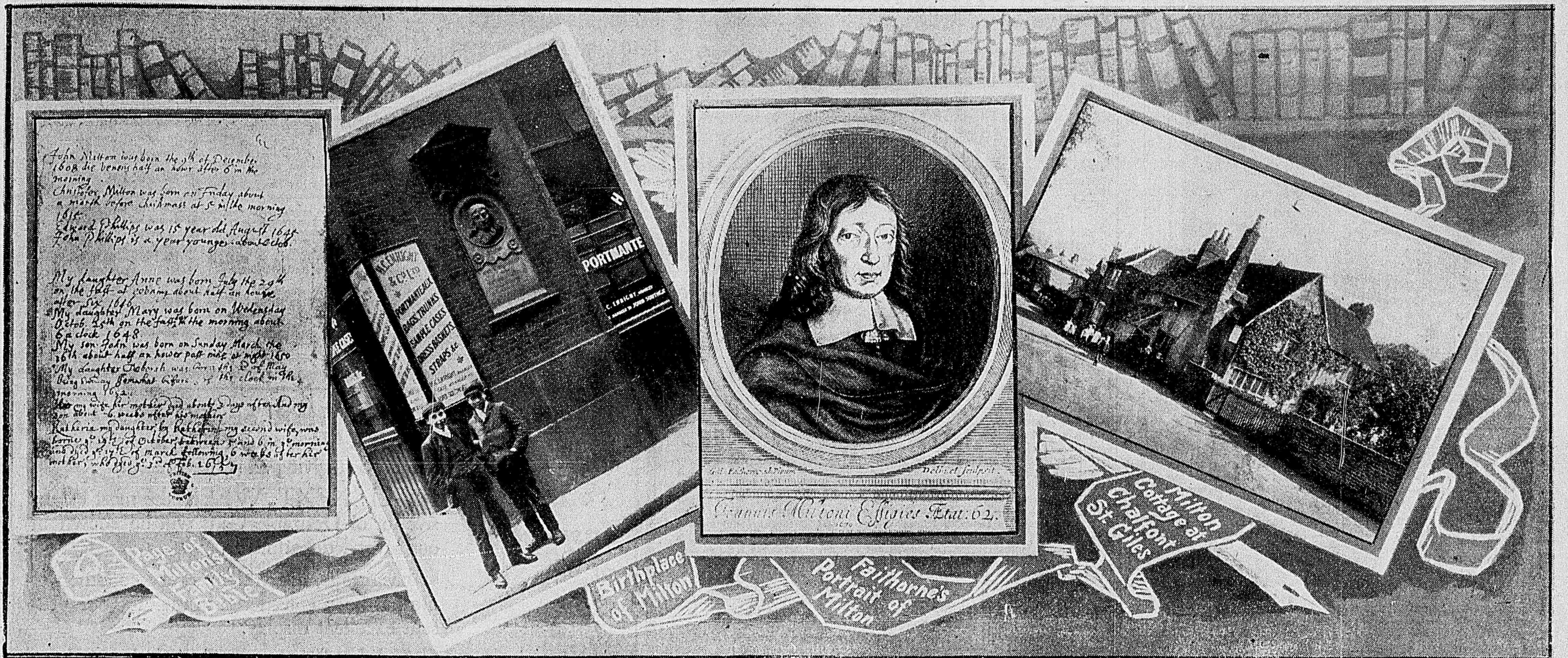


The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.



Government Plans Paid On Apache Strongholds

PARIS, Dec. 2.—Before next summer rolls around, the demolition of the famous fortifications of Paris will have begun. For ten years the government has been talking of such an action and now it has been definitely decided upon.

The fortifications are interesting because of the curious race of people which inhabits them made up of a conglomerate of Apaches and honest citizens and known under the general name of "fortifs." It is estimated that they number something like ten thousand and they are a people apart from the Parisians and the provincial French alike. Of late years, the native French have been joined by the riff-raff of Spain, Italy and other European countries, who, however, remain no longer than is necessary to make what is in their opinion a tidy fortune and, thereupon retire to their native countries.

Whether you leave Paris by the north, south, or west, you are bound to pass through the general land, for it encircles Paris abutting on the great moat which was part of the old time defenses of the city. It is a quarter of a mile wide and its length might be said to be indefinite, for it is a complete circle. On Saturdays and Sundays its population is enormously increased by the influx of small families with a few shillings and a cold lunch on holiday bent. It boasts of anything but a monotonous landscape and there is something for all tastes. At the Porte du Panin, one of the gates of Paris, for instance, there is a miniature Alps, and there a fine view of Paris, glittering in the mid-day sun can be obtained. Behind the XVIIIth arrondissement, the herbage is so rich and green as to remind one of Normandy. Near Lavallois, the country resembles that of that part of France, watched over by their red-capped, sunburnt herders come from Hendaies by Bordeaux and La Touraine, and graze their beasts on the luxuriant bank. High up the canal St. Denis, at its entrance into the town, reminds one of Holland with its barges and towers.

REFUGES OF CRIMINALS.

The fortifications are first and foremost an asylum and hiding-place for the undesirable and criminal of Paris. No less than three thousand of the tribe Apache live there, and the police of Paris leave him practically undisturbed so long as he remains there and does not enter the gates of the city. Even the boys develop a criminal instinct and it is a common occurrence for littleurchins of ten years of age, greedy of publicity, to indulge in savage and sometimes fatal knife play. The single doctor, who, by the way, is a rag-picker by profession and an amateur doctor in his spare time, says that the majority of his cases among both the adult men and the grown folks, come from a too promiscuous and careless use of knives, pistols and guns.

The habitations take the form, principally, of caravans which can be easily moved about the country, but many of the more wretched citizens are not above living in holes in the ground. M. Bouvier, an inspector, one night near the Chateau gate, discovered a hairy, unkempt head sticking out of a large hole and upon dragging the man forth learned that he had been living in that hole for the last ten years, sleeping away the days and nights and stealing vegetables in the evening for his food.

RENT TOO LOW.

Rent, however, is not high enough in the fortifications, one would think, to be beyond the pocket of anyone. For four dollars a year one can obtain a very respectable piece of ground and a cabin thereon. For \$7 a year it is easy to obtain a quite pretentious house and for \$10 one has attached a very considerable garden. Should these prices, by any chance, seem ex-

orbitant, one can lodge free of charge on the slopes which run along the edge where the ground meets the state. There is not, however, very much of the state-owned ground which remains unoccupied at the present moment. Some of the more astute of the early settlers with a dozen stakes and some wire netting, marked out considerable domains, and now offer portions of them for rent at from \$1 to \$2 a year payable in weekly instalments.

The prices that prevail in this curious country are probably as reasonable as are to be found in any place in the world. For instance, it is possible to have one's hair cut or one's face shaved for the bestowal of a crust of bread or a cigar-end on the doorman. Some of the inhabitants who have some trade, such as carpet-beaters or tattooers, are wise enough not to ply them in the fortifications, but make daily journeys into Paris and obtain the better prices there possible.

HOW THEY LIVE.

Curiously enough, each gate of the city of Paris has its distinctive settlement and types. At Lavallois a dozen of these miserable outcasts, living from hand to mouth, have formed a socialist company, combined labor, built several shanties, purchased a grinding wheel and reduced the amount of work necessary to live upon to the very least. For they take their turns with the wheel in making the rounds of the streets of Paris sharpening scissors and knives. These excursions and thus it is only necessary for each man to work once in every twelve days.

Near the gate of Vincennes a curious business has grown up, that of providing "rabbits" for the Parisian restaurants at 15 cents apiece and the smallness of the price will be understood when one says that the "rabbits" are really cats. At Malakoff and Montrouge, the manufacturers of halfpenny toys abound. Old broken boxes are transformed into windmills, spades and countless varieties of toys for children by the ingenuity of the workers. It is at the Montrouge gate that one of the most famous characters of the fortifications lives. He is M. Vittoff and he claims to have invented no less than 23 toys, many of which have had enormous sales on the boulevards. He has been an exhibitor at Lepine's famous toy show in Paris since 1901 and upon one occasion won the prefecture's gold medal, upon another a silver medal and in addition, 10 diplomas which he proudly hung about his shop. Practically all his toys are made out of rubbish and the majority of them are of old tin which he buys at one dollar per hundred pounds. With such an outlay in the course of a year he turns out 500 boats, 10,000 swings, and 20,000 head-ings for looking-glasses. His wife, who spends most of her time in teaching her neighbors the art of making toys from old tin boxes, is a manufacturer of paper flowers and dresses for children's balls, and she proudly tells of being congratulated upon her designs by the divine Sarah herself.

THRIVE ON RAGS.

Between the gates of Clignancourt and Poissonniers in the innumerable multitude of miserable huts, there is a thriving rag business. It is remarkably well organized and the workers form, in reality, a co-operative society with considerable capital and stringent rules. The members have recently erected a large sorting shed and warehouses at a cost of almost \$400. Each member delivers his harvest at the central depot where the weight is checked and the purchase price paid according to a tariff fixed by common consent. An account is kept and every six months the profits of the business, which in 1904 amounted to \$16,000, are divided pro rata with the receipts of each of the members.

In this district, also, is to be found a picturesque individual known as "the doctor," who gave me the startling information about the promiscuous use of knives, pistols and guns.

(Continued on page eighteen.)

JOHN MILTON, POET, BORN 300 YEARS AGO LAST WEDNESDAY.

England is Busy Celebrating the Tercentenary of the Author of "Paradise Lost"—Despite the Lapse of Centuries He Still Stands Out a Vivid Figure—Over One Hundred and Eighty Portraits of Him on Record.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Oct. 2.—On a page of an old family Bible in the possession of the British museum in London stands an entry: "John Milton was born the 9th of December, 1608, die Veneris half an hour after 6 o'clock in the morning." This year and more particularly this week, England has been celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of him who made this entry in the Bible and followed it with a number of other entries concerning his family. It is curious to note that the spelling of these shows a considerable diversity. We get "howl," "howe" and "howe," "born" and "borne"—for the writer was, of course, the greatest Englishman of letters of his day and none other than the poet of "Paradise Lost."

The 300 years which have elapsed since the birth of Milton have not succeeded in destroying the actual traces of his life to the same extent as they have succeeded in the case of his contemporaries. Milton remains a more vivid picture to us today than any of his fellow countrymen who preceded him or lived with him. We know over 180 portraits, of which at least four are most undoubtedly genuine, three representing him at the age of 10, 21 and 62 respectively, and one in early middle age.

PORTRAIT FOUND THIS YEAR.

By an extraordinary coincidence the portrait at the age of 10 was rediscovered this year on the very eve of the opening of the exhibition of Miltoniana at Christ's college, Cambridge, the college at which he lived and studied from the time he was 16 up to the time when he took his M.A. degree at 23. By a great stroke of luck Dr. C. Williams, son early this summer found one of the portraits in the Dutch painter, Cornelius Janssen, who came over to England in 1618 and took lodgings near the house of John Milton, the elder, scrivener, in Broad street, three doors from Cheapside, London, E. C.—the house where the future poet was born and where he still was dwelling at the age of 10. This portrait was well known in Milton's lifetime and was in the possession of the third Mrs. Milton when she died, in 1727, since when it has been held of only fitfully. A grave and intelligent Puritan boy is known in Milton's lifetime and was in the possession of the third Mrs. Milton when she died, in 1727, since when it has been held of only fitfully. A grave and intelligent Puritan boy is known in Milton's lifetime and was in the possession of the third Mrs. Milton when she died, in 1727, since when it has been held of only fitfully.

From this, the most important find made in connection with Milton in recent times, and the three later portraits, we are able to construct an accurate history of the poet's features by the four-lined Greek epigram which he wrote under the frontispiece to the original edition of his poems in 1645, lines which have been translated roughly as follows:

Who that my real lineament has scanned Will not in this detect a bungler's hand? My friends, in doubt upon whom art was tried.

The poet's own vain attempt, deride. That Milton was justified in his self-casual none who has seen the very rare print in question compared it with the authentic portraits will be inclined to deny. The most humorous part of the story is that subsequent reproducers of the print solemnly added the condemnatory epigram, in ignorance of its meaning!

The two later portraits, one known as the "Bayfordbury" owing to its being kept at Bayfordbury, near Hartford, England, and the other the engraving which appeared with the author's consent as the frontispiece to his "History of Britain," in 1670, are both probably by the same artist, William Faithorne, and by the lines about the eyes and mouth give eloquent testimony to the sorrows which fell to Milton as he grew older. We see the Milton of the three wives, of whom the first, Mary Powell, deserted him through boredom, after a month of marriage, and returned to bear him three daughters and to die after the birth of the youngest; while the second wife, Katherine Woodcock, died after less than two years of married life. We see the Milton of the three motherless daughters who put up so ill with his training, and of whom the second, Mary, made the celebrated remark when she learned of his third wedding: "That is nothing new. If you had told me he was dead it would have been." We see, too, the Milton whose weight failed and who had to rely on the same unwilling daughters for the reading of the Hebrew, the Syriac, the Greek, the Latin, the Italian, Spanish and French, while they neglected his comfort, conspired to have his servants cheat his tradespeople, and sold a large number of his books.

PICTURES OF THE MAN.

No one, perhaps, would take seriously a defense of Milton's daughters; but that he was hard to live with, like many another great man of letters, is not to be denied. As with his looks, so with his character we have enough material to picture fairly the man he actually was. We have his own evidence as to the existence in his youth of a "certain likeness of nature, an honest haughtiness and self-born either of what I was or what I might be," which kept him from "low descents of mind." After this it is not surprising to hear that in the eyes of his first tutor, William Coppel, after-ward Bishop of Cork, "He took himself very seriously, as was but natural in one who wrote 'Paradise Lost,' and was a thorough egotist."

It is a sense of his intense egotism," says the late reading Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit. The quality, however, which was necessary to the poet, might well be a blot in the character of the man, and the conduct of his first wife and of his daughters points strongly to his being a great person, lovable than he was. The wife found him a bit too great. The wife found him a bit too great. The wife found him a bit too great.

poet, while the Tonson family, to whom the copyright was assigned, lived to ride in their carriages on the profits. Other works went through many vicissitudes. The "Elkonoclastes" and "Defense of the people of England," so famous under the commonwealth, were burned by the common hangman after the Restoration; and we have the story told to the Puritan Richard Baron by "John Swale, a book-seller of Leeds, in Yorkshire, an honest man, though of high church," who related that he could have more money for the burning of the "Defense" than Baron would give for the purchase of it. "Some priests in the neighborhood," according to the Swale, "used to meet once a year, and after they were well warmed with strong beer, they sacrificed to the flames the author's Defensio pro Populo Anglicano," as also the treatise against the "Elkon." And at one time it was not safe to mention Milton's name, the initials "J. M." being used, as in the defense of his old friends which Andrew Marvell wrote against the vituperative Bishop Parker. Another Bishop, Spranger of Rochester, wrote the word Milton from the epigraph on John Phillips in the cathedral as "not fit to be in a Christian church."

TALE PROBABLY UNTRUE.

The tale of the mock funeral of Milton carried out by his well-wishers previous to the passing of the Act of Indemnity probably is untrue. He was compelled to remain in hiding for three months, however, in Bartholomew Close, Smithfield, where Benjamin Franklin more than 60 years later worked as a compositor, and actually was in prison for a few days before the bill was passed and he was allowed, already blind, to take up temporary quarters in a house near Lincoln's Inn and what were then Red Lion Fields.

It is a curious fact and one to be regretted in connection with the present London celebration of Milton's tercentenary, that not one of Milton's homes in the city remains to this day. His birthplace, the house of John Milton, scrivener, in Broad street; his lodgings, after his return from his French and Italian tour, in St. Bride's Churchyard, near Fleet street; his house and garden in Aldersgate street, than which in his time there were "few streets in London more free from noise," according to his nephew, Edward Phillips; his mores in the Barbican, whither he went after his reconciliation with his first wife, in High Holborn, and in Spring Gardens, a neighborhood now chiefly associated with the London County Council; that in Petty France, now York street, where he married his second wife and whence he fled after the Restoration to Bartholomew Close; and his last two abodes in town, Aldersgate, and in Artillery walk, Bunhill Fields, where he made the third marriage, so distasteful to his daughter Mary—all these have been swept away altogether or are no longer to be identified. His old school, too, is gone, for St. Paul's since 1884 has left the churchyard of the cathedral from which it took its name, and the buildings, themselves rebuilt since Milton's school days, on account of the fire of 1666, have been pulled down.

MILTON'S REFUGE.

The nearest remaining point of connection between Milton and London is the little cottage in the Buckinghamshire village of Chal front St. Giles, 22 miles away from the city. Here it was that Milton and his family took refuge from the great plague of London, shutting up their house in Artillery Walk and here it was that Judge Jeffreys, afterward hero of the "Bloody Assizes," is said to have called upon Milton and asked him whether he did not consider the loss of his right a judgment on him from heaven for his treatment of Charles I. "Is not the loss of his

Fabulous Wealth Hidden In the Sultan's House.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 16.—Nothing in the world equals in splendor the Turkish sultan's treasure house here which has never been photographed and scarcely ever entered, except by its royal owner and its guardians. So priceless are the treasures stored therein that even ambassadors are refused admittance. It is only some great favorite of the sultan's who may have a passing peep at its wonders. The whole treasure house consists of but two large rooms with single galleries running above each. The first thing that strikes the eye on entering is the gigantic Persian throne, covered with a huge crystal canopy. It is made out of beaten gold, one and a half inches thick. The seat and the four thick legs are covered with eastern designs worked out in thousands of huge pearls, equal in size and water, with topazes and emeralds cut all alike. The throne is square in shape, measuring three yards long and two yards high. It was made in 1501 in Tabriz, in Persia, for the Shah Ismael the First.

There is yet another wonderful throne of Persian work in the same hall. This is rather different in form, having steps and being supported by slanting pillars. It has a cupola of gold and is itself of golden foundation. Into this are incrustated cedar and sandal wood designs which are again richly studded with rubies, emeralds, pearls and diamonds. Under the cupola, at the end of a golden chain, hangs an uncut emerald, six inches long and two and a half inches thick. It is covered with texts from the Koran. This throne was made in the sixteenth century and was used by Achmed I, whose hobby was swords and who formed a collection of 1,618 golden swords set with precious stones of the very first quality.

THREE GREAT EMERALDS.

In a crystal cupboard next to the thrones repose three of the largest emeralds which have, up to the present moment, been found. They are from eight to 10 inches long and from five to six inches thick. In the eighteenth century there was a wonderful emerald in this same cupboard which weighed 420 carats, but Mustafa III gave it to be put over Mohammed's grave in Medina, where it hangs still.

Under the window, next to the cupboard, stands a splendid bronze statue of Abdul Azis. In the midst of the glare of gold and stones, such a thing makes but little impression. It is, however, valuable, because it is the first and, as yet, only statue of a sultan. The Koran declares it to be a sin to patronize sculpture, and no other sultan has dared to defy this prohibition of "the devil's art."

Behind crystal cupboards between the two windows are historical relics of priceless value. There hangs the sword of Mohammed the Conqueror, which he carried in his hand on entering Constantinople for the first time; the sword of Constantine Dragoes, the last of the Byzantine dynasty; the crooked sword belonging to Bajazet II when he set out against the Germans and Soliman the Great's sword which he carried during his conquest of Belgrade. All these are of gold, studded with turquoises, sapphires, pearls and rubies. Near them are the helmets, suits of armour, lances, stiletos and horse-trappings once used by these eastern potentates. They are a blaze of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and pearls, all large enough to awaken the envy of duchesses and so close together that the gold that they are embedded in can scarcely be seen. The effect is

that of a series of jeweled rainbows which dazzles the eyes and recalls the wondrous tales of the Arabian Nights.

THE JEWEL ROOM.

The second room is called the "jewel room." Nobody gives such magnificent presents as sultans and shahs. Some idea of this will be gained by the fact that, in this second room, are a dozen crystal vases, from 25 to 30 inches high, filled with pearls, emeralds, diamonds, rubies and sapphires. Through the dazzle of these jewels can be seen stones of high size which are again set with smaller jewels, in wonderful designs of flowers and beasts. Not even the most beautiful Parisian work can come near this and those who have shops in the Rue de la Paix cannot imagine anything approaching the magnificence of color and the delicacy of workmanship that make the gems cast into these vases, that stand in a small room in Constantinople, unique.

In the middle of this room is a cupboard, crystal of course, containing a perfect collection of every kind of Mohammedan money, from the most ancient times to the present day. And yet, rich as this collection is, it could not buy the stones in the vases opposite. Besides the coins, is a collection of plates, studded with silver and precious stones, which the Caliphs, contrary to the Koran's decree, lay upon. In a casket adorned with huge rubies, lie two pearls weighing 48 grammes. In another casket, studded with diamonds, is a large ruby as large as a pear. This was the gift of Persia's shah to Selim on his coronation day. In yet another casket is a diamond of the first water, weighing 32 carats, which probably once adorned the Byzantine crown. A child playing on the sands, once found it in Alvan Seraj wharf, in Roman times. It was lost in the midst of some great public ceremony.

PIECE OF THE CROSS.

Many priceless relics came to the sultans from the Byzantine dynasty. There is a large piece of Christ's cross, given to Constantine the Great by the monks of Colcos and the same source came the sponge and the crown of thorns used at the crucifixion. It is not generally known that the head of John the Baptist, given to Salome by her stepfather, and his hand, also in the sultan's treasure house. But such is the case, and they now lie, ghastly relics, surrounded by the orgie of light color and gold.

GARB OF THE AGES.

Perhaps the most impressive part of this collection are the 24 costumes from the year 1453 to the last days of the empire. Each is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, even if you count only the value of the huge stones that adorn them, to say nothing of the gold with which they are sewn and embroidered. Each dress is different in shape, color and design, according to the taste of its royal owner. The walls of the galleries are hung with portraits of dead sultans, painted after death. Next to the treasure house is the third room of Achmed I, and his library. But the few strangers who visit these rooms pay it little attention, dazzled as they are by the splendor they have already seen.