

Dare to Discard Their Veils.

THE "NEW" WOMAN OF TURKEY DEFIES THE UNWRITTEN LAW WHOSE VIOLATION ONCE MEANT DEATH.

A STOUNDING above all features connected with the uprising in Turkey, is the coming to life of the women of the realm.

In Turkey's centuries of history the women of the country may never be said to have lived. Here was the confinement of the harem. She never could appear in public with her face exposed. Laws, both of religion and of the state, compelled the sex to regard itself as the absolute slave and possession of man, and for a Turkish woman to have walked in public without having her face covered in the heavy swathings of tradition, would at one time have been to invite death, and in later years imprisonment.

But in the coming of the new era, the Turkish woman has played a glorious and important part.

They have torn off their veils, and marched openly in the streets of Constantinople, shouting the cry of the revolutionists, and bearing aloft banners inscribed:

"Liberty, equality and fraternity."

When this sight first presented itself to the public the sensation was tremendous, and it is said that the Sultan and his advisers on seeing it permitted, understood that the world had moved on for Turkey, and that the only act possible was to concede a constitution and get in touch with the new conditions.

Demand Equality.

Nor did the demonstration started stop at the mere abandoning of veils, the waving of banners and shouting in the streets. The new woman of Turkey has presented to her brother this proposition: That since she has been his companion in the revolt, and has borne all the perils of assisting in rebellion, and would, in the event of failure, have been the victim of the Sultan, she has a right to share fully in the fruits of the victory.

Then, she asks that she be elevated to a plane of complete equality, and be allowed to take part in politics and have her vote.

The disposition of the young Turkish party is to grant this request. They understand that the women of the nation are bound to wield a powerful influence in the events of the next few years, and that policy no less than justice would dictate giving them a place of fullest partnership in the great movement to bring the country into the fore rank of progress.

Old Laws Nullified.

One Moslem priest, a man of great power in Constantinople has, after a search through the records, decided there is no law of the Koran that compels woman to wear a veil in the streets, and he thus officially absolves them of the need. This decision was the occasion for greatest joy on the streets, since the Turkish woman is naturally very religious, and even in her zeal for political freedom would hardly wish to oppose those teachings which have been handed down to her from the centuries.

Even the Sheik-ul-Islam, the all powerful head of the Moslems, has indorsed this decision, and has come forward with the still more notable concession that there is no law to show that a man must take more than one wife.

This at one stroke removes what has always been a favorite plea of the licentious, that it was the law of his religion that compelled a man to take to himself more than one wife.

Had even this noted functionary dared to utter such a radical opinion before the success of the revolution was established, he would have been summoned to the Yildiz Kiosk, and ordered to drink a cup of coffee in which enough poison had first been placed to insure his speedy exit from this vale of tears.

The Sultan Has Reformed.

But now such a deliverance has a far different effect. It is said that the Sultan himself, who, instead of being "Abdul the Damned," as hitherto, has now proclaimed himself to be a Liberal, and President of "Committees of the Ottoman Union and Progress," is actually considering the abolition of his harem.

The Sultan has 300 wives. If he would put them from him, and adopt the monogamous practices of the other rulers of the world, he would at a stroke free himself from the odium of his past life as representative of all that was black, tyrannical and ignominious to be the most enlightened and progressive ruler the country ever knew.

Only the strong opposition of his courtiers, who, too, would be compelled to do the same thing, in case Abdul set the fashion, is said to hold the ruler back from the commission of an act which he is said to believe would restore his popularity.

Undoubtedly such an action would win the approval of the women, who are now going around the streets dressed in the fashions of Paris, going to the Mosques, which previously was prohibited, visiting the Christian churches and theaters, and shaking hands with their Christian friends on the streets.

Not Roughly Treated.

The men of the nation have taken no rough advantage of this innovation. Instead, they have either contented themselves with cheering groups of unveiled women, or in case one chanced to be encountered alone, of respectfully bowing or lifting the hat.

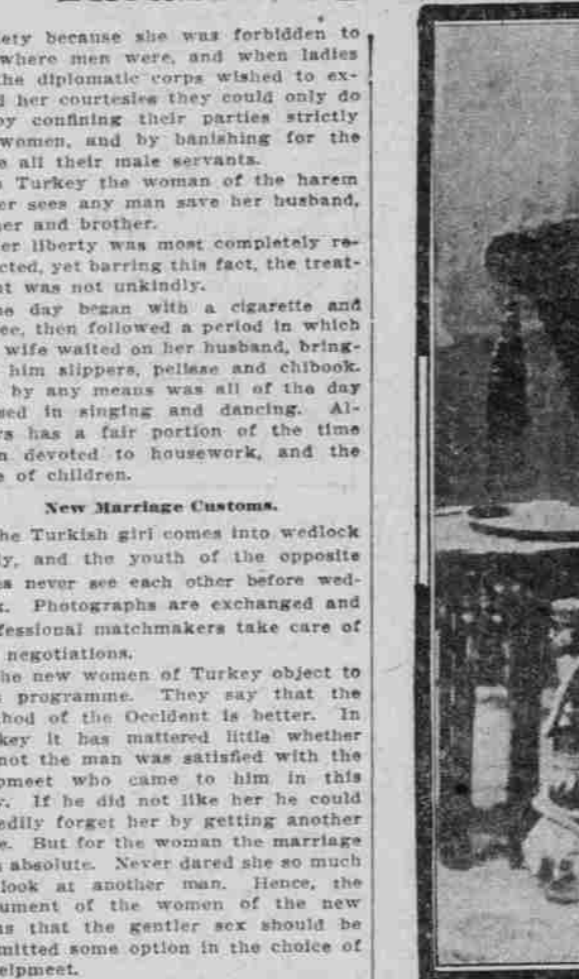
How astonishing a development this is can best be driven home by recalling the fact that the Turkish woman of a year ago dare not go unveiled anywhere in the world. Even when diplomacy took them with their husbands into other countries, the rules for their conduct remained just as absolute as when in Constantinople.



AN ORIENTAL BEAUTY OF EXTREME LOVELINESS ACCORDING TO EASTERN STANDARDS.



THE SULTAN'S FAVORITE.



A TURKISH BEAUTY AT HOME IN THE HAREM.



A TURKISH BEAUTY AT HOME IN THE HAREM.



TURKISH WOMAN WEARING VEIL WHICH IS NOW BEING ABANDONED.



A NEW SPECTACLE IN THE STREETS OF CONSTANTINOPLE. TURKISH WOMEN STOPPING TO PURCHASE THE INSIGNIA OF YOUNG TURKISH PARTY. PHOTO TAKEN WITHIN THE LAST TWO WEEKS.

society because she was forbidden to go where men were, and when ladies of the diplomatic corps wished to extend her courtesies they could only do it by confining their parties strictly to women, and by banishing for the time all their male servants.

In Turkey the woman of the harem never sees any man save her husband, father and brother.

Her liberty was most completely restricted, yet barring this fact, the treatment was not unkindly.

The day began with a cigarette and coffee, then followed a period in which the wife waited on her husband, bringing him slippers, pelisse and chibouk. Not by any means was all of the day passed in singing and dancing. Always has a fair portion of the time been devoted to housework, and the care of children.

New Marriage Customs.

The Turkish girl comes into wedlock early, and the youth of the opposite sex never see each other before wedlock. Photographs are exchanged and professional matchmakers take care of the negotiations.

The new women of Turkey object to this programme. They say that the method of the Occident is better. In Turkey it has mattered little whether or not the man was satisfied with the helpmeet who came to him in this way. If he did not like her he could speedily forget her by getting another wife. But for the woman the marriage was absolute. Never dared she so much as look at another man. Hence, the argument of the women of the new ideas that the gentler sex should be permitted some option in the choice of a helpmeet.

The bath is the club of the Turkish women. Here they gather to discuss the gossip and to be introduced to new acquaintances of their own sex.

Here the ladies congregate and often they will spend the entire day gossiping, chatting, laughing and adding to their beauty by the applications of lotions, etc.

In the preparation of which the Turk is conceded to excel.

With the spirit of reform in the air, with thousands of women united to fight for the cause, and aided by their husbands, because the latter, too, are actuated by motives of progress, it is more than a possibility of the next decade that one of the annual sessions of the Woman's Rights Congress will be held in Constantinople, once the darkest of all territories for the weaker sex.

Up-to-Date Lingerie and Findings

A FEW years ago when we invested in material to make a dress, we had likewise to invest in quantities of "findings" and finishings. Whalebones were no small item. Dress bras, velvet bindings, inside beltings, etc., were among some of the many little things which went to make a dress complete. But today, we need few of them. Granting that when the dressmaker's bill comes home, you will find the usual charge for "findings," you will see no heavy whalebones and other old-fashioned finishings.

Owing to the fact that all clothes will be sheath fitting, the linings are soft in texture and must cling to the figure. Haloloth and buckram have no place in the gowns of today. Starchy taffetas, have given away to clinging silks without dressing of any kind, such as lousine or liberty. A year or so ago they gave weight and body to a dress, but now they must cling to the finger and stand out as little as possible. If silk linings are beyond the limit of your purse, then do not buy heavy cotton linings with highly glossed finish, but turn your attention to mulis, lawns or other soft-finish goods, which are found at lining counters under various fancy names.

As the waist line is getting higher and higher—now it is almost immediately under the bust—there is no need for whalebones to keep the bodice close into the waist. The new evening gowns fall from this high waist line, and bones are seldom used at all—and if any not the heavy whalebone, but rather some supple manufactured article.

The heavy velveteen binding, once used for skirts, finds no sale today. It made a skirt stand out around the bottom, but now your dress should "slink" rather than stand out. For street wear skirts are hemmed, or faced with the same material and finished off with a mohair braid matching exactly in color. This braid should be put on by hand, showing about a quarter of an inch below the skirt—just enough to protect it from cutting. House dresses are finished simply with a hem.

Do not invest in ready-made collar forms. You can readily understand that no one shape will fit thousands of different necks. Many women invest in these collar foundations, and then complain that the dress is not comfortable about the throat. The collar must be made to order for every individual neck. Chiffon or mousseline de soie should be fitted to the neck, and then boned, after which the material can be put on this foundation.

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All dresses still open down the back, and this calls for innumerable hooks and eyes. Cheap ones are a bad investment. Get those which are warranted not to rust. More than one good evening gown has been ruined by hooks which have rusted from the perspiration of the wearer. Then, too, the warlike kind will not break nearly so easily as the cheaper grade. Eyes should only be sewn on where they will never be seen—such places as the inner lining, etc. If necessary for the outside of a dress, then little loops should be made with silk twist.

Narrow inside belts are always advisable, as they keep a gown in place. But they need not be tight and bind

the wearer. Make them just a comfortable fit so as not to allow the gown to slip crooked about the waist line.

MARY DEAN

On the Way.

Byron Williams, Napoleon, who crossed the Alps and won eternal fame, and Alexander, who humbled Rome and made a lasting name. Each wore the laurel on his brow, each felt the kiss of bay—

But what was that compared to bits along the boyhood way?

The birds are singing songs of love, the sun is gilded red; Aurora bathed in main light arises from her bed.

And where the pathway lilt along beneath the sylvan shade, The King of all the earth plods on in cotton shirt attire!

He goes a-whistling on his way, his heart as light as air; To where the sun is gilding waves in crests beyond compare.

Mrs. Rubberino and Those Vacation Trips

One Real Lady Who Doesn't Believe All That Her Friends Tell Her.

"WELL, of all the wild, improbable, blowy-braggy stories ever heard of, these folks coming back from their vacations now do tell the worst," said Mrs. Rubberino to her caller. "Only day before yesterday that crazy-faced little snip, Mrs. Shuvvin, came panting over to tell me—and as if she really expected me to believe it, too—that she shook hands with the Prince of Wales at the Queen's celebration. Likely, wasn't it? But then I believe I did read that the Prince of Wales did have to shake hands with half the ragtag and bobtail up there.

"And so you're just back from Europe, are you, my dear? You returned by one of the ten or twelve day boats, I presume—from Glasgow or some place like that? No? Oh, you came on the Mauretania. Odd I didn't see your name mentioned among the arrivals on the Mauretania.

"I suppose you had a gorgeous time. How long were you gone? A couple of weeks, I presume. No? Really, have you been away more than two months? How perfectly astonishing! The way time does fly!

"I suppose you were on the go every minute of the time following the Cook's courier around and—How? Oh, you didn't make one of the Cook's tours then? Just you and your husband together, eh?

"I don't know how I came to imagine that of course you went with one of those parties of schoolteachers or something on a Cook's tour. Perhaps I thought that as it seemed as if you had been away such a short time. You know how those personally conducted parties have to gallop around with a guide book always in front of their noses and see things on the jump, and—

"Oh, talking about jumping, that giddyiddy, Mrs. Cutadash, was here a couple of days ago, and she told me that she saw some of the Olympic games in London, and the way she did brag about having been for a minute in the same inclosure with Mrs. George Keppel, and she thought I was believing every word she said, like all the rest that come jumping over here to tell me a lot of fairy stories about what they did on their vacations.

"Why, she even had the impudence to tell me right to my face that her little white she was in the royal enclosure at the races at Epsom Salts—Downs, is it? Well, that's what I said—Epsom Downs.

but positively I myself had to laugh out loud right in the woman's face; it was so perfectly ridiculous. Then she went on to say that the Queen of Italy had charge of a jewelry booth at a charity fair somewhere on Lake Maggiore—Maggiora, is it?—That's what I said—on Lake Maggiore and that was how she came to buy the hideous assortment of trinkets from the queen. Of course, she made that up as she went along when she saw how I wasn't swallowing her yarn, and she was just as peevish as she could be when I broke out laughing.

"Did you get that hat in Paris, darling? Well, now, to tell the truth, dear, I really didn't think it looked like a Paris hat, but I thought it would please you if I asked you that.

"All of these folk just getting back from Europe—and some that only say they're just getting back from Europe—get all sweetly and puffy and preeny and plummy when folks ask them if they got the things they were wearing while they were abroad. Of course, I know that you're not like that, dearie, but—

"By the way, did you see many sheath gowns while you were abroad, dear? Don't you think they are the vulgarst things? I wouldn't wear one of the things to a dog-fight, and if—

"How's that? They're not meant for extremely thin people, Oh, is that so? By the way, you did gain a lot of flesh while you were away, didn't you, dear? You'll have to watch that, you know. I know, or at least I have heard of, of a fat-reducing system that you ought to investigate. Some Danish woman—I can get her address for you—is introducing it here. The thing you'd like about it is that it allows you to just eat and eat and eat and gorge yourself all you want while you're taking the treatment.

"The Danish woman was, I heard, a perfect pig for weight herself before she discovered this system of hers—and I heard that she weighed 178 pounds. Er— you don't weigh much more than 150, do you, darling? My, what a dreadfully poor guesser I am!

"But to get back to sheath gowns, you've met that—er—well, yes, I met say it for she is doubtful—you'd met that doubtful Mrs. Glibby, that lives right above us here? Well, she got hold of a Paris model of a sheath gown, goodness knows where, and she put it on the other evening and came traipsing down here to show me how she looked in it. That is, she pretended that she wanted to show me, but she timed it so that she knew she'd find my husband at home.

in of Mrs. Glibby's. Why in the world didn't you remind me of it before? Well, well! Of course, I shouldn't have mentioned this matter to you if I had remembered your relationship. Poor man, I fear he sadly needed it, for the last time I saw him he looked along as if he didn't have a particle of ambition in life.

"Didn't you meet anybody you know while abroad? Not, of course, that that was likely, for you do go about so very little here in New York, don't you, dearie? 'Died ones hardly ever meets you anywhere. It's a shame, really, that you and your husband don't endeavor to—er—well, I mean to say that you'd have so much better times if you were to seek to establish yourselves thoroughly, don't you understand?

"Because life does become dreadfully dull when one sticks around one's apartment all the time. That, my dear, is what makes you so fat, you see. If you make a genuine effort you know you surely will not lack for invitations, and you and your poor dear husband would be so much better off mingling more in social affairs, don't you really think?

"Surely you are not going ahead? Well, really, I am perfectly charmed, dear, to think that you thought enough of me to come right over and tell me about your delightful fortnight abroad—I mean, about the nice time you had while you were in Europe.

"Your first trip, was it not, to the other side? Oh, dear, no, my husband and I have quite got over our former inclination for European travel. We used to go quite often, you know, but now everybody, or nearly everybody, goes, you know, and one does meet such terrible Americans in Europe, don't you think?

"Now, my darling, you mustn't fail to come and see me often, and—oh, yes, here is the address of that fat-reducing Danish woman—and don't forget that I told you about at least making an effort to be asked out often, and— Good-bye, dearie. Be sure and come again soon!"

After caller's departure:

"Well, I guess I put the bee on her, as my husband says! Fat old creature, coming waddling over here to gloat over me about her miserable old European trip! Well, she had a fine time trying to gloat over me, yes, indeed, and her face looked as long as a window when she went out, and I'm gladdly, gladdly, gladdly!"

A Tale From the Jungle.

A short and ugly monkey while sitting in Behold a mighty hunter shoot bullets one, two, three.

All at a passing elephant, which, winking at the monkey.

Remarks: "He never touched me," and looked off his trunk.

Then up spake Nimrod Junior: "O father, can it be you that I told you about at the shooting?" said he.

Then spake the square deal monkey: "For shame! I saw you fire at me." "You ain't," replied the hunter, "a short and ugly lar."

"It's just the same in Africa," remarked the trusting youth.

"It is the only person who always tells the truth."