

THE CLOSED DOOR.

If you had come to my door alone,
Love, my lord;
Had I heard no footfall save your own,
No voice but yours,
Oh, how wide had my door been thrown,
Oh, how gladly the way been shown,
Love, my lord!

But I peered from my casement cautiously,
Love, my lord;
You stood at my door with henchmen three
I knew too well;
Doubt and Distrust stared up at me
And gaunt-faced, white-lipped Jealousy,
Love, my lord!

Oh, the house of my heart is over small,
Love, my lord;
Ah, if I let you in I must let in all,
Oh, every one!
And riot would reign in my quiet hall,
And I fear me soon would my dwelling fall,
Love, my lord.

You went who might never entrance win,
Love, my lord;
Strange that I thought it little sin
To bar my door;
But a king comes ever with shout and din,
And not alone had you entered in,
Love, my lord.

—Theodosia Garrison, in Puck.

FIGHTING TO THE DEATH

A BULGARIAN LEONIDAS AGAINST THE TURKS.

Thirty-eight Men Repel the Attack of Thousands—A Gallant Defense of a Mountain Pass—The Robin Hood of Macedonia and His Exploit.

BY ALBERT SONNICHSEN

FOR the past few weeks I have been studying bits of reports that have come in from Macedonia from various chiefs of chetas, secret agents and other individual members of the organization, all regarding a certain incident which occurred some weeks ago down in Southern Macedonia, in the caza, or district of Tevelli. It was much telegraphed about at the time and mentioned in the European papers, but some of the main facts and all the details have as yet remained secret. Putting together the dry official reports to the committee with the narratives of several participants or witnesses who arrived here several days ago, and excluding obvious individual exaggerations, there still remains the story of an event which stands out as remarkable, even in this country of sensational events. It is just such a one as you may find here and there in the pages of Herodotus—a second Leonidas in another Thermopylae. It is the story of how thirty-eight comitajis, well armed and well entrenched, for a whole day stood off the repeated attacks of 2000 regular Turkish soldiers, a force of several thousand bashi-bazouks, several hundred Albanians and a band of thirty Greeks. These numbers are quoted in the Turkish reports.

Few people familiar with events here for the past few years have not heard of Apostol Voyvoda, known to the Turks and gendarmerie officers as Captain Apostol. There is a standing price of 5000 liras, or Turkish pounds, on his head. He is a small, dark, keen-eyed man of about thirty-five years, who can neither read nor write, and always signs his dispatches, written by his secretary, with a rubber stamp having as a watch charm. Were he a man of education, he would be one of the general leaders, for he is intellectually keen. But he is the Robin Hood of Macedonia. It is about him that the story centers.

A week before Lent Apostol came here to Kustendil, to recross the frontier some days later with several horse loads of munitions. He was going to take them to his own district, cache them in the mountains to use them as a reserve for the summer's fighting. With him were Sava Michaeloff, his sub-chief, and thirty-eight men. On the day before the beginning of Lent, Apostol and his band were in the Giavato Mountains. He wanted to get over into the Chern-Dervent Mountains; between the two ranges runs the River Vardar. During the day he had sent a courier across the river to the village of Spalivo, asking the villagers to send horses for the ammunition. As was afterwards known, the courier was stopped in the intermediate village of Stoyak, where a company of soldiers were quartered. And this is the reason he was stopped.

A Greek shepherd boy, wandering about the mountains with his flock, came accidentally upon Apostol's band in hiding for the day. They took him prisoner. Now, every Greek is an enemy to every Bulgarian, and for some moments the boy's life was in danger. Perhaps it was his youth which appealed to the chief; at any rate, he released him. The boy at once went to the village of Stoyak and reported Apostol's presence in the nearby mountains, and later pointed out the courier passing through the village for Spalivo. The latter was arrested. When night came and the horses from Spalivo did not appear, Apostol decided that perhaps the villagers had lost the way, so he and his men shouldered the ammunition bags among them, descended to the river, crossed it, and by moonlight had reached their destination, Spalivo. This village was several miles higher up the same bank of the river on which stood Stoyak, where the soldiers were quartered. On one side are high mountain bluffs, on the other the River Vardar.

But as the villagers had not received Apostol's message, they, not expecting him, had made no preparations. First, they had allowed their dogs free, who noisily announced the entrance of the bandmen into the village. Their barking was heard by some outside Albanian shepherds a short distance outside.

However, the ammunition was stored in an old, half-broken-down deserted house, and two of the bandmen were detailed to sleep upon it. Apostol, Michaeloff and their companions then divided themselves among a half dozen houses nearby. In half an hour all were asleep, save a few of the villagers, who remained awake to guard against surprise. Meanwhile the sol-

diers in Stoyak had quietly marched up to Spalivo and surrounded it. Then a search party entered the village and began searching the houses. The Albanian shepherds, who had heard the barking of the dogs, joined them. The soldiers were now doubly assured that they had Apostol and his band surrounded at last.

Meanwhile, the pounding at the doors as the Turks demanded entrance to the houses, alarmed the village. Fortunately, the search began from the side opposite to that where the bandmen were quartered. Now, it is a standing law of the committee that the bands must never fight in the villages, unless absolutely cornered, so Apostol and his men, still half clothed, gathered themselves together, and determined to break through the ring. It is probable that the traitor, who, as a Greek, hated the Turks only a little less than the Bulgars, had minimized the number of the band, and that the Turks thought they had only a band of ordinary size to deal with, of from fifteen to twenty men. At any rate, Apostol and his men had no difficulty in walking through the circle. They retreated quickly up the pass through which the river runs until they could go no further. Behind them the bluffs descended abruptly into the Vardar; on one side rose cliffs, on the other, below them, ran the river, a wide, swift stream just then, for the snows were melting. Before them the rocky ground descended toward the village. From a military point of view, it was an ideal position for defense—and death, for no escape was possible.

Day was dawning then, as the bandmen hastily threw up three lines of trenches with loose rocks and boulders that had once tumbled down from the heights above them. As soon as the Turks were able to locate their positions by the growing light, they spread out in fan formation below, and began to fire. The bandmen numbered just thirty-eight, for in the hurry there had not been time to gather in the two men who were in the hut with the ammunition. As was found later, they continued sleeping undisturbed, for the Turks had not considered the hut worthy of search, and there the ammunition and its two guards remained in safety during the whole day. The first line of trenches in the pass was defended by Sava Michaeloff and eleven men. Fifty yards beyond and higher up fifteen men were stationed, and still higher up were Apostol and twelve men.

Meanwhile the firing had begun to attract to the spot the vultures of the Turkish army, the bashi-bazouks. These are a disorganized, irresponsible rabble, who seldom fight but are always on hand to share the plunder. On occasions, they will sometimes support the troops in a charge, for they are well armed. These began to gather in great numbers now, and took up positions with the regulars. When the fight was two hours old a Greek band of thirty men, commanded by an officer in the uniform of the Greek army, appeared and joined the Turks.

Evidently the Turkish officer in command had recognized the strength of Apostol's position, for hitherto he had ordered no attack. Meanwhile it had been telegraphed to Salonica, two hours away, by train, that Apostol was cornered and more troops were needed. But, anxious to gain the big reward on Apostol's head, the Turkish officer determined to get him before his superiors arrived. Enforced by the bashi-bazouks, the Albanians and the Greeks, he ordered a general charge. The bandmen allowed the charging throng to come half-way up. Then four hand grenades were thrown and as many volleys fired. They also rolled down huge boulders into the panic-stricken Turks. The destruction by the bombs was terrific, for even the Turkish regulars, fierce fighters as they are, poured down in scrambling retreat.

Having lost heavily, the Turks made no further efforts then to storm Apostol's position. But in three hours the reinforcements from Salonica began to arrive. By noon twenty-five carloads had come, two thousand soldiers in all. Meanwhile the bashi-bazouks had strewn steadily in from the surrounding villages to the number of five thousand, some reports say. That is probably an exaggeration, and then, too, as far as actual fighting was concerned, most of these fellows probably took up the passive attitude of expectant spectators.

Upon the arrival of the general officer in command from Salonica, he impatiently ordered a general attack at once. The soldiers made a wild upward scramble, but again the bombs were blasting up the loose lava among them. That attack failed, as had the first. Two more equally desperate attacks had a similar result soon after. Then the Turks withdrew and began to open up a heavy fire on the rocks above, depending on rock splinters to destroy the insurgents behind their positions. These tactics, although costly—for Apostol and his men were slowly pot shooting individual officers wherever visible—were more successful. By seven that evening, at fifteen o'clock by Turkish time, the insurgents had been much reduced. Another attack was ordered, before dark should give the few survivors a possible chance to escape. In the first trench only Michaeloff and three men were alive, and they all wounded. In the other two lines of trenches were eight men unharmed.

As this last general attack began the ammunition of the bandmen gave out in a few last volleys. Then Michaeloff and his three men in the first trench rose, deliberately, smashed their rifles over the rocks, destroyed their watches in a similar manner and drank the poison, which is part of every bandman's equipment, to save him from torture, if wounded. The eight men above killed their wounded comrades with their knives, and then made a break for the river. The Turks were successful. They had gained the position. The news was then telegraphed that Apostol had been killed. From one of the bodies were taken personal letters addressed to him, a rifle with his name engraved upon it was found, and various villagers identified the corpse. Later it was found that this was the body of Apostol's secretary. So well was the Sultan pleased with the news that he immediately telegraphed his personal thanks to the troops, and sent £350 to be divided among them. The gendarmes, the creatures established by the reforms, who had taken part in the fight, were all promoted.

Next day Georgis Pascha, the Italian gendarmerie officer, commissioned there by the Powers, arrived and began an investigation. It seems he was the first to question Apostol's death. At any rate, he sent for Apostol's wife, who lives in a village nearby, and the dead having already been buried, he ordered them disinterred, that she might identify her husband among them. She failed to do so.

But several days after all doubts were settled when the kaimakam, or governor of the caza, received a letter bearing Apostol's rubber stamped seal, announcing himself in good health, save for a sprained ankle. Of the whole band of forty men, six escaped, two being the guards who watched over the ammunition and took no part in the fight. They remained with it until another band came a week later and carried it safely off. Of the eight who broke for the river, three were drowned while attempting to swim across, and one, realizing that he could not even attempt it, drank poison. One reached the opposite bank and escaped, and is now here in Kustendil.

Apostol and his three comrades crouched among some rushes in shallow water, and escaped later in the night when the search was over. He is now recovering from his sprained ankle in a secret hospital in the mountains.

What the Turkish losses were in the fight is hard to estimate truly. Turkish reports only mention two Greeks and sixteen Albanians killed. Villagers of Spalivo say 1200 in all fell, but that is perhaps an exaggeration. Still, the casualties must have been heavy, otherwise such a large force could not have been checked for a whole day by thirty-eight men.—New York Post.

Rachel's Sister Still Lives.

Comparatively few persons are aware that the once great actress of the Comedie Francaise, Rachel, who died so far back as 1858, has a sister still living in Paris. This sister, Mlle. Lea Felix, was hurt in a carriage accident recently, but is now getting better. Mlle. Felix retired from the stage fifteen years ago, her last appearance being as Joan of Arc, in Jarbier's drama, at the Porte Saint Martin. She always retained her family name of Felix. Mlle. Rachel, the great tragedienne, had four sisters and one brother. All her sisters were actresses, like herself, and had considerable success in the profession. Lea Felix is, in all probability, the only one of the sisters now living.—London Telegraph.

Noble Revenge.

It was a hot day, and the dray horse and the thoroughbred carriage horse happened to be drinking at the same trough.

"You're a perfect fright," said the thoroughbred, indulging in a horse laugh, "with that hideous old straw hat on your head."

The dray horse looked at him, but said nothing.

Then, with a brush of his ample tail, he brushed a fly from the quivering hide of the carriage horse, which the latter, with his poor little stump of a tail, was unable to reach, and dipped his nose in the trough again.—Chicago Tribune.

A Curious Club.

One of the most curious clubs on record has recently been formed by society ladies in Berlin. The principal condition of membership is that the applicant must be deaf. The club has over a hundred members, who meet regularly once a week in handsomely furnished rooms in the Wilhelm Strasse, where they converse by means of ear-trumpets and the sign language and drink tea.



Tunic Effects in Skirts.

It is rumored that tunic effects in skirts are to appear with the first melancholy days. In fact, some ultra smart women are wearing them now. The bell-shaped tunics, short at the sides and arranged over a plain or flounced skirt, are the most attractive. Other tunic models have a square apron effect slashed up at the sides, and for stout figures this style is best, giving long lines. If you think of having a woolen street gown made now, be sure that the skirt is cut in a modified bell or umbrella shape.

Women at the Bar.

One of the graduates of the Law School of Boston University at its recent commencement was Miss Edith W. Peck, a young woman of social prominence in Cincinnati, Ohio. It is said that she will enter the law office of her father, who is a judge, and attend to a general office practice. Another woman to enter the profession of law is Miss Anne Grace Kennedy, a graduate of the Baltimore Law School and the second woman to receive the degree of bachelor of laws in Maryland. She received in addition to this degree two medals, one for the best thesis and the other for being the highest grade student in the senior class.

Is Modern Courtship Quick?

An American lady has discovered that courtship is a swifter business than of old. This does not result, as you might suppose, from the increasing "haste" of these happy days, nor from the higher speed of the maidens of 1905. In olden days, when the lovers "stole a word or two between the pauses of a minute," things dragged. Now that a "couple can golf all day undisturbed by a chaperon" if a man doesn't make record time in courtship, why, blame the man. This is all very well. But in the days of the minute they could, if we believe the romancers, put on the pace. Mistress Lydia Languish would meet Mr. Roderick Random for the first time at tea, and be off to Gretna Green before supper.

What She Embroiders.

Linen buttons.
Stamped chemisettes and elbow sleeves.
Linen card cases to match her linen dresses.

Stock ties of handkerchief linen, already stamped.
Towels for wedding presents, giving them a scalloped edge.

A butterfly design on her underwaist and other lingerie.
Handkerchief bags, which may be bought ready stamped for a quarter.

Linen covers for heart-shaped pillows. These have embroidery ruffles.
Fine white pique cases for the handkerchiefs, gloves and cravats of her male relations.

Pretty collars and cuffs sets, which come ready stamped on linen for thirty-five cents.
And for the same price one may buy the entire little outfit wherewith all this may be done.

Cultivating the Graces.

Keeping up appearances may be considered vulgar, but within rightful limits it indicates a prime essential to successful attainment. In the matter of behavior, if one wishes to appear graceful and amiable, she performs an effort not only to seem but to be amiable and graceful. The recognition of what is seemingly the first step toward its attainment.

With the decline of the kitchen and life in apartments, grand functions and state occasions are being left to those with spacious homes and limitless means. But the spirit of hospitality is not dead; only its outward forms are put upon a more simple and perhaps more genuine basis.

Having eliminated from domestic service much that is superfluous, and having gained a broader knowledge of what constitutes the art of living, the housekeeper of the future will dispense her income and time to greater advantage than she has done in the past and her hospitality will subserve more than a single end. Now shall its leading feature be confined to the woman's luncheon on which occasion the family needs entertainment or shelter abroad until the dread hour of the function has passed.—Indianapolis News.

The Ideal Guest.

It has been said that women may be divided into two classes, that of the "born hostess" and that of the "born guest," and that neither fits into the other's role with any degree of success. There is one charming woman who is known among her friends as "I. G.," which mysterious appellation stands for "Ideal Guest." It is so silly! And one can be a perfect guest if she only tries. All you have to do is to be pleased with your entertainment, and try to help your hostess make things agreeable for others. Yes, I do visit a great deal, and I make it an inviolable rule never to repeat in one house what I have seen or heard in another.

It is very modest and quite proper that the "Ideal Guest" should thus make light of her qualifications. Those of us, however, who have a faculty for observation know of other requirements of the character she has not named. The "Ideal Guest," for instance, makes the care of her room as

easy for the maid as possible. When she leaves it in the morning the bed is stripped and the mattress turned to the air. When she leaves it for dinner or supper in the evening, all her own belongings are carefully put away in closet or drawers, thus making no "picking up" after her—work which is wearing to the maid and which takes much time. The "I. G." also remembers at noon, when the guest room has the most blaze of sunlight, to close the blinds or drop the awnings, thus helping to keep fresh her hostess' dainty furnishings.—Harper's Bazaar.

The Business Woman's Problems.

Why the woman who works for a living is usually more nervous and in less exuberant health generally than the man who works, has been a matter for much discussion in clubs and news papers, and without any satisfactory verdict having been reached, but there are those who do not find it hard to understand the phenomenon.

The man who works usually does one sort of work. He is a physician, a lawyer, or a clerk, and when he has closed his office door for the day, if he is a sensible man, he puts in the remainder of the time enjoying himself in what ever way best suits him.

And the woman who works—well she is usually jack of a dozen trades and master of none.

When she comes home from her office it occurs to her that there are a half a dozen pairs of stockings to be darned—and she sets to work forthwith on this nerve-tearing work. When the stockings are finished, she is just as likely as not to sew on the lace that the laundress has ripped off a skirt, and she goes to bed with her head aching and absolutely unrefreshed.

In the morning she remembers that there are a dozen little lace collars to be laundered, for they were much too fragile to go in the general laundry, and that afternoon she gives over to the "doing-up" of these troublesome little things, adding a couple of white belts, three pairs of white gloves and a veil to the pile.

When she has finished with these, her back is aching, and she is glad to lie down and read by the light of a distant and dim gas jet the afternoon newspaper, thereby bringing on the ills that come from eye strain.

She discovers the next afternoon that her hair needs washing, and she spends a good two hours at this hard work. She doesn't feel that she can afford the seventy-five cents or \$1 that a hair-dresser would charge her for this service, and which the latter can do much better than she can do it herself, and so she expends strength that is worth more to her than money, in half-doing this work.

She manicures her own nails when she should be taking a nap, and makes shirt waists when she should be exercising in the open. She makes cravats by way of fun, and fusses over them until she herself admits that she is "half-dead."

She finds things for herself to do that really need to be done, and by the end of the summer she is a limp and nerve-racked rag.

"But I have to keep nice," she wails, "and I cannot afford to hire some one to do my mending and to groom my hair and nails!"

It is, indeed, a problem how the business woman shall manage, but, nevertheless, these are some of the reasons why she who works for a living is usually a thin and anaemic person, who looks haggard and old before her time.—Baltimore News.



Widespread is the fad for so-called odd jewelry.

Pique collars and cuffs are a feature of all summer frocks.

Trimmings lead off with quillings of the same silks as the gowns.

Chiffon taffeta and chiffon cloth gowns must be included.

Exquisitely embroidered imported blouses attract one's attention at every side.

The pattern or robe gown, as it is called, helps to make life easier by far this season.

Dull gull gallons of various widths are much used in combination with a brilliant color.

The modified leg-o-mutton sleeve is the favorite sleeve, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Under lingerie hats the hair will be seen to be garnished with pert butterfly bows of crisp silk.

Of the making of collars, chemisettes and cuffs, as well as undersleeves, there is indeed no end.

Using different linings make a lot of variety in embroidered dresses, for the effect is quite different with each color.

By that silent agreement which is fashion's Marconi system, every well dressed woman, it seems, has ordered one or more black costumes.

Several new kinds of pleated bindings and ruchings are shown; among these is one designed to take the place of a neckband with a two-inch and a half frill below to lie flat around the throat. It is of pleated chiffon.

FARM FREIGHT ON TROLLEY ROADS

Live Stock Shipments an Important Part of the Business.

One of the greatest possibilities of the interurban road lies in the development of freight traffic. It is well fitted for the transfer of farm produce and supplies for farmers and for carrying of package merchandise, and it can often give great convenience for delivery and for the possibility of handling freight economically, especially in small cities.

The Chicago, Harvard and Lake Geneva Railway has not only a large freight traffic of its own, but carries on an interchange of business with steam roads to a greater extent, perhaps, than any other electric road in the United States. Its southern terminus is at Harvard, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railway, and at Northworth, eight and a half miles north of this place, the road crosses the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, thence running two miles northeast to Lake Geneva, one of Wisconsin's most popular summer resorts. One-third of the business of the road is in hauling freight. Freight cars from the railroads are hauled to sidings on the electric road at a flat rate of \$5 per car, and piece freight is transported on a one-rate plan between any two points on the road for five cents per 100 pounds, no package being handled for less than ten cents. A freight motor car with a crew of two men carries package freight and hauls from one to four steam-road freight cars.

There are six freight sidings along the road, not including the company's yards.

Live stock shipments are an important part of the business. In summer refrigerator cars are run twice a week over the Chicago and Northwestern Railway for the benefit of creameries situated on the electric road, and last winter 3000 tons of ice were hauled from Lake Geneva for local use along the line. The company receives \$500 per year for hauling mail two trips daily each way. Passenger tickets are sold by the electric road to points on the steam roads, and baggage is carried free. The power house is located at Murray, and contains two generators of 500 kilowatts each. The equipment consists of ten motor cars and six trail cars. The maximum speed is forty-five miles per hour.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

Baby Horse English.

Here is a Bombay native student's essay on the horse:

The horse is a very noble quadruped, but when he is angry he will not do so. He is ridden on the spinal cord by the bridle, and sadly the driver places his feet on the stirrup, and divides his lower limbs across the saddle, and drives his animal to the meadow. He has a long mouth, and his head is attached to the trunk by a long protuberance called the neck. He has four legs, two are in the front side and two are afterward. These are the weapons on which he runs. He also defends himself by extending those in the rear in a parallel direction toward his foe, but this he does only when in a vexatious mood. His feeding is generally grasses and grains. He is also useful to take on his back a man or woman as well as some cargo. He has power to go as fast as he could. He has got no sleep at night time, and always standing awoken. Also there are horses of short sizes. They do the same as the others are generally doing. There is no animal like the horse; no sooner they see their guardian or master they are always crying for feeding, but it is always at the morning time. They have got tail, but not so long as the cow and such other like similar animals.—Liverpool Post.

Nothing Wrong on His Side.

The man had been grumbling steadily for half an hour to his seat-mate, whom he had never seen before. He had grumbled about business, politics, war, peace, vacations, church, children, railroads, schools, farms, newspapers and that unflinching scapegoat—the weather.

The man beside him had borne all that seemed necessary, and at last he thought him of a way to silence the grumbler if such a thing were possible.

"Are your domestic relations agreeable?" he asked, suddenly, turning an inquisitive gaze on his companion.

"Yes, they are," snapped the grumbler. "It's my wife's relations that make all the trouble."—Youth's Companion.

The American Horse.

But it is not the trotter as he is generally understood which has practically superseded the hackney in the heavy-weight harness classes. It is an animal which has some of the characteristics derived when the hackney was king—roundness of conformation, power and high stepping—the high action being dropped considerably when the horse is pushed, speed replacing it. He is equally good in the show ring or on the road; does not require constant care to keep him well, and is useful for almost any occasion. In other words, the heavyweight harness horse of to-day is a survival of the fittest, and is the real American product, bred from the American trotter.—Country Life in America.

A Jumping Hog.

A jumping hog afforded much amusement in the log-yards at the stock-yards day before yesterday morning. Although the animal weighed 150 pounds it would jump board fences five feet high. The speculator who bought the hog found it impossible to confine it to a pen, so the pen had to be covered with boards. According to men who have been at the log-yards for years, this was the first hog that had ever leaped a fence there.—Kansas City Times.