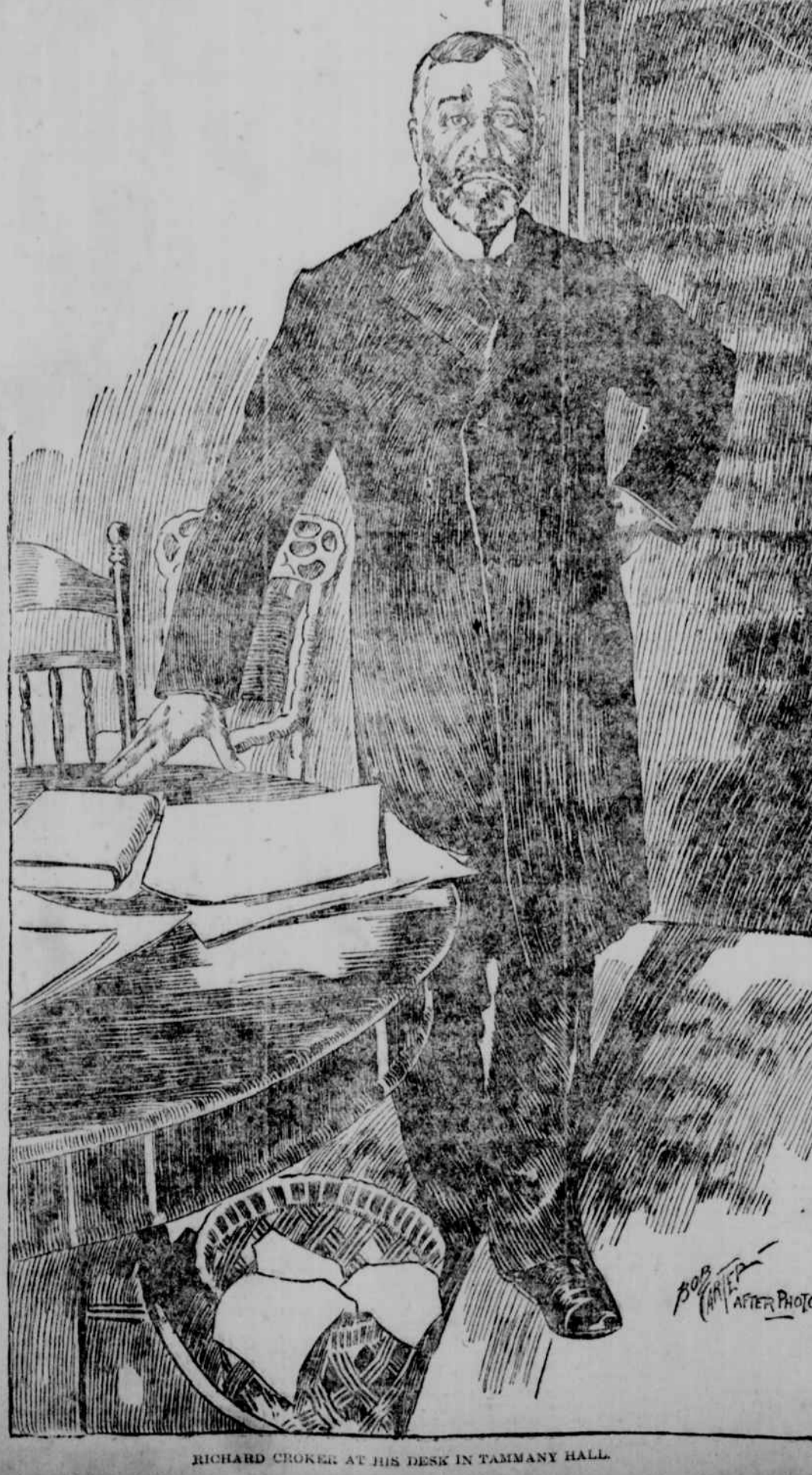


TWO PARTY BOSSES IN THEIR OWN BAILWICKS.

AN HOUR AT HOME WITH BOSS PLATT AND BOSS CROKER.—BY JAMES BARTON.

Pennsylvania has its Quay, but the spectacle of two bosses living in one city is unique to New York itself. "Boss" Platt and "Boss" Croker are the two figures that rise first in the political firmament of the Empire State to-day and if you look skyward through the political horoscope of either party you will see one name or the other written with the words, "I boss all."

Richard Croker sits around and enjoys himself at home, a guest of honor. Mrs. Croker, the big, handsome woman who keeps the mansion, and has for a quarter of a century trusted her with his home, his children and his fortune. Other bosses may be bosses in their own homes, but Richard Croker sits around and enjoys himself at home, a guest of honor. Mrs. Croker, the big, handsome woman who keeps the mansion, and has for a quarter of a century trusted her with his home, his children and his fortune. Other bosses may be bosses in their own homes, but Richard Croker sits around and enjoys himself at home, a guest of honor.



RICHARD CROKER AT HIS DESK IN TAMMANY HALL.

Mrs. Platt is decidedly a business woman. The oranges from her Florida plantation supply her friends with fruit. Her other products are well sold. She lets nothing go to waste and though not a society woman she dresses elegantly and is known for her taste in buying jewelry. Mrs. Platt, like the Senator, came from Oswego.

Advertisement for L. Fellheimer's clothing store. Text includes: 'Who Takes the Lead when Boys' Clothing is to be selected?' and a list of clothing items and prices. Address: 225 East Broad Street, Corner Third.