

The picture entitled "1814" is a magnificent creation, for which the accompanying study of the "man of destiny" was made. It shows the Emperor shortly before the catastrophe of March, on his return through France before the alliance. This scene from the later days of the First Empire, Meissonier supplemented by another picture, of uncommon size for him, which portrayed the Emperor at the sunny height of his power and success. This is the world-famed "1807," or "The Cuirassiers of Friedland."

For several years the artist worked at it. In the year 1867 the picture stood, apparently well-advanced, in his studio at Poissy. 1873 found it, yet unfinished, at the World's Fair in Vienna. In the foremost principal group certain contemplated changes were outlined with chalk, which were to be put in over the figures of horses and riders already beautifully painted. This group in the first design was the head of a regiment of cuirassiers, dashing from right to left crying "Vive l'Empereur!" while the Emperor holds a small eminence against the enemy in the middle distance.

The "1807" was bought by the late A. T. Stewart, of New York, for \$60,000. At the sale of the Stewart collec-

tion, last spring, it was bought by Judge Hilton for \$66,000, and presented by him to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, where it is one of the most prized treasures of a rich collection. Among other works of Meissonier in this country are "The Vedette," which sold for \$1,000 at the sale of the Harper collection, and "A Standard Bearer," bought by H. Schaus, at the Spencer collection sale, this spring. "Charity," "At The Barracks," and a portrait of Meissonier, by himself, were also in the Stewart collection. In the Vanderbilt collection there are several examples of Meissonier's genius, notably "The Arrival at the Chateau."

Of his school, there are only three French artists: his son, J. C. Meissonier, Gros, and E. Detaille. In one of the latter's pictures, "The Passing Regiment," in the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, a likeness of Meissonier may be recognized in one of the on-lookers at the right. Meissonier has countless imitators among artists of all nationalities, and many of them are more or less successful in copying certain lesser mannerisms of the great "little-master;" but while genius, taste and spirit may be emulated, they are qualities which defy imitation.

HAREM LIFE IN TURKEY.



THE air of mystery which has always surrounded Turkish domestic life, and the stories of marvelous Oriental beauty and magnificence have created and maintained an interest and curiosity that have never been satisfied because the Turkish people never have and never will allow foreigners admittance into their inner circle, whether it be a man or woman who tries to penetrate its sacred seclusion.

The Turkish women are not at all stupid; many of them are really intelligent. Book-learning is not permitted, as it is thought that it would make them dissatisfied with real life; yet, even, though deprived of all educational advantages, they are still charming in their native simplicity and gentleness, their graceful manners, and lavish hospitality.

Turkish women are far from being the abject slaves to their husbands' caprices that most people suppose, and the code of laws that protects their rights, though adapted only to them, is still almost fatherly. The law provides that a husband's company shall be given to each wife in turn, but only after business hours: a husband very rarely sees his wife during the day. Temporary marriages, by mutual consent, are often made; and the marriages are all civil

contracts, which leave all wives power over their own estate. A Turkish woman can sue or be sued without requiring any legal representative, and she may at any time summon her husband to court when he fails in any of his obligations. The husband is not liable for any of his wife's debts, except for the necessities of the household, like bread, meat, etc., but he must maintain her and give her her dowry or portion in case of divorce. A man may divorce his wife at any time, by holding his hands above her head and saying, "I divorce thee," and can send her home to her parents. They rarely do this, however, as in case they ever "make up," a bitter and humiliating punishment is inflicted upon both before they are allowed to live together again. Wives are not obliged to bring a *dot* or dowry when married; some gifts and a few household goods and clothes are all that are considered necessary.

Sultans are under no legal obligations toward their wives, holding them as gifts from the nation, and the Sultan is amenable to no law. No Sultana is ever divorced; if one offends, she is either banished or quietly suppressed, though the sack and bow-string are supposed to be things of the past. Every woman who is honored by the notice of the Sultan, whether simple slave or odalisque, becomes a legal wife if she becomes a mother, and is then entitled to a separate suite of rooms in the palace, with her own train of attendants and carriage; and her caprices are just as extravagant as those of the legal wives,—that is, the wives raised for the Sultan and given him at every Ramazan. In the Imperial or any other harem, the first wife is called *basca-dine hanum*, or first lady, and she is held in high respect by the later comers; a respect often enforced by tooth and nail.

The routine of harem life is the same everywhere except with the poorest Turks, where, of course, there is not so much state. The *haremluk*, or women's department, which also signifies sacred, is so completely and entirely shut off from that part of the house devoted to the men, that there is

absolutely no communication, and the women cannot see into it from any point. Their own department has latticed windows, made in diamond panes not over an inch and a half long, and firmly fastened so that it would be an impossibility for a Turkish woman to be seen from the outside. These windows are also set very high.

The harem generally consists of one very large living-room, and opening into this is the corridor, on each side of which are suites of three rooms for each wife. In the palace, however, there are two more large rooms, where the Sultan sometimes visits. The living-room has one or several rugs on the floor, which in some cases is tiled, but generally is of plain boards. All around the sides and in the corners are divans. They are made of two very thick straw mattresses placed one on the other, with perhaps a layer of sheep's wool*over the top one, and these are covered, in nine cases out of ten, even in the wealthiest houses, with brilliant chintz, printed with big, gaudy flowers. At the back are straw pillows, packed so hard that they will stand up straight, against the walls. These are also covered with chintz or reps, or, in rare instances, with satin brocade.

A few cushions made of feathers, with velvet or satin covers heavy and stiff with gold and silver embroidery, and tassels made of pearls, turquoise or coral beads, are scattered about carelessly. These cushions belong to the different women, and they are very adept at embroidering them. A few inlaid stools stand about, holding trays of sweetmeats, tobacco jars, and cigarette paper. Sometimes there are lace curtains, sometimes they are of tapestry or chintz; but more often there are none at all at the windows. The afore-mentioned things, with a large, fly-specked looking-glass, are about all the decorations there are in a room. The walls and ceilings are frescoed with red, green, blue, and gilding, and this, with what is enumerated above, is Oriental magnificence. There are no chairs, and as to Turkish rockers, there were none ever heard of in Turkey. There are never any pictures or statuary.

The rooms which belong to each wife separately are a sitting-room and two bed-rooms. Matting covers the floor, with here and there a rug. Very few women have bedsteads. When they do, they are of brass. When bedsteads are not used, the inmates sleep upon the regulation Turkish bed, which consists of twenty or thirty thick quilts laid one on top of another on the floor, and covered with sheets made of raw silk. A wadded gown, called *gegelik*, is always worn to sleep in. There are divans in these rooms, also, and on them the female slaves and the children sleep. The divans, and numerous brass-studded camphor-wood trunks, are absolutely all the furniture in these apartments, excepting here and there an inlaid stool or tabouret, to serve as a table. At night all the windows are tightly closed.

There are no stoves nor means of heating the rooms in winter (which is exceedingly rigorous), except by *mangals*, which are copper and brass open brasiers, filled to the top with ashes, in the middle of which smolders a charcoal fire; and the half-frozen inmates gather around this to enjoy the little warmth it imparts. In winter, men, women, and children wear in the house long coats lined with fur, which keep their bodies warm. Without these garments they would perish.

The women sleep and live alone, and it is a very rare occasion when the husband steps for a few moments into the harem. The chief eunuch signifies to the wife who is chosen that she is to prepare for admission to her husband's private room, and from his orders there is no appeal.

Each wife is permitted to choose her own clothes and jewels, and the furniture of her own rooms. She cannot make her own clothes, nor any article of utility; but may embroider and decorate her clothes after they are made, as much as she

likes. The Turkish women are very expert with their needles in working gold embroidery and that which admits of using pearls, coral, and turquoises in its patterns, and also in making beautiful and durable lace of silk threads.

The chief "magnificence" in Turkey is the disregard of valuable jewels by the women. They care fully as much for a cheap, pinchbeck necklace as for a priceless diamond, as soon as they have become possessed of it. Everything they have not got is beautiful to them. Once it is theirs they throw it about so carelessly that it is astonishing to strangers. They lounge about on the divans until late in the day, seldom even combing their hair, dirty and disheveled, with their clothes all creased by sleeping in them, and eat sweets, drink coffee, eat their five regular meals, and quarrel, sleep, talk, or sing, as they feel disposed; and the floor is littered with fruit-peels, nut-shells, cigarette ends, candies, jewels, artificial and natural flowers, and babies with their crude home-made toys.

The babies deserve a special mention, as their sufferings would move a heart of stone. As soon as a baby is born it is wrapped in a tight bandage about ten yards long and three inches wide. A little, long-sleeved cotton shirt, open in the back, is its only garment. A thick wad of soft cloth is passed between the thighs, and the feet are drawn close together outside of this, which makes all Turks bow-legged in the thighs. This is removed every twenty-four hours, and the wrapping is kept up until the child is six or eight months old, by which time it is partially deformed for life. A little wadded quilt is wrapped around the outside of all the other bandages, and this also tied; so that the poor baby is a helpless mummy, unable to move anything but its head, and a living prey to hundreds of bugs—which they don't seem to think of much importance in Turkey, and simply call them "wood-fleas."

When a woman becomes a mother she rejoices, as it gives her a new importance in the eyes of her husband, particularly if the child is a boy. The monthly nurse takes the new-born babe to the father before it is dressed, and he gives her a present, according to his means, and usually sends one to the mother. They keep a stock on hand in the Sultan's treasury, and rarely a day passes that one or more is not claimed. When a boy is born to the Sultan, twenty-one guns are fired at Tophané, and seven only for a girl. No father visits the mother of his child for ten days, and then he goes just to say that she is to be congratulated, and leaves as quickly as possible. The Sultan never visits a wife under the circumstances, and rarely enters the harem.

When a baby is removed from its wrappings for good, it is, if a boy, put at once into pantaloons, in some cases of brightly flowered chintz, or satin in bright colors, or into a regularly made uniform with the rank of a general, colonel, or captain. A garlic is invariably fastened to a baby's cap to ward off the influence of the evil eye. The girls are put into much the same style of garments as those the mother wears. There is no intermediate stage. Large-patterned and highly colored chintz is a favorite material among Turkish women, and the brighter the colors the better it suits them. They have no eye for artistic effect. In their embroideries, which are so much admired for the well-selected colors, the beauty is due to the fact that only such colors will last, which they know, and so have to use them.

Turkish women are considered utterly irresponsible beings, which accounts for the constant watching they undergo. Each woman in the palace, as well as among the common people, has her own *ayah*, or nurse, who takes care of her and waits upon her with the self-denying love of a mother; for an *ayah* takes charge of a girl baby and remains with her until death. Besides the nurse she has other servants and slaves, each having her own particular duties; and

imagination cannot depict the utter abandonment to idleness which characterizes Turkish women. They don't know how to kill time. They rise in the morning cross and exhausted from the impure air of their sleeping-rooms. They have no incentive to look their best during the day, and they consider their bath sufficient cleanliness, unless some ladies from other harems send word of a projected visit. In this case they rouse themselves and dress for company. No one comes unawares, which would be the height of impoliteness.

They receive guests with charming simplicity, and act at all times like children, and with their unconscious grace. When visitors arrive they are offered first, coffee, then sweetmeats, which are served in crystal glasses, with two other glasses, one full of little gold spoons, and the other empty. Each guest takes a spoon and helps herself from whatever kind she likes best, taking one spoonful and swallowing it. She must on no account dip her spoon in a second time, nor take more than one kind, and then must place the spoon in the empty glass. Water is handed around, and then cigarettes, while they all chat pleasantly and without reserve, though rather noisily. The women show their babies, their newest jewels, or their embroidery. Beyond this they cannot go, for it is the limit of their intelligence. When the *bascadine hanum* thinks the visit has lasted long enough, she claps her hands for more coffee, and, no matter how little time they have been there, the guests must go as soon as they have taken the second cup. This is never meant as an impoliteness, but simply to show that some other engagement or potent reason makes it necessary; though sometimes the *bascadine hanum* does it to vex the younger wives who would enjoy the company of the guests longer. But it is imperative.

No Turkish woman ever goes out alone. Either one of her children accompanies her, or a friend among the other wives, for they often form warm attachments among themselves; and they are always attended by eunuchs, great, horrible-looking creatures, black and repulsive: the more repulsive in appearance, the more valuable as a bugbear.

The bath takes up so much of a Turkish lady's time, and fills so important a place in her amusements and pleasures, that it requires especial mention. The finest bath, and the one frequented by the grand ladies of the highest harems, except those who have their own baths, is Backse-hammam; and here the one-horse coupés arrive, each filled to overflowing with a wife, an *ayah*, a slave, and one or two friends, and frequently little girls over nine. At this age girls reach their majority and are considered women. They are often married at ten, though usually not before fourteen or fifteen. At twenty a girl would have small chances for a husband in Turkey.

The bath is constructed on entirely different principles from those in this country. The walls are made hollow, and the heat goes between them and is not oppressive. The air is kept pure by an ingenious system of ventilation, which still does not cool the air. Each successive room is hotter than the other, and marble slabs are arranged to lie on. The *ayahs* and slaves attend their own ladies, and no other attendant touches them. In the last room there is an immense fountain which sends a showery spray of warm rose-water over each marble slab on which lies a lady, while her servants wash her with a kind of clay called *pilo*, which raises a thick white lather and makes the skin like milk. While on this slab all superfluous hairs are removed by means of strings cunningly twisted and held by teeth and hand.

After the bath is ended, the ladies go to a great room where they give themselves into the hands of professional beautifiers. These women are also quite expert dentists. The hair is first dried, and every particular hair is picked

out loose, no comb being used. The whole body and face are then sponged with balm of Gilead, which is very universally used. This leaves the skin like marble and sheds a delicious resinous fragrance. After this the eyebrows and lashes are stained a very dark brown, almost black, with *kohol*, and then a coating of white arsenical grease paint is laid on as thickly as it will hold. Over this the cheeks are painted a brilliant crimson, and the lips stained as red as it is possible to make them. The hair is braided in two or several braids, which are left hanging in the back, and it is usually banged across the front, the bangs being cut in notches. Sometimes it is not, but is parted on one side and laid in waves over the forehead. The hands are bathed in balm of Gilead, and the nails stained a brownish red and cut to a point.

Then the bathing wrap is laid aside and the lady makes her toilet. First she puts on a Broussa crape chemise, called *pembazar*, with long, loose sleeves, and open V-shaped in the neck. Above this she puts the pantaloons, which are made long enough to fasten at the knees and still fall down to the feet, making a sort of divided skirt of them. They are almost a yard wide, and invariably of chintz in an immense, gaudy pattern, or bright-colored satin; never of thin material. They are gathered around the waist with a string. They wear no corsets nor anything approaching them. Above the pantaloons they put a skirt, the four breadths of which are each a yard and a half long. These breadths are not sewn together, with the exception of the two back ones, which are sewn half-way to the bottom. In the house these take the place of a train and are always left to float behind, and sometimes the two front ones are passed between the limbs and also drag behind, or are tucked up in the belt, as they always are in the street. Outside of the crape chemise they wear a jacket which buttons snugly about the bottom of the waist with three gold buttons (some have diamonds), and this jacket is stiff with rich gold or silver embroidery, oftentimes pearls or other jewels being worked in. The jackets are of velvet or satin. The sleeves are snug and reach only to the middle of the upper arm, though often there are no sleeves at all. The neck is cut out in Pompadour style, in a manner to leave the entire bust exposed, this being partially covered with the crape. Around the waist a thick Cashmere shawl is tied, making an unwieldy wad; or a wide silken sash, some four yards long, is wound several times around, and one end allowed to fall loose. Wide bracelets studded with precious stones, rings of all kinds, and a multiplicity of necklaces, some of great value and others utterly valueless, are all crowded on together. A black velvet band is often sewn full of gold coins and worn. It does not seem to matter to a Turkish woman what she wears so that the colors are brilliant. Rings are worn outside the gloves, and white gloves are preferred.

When the clothes are on, then comes the decoration of the head. A piece of card-board cut so as to form a peak in front, like a Scotch cap, is covered with brilliant green, yellow, red, pink or blue satin, and this is fastened upon the top of the head like a crown. On this are pinned cheap and gaudy artificial flowers, and jewels of rare value, imitation jewels, coins, coral or other pendants, as full as it can hold. Then comes the *yashmak*, or veil. This consists of two pieces of *crêpe lisse*, each a yard square, and each piece folded on the bias. One piece is drawn around the lower part of the face nearly up to the eyes, covering all the lower part, and pinned up firmly on the top of the head. The other piece is then brought over the top of the head, the fold lying across the forehead just above the eyebrows, and covering all the garish ornaments on the top of the head with a transparent film which hides all the defects; and the lower part reveals the face but gives a delicate softness

to the outlines, and the high coloring shows through in the faintest and most delicate tints. With this the dark eyes and eyebrows show in beautiful contrast, and even an ugly woman would appear beautiful "made up" as are the Turkish women, and with the ethereal refinement lent by the *yashmak*.

But if the veil is lovely, what words can express the ugliness and awkwardness of the *feridjee*, or wrap. This is like a long, shapeless night-gown, usually of black farmer's satin, though it is not uncommon to see them made of pink, emerald green, bright purple, or sky-blue satin. There is a shapeless piece or flap which reaches from the shoulders to the heels, to further disguise the figure. The whole figure seems bunched and awkward. Some of the Turkish women wear Congress gaiters, but the majority prefer the loose slippers. None wear long stockings, some, however, do wear socks. If the face is covered and the figure hidden under the *feridjee*, it matters not that their feet are bare. A bright-colored parasol is another needful adjunct. The matching of colors in a costume has never been known among them.

Feeding the doves in the court of the Mosque of Doves is a favorite amusement with Turkish ladies in Constantinople. A *hodja*, or priest, sits daily between the columns and sells corn by the *para*, and in the afternoon veiled ladies, with little bags in their hands, feed the fluttering flocks of doves that surround them.

Marriages are arranged among the Turks by old women who go about among the harems descanting upon the beauties of such or such a girl. When a young man is sixteen, or thereabouts, his mother begins to look about for a wife for him, and she keeps her ears open to all reports, but does not trust any one exactly. After balancing the reports, she makes up her mind as to the one she thinks might suit, and finds out what day the young girl in question is going to the bath. She goes there also, armed like all the rest with a substantial lunch, to make a day of it, and she watches this particular young girl with eagle eyes, taking in all her "points," as they might say about a horse. If the young girl does not reveal any deformity or ugliness, she sends the next day to the mother of the girl, who does not know that she has been weighed in the balance of a future mother-in-law's judgment during her hours of frolicsome play in the bath. If the girl's parents consent to the proffered marriage, the prospective bridegroom sends the engagement-ring to his young betrothed, and preparations are made for an immediate marriage, or sometimes the marriage is delayed. This, however, is only when very little children are betrothed by their parents; ordinarily the marriage takes place within a few weeks. It goes without saying that the prospective bridegroom has never seen his betrothed, at any rate to speak to her.

The wedding festivities last seven days: three days to take leave of the young girl friends and life, three to become acquainted with the married women, (at this feast they eat a dinner of plain boiled leg of mutton, as a foretaste of the realities of married life), and the last day is the final leave-taking. The young man has in the meantime held feast with all his friends, either with his parents, or at his own house if he is to set up housekeeping alone; but he comes to the house of the bride's father on this day, and sits with the men in the *haremlik* while the *Imam*, or priest, comes and performs half the ceremony, and then goes to the *haremlik* where the bride makes her responses, after which the priest pronounces them married, though they have not yet met. Then they are brought together for a few minutes, the bride being thickly veiled, while the priest reads a short service, and the young man is received as a son-in-law by the bride's parents, at whose house he remains three days.

Towards sunset on the third day after the wedding, the

cavalcade, with a long retinue of gorgeous servants, each bearing on his head a brass tray filled with the bride's gifts and covered with colored tarlatans, goes to the bridegroom's house. When he can get away from his young men friends, after the ceremony, he goes to the room where his bride is sitting upon a sort of raised platform, and kneeling begs her to raise her veil that he may be struck blind by the dazzling radiance of her beauty, at the same time offering her his wedding present. This is the first time he speaks to her or sees her. Subsequent marriages are never attended with any ceremony. The husband simply "takes" or buys any other woman. When a girl marries she has no longer any home but her husband's, and she is utterly cut off from all the male members of her own family. No brother can even inquire after his sister, or father after his daughter. He can only say to his son-in-law, "How is your house?" even if he knows she lies at the point of death.

The Sultan's mother chooses for him the wives that are given to him yearly at the feast of Ramazan after the forty days' fast. The Sultan does not require any ceremony even for the first wife, it being considered so great an honor for any woman to attract his notice. There are a certain number of candidates, quite small children, offered every year for the honor of being raised for the Sultan. These children are trained with care so as to develop their beauty and to have them of a proper degree of *embonpoint*, without which no Turkish woman is considered at all pretty.

Six months before Ramazan, the *valide Sultana*, or Sultan's mother, chooses fifteen out of the lot as being the prettiest, and strange to say freckles are considered a great point of beauty. These fifteen are then "purified" by being subjected to a bath in perfumed waters, and fumigation from the gums of which balm of Gilead is made, and they are fed largely on a milk diet, no rich foods being allowed. The last day she chooses the loveliest of the fifteen, and at night when the Sultan retires he finds the poor, frightened child, for she must not be over fifteen, standing with crossed arms at the foot of his bed. She must stand there all night if the Sultan chooses to absent himself. The other fourteen girls are given in marriage to men in high favor, or they have the choice of becoming odalisques, with always the hope that maternity will lift them to legitimate wifehood. The most of them feel honored at this chance and accept it.

Every wife or legal Sultana has her own suite of rooms and attendants, and as soon as she is lifted to the position begins a life of the wildest extravagance, as far as the gratification of her caprices is concerned. No matter what a royal *hanum* wants, she must have. The wives of the sultan can ask anything of him after having passed the night in his apartments, and so other women who have access to the ladies of the Imperial harem are bribed by others to drive this or that one out of office, and put in such an one, or to appoint some other woman's son a general, colonel, or captain; and these matters are managed so adroitly and with such system that to change a ministry and exile the Vizier it is but necessary to manage through the women.

There are about six thousand persons attached to the palace at Dolma-Backjee, exclusive of the soldiers and guard imperial. All these are fed and paid out of the Imperial treasury; and the extravagances of the women and the Sultan and his children keep it depleted to such an extent that, in spite of the cruel extortions of the tax-gatherers in Turkey and her unfortunate dependencies, there is never any money for public improvements, unless it be borrowed at exorbitant interests, and mortgages given on future revenues. Not only all the women of the harem, of whom there are nearly nine hundred, and each with an average of ten attendants, must be supported, but all the widows of former Sultans must be maintained in proper state at Seraglio Point.

There are some eight hundred widows there, of all ages. They are held sacred because of having once belonged to a Sultan, who is regarded as one next to divine. They never leave their place of seclusion after widowhood.

The Sultans care, apparently, very little for their children, and only receive their first-born sons at stated intervals during the day. Each one has a nurse and *dada*, or tutor, from birth, and they are taught to think themselves infallible and almost divine, and they set their childish wits to work, like their mothers, to study out new extravagances.

The Sultan sleeps in crape drawers and undershirt, with a thick wadded gown outside called *gegelik*, and in winter has also a crocheted cap. In the morning the Sultan rises, is dressed by six female slaves, and then he says his prayers with as abject submission as any other Mussulman, however poor. He sometimes walks in his garden, and then he takes his breakfast seated on a divan in his favorite bedroom, which looks out on the Bosphorus. His meals are served in little golden pots and kettles, with no other dishes, and only a fork and spoon. The chamberlain has to taste of every dish before the Sultan eats. The Sultan rolls up his sleeves and simply gorges himself, and then pats his stomach until he hiccoughs. Then he takes his coffee and cigarettes, and is ready to receive his courtiers and attend to business.

Five times a day the Turks who are able have stated meals, before which the men say their prayers, kneeling and bowing their heads to the ground every time, and lifting up their ears by the thumbs with outspread hands,—which is to aid them to hear any heavenly voices,—and spitting right and left to drive away evil spirits. The Turks believe that they have two attendant spirits, one good and one evil; and to be sure of driving away the bad, they spit both ways. The Turks believe implicitly in the evil eye and its influence, and they do many things to ward off its misfortunes. They are very superstitious, yet believe in destiny, and bear all their troubles with fortitude, no matter what they may be. They are enjoined to be charitable and merciful, and so they are to a remarkable degree, when you consider that they are the most ferocious, heartless, and cruel people on the face of the globe to all who are not Turks. They are very merciful to their dumb beasts, kind to their children, respectful to their parents, and hospitable to strangers, as far as offering food or shelter is concerned; but their friendship they do not give.

The Turkish cookery is in many respects unlike any other, being for the most part either too highly seasoned and greasy, or else too sweet and insipid. There are one hundred and fifty cooks in the Palace, and others in the different kiosks. The means for cooking are primitive, and most of the meat is boiled, or baked before a fire. The bread is excellent; the pastry is not pleasant to foreigners generally, as it is made with mutton fat, and almost all the cakes are boiled in honey or syrup after being baked. The *tan-kiouksu* is made of breast of chicken stewed with milk and sugar until it is a stiff paste. *Baklava* is forty leaves of pastry inlaid with bruised almonds and pistache nuts, baked, and then afterwards boiled in sugar. *Khalva* is made of flour, sugar, and butter, and is sticky, and disagreeable to a foreign taste. *Serail-lukumassie* are cup-cakes, baked and then boiled in syrup. Cakes for the very poor, called *courubahatz*, are made of the suet from the immense tails of the Caraman sheep, without sugar. Eggs, fish, fowls and birds; mussels, which they stuff with rice and herbs; brains, tongues, sheeps' feet, oysters, cockles; mutton, boiled or roasted, or stewed with quinces, apples or prunes, and both salted and sweetened; meat stewed with egg-plant; egg-plant stuffed and baked, stuffed cabbages, *keftai*, or potato fritters, okra, tomatoes in every style except raw, and as sauce for almost every-

thing; beans, squash, melons, fruit of all kinds; *caseaval*, or winter cheese; *chair*, or summer cheese; pancakes and *kahabs* form the staple of their food, with the addition of many kinds of sweetmeats and jellies, the making of which is a secret to themselves, and several kinds of home-made candies, and last always, but not least, a big dish of *pilaff*, which is very good and usually made of rice, butter and tomatoes, though there are several other manners of making it, with meat, etc.

The meals are all cooked together, according to the size of the family, and when ready to serve are dished up in copper, silver or gold pots and kettles. A separate set is filled for the *haremlik*, and the *selamluk*. Sometimes both departments eat at the same time, but never together. The servant whose business it is to bring in the meals places all the pots and kettles on a large brass tray, and this he covers with felt richly embroidered with gold, to keep the dishes warm. The women or men seat themselves flat around an inlaid stool about eighteen inches high, and on this is placed another large tray. Each person then receives a knife, fork, and spoon, a big pancake, and a large piece of bread. The meals are served in courses, a kettle being a course. This is set upon the tray, and each person can dip out three or four spoonfuls, but no more; and that kettle is removed and another set on, and so on until after dessert, when the big dish of *pilaff* is placed on the tray. After this the hands are always washed (and they need it), and all rise and go to the divan and take their coffee and cigarettes there. The *bas-cadine hanum* is always served first; after her everybody else takes as they can reach. What remains in the kettles then goes to the nurses and the children, and after that to the servants, according to their grades. They all have the same, and no servant is ever made to rise until his meal is ended. The boys, after they are six years old, eat in the *selamluk*.

The Sultan eats alone always, never on any occasion, no matter what, eating with anyone. At dinners of ambassadors, he comes in the room where the Grand Vizier and others are doing the honors, and passes around the table saying a kind word or bowing silently, and then he disappears. It is an unwritten law that every guest shall have a present of something given him as he goes away, as otherwise they would leave the influence of the evil eye upon the house.

The amusements are singing and looking at magic-lantern representations, which are often the reverse of delicate or refined, but they are irresistibly comic. There are also occasions when dancing girls are admitted to the harem, and once in a while a juggler will be allowed to perform in the court-yard, and the women, veiled, are permitted to see the performance. It is an astonishing thing to see such numbers of idle women living together and so constantly in each other's society without serious breaches of the peace; but these women very rarely quarrel seriously, and the disorder is always quelled by the chief eunuch, who has the power to whip them if they do not obey when he commands silence.

Turkish women are not trusted with money. They go to the bazars frequently, in their carriages, sometimes even on foot, and there they make their selections which the accompanying eunuch orders sent to the house, C.O.D. Beautiful filigree jewelry is to be found in Turkey. In fact, it is the finest in the world, and very much admired everywhere for its fineness of wire, of work, and the superior strength and purity of gold. Nearly all the coffee-cup holders, which are made somewhat in the form of egg-cups, are made of exquisite filigree, either silver or gold. Even the poorest people will have silver to serve their coffee with. The coffee itself is placed in tiny porcelain cups, and these are set into the top of the filigree cup when handed around. The coffee is made by



FEEDING THE DOVES IN THE COURT OF THE MOSQUE OF DOVES.

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putting a tea-spoonful of finely ground Mocha coffee and one tea-spoonful of sugar, for each person, into a small quantity of cold water, and letting it almost, but not quite, boil. It is immediately poured out and served, grounds and all, and sipped without spoon, milk or cream. It is delicious and refreshing after one gets used to it, and is supposed to give zest to cigarettes.

When a Turk dies, the relatives are forbidden to weep, but rather rejoice that a saint has reached Paradise; so tears are quickly suppressed, no matter how hearts may ache. As soon as breath has quitted a body, the professional dresser of the dead is sent for, and a most thorough system of cleansing carried out. The body is then wrapped in a winding-sheet, outside of which the clothes of the person are placed. Then a very frail wicker or thin board coffin is brought, and into this the body is laid, and sometimes even before it is fairly cold it is carried to the cemetery and buried. The graves are very shallow, not over two feet deep. A coin is put into the mouth of the dead person to pay his passage across the "river of death." The reason of the frail coffins and the shallow grave is that the body may decay more quickly, as it is thought that the soul will go wandering around and not be able to enter the abode of the blest as long as any flesh remains on the bones.

Men only are supposed to inherit Paradise, the women having an inferior order of souls, unworthy the exquisite joys prepared for all devout believers. The women who have been unworthy in life will go to *Shaitan* (or Satan), and those who have been good will go to a pleasant place where all their senses will be gratified; but this life is all they can look to for its own recompense. The funeral procession generally consists of a priest, and a few male relatives and slaves, who go on a regular jog-trot with the corpse on their shoulders, so as to hasten the release of the soul from its agony of union with a dead carcass. They believe that the body is dross and vileness, and only the worthless covering for the spirit within, that cannot die nor be defiled. So when a Turk dies, only his useless and valueless covering of clay falls off like a disused garment, and he himself is delivered from its dragging load. Kismet (it is fate) and his time had been written in the Great Book from the beginning of time.

Of the pure and holy joys of home as we understand it, of the real significance of marriage, or domestic peace and unity of interests, there can be none in Turkey. Ignorant, enslaved, and secluded, told they have no souls, no mission on earth except to pander to their master's grossest passions, it is no wonder that these poor, child-like women look no farther than the gratification of the senses. With education and emancipation there would be some hope for them. As it is there is none.

OLIVE HARPER.

A Mad Ride.



O you ask me the cause of that single lock of white hair over my right temple? Well, I will tell you now, though for a year after the event occurred which caused it, I would not mention the subject under any consideration.

One bright autumn afternoon, I dressed myself with unusual care to make a call on a Mrs. Mark Doliber, whose husband was in close business relations with mine. I went to the — Hotel, where she was staying, and on sending up my card was told the lady was not feeling very well, but would like to see me if I would come to her room.

"Show the lady to 350, sixth floor," said the man in waiting, with the usual flourish to the man in the elevator.

I found a gentleman already in the elevator, and, while waiting to see if no one else cared to be taken up, I had a good look at him. He was a very large, finely proportioned man, with a singularly attractive face. He did not seem inclined to be seated, but walked from the elevator into the hall and back, and then from one side to another (for it was a large, square, very showily furnished apartment), apparently desirous of examining the workmanship. He entered into conversation with the man in charge, asking him questions about the machinery and management; and before we reached the third floor they were excellent friends. The elevator-man had imparted his entire stock of information as to the running of his car, and had been delighted at the impression this knowledge seemed to make on the stranger.

At the third floor we stopped, the elevator man evidently expecting someone. He stepped into the hall to take a survey, when like a flash the door shut to and the car started up. The gentleman turned to me with the calmest, most benignant smile.

"Madame," he said, "I knew you would much prefer to be served by a gentleman of quality than by that clown. Where can I leave you?"

"Stop for the elevator man, I implore of you," I cried; "you do not understand managing the machinery."

"Indeed, madame, you injure my feelings very much. Just as though I had not manipulated the elevator for his Highness the Shah of Persia, as well as for the Emperor and Empress of China, and the Great Mogul of India!"

"Please leave me at the sixth floor," I answered meekly, too much disconcerted to reflect that there were only one-story buildings in any of the countries he had enumerated.

"Certainly, you shall be left at the sixteenth floor," he replied as we passed the door where I fain would have entered.

"I said 'sixth floor,'" I rejoined with some asperity.

"Oh, pardon me, ever fairest if not dearest. You do not mind if I wait until the return trip before leaving you?"

Something was not right with the man, that was certain. He was silly, sentimental, light-headed; and he was also vigilant and on the alert. He would not let me come near the door or the operating cable. Up, up we went, till we reached the top. I was in hopes he would not be able to start the machine down again, and I called to a passing domestic, "Open the door for me, quick!" But it was of no use; we had started down, and the woman called after me, "The doors only open from the elevator, ma'am."

When I glanced at my companion's face, after this appeal to the servant, I saw it had undergone a change. Instead of the bright, benignant expression, with the cheerful smile coming and going, there was a dark, angry scowl, and his handsome eyes, that had rested on me in admiration, but an instant previous, flashed forth such wrathful glances that I felt they would burn if they did as their owner wished. A chill crept over me as I asked myself the question, "Can this man be insane?"

"Madame," he said fiercely, "you have grossly trespassed on my forbearance. I would have served you like a slave; and see what a return you make!"

With every word he uttered his passion grew hotter and hotter. Instantly I saw that I must try pacific measures; and with a calmness that I was far from feeling, I said: "Sir, I did not mean to be ungrateful; ingratitude is something I despise. Let me thank you a thousand times for your desire to serve me."

The scowl, the anger, the passion vanished as soon as they had appeared. He took my hand, and nearly reducing it to a shapeless mass by the vehemence with which he pressed it