

THE WOMEN'S PAGE

SLAVERY STILL FOR CIRCASSIAN GIRLS



A Turkish Harem Type that Abdul isn't so crazy about

The Favorites of Abdul the Damned, He Demands Them as Living Sacrifices to His Depravity

WOMAN'S loveliness—some of the fairest, some of the proudest the world knows—is once more enslaved to the man who, for years of a nation's degradation and shame, has stood as the type of all that can be living and yet damned.

Turkey, the new Turkey that hoped it was at last freed from the reproaches of civilized peoples as to slavery, its most flagrant affront to humanity's self-respect, is in a ferment over Abdul Hamid's success in recruiting his harem.

Dethroned, exiled, a prisoner for life and only just emerging from his quivering terror lest that accursed life be summarily cut short, the former sultan has proved himself able to secure a whole contingent of beautiful girl slaves, whose terrible fate it is to minister to the bestial sensualist's depraved passions.

The Turkish people, equally horrified and enraged, have forced the parliament to take up the question of the right of Abdul the Damned, and even of his brother Reshad, ruling them under the title of Mehmet V, to hold in slavery any women at all. It was the popular belief that with the adoption of the constitution slavery in all forms was rendered illegal. But there are provisions of the Mohammedan faith as to wives and handmaids that may be invoked to justify the gratification of Abdul's demands; and the whole hideous subject of woman's slavery has been reopened.

THE damned one, as even the Turks fear not now to call him, has been a prisoner in the splendid Villa Aialatini, in Salonica, since April 23, 1909; and there he has passed through the most amazing stages of terror, scheming, futile wrath and trembling esthesia.

Yet he had been dealt with most mercifully—so magnanimously, in fact, that ever since his dethronement he has occupied almost a unique position in history. Other and commonly lesser tyrants have been summarily put to death, when they were not doomed to expiate their crimes against mankind by tortures of mind and body. The demoniac Abdul, to whom assassination had been a pleasing whim and massacre a habitual recourse, was escorted to his palatial sequestration accompanied by his favorite wives and eleven of the greatest beauties of his harem.

His whims were pandered to almost as if he were still caliph, and although his hidden wealth was extorted from him as a safeguard against his escape, he was allowed more of the pleasures of life which he considers essential for his happiness than Daudet pictured in his tale of "Kings in Exile."

RARELY BEAUTIFUL RETREAT

Broad acres, interspersed with forest pines, surround the delightful residence that is Abdul's. Across the dancing waters of the bay rises magnificent Mount Olympus, an Alpine scene in winter, purple in its glory when the summer winds blow warm. Behind it of an evening gorgeous sunsets flame, as though nature herself were in the conspiracy to bring to the most evil creature of his time succor of sin and to win him to the repose of decent old age.

But he has remained the incurably impudent old sinner he was when the rifles of the Young Turks drove him out of the Yildiz palace like a rat from its hole. Politically, Abdul, with the beginning of this year, turned over a new leaf. He resigned himself to his permanent exile from all opportunity of regaining his throne. He seemed to have decided that his miserable life was safe, and that, if he would abandon hope of another chance to murder at his wanton whim, he could enjoy every other vice he had been accustomed to.

On January 15 his ex-favorite among his wives, at the ripe age of 70 years, passed away in the villa to which she had been relegated with her lord and master. Some thoughtless lads who reported the incident told how Abdul wept real tears over her loss.



"For Sale," From the Painting by J.L. Gerome—The Girl on the Left is a Circassian.

If he did, he waited to shed them until they could bring returns a dozenfold—until his half-brother, the sultan, visited him this summer.

To him Abdul represented that he was disconsolate; a broken-hearted man, she had been worth many wives to him; there was but one way to compensate him for her loss.

"And how is that?" inquired his brother, commiseratingly, for the Turks, high and low, regard Abdul these days as a personage as much to be pitied as scorned.

"Why," returned Abdul, "by replacing her with others young and as fair as the dawn over the Bosphorus. It will take about a dozen, I should say, to make me forget her."

"Brother," said Reshad, "a dozen I shall send, to relieve your sorrow."

"Have them all Circassians," added Abdul, hastily. "I like them best. And send me some pretty birds to look at, too."

A dozen lovely Circassian slave girls his brother sent him, accordingly, with quite an aviary of song birds to help out.

For a time the gratification of the ex-royal wish remained a secret, rather because Mehmet V regarded the occurrence as a mere kindness between relatives, with no public bearing at all. But when, toward the end of the summer, the news spread generally, the right of slaveholding under the new constitution developed into

an issue of genuine importance. It has been now forced into public discussion purely on the ethical ground of slavery, and not at all because of public resentment against the damned one.

Although he was the most treacherous ruler who ever sat on a throne; although he instigated massacres against his own subject peoples which were a chronic shame to Christendom; although his seraglio included half a thousand girls and women, most of whom became a puzzling burden to the state when their master was deposed; although he swindled, deluded, robbed and assassinated the Turks themselves, their dominant feeling toward him has evolved into a sort of commiseration for the irremediable old blackguard.

FAVORITE DOLLS OF ALL NATIONS



Favorites of the Dutch Crown Princess

ALL over dolls. They alone caused trouble at The Hague when Princess Juliana, the young daughter of Queen Wilhelmina, showed President Fallieres that she had likes and dislikes of her own and, what was more important, a strong little will of her own that she didn't hesitate to exercise. And though Juliana is only 2 years old, she became a little heroine in the eyes of all Holland after the episode, and her name was on every patriotic lip.

Whether the royal mother was as happy and laughed up her sleeve, or whether she slapped the little hand of royalty for her lack of tact and diplomacy, is not known.

IN A NUTSHELL the story is this: President Fallieres recently paid a visit to Wilhelmina and brought a number of expensive presents with him, including splendid specimens of Sevres china. Of course the little princess was not overlooked, and her gift was a magnificent swan larger than life, with snowy plumage. It could float in the water and when wound up paddle its feet, flap its wings and even turn its head. Wonderful!

But in the eyes of the average child, the best was yet to come. The wings were opened, after the trial spin, and lo and behold! Inside the body was a satin-wadded nest in which were three lovely French dolls, dressed, of course, in the height of Parisian fashion. Two of them were very tight bobbies and the other was attired in a harem skirt.

One would naturally suppose that Juliana would make big fuss over the dolls, but not a bit of it. She hugged the swan just as tight as her little arms would let her. When she laid it aside all eyes were on her. Juliana looked at the dolls, and picked them up one by one and carefully inspected the pink and white complexions and the gorgeous little gowns. Then, instead of raving over them, she laid them indifferently back in the nest, gave a smile of contempt and went to the corner of the nursery and picked up her battered Dutch peasant doll. She sat down and hugged and kissed it, to make up for the time she lost in even darning to look at rivals in fine raiment.

That was the end of the French dolls. Juliana



Like the Royal Russian Children Play With

continued to lavish her attention on her own native doll, the one that is dear to all Dutch babies. No airs of fashion for her, despite her royal status.

Queen Wilhelmina was no doubt proud of her offspring's spunk in clinging to her native doll, yet she could not have helped being shocked at the lack of appreciation shown to President Fallieres for his expensive gift. But the French president laughed heartily and said to the royal mother: "Ah, your majesty, the princess does not care for fashions yet. We must wait a little and then she will come to our Paris for her frocks, like all the best-dressed women of the world." The queen just smiled, for she hasn't much love for French styles. It is true she has her gowns made in Paris, but they are fashioned after strict Dutch ideas.

Even as a child Queen Wilhelmina was strictly Dutch, and her daughter inherits her love for Dutch dolls. Moreover, the queen herself played with the very same Dutch peasant baby.

Through all these years the queen has kept her collection of dolls intact, so that her children could adore the same playthings. After Wilhelmina was too old to play with dolls she had them carefully labeled and packed away, and the case was opened once more after the birth of Juliana. One of the queen's favorites was a charming fishwife from Scheveningen, with a bright cloak and scoop bonnet. It is said that whenever her dolls displeased her, the girl queen would



Dolls Such as the Little Chinese Emperor Had

threaten them with the terrible punishment of being thrown into the sea.

It all goes to show that royal princesses are just as fond of dolls as other girls; though dolls of all nations are placed at their disposal, the ones they are happiest with are those in the costumes of their own country folk. The royal children to be envied the most are those of the crown prince of Roumania, for their grandmother, Carmen Sylva, allows them to play with hers occasionally. It is said to be the largest collection in the world and numbers more than 1300 dolls. The great majority of them are dressed in the national costume and that is what makes them so interesting to Roumania's heirs. Indeed, the dolls are often exhibited and the proceeds devoted to charity. The dolls have been collected for years and there are groups showing the coronations, weddings, funerals and, in fact, every phase of Roumanian royal life. Then, too, the peasants from the Black Forest are arranged in groups, showing the various industries of the country. Many kings and queens have contributed to the collection, including Queen Victoria; her daughter, the Empress Frederick, and her grandson, Emperor Wilhelm. He sent a miniature of himself as a child.

The tsarina of Russia has also been very partial to dolls, and Princess Olga, her younger sister, derived much pleasure from the dolls in royal costume that their mother gave them. The tsarina is as particular about the robes and gorgeous gowns worn by her children's play babies as she is about her own. A favorite pastime with the royal children is to hold coronations and other festivities with their manufactured children.

Strange as it may seem, despite the rigid rules that are laid down for the baby emperor of China, he is allowed to play with dolls. For him, the make-believes serve a twofold purpose—to teach as well as amuse. They represent historical and mythological characters, and they illustrate any historical events that are related to him. The emperor, no doubt, prizes his dolls more than the average European or American child does, for he is only allowed to have them at certain times. Then he is taught to handle them carefully, as they are preserved from generation to generation.

His seraglio, when it was filled with human tribute from all parts of his empire, at the time when he was scheming massacres that numbered 50,000 people in a single province, was the scene of occasional tragedies as bloody as those he organized outside on the wholesale scale. One of these was his sudden, frightened shooting of the slave girl he had chosen for the day's favorite, because, pleased at the honor, she put her arms around his neck, and Abdul, thinking she would strangle him, killed her on the spot.

But the true tragedy of his harem has always been the mental and moral death he wrought on the radiant creatures who fell into his noisome grasp. They were degraded into mere automata, fit only to nibble sweets and serve his desires.

The fairest of them, the loveliest, the most intelligent have been those very Circassians of whom he has secured a brand new invoice, given to him as if they were so many birds or dogs.

Abdul didn't want them because they were Christians, so combining religious triumph with base vice. The Circassians themselves profess Mohammedanism, although their religion is actually a medley of Moslem, Christian and pagan rites, with worship of Shibley, the thunder god, and all the other ancient deities of air, water, woods and cattle included among their primitive beliefs.

They were once the dominant race of the Western Caucasus and were dreaded riders as far as the Crimea. The Turks did not even subdue them. That previously impossible task was accomplished by Russia in 1864, when their feared and hated nomad power was absolutely crushed, as it had to be, if Russia was to control its extensive territories through which the bold Circassians ranged.

But those daredevils of the hills and valleys never consented to Russian overlordship. As resentful of restraint as any of the pioneers who made America what it is, and far more warlike, they dispersed after their defeats and flocked southward to Turkey, hundreds of thousands taking refuge there among the stranger people to whom they felt akin by religion and custom.

The Turks have never been able to wholly rule or assimilate them. Their tribal customs persist; they remain independent in sentiment, even amid the nation to which they turned for refuge.

Abdul could search the wide world over—and his agents used to do it for him—and he succeeded in these wild beauties, who inherit the finest features of the mighty Caucasian race. They are usually tall, slender in their youth, yet broad of shoulder and strong of limb; their figures among the most graceful in Europe or Asia. Their faces are oval and strikingly handsome, their eyes brilliant and large, their skin very fair and their hair ranging from jet black to the most blond and always wavy.

Abdul may be a disgusting brute, but he has good taste.

THEIR LIVING DEATH

Like them in type are the Georgians, another people of the Caucasus whose women Abdul has usually preferred above the olive-skinned, shorter, heavier Turkish girls whose very accessibility repelled him. He himself is of that oriental strain, and his desires are for women who are his opposites. Circassians and Georgians have been his favorite slaves of the harem, and now, when he regards another odalisque as a hungry man might regard food for which he has famished, he seeks the type that provides his highest favorites; he can't afford to demand the variety that palled on his jaded senses in the years of his insolent sway.

The fate of these Circassians sent him by his brother is infinitely worse than that which befell the Georgian nates who were Abdul's slaves in the past. Then, at worst, they were allied to a king; and many a Circassian beauty rejoiced to find herself nominated to the seraglio of the caliph, however dull and wearisome the interminable hours she must spend until death should bring her relief.

But the girls now under the old culture's talons are true slaves, the helpless chattels of an old, ruined wretch in man's form, who can give them no distinction except that of being owned by the most heartily despised and widely hated malefactor alive today.

The batch of pretty birds his brother sent him have a higher rank in the social scale than they.

Largest Egg in the World

NATURALISTS are searching the world over all the time for information regarding everything that is of interest, and which will help to enlighten man as to the wonderful work of nature on the globe which we call our home. It is wonderful the variety of interesting matter they produce.

One of the more recent finds, and one that is attracting world-wide attention, is a monster egg, said to be the largest in the world, which was found in the sands of one of the streams of Madagascar.

The egg is supposed to be that of the huge fowl known as the *egypus*, which is claimed to have been a wingless monster that stood over twelve feet in height and which, owing to its strong limbs, could outdistance any other living creature in a flight, or rather run, across the island.

The egg is on exhibition in the Museum of Natural Science in New York city, and it is large enough to contain two gallons, or about as much as would be contained in 16 ordinary eggs. It is two feet eight inches round the egg the long way, and two feet two inches round the shell halfway between the ends. The shell is over one-eighth of an inch in thickness and is very hard.

The bird is extinct, and the eggs that have been found were preserved by being deposited in the sands of the Madagascar stream.

It is asserted the *egypus* was much more active than the moa of New Zealand, but many declare the latter was the larger of the two extinct creatures.