

GIVING WALLY BO A RUN

BY
SEWELL FORD
Wherein Professor Shorty
McCabe Does Service
as a Diplomat in
Finance and Love

SAT, it beats me where Sadie digs 'em all up. Who? Why, these young couples that she's always pairin' off. I tell her she ought to go into the business regular, and have some office stationery, decorated with cupids and double hearts, and pick out a motto, like "Get Together."

"And by way of example," says Sadie, "I suppose I could tell them to look at us."

"Sure," says I. "Only it ain't every girl can tag such a prize as you did."

"That is why they need my help, don't you see?" says she.

"You win," says I. "Only don't drag me into such games."

As a rule, though, Sadie likes to play a lone hand in these little affairs; but when she does want help she ain't backward about callin' on me. Generally it's for Mrs. Purdy Pell, or Pinckney, or somebody like that. So when she rings me up the other afternoon, and wants to know if I can't break away early, I don't suspect anything of the kind.

"Guess Sadie can run the studio for an hour or so," says I. "What's the program?"

"I want you to come right up to the hotel," says she. "You'll find us in the tea room. Tony Tolliver's here, and that young Wally. I'm giving them a tea, you know, and I must leave for an hour or so, and— Well, I can't leave them alone, and there's no one else handy; so—"

"Lovely," says I. "I'd look handsome playin' chaperon in a tea room, wouldn't I?"

"Shorty," says she, "you've simply got to come! And you must get a frock coat somewhere and—"

"Do I have to carry a bunch of lilies of the valley too?" says I.

"Don't be silly," says she. "This is serious. Something was happened at the Tollivers'. I don't know just what, and Tony hasn't heard, and you must stay with her until I can back. Now hurry!"

"There was no doin'g," Not having any extra frock coats hanging around the studio, I was going to risk cuttin' it out, when I blows Pinckney, wearin' the very regalia, I needs.

"Get! But you're just in time!" says I. "Shed the johndrew."

"The what?" says he.

"The Bertie coat," says I. "I'm due to break loose as a tea room chaperon inside of 30 minutes, and I need the uniform. Come on, Pinckney! Don't stand there askin' fool questions. Peel!"

"Why, certainly," says he, and off it comes. That's Pinckney. I could have had the shirt too, if I'd said so.

The coat's a little long in the skirts, and I'm some pinched across the shoulders, even without tryin' to hook it up the front; but you can't be fussy about your get-up when you're answerin' an emergency call. Maybe the red and green fancy vest won't just the thing either; but it has to do. All I was worryin' about on the way up was how I was goin' to tackle this new job. I've been master of ceremonies at boxin' bouts, and umpired ball games, and refereed matches on the mat; but this givin' the breakfast signal to a couple of love-doveys was a new deal.

The worst of it was, I wasn't acquainted. This Tony girl I'd seen once or twice, trailin' around with Sadie; but Wally boy was a perfect stranger. All I'd heard of him was that on account of losin' two rich grandmothers he was left in the pinks class, and that he was dead gone on Tony. Accordin' to Sadie, he'd been chasin' Miss Tolliver around ever since the horse show, tryin' to ask her if she wouldn't be his; but she'd been holdin' him off.

You could guess by her last name what part of the country Tony hailed from. Sadie always gave it out as Virginia; but that didn't quite tell the story. Sadie lets it out to me that Tony's late post-office address was Horseshoe, W. Va.; but it was something she was tryin' to forget. Do you blame her? You wouldn't if you could see her once. Say, for her age and weight Tony was the pick of the fruit basket—a head of hair like a load of straw, big blue eyes, and a figure like that asoap bubble girl you see on the perfume bottles.

Seems that the move from Main street, Horseshoe, to Madison avenue, New York, was due a good deal to Miss Antoinette. Papa Tolliver had been a judge down there. Also he owned a lot of up and down real estate, somewhere in the mountains, that his father had left him instead of the old plantation. As it was worth all of 10 cents an acre, the judge turns it over to Tony as a birthday present. But about a dozen years back Sadie'd begun to dig lead ore in that section, and the first thing Tony knew she had mines of her own and was connectin' with more coin every month than you could spend in Horseshoe in a lifetime.

Course, Papa Tolliver was managin' the business, and he got the idea that he was

quite some of a financier. His next think was that he could invest the lead mine surplus a whole lot better if he was nearer Wall Street. It only needed a hint from Tony that she was ready for New York, and the jump was made.

Along with them comes Sister Martha; but she don't count. She was a misprint. Martha was, lookin' about as much like her kid sister as a bunch of raisins looks like a cluster of hothouse grapes. Martha had mud colored hair, parted real sensible in the middle and brought over her ears, and she got her joy out of life by distributin' potted geraniums among the Shorties down on Broome street.

Tony went in for posies some,—orchids and English violets,—but she pinned hers to her fur jacket. The merry swim was

a sudden I remembers Wally. You see, I'd sort of been expectin' to sit around in the wings lookin' foolish, while them two made goo-goo eyes at each other across the table. But here I finds myself bein' played for first leadin' gent, while Wally is cast for a thinkin' part. As I turns to see how he's takin' it, I has all I can do to keep from throwin' up my elbow to block a swing. And he sure was lookin' savage.

"Never mind," says I under my breath. "She don't mean it."

"Eat," says he. "Beg pardon?"

"Ah, cheer up!" says I. "I'll be your turn soon."

But say, he don't seem to get a glimmer of what I'm drivin' at. But he don't care much either, for he only gives me

together and lookin' wild. "Tell me, he-he isn't."

"No, no," says Sadie. "He's all right now. But you'd better go to him."

There wasn't any need of urgin' her. She's made a break for the cloakroom, and before Sadie can move'n give me a bulletin of what's up, she's ready to start. All I could gather was that the old man's got into some snarl over money matters, and the folks at home has caught him wanderin' around the house with a gun in his hand.

Sadie breaks the news to Miss Tolliver after we gets placed in the carriage, and I was lookin' for nothing less than to see her go through the roof. But she don't even faint. She sits there starrin' hard straight ahead, and her hands grippin' one of Sadie's. As for Wally, he seems to have been left out altogether; but through the back window I sees him trailin' along in his cab.

And we sure did run into a stirred up mess at the Tolliver house! The butler that lets us in has the knee shakes the worst way, a red-eyed parlor maid is crossin' herself in the hall, and in the library is Sister Martha, face down on the couch, actin' like she was tryin' to swallow a sofa pillow. Slumped down in a big leather chair is Papa Tolliver himself, with his gray hair all rumped up and his white Colonel Carters droopin' like roosters' tail feathers in the rain. A fine lookin' old boy he was, for all that; but it's easy to see he ain't one of the kind that stands up well under punishment.

Martha lifts her head up for a moment to see who has come, and then she begins to let out the groans.

"Oh, oh, oh! Isn't it dreadful!" says she. "Papa's lost all his money, and now—now I must give up my flower mission, and— Oh, isn't it perfectly awful, Tony?"

That should have been Miss Antoinette's cue to throw herself on the floor and beat her head on the rug. After hearin' them giggles I wait expectin' anything else. But say, what's the use tryin' to size up girls like that? She just gives Sister Martha one sniff and then pikes straight across the room for papa.

"Never mind, daddy," says she, gettin' a side hold and snugglin' her head down on his shoulder. "I have enough for all of us; haven't I?"

That makes the old man wince like he'd stuck him with a pin. He breathes hard for a minute, and then he manages to say, "My sorry, Tony, but yours is gone too."

"All of it?" says Tony.

"Every dollar," says he.

"Then we'll all be poor together; won't we, daddy?" says she, pattin' his cheek. "But perhaps it isn't so bad as you think. Tell me all about it. Please tell your Tony."

And out it comes. Well, it wasn't anything uncommon in these days. Papa Tolliver had been flyin' his kite. He'd got mixed up in a lot of deals that promised well but needed time and coaxin'. To float some of his schemes he'd soaked the lead mines for half their value, at 5 per cent, with an accommodatin' trust company.

Everything was lookin' well, and he was figurin' on buyin' a Fifth-avenue flat with the profits, when all of a sudden the trust five calls in the loan. They gives him five days to cough up \$500,000 or else he's to lose 'em. Tony and Sadie, for good, it's a case of squeeze, with Papa Tolliver as the lemon. He's got only 24 hours left before he'll be on the cash, or lose 'em. That's the situation up to date.

"Why, I think those folks are per-pense with Midhat and his secrets. Midhat fled to Arabia, but was seized and strangled to death by the Sultan's orders. This much accomplished, the Sultan set about the task of disposing of the liberal element, consolidating his power and revenge himself upon the Christians."

But with all this the power of the Sultan was gradually waning. Vast regions he'd been ruined and everywhere throughout Turkey poverty and misery were increasing, while the treasury and the credit of the empire sunk lower and lower. Meanwhile the activities of the "Young Turks" increased, and the party was augmented by enlightened and courageous men of every race and creed in the Sultan's dominions. Among their leaders is Prince Sabaheddine, son of Sultan Murad V, who was deposed. Conspicuously conspicuously they have demanded reform for years until even the hungry, unpaid soldiery saw the justice of the cause and threatened to rebel.

At last the Sultan read the handwriting on the wall and yielded. Whether it is only another cunning ruse on his part time alone will reveal—Chicago Record-Herald.

That time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

what Tony was cut out for; and being a fourth cousin by marriage of Mrs. Twombly-Crane, she found the door to the pool world open. She was learnin' to wear fluffy things that made her look too sweet for any use, and when she strolled across the ballroom floor there was generally a flock of Boodles in tow. Down in Horseshoe there had been only the assistant superintendent of the mine, the clerk in the postoffice, and the new Methodist minister to keep littersed up; but here in our nice little steam-heated village she found the Johnnies grew thicker.

And she was havin' a nice, playful, girly-girl time of it, without gettin' tangled up serious, until this Wally boy bobs up. He's one of these "I want what I want when I want it" chaps, and he wants Tony the worst way. He tries to tell her about it; but as she won't listen he tells Sadie. And Sadie, after lookin' him up and findin' he answers specifications, backs him for a winner. So I can frame up what this afternoon tea business means. It's to give Wally a show.

"That's all right, so far as Sadie goes," thinks I; "but while I'm subbin' on the job I'll use my own judgment. Maybe Wally gets it, and maybe he don't. It all depends on how I like his face."

I'd just thought this out when I fetches up at the Hotel Persazzer. Handin' my overcoat and lid to the cloakroom boy, and tryin' to cover up that red and green vest with one hand, I walks into the tea-room.

"Oh, here you are at last!" says Sadie, meetin' me half way. "There they are, right in the corner. I'll be back as soon as I can, and off she goes."

Well, I strolls over to the table, pulls out one of the Looney Fourteen-street chairs, and springs my best 4 o'clock grin on Miss Tolliver.

"Oh, Mr. McCabe!" she gurgles. "How jolly of you!"

"Ain't it?" says I.

"And you've met Wally, haven't you?" says she. "Oh, then you must!"

I knew the minute I put eyes on Wally that his face didn't suit. Not that I mentioned it. Oh, no! I can be reckless enough at times; but this happened to be one of my careful days. For Wally was something of a boy. I remembers Sadie sayin' what a big, handsome fellow he was. Well, he was big, all right,—shoulders as wide as a flat topped desk and a fist like a maul head. Maybe he was handsome too. It all depends on whether you like so much jaw, and a chin with a dimple in it.

But he wasn't cheerful. Oh, my, no! He looks about as amiable as a 20-pound college halfback when he tucks the ball under his arm, third down, five yards to gain, and starts to hit the line. And there ain't any change in his expression as he turns that pair of gloom condensers on me.

"Oh, to meet yuh," he grunts.

"You hide it well," thinks I. What I said, though, was something that didn't mean anything special.

Then I lets a waiter bring me some toasted crackers and cream cheese and bar le due jam, and tries to head off Tony from pourin' me a cup of tea. But Miss Tolliver is too interested in passin' me out a fine line of afternoon conversation. And say, for the brand, it was great talk. It comes out in gurgles and giggles and gurgles, like pourin' champagne from a bottle; or maybe more like one of these geyser fountains, such as the one in Madison-Square Park,—you know, a gush and then a splash, then another gush and another splash. Sounds a good deal the same too—kind of tinkly, almost as good as music. But say, there wasn't any more sense to it than as if he'd been blowin' on a cornet. You've heard these feather-weights conversers. Why, I couldn't tell you now of a single thing she said in the half-hour I sat there listenin' to her. But she was worth watchin', with her big eyes rollin', and the feathers on her hat noddin', and the pink and white playin' peekaboo in her cheeks.

I'll admit I was enjoyin' it, until all of

a scowl and turns back to watchin' Tony out of them heavy tragedy eyes. Tony, of them heavy tragedy eyes. Tony, of them heavy tragedy eyes. Tony, of them heavy tragedy eyes.

Course, I can see that Miss Antoinette is just outa me for a dummy and givin' Wally a benefit performance. But, not knowin' how much of that kind of stringin' he'd stand without gettin' ambitious to take it out on me, I wa'n't restin' any too easy. I kept thinkin' what a figure I'd cut rough housin' it with a heavyweight in a swell tea room, and me wearin' Pinckney's frockcoat.

Them giggles of Tony's was gettin' on my nerves too. It was awfully cute and something you don't want in big doses. And just as I was wonderin' if there wa'n't any way of turnin' it off, Sadie shows up again, lookin' serious.

"Now, don't be frightened, my dear Tony," says she, puttin' an arm around Miss Tolliver; "but I think you had better go home at once. Shorty and I will go with you."

"But why?" says she, puttin' out her lips. "What is the matter?"

"Well, you see," says Sadie, sparrin' for time, "your father—"

"Daddy?" says Tony, grippin' her hands

together and lookin' wild. "Tell me, he-he isn't."

"No, no," says Sadie. "He's all right now. But you'd better go to him."

There wasn't any need of urgin' her. She's made a break for the cloakroom, and before Sadie can move'n give me a bulletin of what's up, she's ready to start. All I could gather was that the old man's got into some snarl over money matters, and the folks at home has caught him wanderin' around the house with a gun in his hand.

Sadie breaks the news to Miss Tolliver after we gets placed in the carriage, and I was lookin' for nothing less than to see her go through the roof. But she don't even faint. She sits there starrin' hard straight ahead, and her hands grippin' one of Sadie's. As for Wally, he seems to have been left out altogether; but through the back window I sees him trailin' along in his cab.

And we sure did run into a stirred up mess at the Tolliver house! The butler that lets us in has the knee shakes the worst way, a red-eyed parlor maid is crossin' herself in the hall, and in the library is Sister Martha, face down on the couch, actin' like she was tryin' to swallow a sofa pillow. Slumped down in a big leather chair is Papa Tolliver himself, with his gray hair all rumped up and his white Colonel Carters droopin' like roosters' tail feathers in the rain. A fine lookin' old boy he was, for all that; but it's easy to see he ain't one of the kind that stands up well under punishment.

Martha lifts her head up for a moment to see who has come, and then she begins to let out the groans.

"Oh, oh, oh! Isn't it dreadful!" says she. "Papa's lost all his money, and now—now I must give up my flower mission, and— Oh, isn't it perfectly awful, Tony?"

That should have been Miss Antoinette's cue to throw herself on the floor and beat her head on the rug. After hearin' them giggles I wait expectin' anything else. But say, what's the use tryin' to size up girls like that? She just gives Sister Martha one sniff and then pikes straight across the room for papa.

"Never mind, daddy," says she, gettin' a side hold and snugglin' her head down on his shoulder. "I have enough for all of us; haven't I?"

That makes the old man wince like he'd stuck him with a pin. He breathes hard for a minute, and then he manages to say, "My sorry, Tony, but yours is gone too."

"All of it?" says Tony.

"Every dollar," says he.

"Then we'll all be poor together; won't we, daddy?" says she, pattin' his cheek. "But perhaps it isn't so bad as you think. Tell me all about it. Please tell your Tony."

And out it comes. Well, it wasn't anything uncommon in these days. Papa Tolliver had been flyin' his kite. He'd got mixed up in a lot of deals that promised well but needed time and coaxin'. To float some of his schemes he'd soaked the lead mines for half their value, at 5 per cent, with an accommodatin' trust company.

Everything was lookin' well, and he was figurin' on buyin' a Fifth-avenue flat with the profits, when all of a sudden the trust five calls in the loan. They gives him five days to cough up \$500,000 or else he's to lose 'em. Tony and Sadie, for good, it's a case of squeeze, with Papa Tolliver as the lemon. He's got only 24 hours left before he'll be on the cash, or lose 'em. That's the situation up to date.

"Why, I think those folks are per-pense with Midhat and his secrets. Midhat fled to Arabia, but was seized and strangled to death by the Sultan's orders. This much accomplished, the Sultan set about the task of disposing of the liberal element, consolidating his power and revenge himself upon the Christians."

But with all this the power of the Sultan was gradually waning. Vast regions he'd been ruined and everywhere throughout Turkey poverty and misery were increasing, while the treasury and the credit of the empire sunk lower and lower. Meanwhile the activities of the "Young Turks" increased, and the party was augmented by enlightened and courageous men of every race and creed in the Sultan's dominions. Among their leaders is Prince Sabaheddine, son of Sultan Murad V, who was deposed. Conspicuously conspicuously they have demanded reform for years until even the hungry, unpaid soldiery saw the justice of the cause and threatened to rebel.

At last the Sultan read the handwriting on the wall and yielded. Whether it is only another cunning ruse on his part time alone will reveal—Chicago Record-Herald.

members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

It contained the same high-sounding ring of sincerity as his recent utterance to the effect that "all in the nation are members of the committee of union and progress, and I am their president, set me together and make the country prosperous."

In 1878, as now, a parliament was elected by the people. That parliament met twice, in 1878 and 1879, and then, as now, a general gathering, in which were represented the scores of creeds and races that make up the vast empire on three continents—Moslems, Protestants, Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenian Catholics and Jews; Turks, Albanians, Bulgarians, Armenians, Macedonians.

For the first time a frightful struggle was in progress between the Christian Slavs and the Moslem Turks in which Russia played a prominent part. Whether it is true, as has been claimed, that the action resulted from a secret treaty with Russia, which did not relish the idea of being the sole despotism in Europe and agreed to maintain Abdul in his throne if he would abolish his parliament, the fact remains that the Sultan peremptorily prorogued the parliament, and it stayed prorogued from that day until yesterday.

For it is only 22 years ago that a similar "new era" was joyously acclaimed throughout Turkey, when this same Abdul Hamid proclaimed, soon after his accession to the tottering throne, that "the welfare of the Turkish empire lies wholly in the full and sincere application of the constitution."

fectly horrid!" says Miss Tony. "Didn't you tell them they were, daddy?"

No, daddy hadn't.

"Then I'm going to," says Tony. "I know just where the building is."

Course, Papa Tolliver tells her she mustn't think of tryin' to do anything of the kind, and Sadie asks her not to be foolish, and when she turns to me I

strikes me that of course the shop will be shut at that time in the afternoon.

"Goin' to let her have it out with the janitor?" says I.

"Janitor?" says he. "No."

"You won't see anybody else this late," says I.

"Perhaps I can attend to that," says he. "I thought that was just a bluff; but I hanged if he don't give a nod to the

special top outside the gates, and the next thing I know were bein' led in through the marble corridors and behind the brass doors.

"You will find the president in there," says Wally, pointin' to the ground glass