

Kicking the Turks

"Monsieur" Issa, Albanian Hero, Type of Warrior That Threatens Ottoman Empire.

How Albanian Leader Has Successfully Led His Countrymen Against Turkish Forces—He Refuses to Be Beaten and Turks Despair—Story of His Tense Career.

BY BERTHA SPENCER.
CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 27.—(Special Correspondence.)—"Monsieur" Issa de Boletini is overloved. He has at last a chance at his ancient foe, the Turk. He has a weakness for death, plunder, chivalry, humor and for being called "Monsieur"; and the accommodating Turk in taking the field has fulfilled an ancient Issa ambition. He has long been rebuilding with jagged flints his oft-battered Kutias; and sharpening his sword and his pen for this final war on the Turk.

Monsieur Issa is the greatest of Alban heroes since fifteenth-century Skanderbeg. He is bravest, noblest, most chivalrous, most villainous, most vain, of Balkan warriors; and he knows it. When he was born on a cold March morning in 1870, his mamma foretold that he would live in blood, but die in peace. And at the age of 3, healthy Issa was found playing in the blood of an Albanian murdered by robbers and left on the road. Thus Monsieur Issa began.

Issa's first political exploit was his vengeance on Russia's Consul, Stcherbina. That was nine years ago. Issa had been raising the devil in the hearts of the men—and of the maid—of Mitrovitsa; and he was particularly incensed because the brown-checked Albanian maid Lihme served in Stcherbina's house. Issa threatened Mitrovitsa. There Schamyl Pasha had 12 battalions—about 7000 men—and Issa had 1800. Nevertheless he threatened to attack the town. When Stcherbina heard that Issa was talking big, and threatening to abduct his servant, he requested Schamyl to turn his artillery on the hills where Issa sat. The first shell went beautifully through the head of Issa's blood friend Buran. Issa saw his chance.

He reminded Buran's brother that good Albanians forget no injuries. The brother stole down to Mitrovitsa; laid a skillful ambush for Stcherbina; and shot him through the head.

Issa had vowed at Stambul to love Abdul Hamid; and he kept his vow. He kept it by waging war on the Young Turks. That was the cause of the Albanian revolts of 1910 and 1911. When, in April, 1910, Schefket Pasha, with 20,000 men, started from Ueskub to Wertsowitsch to fight Issa, Issa cut the railway and held up all the trains. Issa defended for a week the Pass of Katschank, and retired only when threatened by Schefket from the rear. With 11,000 men he outwitted 10,000, and got away. That is the sort of foeman the Turks must go against in the present war.

At Katschank, Issa made his reputation for daring and ruthlessness. When his men seemed wavering he ran onto the billicrest, and exposed himself. A shell ripped up his petticoat. When his 18-year-old nephew tried to run away, Issa sent a volley after him, and brought him down.



Monsieur Issa de Boletini, Greatest of Albanian Leaders and Heroes.



Abdol Hamid, Who Gave Boletini a Pension as a Reward for Good.



Some of Issa's Followers in the Hands of Turks.



Schefket Pasha, Famous Turkish General, Who with 3000 Troops was Outwitted by Boletini with but 1000 Men.

shot till all 30 Turkish captives were dead. Issa was accused of treachery. "The guns went off by accident," he said. That is Issa's way. He is a cultured humorist. When fighting Schamyl Pasha, he wrote the Turk commander scented epistles in flower-embossed en-

velopes; and sent them south to Kupitli, where they were put in the ordinary post. He knew that Schamyl was a lover of ladies; and had several lady lovers, Kupitli and Krushero. The scented letters were in unintelligible Albanian; and when Schamyl had them translated, he found they breathed war, not love.

Seven times within the last decade the Turks shelled or blown up the Kula fortresses belonging to Issa. Issa either rebuilt them or changed the spot. When his third Kula was captured by Schefket Pasha, the Turks found the walls of Issa's room adorned with derisive verses. They were written by Issa's tame bard and blood-thirsty blood-brother, the Albanized Serb, Kovitsch. Even in plain Albanian Issa is no scholar.

Tales innumerable are told of Issa, some of them true and some of them as false as Issa's word. Were he an Englishman, he would wear a dozen Victoria crosses pinned to his broad breast; were he a German, he would be the vain owner of enough Iron Crosses to make another cannon. His forces vary in numbers, but however large, there is hardly a member who will not tell you that he owes his life to the quickness, the skill or the bravery of Issa Boletini.

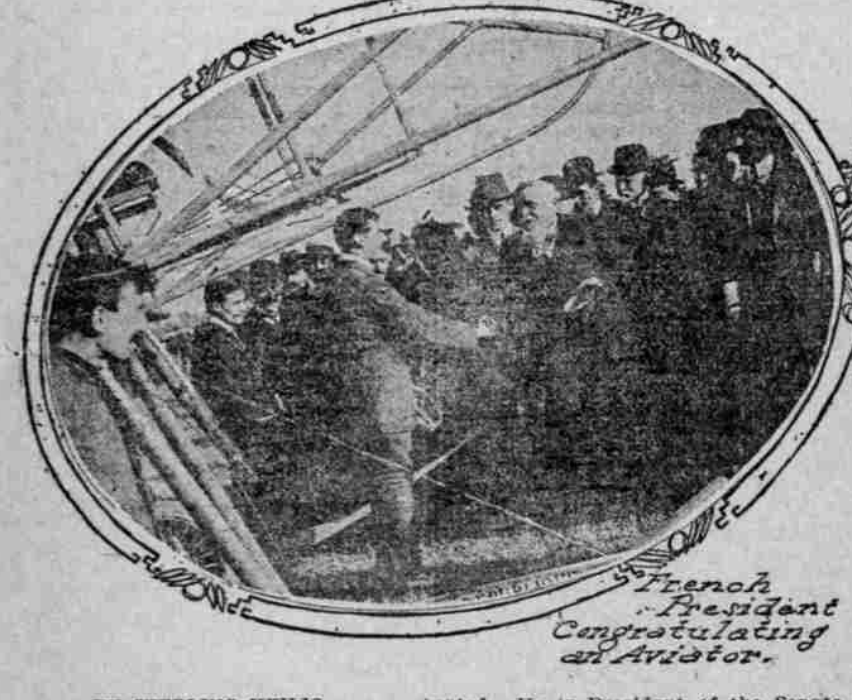
Election of a President

The French Are Not Interested in Coming Quietly Election When New Executive Will be Selected.

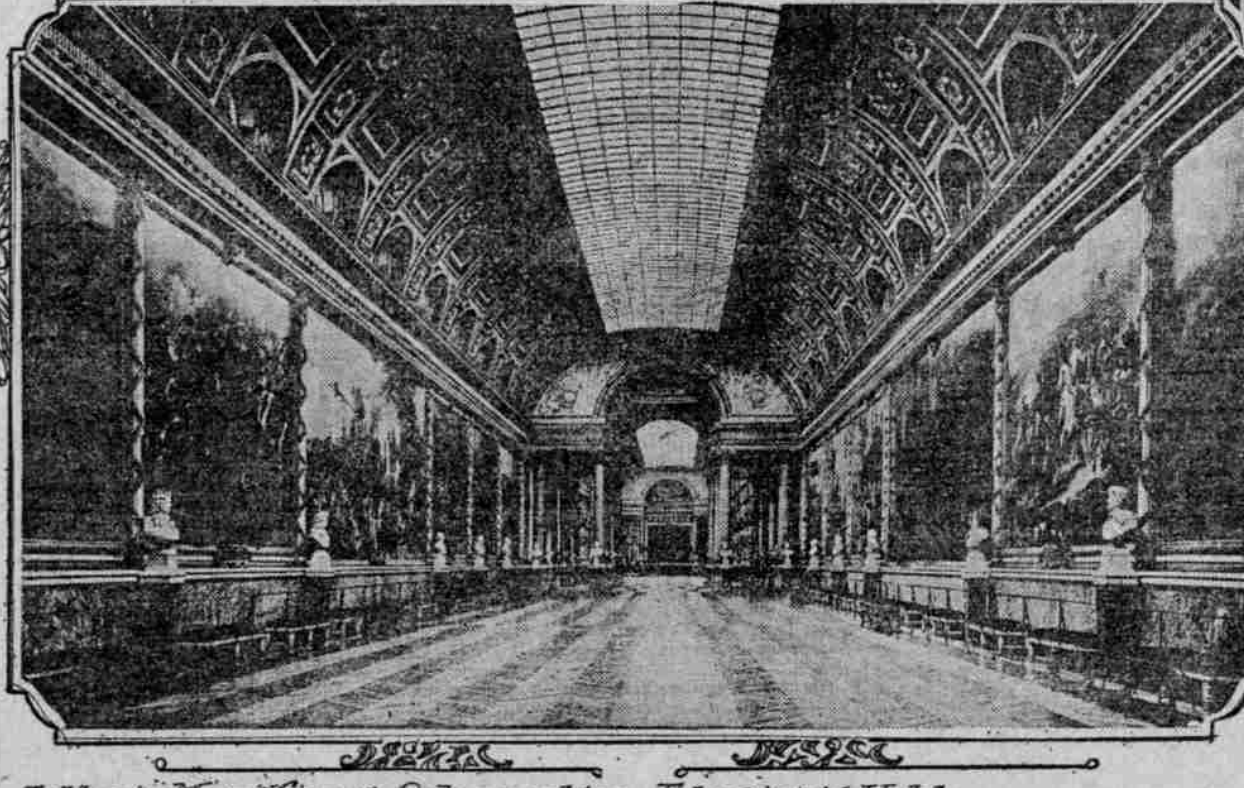
Ask the Frenchman, "Who Will Be Your Next President?" and He Will Reply, "I Don't Know."—President Is Mere Figure-head, Who Takes Little Part in Government.



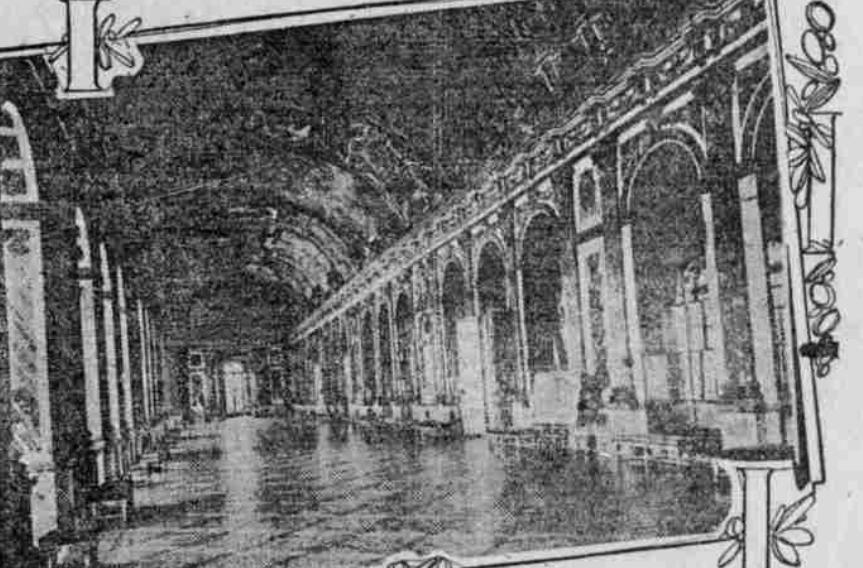
Palace where Presidential Elections are Held.



French President Congratulating an Aviator.



Ballroom in Magnificent Palace where Election is Held.



Hall of Mirrors where Choice of President is Agreed Upon.

BY STERLING HELLIG.
PARIS, Oct. 26.—(Special Correspondence.)—The French Republic is also choosing a new President. They call him a President. Let it be a lesson to us.

Paris is President of the Senate, as were Loubet and Fallieres. More and more the influences and considerations electing to the one office elect to the other, if the President of the Senate wants it.

Dubost wants it. Now aged 67, he fought Napoleon III as a giddy young Republican with Henri Rochefort, and, like Rochefort, he even had a touch of communism. Dubost was at Versailles. But tranquil office-holding ever since has made him immensely tranquil. If he becomes President, the Elysee receptions will partake of the sweet household charm of Dubost vacation evenings at La Tour-du-Pin, where, invariably, at 3:50 P. M. the President of the Senate rises and says: "Serve the camomile!"

The guests follow from porch to parlor. They sip their camomile. Invariably at 3:10 P. M. arrives another old friend, the Registrar. "Another cup for Monsieur the Registrar," says M. Dubost. Silence! Until for a third time the voice of the President of the

Senate is heard: "Let us stroll down and watch the 9:30 express pass." But who knows? Suppose they want a pretext to kill him? The aged ex-Senator Freycinet, recently, at Vienna, was trapped into talking about Dubost's chances.

His cabinet says: "Sign this." He signs. How do otherwise? Suppose it be an appointment. The President's own personal friends are all provided for—in reason. After which he must let his cabinet make the mass of the appointments. Suppose he refuse to sign? If the job be important, there will be a little cabinet quarrel. But if he repeats, there will surely be a secret cabinet meeting—without the French President.

Tool of the Cabinet. The cabinet's decision will be sent him: "You sign these appointments, or we shall resign." Why not let them resign, you say? But the President had chosen those cabinet members exactly for their influence. Cannot he choose another cabinet, you say? Yes, but the Senate and House must accept it. (Felix Faure could not keep the Leon Bourgeois cabinet because the Senate balked.) And when a President cannot keep any cabinet, he must resign, as did Grevy and MacMahon.

ing together of all good men to meet the Morocco crisis, he was the guarantee given to Radicals, who otherwise might not have rallied to such a Moderate as Poincare. Some men get, and probably deserve, a reputation for ability and get the confidence of all. Leon Bourgeois is such a shadowy enough figure, in truth, but certainly a bulwark against Conservatives. No one seems to doubt that if he wants the Presidency he can have it. So much so that when, recently, his son, the young doctor, tall, big, rawboned, rough dressed and offhand, lunched with two husky friends from the Prefecture of Police at the Grand Cafe, a sprig of the Royalists implored: "Three gentlemen of the court." But would Bourgeois be content to sign papers all day? What papers? The French President don't know.