

THE VEILED LADY OF STAMBOUL

his name—I know him—ho is in the Secret Service—oh, wo will have no trouble with him——” Here Joe chafed his thumb and forefinger with the movement of a paying teller counting a roll. “He come every morning to Galata Bridge for you me. He say, too, if any trouble while you paint I go him—ah, effendi, it is only Joe Hornstog can do these things. Tho Pasha, he know me—all good Turk-men know me. Where we paint now, *subito*? In the plaza, or in the *patio* of the Valedée, like last year?”

“Neither. We go first to the Mosque of Suleiman. I want the view through the gate of the court-yard, with the mosque in the background. Best place is below the café. Pick up those traps and come along.”

Thus it was that on this particular summer afternoon Joe and I found ourselves on the shadow side of a wall up a crooked, break-neck street paved with rocks, each as high as a dress-suit case, from which I got a full view of the wonderful mosque tossing its splendors into the still air, its cresting of minarets so much frozen spray against the blue.

The little comedy—or shall I say tragedy?—began a few minutes after I had opened my easel—I sitting crouched in the shadow, my elbow touching the plastered wall. Only Joe and I were present. Yusuf, the guard, a skinny, half-fed Turk in fez and European dress, had as usual betaken himself