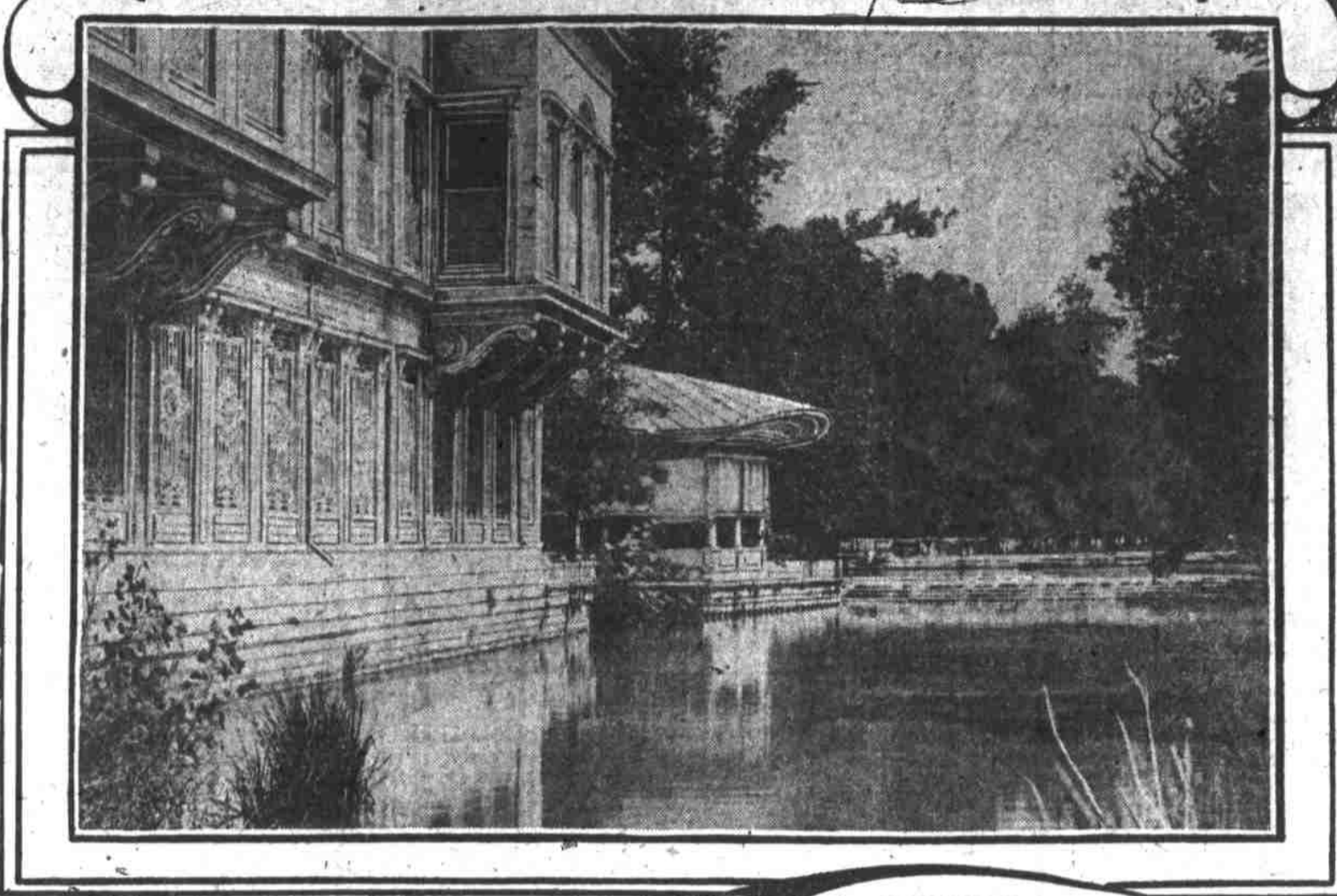


# THE MISERIES of a HAREM and a WOMAN who ESCAPED



One of the Imperial Harems in Constantinople



Princess Ouroussoff who escaped from a harem

## Will the New Order of Things in Turkey Evolve a Real Home Life?

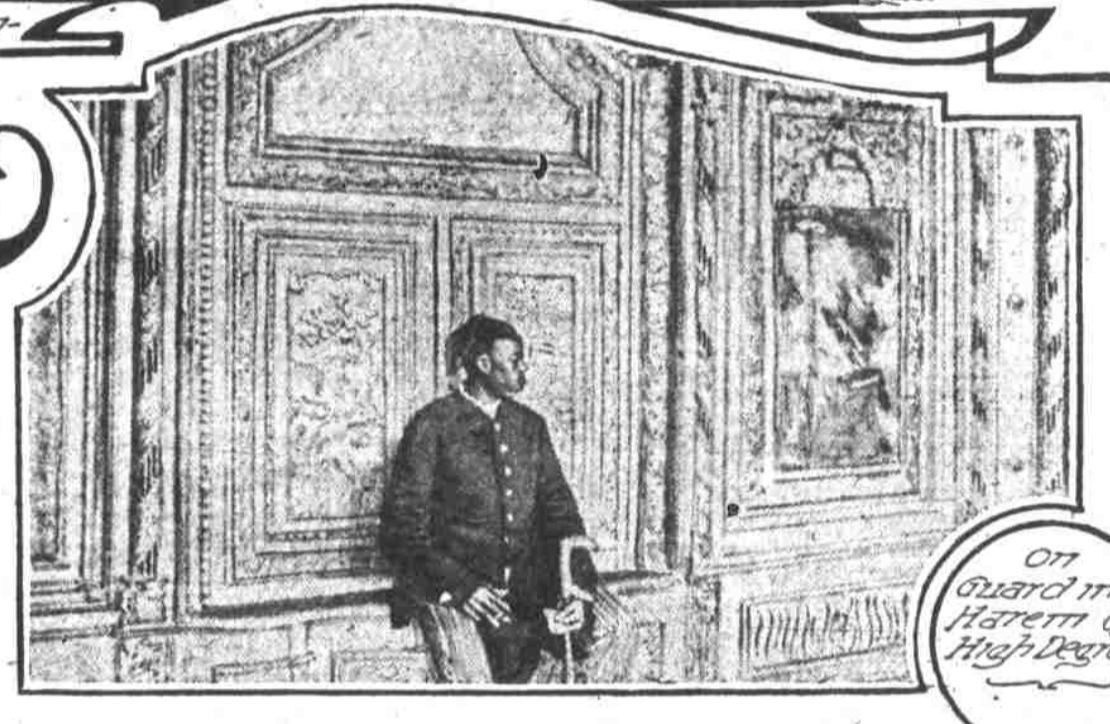
WHEN a woman of more than ordinary intelligence and education, and with all a woman's instincts of refinement, escapes from a Turkish harem, a narrative of her adventures is apt to prove of more than ordinary interest.

More than one woman has escaped from the slavery of the harem, although the number is pitifully small compared with the number still doomed to that fearful life.

It was thought, when a constitution was granted recently by the sultan, that the condition of Turkish women would be vastly improved. Then came the tumultuous political events of the last few weeks, and the whole scheme for the emancipation of Turkish women seemed to be in the air again.

Princess Cheref Ouroussoff, wedded in Paris to a Russian nobleman, has entertained her friends frequently with accounts of her experiences in a Turkish harem—and in a harem of high degree, since she was a niece of the sultan of Turkey and wedded to one of the high lords of the Turkish empire.

Her escape from harem life was sensational, and her marriage later in Paris to a Russian nobleman—she had been divorced by her Turkish husband—was a subject of keen anxiety to the Porte. It is only recently that the princess has felt emboldened to give to the world a story of her life in a harem.



Guard in a Harem of High Degree

couple are begun without delay, and upon a purely business basis.

The poor girl selected as the bride has no voice in the matter and no expression of her wishes regarding ceremony or the after-life is permitted.

Her wedding day is one of horror, instead of happiness.

Dressed in her nuptial finery, she must sit in stately silence while relatives of both pass in review and comment upon her charms or lack of them.

After this ordeal she is conducted to the room that is to be hers and there, for the first time, the husband is permitted to gaze upon her face.

Perhaps he may be pleased with the bargain, perhaps not.

If pleased, he gives her slaves and jewels; her life thereafter is one of ease, even if it must be spent within the walls of the harem.

If he is not pleased, he may divorce her and get another wife, or he may simply divorce her in position and get another wife anyway.

Filling the harem is simply a matter of financial possibility in Turkey and other Moslem countries.

While the Turkish law prohibits the enslaving of Turkish women, every head of a harem may have as many as four wives—in such cases these, as a rule, are little better than slaves.

The Turk, too, may fill his harem with Circassian slaves; in fact, comparatively few Circassian girls who develop beauty of face and form escape this fate.

When there are several wives in a household there are continual intrigues, plottings and in many instances actual crime.

The sudden and mysterious disappearance of a wife is not regarded, usually, as a subject of police inquiry.

Favored women of the harem have little to do except to dress in such fine fabrics as are provided for them and to pass the time as entertainingly as possible.

Slave girls dance before them and play on musical instruments; female friends may visit them and professional entertainers are permitted to amuse them at times. Such entertainments, however, are generally made up



Street Carb of a Turkish Woman



A Woman of Rarik wearing the 'Yashmak'

from one of them is usually followed by swift punishment.

When the woman of the harem goes out for a drive or for a shopping expedition she is as closely guarded as a prisoner; she must envelop her face with the "yashmak," a veil that conceals all the features except the eyes.

There is little wonder that the women of Turkey yearn for the advantages and position that women of other lands enjoy—their friends, their lovers, their amusements and their liberty.

Immured for most of their lives within high walls, the world of their limited vision from latticed windows seems a panorama of the unreal—a dream.

American women cannot realize what it means never to be free, to be always in subjection, to have no will of one's own, but to be always swayed and governed by that of the man at the head of the household, whether father or husband.

Were you to ask a Turk, father, say, of two boys and three girls, the question "How many children have you?" he would promptly answer, "Two."

The girls do not count.

This picture of life in the harem of the sultan was given by a writer recently:

"The women nibble sweetmeats and grow fat; sometimes they are driven about in carriages, or taken out in boats on the Bosphorus, but usually the days go by in monotony.

## IS there a CURE for the MADNESS of LOVE?

HAS science discovered the germs of human love?

Are we all mad when we fall in love?

Does love make men, and women, violently insane?

There is a whole handful of questions which, suddenly springing into prominence, are setting the medical profession of Europe by the ears.

As for America, we seem to be ready to take sides, for and against, on all of them.



"Friends," declared Dr. Briand, director of the Villejuif Asylum, "I have studied insanity under its every aspect for years and years. And I am prepared to state positively that love has never been the main determining cause of insanity in anybody."

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"I do not see how Dr. Briand got the idea," declared Dr. Vallon, one of the famous alienists of the Sainte Anne Hospital. "People who love to the point of madness are rare, but I guarantee that there are some. I have known them. One could suppose—this was the true rapturist thrust—that Dr. Briand had never loved, and was incapable of violent passion."

Paris began to grow really worried. What if one were likely to go mad via Venus? Three counts, one marquis and a perfume manufacturer began to send violets to their wives. French society was in danger of a debacle. Dr. Herillon, director of the Paris Hospital for the insane, plunged into the widening breach.

"My friends," he announced, "be calm. Though you fall in love, I can cure you. All persons having a fixed 'affective' idea show greater sensibility in the left side of the body."

"We can cure love's madness by massage and electrical stimulation of the other side. As soon as the sides balance in sensibility you are cured."

**AN EXPERT'S OPINION**

After that the discussion followed the paths of the great ocean liners, which are chronically infected with love germs, across the Atlantic. Dr. William J. Dugan, of the department of neurology, in Jefferson College, in Philadelphia, one of the foremost medical institutions of America, was very positive, out of the fulness of his varied observations.

"Of course love can cause insanity. It frequently causes melancholia, which, when it proceeds to the stage of dementia, is madness."

"I have under treatment now a woman, long melancholy because of the loss of her husband, who has repeatedly fallen into the condition of dementia. I fear the outcome must be permanent insanity, and, ultimately, death."

"As for the hypersensitiveness of one side of the body, it is the fact that cases of hysteria with such anesthesia, mere hysteria—not love."

"Many cases of nervous disorder, including acute melancholia, are improved by electricity and massage, as they are helped by good feeding and good hygiene, scrupulous oversight, and, wherever it is at all possible, the awakening of an interest in some absorbing occupation."

"Love melancholy is to be handled like any other melancholy. The important thing in all such cases is to prevent the patient from brooding over the cause and the condition of unhappiness, whether real or imaginary."

So, in spite of the startling denial by Dr. Briand, it is quite possible the poor Coquelin went mad for love, and so can other true lovers, who deserve a better fate.

There is only one remedy: Forget it.

The consensus of medical observation is that nature has obligingly endowed most men with very good forgetters.

"The lunatic, the lover and the poet are of one breed, and of one kind; one sees more devils than vast hell can hold. That is the madman; the lover, all as frantic; the poet's pen and the lover's eye; the madman's eye is the madman's eye."—Shakespeare.

**COQUELIN** the younger, darling mime of Paris, mirth-evoking child of genius, is largely responsible for the turmoil.

He invested in certain business schemes a large part of his savings—but not so large a part that its loss would ruin him. At the same time, he was in love with a prominent Parisienne.

If these two adventures had proceeded happily, the mirthful Coquelin, according to some doctors, might have gone on same as a miser; or, according to others, he might have gone back and grown mad as a hatter.

But both went wrong. He lost his money, and he lost his love. His insomniac would have none of him, and alas for Coquelin! His antics and his mimicry were funnily sad in the sacred secrecy of his heart, while they beguiled into uproarious laughter the thousands who admired him at the theater.

The strain proved too great. Some fearful crisis appeared so imminent that his friends called a consultation of physicians. He was removed to a sanitarium.

He was wild over his immurement. He schemed with a cunning no guards could circumvent. He escaped, and trudged his way through Paris to his own doorstep where, weak, fainting, he sank upon the stones and was recognized in the tears of his hysteria.

Paris stirred to its sentimental depths by the plight of its dear Coquelin, vented its wrath upon the speculators who had got his money. But the speculators made it clear that they were speculating in perfect legitimacy, and, also, that the dear Coquelin was far from being ruined. They adroitly diverted attention to his romance of the heart.

Paris promptly harked away on the new scent, finding fresh viols of wrath for its new, and fairer, the madness of that brave Coquelin.

But now the gallantry which has ever distinguished the Gaul came to the championship of the silent and permit it to be averred that she was the cause of Coquelin's woe.

**LIVES ARE PURPOSELESS**

"They wander like ruminants in the garden or loll in the hot baths; phonographs make music for them; they play with pet animals; they have a theater in the palace where Turkish troupes perform; they tell each other interminable stories in the Eastern way."

"Another side of the picture: Highly paid musketeers are kept to beat them or inflict the bastinado on their feet. Poisoned coffee, administered by a rival, is a ceaseless menace."

"Now and then a sack is dropped into the Bosphorus and a poor little former favorite is seen no more."

Now and then, too, a woman escapes from harem slavery and horrors, as the Princess Samy did, but such escapes are few. There have been vastly many more tragedies resulting from attempts to escape.

The Princess Samy waited and planned for freedom many long and weary months. One day she managed to dodge by her guardians and escaped by the home of a former slave whom she could trust.

There she remained in hiding several months, tortured continually by fear of capture. In that case she knew the bowstring would speedily clutch her neck and that her body would join those of hundreds of others at the bottom of the Bosphorus.

At last the panic-stricken woman succeeded in getting aboard a French steamer. She disguised herself carefully, but even then was followed and inspected by several police agents before reaching the wharf. Once on board she revealed herself to the captain and placed herself under his protection.

Without the help of the former slave, however, she could not have procured the passport and dress of a woman of the lower class, which were essential to the success of her plan.

**CURIOUS FACTS**

A LONDON paper tells of a New York man who after letting the nail of his forefinger grow for more than a year, until now it is nearly an inch long, had had it cut and shaped like the nib of a goose-quill pen. Whenever he wishes to use pen and ink he dips his finger into the ink and scribbles along at the top of the nib.

The proper distance between the eyes is the width of one eye.

The beautiful patterns which are used for sea-mere shawls are frequently copied from the feet of the begonia.

Africa has several hundred languages and dialects. No living representative of the animal kingdom has more than five toes, digits or claws on each hand or limb. The horse is the type of the ungulate creature, the camel, of the two-toed. The rhinoceros of the three-toed and the hippopotamus of the four-toed animal life. The elephant and hundreds of other animals of different orders belong to the great four-toed tribe.

Frost has a variety of effects upon different users. Under the same influence some will have as 'es contract and potatoes turn black.

**NO** greater sensation was ever caused in Constantinople than by the escape of the princess, then the wife of the Imperial Prince Samy. Prince Samy, however, speedily availed himself of the very convenient divorce laws of the Turkish empire and cast off the woman who had fled from his roof and ways.

After her escape the young woman went to Paris. There, in course of time, she met the Russian Prince Ouroussoff, who was well known in the foreign colony of that city of foreign colonies. The ensuing romance soon culminated in marriage.

It isn't often, as previously stated, that a woman escapes from a Turkish harem. The dash of the Princess Samy to liberty stirred the Ottoman empire as few things had done. The sultan sent instructions to his ambassadors everywhere to look out for the runaway woman and to report her presence wherever she might be found.

Even after her marriage to Prince Ouroussoff, a most distressing espionage was kept upon her. She could not leave her apartments in Paris for a ride without being subject to the eyes of a half dozen or more detectives; her comings and goings were as well known in Constantinople as in Paris.

At Monte Carlo, where the prince and princess spent their honeymoon, their footsteps were dogged continually by detectives employed by the sultan's government.

There was nothing unusual, according to Turkish ideas, about the life this woman led in the harem to which she had been consigned. But her revelations, since her escape, have thrown a different light upon the harem slavery of the country.

**SLAVE EXCEPT IN NAME**

When a Turkish girl reaches her teens she loses her personal liberty and identity. She enters a harem and her individuality is about that of a convict in an American prison, who is known by a number.

Princess Ouroussoff spent a great part of her young life in a harem at Constantinople. Her father was an aide-de-camp to the sultan and a general in the Turkish army; when she was old enough to figure in the peculiar matrimonial intrigues of that land she realized that she was a slave in everything except name.

In the land of the Mussulman are many, very many, thousands of women still living in the horrible form of slavery that is sanctioned by Turkish marriage customs. It is true that a wife—at least a favorite wife—is pampered and feted, has slaves to wait upon her amid surroundings of silk, satin, jewels, and such other evidences of favor as the husband chooses to bestow, or is permitted by his financial condition to bestow.

With it all, she is a slave in everything except in name.

In the first place, marriage is not a voluntary thing, influenced by affection.

Her husband does not see her face until after the marriage ceremony.

Matches are arranged by the parents.

A mother whose son has reached the eligible list calls upon another with marriageable daughters. She looks over the young women of the house with critical eyes and may or may not be pleased.

If she is pleased, arrangements for the future of the