## As a Salt Laker Sees Sights of Constantinople.

Epsclai Correspondence, ONSTANTINOPLE, Turkey, Jan. 15.-In a large, oblong square, on which face the mosque of Sultan Aluned, the Janissary museum which face the inosque was a prison from whose bared entrance no political prisoner once unfortunate around to have entered ever unate enough to have entered ever the special comes forth is situated the "William sems for drinking fountain, helms Brannen" or drinking fountain, helms Brannen" or drinking fountain, helms Brannen' or drinking fountain, helms branze, with the condition of bronze, the drinking fountain helms of the second of the three or drinking for a monument unate all that remains of a monument built by the Greeks as an offer of platna. It The second of the remains of a monument umn is all that remains of a monument built by the Greeks as an offer of thanks for the victory of Platna. It was an ancient relic when Constantine had it brought to his city. Of the third, had it brought to his city. Of the third, the Colossus, nothing is known save that Constantine VII had it at one time repaired.
DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

means possible, and incidentally show wondering Christian infidels through the famous old building. CURTAINS FOR DOORS.

CURTAINS FOR DOORS.

As everybody knows mosques have no doors. In their place are curtains of a very heavy material. Of these there are usually several to be passed before one is in the building. The follower of the prophet met us at the first curtain way and showed much reluctance in letting us pass, but I think it was only because Issacovitch, true to racial instincts and reputation, had beat him down to such a low figure in making the bargain for entrance that all his Mohammedan avariciousness rose in righteous revolt. I concluded to see what effect an extra piasta or so would have on his disposition, and I think the thermometer-like manner in which his spirits rose at every additional piasta would have interested a stock broker. When the smile indicated the proper degree of warmth had been reached we passed the last curtain into the fore hall of the mosque. the mosque in SLIPPERS.

Here Hassin Bey, or whatever his name was, indicated a job lot of large fest slippers from which we picked the best we could and fitted them over our shoes. Then only were we permitted to set foot on the strips of permitted to set foot on the steps to matting which made, as it were, paths over the exquisite rugs that covered the large flagstones.

From the fore hall nine massive



ST. SOPHIA.

m an exception to the rule cient obelisks themselves, as the fountains, furnish a kindly, protecting shade from the hot rays of the sun, and each one has its little crowd of ragged, fezzed humanity seeking shelter in its

DIMINUTIVE INTERPRETER.

DIMINUTIVE INTERPRETER.

As I approached one morning one of these groups that seemed to be giving its undivided attention to the pranks and anties of an idiotic boy who was cutting up in all sorts of ways at the foot of the Obelisk of Theodosius, some one attracted my attention by a pull at my coat and on turning around a boy of about 8 years looked up and sidressed a few words in German to me. He was a youngster with a pleasing and intelligent countenance, though aggedly dressed, with no stockings, and shoes that were all but soleless. With him was a bright-eyed mite of a stater some two or three years younger, whose clothes were in no better condition than the boy's. Even had the lad not spoken German, instinct would have proclaimed them anything but Turkish. I became interested to know how these two little waifs came to be in Constantinople. It occurred to me, too, that if the lad could speak Turkish, which he said he could, he might act as my interpreter at the mosque of St. Sophia. He seemed delighted to do so, and on the way to the mosque I questioned him with regard to his history. The fact that his family was only one of hundreds, perhaps thousands, to be so persecuted by the Jew haters of the horth does not lessen the barbarity of the treatment they received at the hands of the Slav one iota.

RUSSIAN EXILES.

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RUSSIAN EXILES.

They were Jews and unfortunate clough to live in Russia, where to be a Jew is to be hated beyond all beings earthly. The father of the family, through long years of economical living, had succeeded in building up a little business, which, with the help of list two grown sons, netted the family their livelihood. The Japanese war came along and the two sons, who had more or less taken the responsibility of the little shop from their father's disciplers on their own, were forced to throw it off again to give place to the masket. From Manchuria they never icturned. Biots began at home and the wrath of the downtroaden masses was tained against the unoffending Jew in chies others. The shop was sacked, the father was to constantinople through a frequency and the two small children odessis to Constantinople through a friendly see captain smuggling them on befuse a gainst he work of the down the father killed and by a miracie of chance the mother and the two small children odessis to Constantinople through a friendly see captain smuggling them on being a passage from Odessis to Constantinople through a friendly see captain smuggling them on the seed a spatial smuggling them on the constantinople through a friendly see captain smuggling them on the seed a mong the Spanish Jews Galatia. Here I learned they were wery bright children and the persence far beyond his years. He speke beside Turkish and Russian a Mosoue of the time I had obtain the time I had obtained the time I had ob

MOSCUE OF ST. SOPRIA.

By the time I had elicited from him the side. Birahee of St. Sophia which so a dark little alley. This is the early portal through which Christians has enter and it is very like sneaking Issucovitch, as I called the boy for their lost no time in rousing from kiny place in the lost strictles the worthy attendant whose duty it is to accept all the bakshish he can get by whatever MOSQUE OF ST. SOPHIA.

pump" used to be in 'ye olden time."

And like the pump they also make a rendezvous for all the loafers in the vicinity as well as the industrious water-carriers who come in numbers to fill their earthen jars. Even the aweinspiring name of William II doesn't serve to make the fountain erected by him an exception to the rule. The annual responsibility of the serve to make the fountain erected by him an exception to the rule. The annual responsibility of the rule is a reched doorways, also hung with the same heavy curtains, led to the interior of the mosque proper. It was, however, not through one of these we now first the gallery and therefore led us to a circular runway of stone up which a horse and wagon could have been driven, which brought us, nowever, not through one of these we now went, for Hassin Bey had decided to show first the gallery and therefore led us to a circular runway of stone up which a horse and wagon could have been driven, which brought us,

nave been driven, which brought us, after considerable effort to the spacious gallery surrounding the interior. This gallery is so tucked away behind the massive columns that it is scarcely noticeable. RELICS OF CHRISTIANITY. On the outer walls of this gallery are pillars cut in relief in the stone, and on each one near the top is a small cross carved deep in the rock. Hassin Bey showed these with much ceremony and I think would have accepted a few extra piastas for his personal tolerance in allowing such relics of Christianity to remain in the mosque. But the stock of piastas mosque. But the stock of plastas was getting low and he had to be satisfied with an appreciative word of thanks for his consideration. Spirits dropped a point or two, but he managed to keep up.

INEFFACEABLE EMBLEM. INEFFACEABLE EMBLEM.
On the semi-globular dome that forms the celling over the place where in Christian days the main altar stood, is still to be plainly discerned in the Mosaks the outlines of a huge crucifixion. The Turks have tried to obliterate it by substituting for the original stones in color, others of the color of the rest of the ceiling. It doesn't work well for the outline remains very plainly.

A VAST INTERIOR

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From the gallery one has a view of the magnificently vast interior of the mosque; and it is startling to see how small and insignificant a man looks when standing under that great dome. Like St. Peter's its immensa size is impossible of appreciation until contrasted with some familiar object. NOT ON THE SQUARE.

According to Mohammedan rite all must face Mecca when praying, and in mosques the direction is indicated by the prayer-niches, klosks and the mosque itself, but of course the Aja Sophia's architects could not look down the vista of the future, seeing the rise of Mohammedanism, also that of the Ottoman Turk, and considerately prepare the building for its eventual use as a mosque. In consequence of their pare the building for its eventual use as a mosque. In consequence of their negligence in this direction, the matting, the rugs, klosks and prayer niches are placed at an acute angle to the walls; and the praying Mohammedans instead of bowing their prayers square out of one side of the building let them glabce diagonially toward one corner, Things are so seldom on the square in Turkey that this is really not noticed so much as might be supposed; in fact one wonders that the angle is not more acute.

AGAIN "HELD UP."

AGAIN "HELD UP."

AGAIN "HELD UP."

In an obscure corner of the gallery, where he thought we couldn't find our way out if he left us, Hassin Bey made a new demand for "baksh'sh." He got it and having tucked it away somewhere among the ample folds of his hightgown, he conducted us once more through the circular runway and the fore hall onto the lower floor, under the dome of the building. There were several plous looking old gentlemen with white beards and turbaned heads seated in their own feet before small X-shaped stools on which were open books, probably the koran. They were evidently chanting from these books and as they drawled out the long phrases in a high pitched monotone they swayed their bodies back and forth with a bowing motion as monotonous as their chant.

OUTNUMBEER PROTESTANTS.

a religion the adherents of which num-ber more than 220,000,000, more than 10,000,000 more than Protestantism can show. And to think that that vast number of human souls look upon these number of human souls look upon these ceremonies as pure and holy and on these turbaned priests as men representing the only truth there is, makes one ponder long over the credulity of humanity past and present.

INFIDEL FORCED OUT.

It was not many minutes that I was allowed to loiter around, trying to grasp some of the detail of the massive structure that would weave a spell around the most unromantic, when Hassin Bey informed me through my young interpreter that I should have to move on and out, as one of the numerous hours for prayer had arrived, and no Christian could remain in the mosque during that ceremony. With great reluctance I went, but I believe with a more extensive stock of "bakshish" he would have hidden me away somewhere and I might have witnessed the whole procedure. This I couldn't afford, so withdrew with the two children via the back yard once more into the dirty streets of Stamboul. It was not many minutes that I was

DINNER FOR WAIFS. DINNER FOR WAIFS.

Before starting for Galata (where I vainly fancied the British postoffice had something in the shape of inail for me) we went into a native restaurant, where I ordered, by means of Issaccivitch, a meal for the three of us of Turkish variety. The children ate as though they were famished and for my part I did ample justice to the strange concoctions. All of the Turkish dishes seem to be flavored to an extravagant extent with sugar, and cooked in a sort of an oily grease. There was a sweet meat pie that required courage and strength of charac-There was a sweet meat pie that required courage and strength of character to attack. This was followed and its memory (though strong) cast into oblivion by a highly spiced eel salad served with little round cups containing an unknown liquid which was to be poured over it. The best thing about the meal was the desert, which seemed to be (the word seemed is advisedly used) a preparation of pie crust and honey with various other ingredients that to me were unknown mysteries, but which

were unknown mysteries, but which tasted very well and left a distinct de-A WILLING GUIDE.

The British postoffice seemed to have letters in plenty for everyone there but myself, and after being convinced of that fact by the assurances of the gentleman behind the cage, I started again for Stamboul with the great bazar as an objective point. My young guide and interpreter was so delighted with and interpreter was so delighted with the five plastas (20 cents) he received for his services he refused to leave ma-till after my business at the postoffice was concluded, and then only with the great rejuctance born of a desire for more plastas. Issacovitch was all right, but his services were no longer re-BODYGUARD NECESSARY.

It is not absolutely necessary to have guide for the large bazar of Stamboul, but if one wishes to see the place without being excessively mauled about by the enthusiastic booth keepers in their wild desire to dispose of merchantheir wild desire to dispose of merchan-dise, it is certainly advisable to have a bodyguard of some sort. I tackled the bazar alone without guide or body-guard, and from that day it has never ceased to be a matter of self congratu-lation and wonder to me that I got out with my clothes.

The place is a city with a roof on it

The place is a city with a roof on it. The place is a city with a roof on it. A city of small booths or shops which front on narrow crooked streets. The appearance of a stranger clad in European garb is the signal for the innumerable boothkeepers to turn themselves loose on the unfortunate individual, each trying a different method to get the prospective customer into his particular shop; at the same time each one is making desperate efforts in the shape of threatening gestures and excessively loud talk to keep every other would-be loud talk to keep every other would-be seller away. They seem to feel a per-sonal claim on every victim. From each there pours on the hapless sightseer a relentless torent of words and phrases relentless torent of words and phrases of the four languages most spoken by foreigners—French, English, German and Russian. On one side a confidential declaration to the effect that Germany is the greatest land in the world will be interrupted from another quarter with an assertion in patched-up English that every gentleman of that nationality does husiness with the particular descendant of Othman who is doing the speaking. To stop in front of a booth is to bring its proprietor out on the run (if he be not already in the crowd) to go through the most elaborate set of humiliating and obsequious gestures in the hope of making a sale. If he fail in his effort to strike a bargain his humiliating and obsequious gestures in the hope of making a sale. If he fall in his effort to strike a bargain his humility turns to frantic rage and he retires to his shop swearing dire vengeance. For every one, however, who goes away mad two others seem to appear on the scene. The place is a perfect hive of pestering wasps in human form and it is impossible to get away from their nagging long enough to inspect much save themselves and their bad manners.

But of course, with all their impossible doings they are part of the great bazar—they make its life and its atmosphere, and without them decidedly more than half its interest would be wanting.

wanting.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

When in the bazar one's thoughts revert to the horrible scenes that had it as a background at the time of the great earthquake a few years ago, when struggling through its scething crowd it is not difficult to understand the immense loss of life on that occasion. It is harder to believe that any should escape than that all should perish in that moving human mass when walls and roofs crashed down upon them. At that time the bazar acquired a new interest for all who visit it. Such an interest so invariably attaches to all places where human lives have been (seemingly) needlessly sacrificed. It is such a feeling as one experiences in visiting the "Cholera Hof" in Hamburg in the surrounding houses of which not a soul survived the first dreadful onslaught of that dread disease. Or like that caused by a visit to the court yard in Galata which was piled six feet high with massacred Armenians. It is a feeling of pitying horror like one might have had visiting the prisons of Paris a few years after the eventful September of 1792. In the first instance lives were lost by a natural cause, in the other two by an upheaval in the social order of human beings and by religious intolerance. When has inholerance been anything but a cause of the most horrifying acts of cruelty and injustice in the history of the world?

EXPOSED SCANDALS.

It is said the bazar before the earth-THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

EXPOSED SCANDALS. EXPOSED SCANDAIS.

It is said the bazar before the earthquake, as now, was taken advantage of by many a Turkish lady of prominence as a rendezvous, and that when the debris was removed not a few unsuspected domestic troubles were revealed to the theretofore unseeing eyes of numerous pashas. Be this truth or fallacy, the fact remains that one sees more Turkish women there than at any other place. And not infrequently does the temporarily discarded vall disclose a darkeyed countenance of rarest beauty.

A SMOKE RENDEZVOUS. A SMOKE RENDEZVOUS.

A scene that is most genuinely Turkish is also met with here more than elsewhere. That is, a cluster of men seated on the floor with their feet doubled up under them around a Turkish pipe from which issue long snake-like tendriis to each individual. These groups certainly give the place a very oriental flavor.

WALLS AND MUSEUM

WALLS AND MUSEUM. WALLS AND MUSEUM.

Space does not permit anything like an account in detail of the many interesting things in Stamboul. But two things stand out with more prominence than others and must come in for a few words. They are, firstly, the city walls, and, secondly, the museum. I shall pass on to that afternoon on which I in company with Anton (the professional guide—I had lost all track of Issacovitch) visited both.

Although it was winter, in that lati-

tude the sun beat down with all the flerceness of a July at home. From that part of the city where stands the St. Sophia to the walls is at any time a long stretch, but on that hot afternoon it seemed to lengthen itself out into the infinite. For hours we plodded along up hill and down, over miserable cobble stones that were slippery with along up hill and down, over miserable cobble stones that were slippery with the damp, reeking refuse of the streets, From the filthy gutters, in which the innumerable yellow canine population were stretched out sleeping in the sun, arose a nauseating stench which seemed to permeate every nook and corner of the universe, Here and there we passed native eating houses, and in their open fronts smouldered the grated fires, over which, pierced by long from staves, sizzled great chunks of fatty meat. Grinning Turks, armed with forks, continued to turn these roasts over the live coals, helping to contribute their greasy fumes to the general repulsive odor of the street. We saw also on two occasions those half animal, half human creatures, the raspickers, fight with dogs for the possession of refuse heaps, which to both presumably looked extraordinarily inviting. The howling, biting protests of the dogs at this invasion of their realm were met by the raspickers with the nearest weapon available, a stone or a stick. It is by no means on every occasion that the raspickers retire from the field the victors, for frequently they are routed into panicy flight, minus not only parts of their ragged clothes, but also more indispensable boilly.

but also more indispensable boilty parts.

FATE OF A MAURAUDER.

A similar though less strange affair we witnessed when a lonely dog, finding no doubt a scarcity of food in his own over-populated district, wandered into that of another cannine clan, and was immediately almost torn to pieces by the four-footed inhabitants, inconsed beyond all reason by such temerity. Through street after street we went seeing such sights and being half suffocated by the dreadful atmosphere. Walking in such places and under such circumstances though interesting, is, to say the least, tiresome when it stretches into hours.

THE FORUM.

In the forum of Constantine (or rather in that place where it once stood) we stopped and inspected its only remaining relic, the so-called

burned column. This immense pillar until the twelfth century, was capped by a bust of its imperial builder. A severe storm, however, at that period knocked this effigy down and lightning shattered the column so that now its remains are only held in place by iron bands that gird it like the heavy of a harrel.

the hoops of a barrel.

In Byzantine days this column stood in the center of the street of triumph which led from the Golden Horn through the forum to the Aja Sophia. Of the course of the street itself scarcely a vestige is left. FORMIDABLE BARRIERS.

At last somewhat weary and tired and hot we reached the ruined Laleli mosque beyond which we could see that grayish brown hulk of masonry which has withstood the seiges of armies and of the elements from a period almost as far back as that of the great Christian emperor himself down to the twentieth century and

the great Christian emperor himself down to the twentieth century, and which looks as capable now of holding an army in check as it did when the masons first finished their task.

The wall reaches from the Golden Horn to the Sea of Marmora making a slight curve as it crosses the peninsula on which is situated if tamboul. The greater part was built by the Emperor Theodosius in 413, 70 years after the death of Constantine. Of the many gateways which bierce the wall the most important is called the Cannon gate (Turkish Topkapu). From its high location one can see the From its high location one can see the whole course of the old wall from the Golden Horn to Mormora sea.

it not. Tals letter waxeth long and it aught is to be neglected it shall not be the museum. So without further ceremony we will consider ourselves transported to that interesting spot.

THE MUSEUM.

It must be conceded by all that the museum is the most modern, up-to-date, beat managed and cleanest thing in Constantinople. It is situated in a part of the grounds of the old Sereglio

m Constantinopie. It is situated in a part of the grounds of the old Sereglio on the point of the Stamboul peninsula. The building is comparatively new and of a fine white cut stone, is Greek in style and exceedingly well kept up. Its very approach is refreshing after coming from the dirty streets of the city, and I might say the whole aspect of grounds and building is very surprising, for clean, energetic uptodateness is a thing not to be expected in the whole of the sultan's realm.

The condition of the museum and the way it is looked after are due to the energy of one man, the director, Hamdi Bey. He is probably the best informed and most up-to-date Turk living, and how he has managed to reach middle age with his head still on his shoulders is a mystery to all. One other thing quite as unexplainable is the fact that the funds passing through Hamdi Bey's hands for the museum are spent on the object for which they Hamdi Bey's hands for the museum are spent on the object for which they are appropriated. Here, at least, is one man in the country that is not a grafter, and Turkey should congratulate herself on having such a man. She needs (indeed as some other countries that could be thought of) a few more such men as his excellency Hamdi Bey.

The museum is filled with Bybantine and Asiatic sculpture.

as far as appearance is con-cerned it might have been exe-cuted but a year instead of more tha 2,000 years ago. It is almost uncanny to be in the presence of the work of human hands that has so suc-cessfully defied the ravages of time for more than 20 conturies.

constrully defied the ravages of time for more than 20 centuries.

Tombs form the main objects of interest in the museum, but it is also not in the least lacking in the usual quota of broken as well as preserved statuary of Grecian, Roman and Byzantine origin, and pottery and other antiquities common to other museums. Like most all such places to be seen thoroughly it would take weeks and perhaps months, and to tell about it would require volumns. For this reason I have merely mentioned its one feature of greatest interest and greatest beauty. This tomb or surcophagus of Alexander certainly makes the most lasting impression on the mind of all the relics.

SEREGLIO WALLIED IN.

SEREGLIO WALLED IN. SEREGLIO WALLED IN.

Although the nuseum is situated in a part of the grounds of the old Sereglio, it is so well separated by walls an gardens from that old palace that it is impossible to get as much as a glimpse of what is still, in spite of its 70 or 80 years abandonment, the most famous of all the royal residences of the Moslem monarchs. To gain admission to of all the royal residences of the Mos-lem mong-chs. To gain admission to the Seregilo is possible for a Christian only through the highest diplomatic channels. It is only rarely that one gets to visit even with great influence. So that all the vast majority or hated infidels can do is to content themselves by reading descriptions of the place. It is naturally a little disappointing not to get a look at even the court yard of Sulleyman the magnificent, and Murad the II., but the inevitable cannot be helped.

of all cities of the world that are Of all cities of the world that are prominent because of their historical interest and beauty of locality, surely the Turkish capital ranks among the foremost. In fact as far as artistic beauty of situation is concerned one might unreservedly declare it the foremost. It is the gateway to the orient and has an eastern atmosphere that is always romantically attractive, and to one who has once been within the spell of the Golden Horn, or wande all in the narrow streets of Stamboul, it will always remain a picture of romantic enchantment—a fleeting vision of a life that is of the past.

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