Democratic Matchman.

Bellefonte, Pa., March 1, 1912.

The Awaking of the Older Nations.

Marvelous Wave of New National Life Sweeping Around the Earth-Conglomeration of Races and Religion in Turkey.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS. Constantinople. - Turkey awoke with a scream. The recent history of the new regime in this country was quite unintelligible to the western world. The popular shrilling of "Liberty!" "Justice!" "Equality!" "Fraternity!" resounded throughout civilization. Mullahs and Armenian priests, green-turbaned descendants of the Prophet and Protestant Christians fell on one another's necks indiscriminately in a delirium of rejoicing. It was the intoxication of the wine of civilization. The ancient, long-suffering and sadly used Ottoman empire was beside itself with joy. The transformation of Turkey into a constitutional government will probably be ranked as one of the great events of the new century.

The reason for all this is that the nation's sleep had been a nightmare. America has never developed a very deep or intelligent interest in Turkey. Consuls have for years hammered hills of old Stamboul, St. Sophia away on the neglected trade opportunities here, and missionaries have nificent than St. Peter's in Rome, or talked of the social and religious conditions of the empire. Even in the safety of the free west nobody dared say that Abdul Hamid was several the gaudy Don in Berlin, or historic degrees worse than the ogres of the St. Stephen's in Vienna. Greeks, Arfairy tales. Up to the year 1908 Turmenians and Roman Catholics dream key was more benighted than China. and prophesy of the day when the. New ideas and popular rights had more opportunity in the celestial king-dom than in this nation which bestrides the two continents of Europe and Asia. The cuming resourcefulness of the most tyrannous ruler of modern history was used to keep-out all that makes for enlightenment.

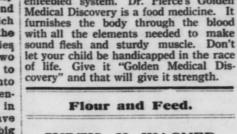
The Dark Days of Turkey. Everybody whom one meets on the streets of Constantinople knows from ersonal experience the horrors of the old regime. Nobody was allowed to study true maps or read real history. lobody was permitted to travel abroad. Private letters, as well as newspapers and books, were censored by officials more alert than intelligent. They required that any book which mentioned Turkish history should call a defeat a "retrograde advance." After censoring some bibles, one of the multitudinous stories current has it, the functionary querulcusly enquired, "Who is this man Paul, who is writing to those Galatians?" and massacre. The dagger was at the back of every person of force or initiative or progressiveness. The emaciated and trembling body of that archcoward and tyrant Abdul Hamid could have bathed for months in the innocent blood of the half million people whom it is estimated he had put to death. Nobody knew whose turn and the latticed windows of the would be next. Covetousness, revenge, jealousy and, above all, fear conspired to point the assassin's dagger. There was a world of significance in the remark made to me by an old resident of the empire as we rode up the Bosphorus last week: "All the big palaces within sight belonged to Abdul Hamid." Nobody was allowed to prosper greatly except the Sultan.

printing press is silently accomplish-ing, not only in Turkey, but in China and Persia, and the other backward countries of the world. With the uncensored press have come books. A man may now read anything he pleases in Turkey. My bag of books received not a second Such was the night from which Turkey awoke with startling suddenness. Is it any wonder that this historic city, once the capital of Rome and of Greece and of the Christian empire, glance at the Custom House, which a city more truly than Jerusalem caused a fellow traveler used to the "beautiful for situation and the joy of ways of the old order, to tell stories the whole earth," rang with such acof what would have happened two clamation as the proudest of its anyears ago had a traveler tried to cient emperors had never heard? bring a suit-case full of books into Liberty, long dreamed of, and often the Custom House. There is free endespaired of, came almost overnight trance for twentieth century ideas in to a throne on the Bosphorus where Turkey. Whereas men used to have to whisper under their breath the big Constantinople is admittedly the words of "Liberty!", "Justice!", most strategic city in the world. So "Equality!" and "Fraternity!", they it was no small event when it fell benow cry them aloud and placard them fore the irresistible forces of twenon the highways. Formerly neither tieth century civilization. The Young Ottoman nor foreigner could travel Turk victory was hardly the nicely in the interior of Turkey without a calculated scheme often represented; special passport; now anybody may go rather it was a few leaders taking ad-

anywhere. vantage of a resistless conquest by Some Marvelious Transformations. No organizations were permitted under the old regime. Today clubs, societies and parties flourish. Spies are but a hideous memory. Even schools for women are permitted and encouraged. Turkish officials send their daughters to the schools of mod-

Alongside of the veiled woman in sombre wrap one sees the swagger dark-skinned modern girl in merry widow hat and hobble skirt. I nomanding position on one of the seven ticed a Constantinople college girl with an array of puffs on the back of keeps guard, now a mosque, but the her head such as one commonly sees oldest building in existence dedicated on Broadway, and which are surely to Christian worship, and more magnever made outside of the shops. Well patronized cinematograph shows pre-St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey in sent the latest fashions as well as the London, or Notre Dame in Paris, or latest news.

In a word-and with reservations and exceptions to be noted latermodern civilization has come to Turkey. There are multitudes who for one reason or another sigh for the re-



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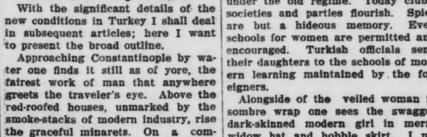
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ern learning maintained by the for-

Revelations of the Spy System.

It is now known that an incredibly large number of spies-more than four thousand one reliable statement has it-in all walks of life made daily reports to this monarch of fear-bitten mind. A large room in the war office, next to that occupied by Mahmoud Shevket, the commander-in-chief of the Turkish army, is now filled with these documents, which were seized along with less dangerous weapons and great stores of treasure in Yildiz palace.

A trusted committee is perusing the documents, although the counsel of many was that they should be burned unopened. It has leaked out that they implicate high and low, native and foreigner. In such a reign the finger of suspicion inevitably points everywhere. Perhaps most unsettling are the sinister charges which one hears against men connected with the foreign legations. It would not be pleasant for Americans or Britons to feel that persons, even of minor position, supposed to represent their interests in Constantinople, had really been in the pay of Abdul Hamid.

A National Serio-Comedy.

The dark ages have no story to equal this one, which is to this day a favorite theme of conversation wherever people meet. Abdul Hamid sleeping in one of the multitudinous rooms of that junkshop called Yildiz Palace after he had said he would sleep in others, lulled to rest by the cheapest type of sensational and melo-dramatic French novels, dreaming over plots against his life, practising with a multitude of revolvers (more than three thousand were found after he had been dethroned), his palace a wonderful house of fear, his eunuchs essing greater prestige and power than the nation's foremost statesmen, the army and civil officials all parts of a malign machine, for which the poor overburdened people had to pay, pay, pay-is there anywhere in history an equal chapter to this? Turkey knew a reign of terror; Abdul Hamid represented a reversion to barbarism, and to the basest primitive in-

of Christendom will be supreme on the turn of the good old days; but their Bosphorus.

Adjoining St. Sophia's the traveler sees the Seraglio, where tragedies beyond count have been enacted. The palaces, the fast scurrying caiques, harems of Turkish houses all pass in review; it is a beautiful and unparallelled picture.

and the enginery of modern civiliza-

The Great Awaking.

two continents and two seas meet.

What the New Regime Means.

the spirit of the times.

to present the broad outline.

tion

If he arrives by rail, the traveler beholds the ancient walls of old Constantinople, and is quickly introduced to the filthy odors and disorder of the incredibly ill-kept streets of Constantinople. But signs of the new regime

are not wanting. Here is a street turned up for an electric railway; yonder a road engine is at work and a highway is being widened. A group of graveyard cypresses is giving way to a modern thoroughfare. Actually, sidewalks are being laid in some places.

The Constantinople Dogs.

The famous, or infamous, Constantinople dogs are missing, except for an occasional stray, at which critics of the new administration point fingers of scorn. Some thousands of dogs were gathered up by workmen with wooden tongs, dropped into carts and carries to towboats, which bore them to an island in the harbor. The simple and natural way would have been to kill them painlessly and end the matter, or accept some one of the commercial offers to clean the city of dogs for the sake of the hides, one company agreeing to give the government a bonus for the privilege. But the Turk has ideas of mercy toward dumb animals, albeit rather quixotical. The poor mangy, flee-bitten curs were sent to this island, where, it is said, they got nothing to drink or eat, although supposed to be fed by government grant. Certain it is that

the dogs which at first waded out to sea in longing for the filthy streets of old Constantinople speedily became fewer and fewer and all are now but a tradition of dark days that are gone.

The Press as Archimedes' Lever. Most significant of all the signs, which an observer notes in the Constantinople of today are the boys and men who hawk daily newspapers through the streets. "Extras!" in strange, hen-track Turkish, Arabic and Armenian script are flaunted in the face of the cosmopolitan passersby. They are real newspapers, too, filled with the doings of the whole world.

Of course, this means a changed order of society. You cannot have news-papers without having progress. The dark ages cannot stand the tidings of what is going on in the world. The chief recreation in fishing. His one press is one of the Archimidean levers by which the world is moved. What armies and mobs could not do I they do so," he says, "I am not really stincts, equipped with untold wealth in the overthrow of despotism the popular."

Mosque of St. Sophia, Constantinople.

power has been hopelessly broken. Turkey is awake never to sleep again. Her future is an absorbing enigma that concerns alike the practical statesmen of the world's capitals and the student of human affairs. Whatever her destiny may be, the sleep of death has passed. The new life of the new day is the latest conqueror to sweep over historic, blood-drenched Turkey.

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Efficiency in Shoveling.

For the first class shoveler there is a given shovel load at which he will do his biggest day's work. What is this shovel load? Will a first class man do more work per day with a shovel load of 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30 or 40 pounds? Now, this is a question which can be answered only through carefully made experiments. By first selecting two or three first-class shovelers, paying them extra wages for doing trustworthy work, and then gradually varying the shovel load and having all the conditions accompanying the work carefully observed for several weeks at a time by men who are used to experimenting, it was found that a first class man would do his biggest day's work with a shovel load of about 21 pounds. For instance, that this man would shovel a larger tonnage per day with a 21 pound load than with a 24-pound load or with an 18-pound load on his shovel. It is, of course, evident that no shoveler can always take a load of exactly 21 pounds on his shovel, but nevertheless, although his load may vary three or four pounds one way or the other, either below or above the 21 pounds, the shoveler will do his biggest day's work when his average for the day is about 21 pounds .- American Magazine.

Strongest Man in France.

A few years ago M. Briand, who narrowly escaped assassination recently, was quite unknown outside the ranks of a few fellow lawyers and the workingmen and Socialist organizations to which he allied himself. Today he is universally regarded as one of the strongest men in France. He entered the chamber of deputies in 1902, only seven years before becoming premier, and it was really the part that he played in the acute religious-political struggle in France that brought him to the height of his fame. He is a stirring orator and a strenuous worker. "Let's have done with talk; it's time for work," is one of his favorite phrases. He is one of the simplest of men, and finds his trouble is that the caricaturists refuse to put him in the papers. "Till

