

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1906.

CAMP LIFE WITH LUCA'S COMITAJIS

TRAPS READY FOR THE TURKS IF THEY INVADE THE REBEL STRONGHOLD

The Lighter Side of Macedonian Revolution Uppermost
Around the Fires After Supper—Various Types of
Bulgars Who Make Up the Chetas

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.)
LARK OF THE TWO REPUBLICS,
IN CAMP WITH LUCA'S COMITAJIS.

We have had three weeks of quiet life in camp. Nothing of importance has happened since the burning of Nis, save the exchange of a few cheta. A patrol of twenty-five askers and eight of our men, who were out on forage among the peaks of a Turkish hill. Neither party was seen. Nothing of importance has happened since the burning of Nis, save the exchange of a few cheta. A patrol of twenty-five askers and eight of our men, who were out on forage among the peaks of a Turkish hill. Neither party was seen.

utes later all four of the revolutionists were asked. To each was applied the torture. They beat Teodor on the point of his chin with a mallet. They whipped the soles of his bare feet with a keen switch. You do not feel the blows, he says, but in your breast, near the heart, is a pain as if needles were piercing and tearing flesh. They put hot eggs into his arm pits. But they got nothing out of the boy.

One of the four confessed all he knew, then went mad. That evening the principal leaders of the Macedonian Committee were arrested, Deman Gruen, Dr. Tatarcheff, the Tashet, and a dozen others. The organization was all but crushed. The trial was a farce. All would have been condemned to death, but European influence commuted the sentence to one hundred and one years in prison. They were sent to the walled towns of Asia Minor.

Teodor spent one year in the fortress of Accia, in Arabia. What was left of the organization sent the prisoners money, for in Turkish prisons no rations are given. With this money Teodor and his companions bought food and privileges.

One day the commandant of the prison came to them—they were four together—and said: "Give me twelve liras and I shall help you escape."

They were suspicious and held back. "Six," they said the colonel, "and you shall be free."

They still refused. Next day they learned of the general amnesty. The news had been withheld five days.

SMUGGLING DONE CALMLY IN SPAIN

A TYPICAL FAMILY GROUP IN ST. SEBASTIAN

What an American Girl Saw from Her Window—Once in a While the Carabineros Interfere, but Money Slipped in the Hand Is Effective

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.)

PARIS, May 13.—During a recent stay in Spain I lived near the French frontier in St. Sebastian, in the older part of the city, where the houses are high and the streets narrow; where bridges span them in some places, and where balconies render them almost dark in others.

Never was I able to see a reason for this strange behavior, and things grew more mysterious when one I happened to look out just as the girl had shut the window. In front of the little door in the street was a man with a wide coat thrown over his shoulder and carrying something bulky under his arm. He called "Tori!" and the girl appeared to take a bundle wrapped up in a gaudy old shawl. About half an hour later she emerged, this time dressed for the street and carrying several packages well wrapped up. When she returned her hands were empty.

Little by little I fell into the habit of watching from behind my curtain. At all times of the day and evening the queerest things would arrive; parcels and packages, bundles and bags, trunks and boxes of every description. When they were too big for the man to carry, a little donkey would come laden with them. Once or twice I saw an old woman, presumably the girl's grandmother. She did not seem stout when I caught a glimpse of her in the house, but when she went out her dimensions had grown; she looked as if she wore three or four dresses.

Things puzzled me and my landlady explained: the family across the way were smugglers. Everybody knew about them, but paid no attention; smuggling seemed to be considered as a legitimate business.

An irresistible desire to see the inside of the house took possession of me, and seeing the door open one day, I slipped into a dingy hall. In all corners were boxes piled up at one end; the wood seemed likely to give way any moment, and through the cracks one could see the floor below. Upstairs I came to a door. In contrast with everything else it seemed new and looked strong and solid; on it was nailed a picture of the Virgin and one of the Sacred Heart. I knocked. Someone peered out through the mirror.

"What do you want?" "Excuse me, but doesn't someone live here who takes things from France to Spain?" (I did not dare to say smugglers.) Slowly the door opened and the girl with the pretty eyes appeared.

CASSATT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA

PERSONALITY OF THE RAIL- ROAD PRESIDENT

His Rise a Refreshing Contrast to the Usual Story of Success Achieved by Plodding—Diffidence One of His Traits, But It Has Not Interfered With His Actions—He Has Always Taken Life Comfortably

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.)

PHILADELPHIA, June 1.—It is a relief nowadays to run across a really "big man" who didn't sell newspapers when he was a boy, and who never worked twenty-four hours a day. As an apostle of accomplishment, Alexander Johnson Cassatt, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company (now on the ocean, hurriedly called back from Europe by the revolutions of the Interstate Commerce Commission), has nothing to learn from Russell Sage, and he is a much more comfortable model for the fun-loving American youth.

In addition to being the head and dictator of the greatest railroad system in the world, Mr. Cassatt is president of six other companies and a director in twenty-three. These organizations are principally transportation companies, banks, and trust companies. Then, too, he has a very large personal fortune to look after, for he was a ready-made man before he started in a more usual way against the odds of a wealthy family, and he might have lived in luxury all his life without ever turning a dollar out of ratiolating—not in the sort of luxury that he is now able to afford, perhaps, but far beyond all fear of the wolf.

When A. J. Cassatt was born in Pittsburgh, in 1839, fortunes were not so colossal as they are to-day. The father's wealth would have seemed insignificant beside that of the son. Mr. Cassatt is estimated to be worth at the present time \$30,000,000, and at least \$78,000,000 that he made out of railroads. As the personification of railroad power, he is an interesting figure. In the industrial primer, Cassatt stands for Railroads, just as Rockefeller stands for Oil. Modern methods of railroad expansion and control are typified in the president of the "Pennsy." The king upon his throne is not a more majestic figure than he can be, and it is much easier to get an audience with the President of the United States than to gain admittance to the private office of Mr. Cassatt, in Broad Street station, Philadelphia.

His mahogany office. This sanctum is a large room, about 6x30 feet, guarded by four negro porters and flanked round about by one secretary, three stenographers, and three officials who have the title of "assistant to the president," but who in themselves are large systems. They are to Mr. Cassatt what the larger general staff are to the general. The president's office is furnished in mahogany. The president sits in a mahogany chair, upholstered in leather, before a flat-top mahogany desk. He does not like roll-top desks because he frequently wants to spread out large maps and plans before him, and, besides, the pigeonholes bother him. If he desires to put a letter away for reference, he pushes a button and the filing is done for him. In one corner of the room is a large geographical globe, which Mr. Cassatt frequently consults, when he wishes to see how far his railroad extends, or to plan a cruise in his private yacht, the Enterprise.

All the orthodox rules of business have been cast aside by this Napoleon of transportation. He deals in millions as other men deal in hundreds, and he does it without worrying himself much. His office hours are rarely longer than from 9:30 in the morning to 3 in the afternoon, with an hour and a half or two hours for luncheon in the handsome private dining room adjoining the office. The chief in Broad Street station sees to it that this dining room is kept supplied with the finest liquors and cigars, and that the menus served there are composed of the richest delicacies in the market. There is a bathroom in the suite, also, and the president often finds time to refresh himself with a plunge. He will devise a scheme for absorbing a new railroad, or execute a plan for \$5,000,000 worth of improvements and be off to his stock farm, near Berwyn, before one of his army of clerks could add a page of figures.

A DIFFIDENT MAN. But despite his preeminent position, his almost limitless power, Mr. Cassatt is one of the most diffident of men. He is very easily confused, and rarely indulges in wordy battles. Not long ago, he was coming in on a main line suburban train from his home in Havorton. There was a new brakeman on the train who knew not Joseph. Along about Ardmore the train was stopped, and Mr. Cassatt, being in the rear car, noticed that the brakeman, instead of running back of the train with a flag, as the rules of the company require, merely sat down on the bottom step of the rear platform.

MANHATTAN.

PARANOID OF SIMPLER THINGS.

She sits inside the brightly sunlit room, and with the whole world to her back. There is no one to be seen. No one to be seen. No one to be seen.

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