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THE "UNDERWORLD" OF A REVOLUTION

A WELL-ARTICULATED SKELETON OF LAW AND ORDER IN MACEDONIA

What a Correspondent Found After Getting into Touch with One Hundred and Fifty Rayons—Discipline None the Less Maintained Because Kept from the Eye of the Turk

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.]
Sofia, Bulgaria, November 28, 1906.—It is good to be back in civilization, to be dodging trolley cars again, and to hear the old familiar whoops of the small newspapers. All these things have a new meaning to me; they impress me with a fresh vividness in the sudden brilliance of the light, for five days ago I crawled out of the heart of darkness. A strong, sharp contrast, but a contrast that helps me to adjust my experiences of the past year in their proper relations to the commonplace. The ego fades into the background, and with it the strong emotions begot of comradeship in the danger, emotions which spur one on to activity, but dislodge the balance of critical judgment. I feel myself more able now to review my experience with less partiality or prejudice, though no one who studies a question from near at hand can be absolutely free of them.

My means of travelling through Macedonia, though never before undertaken by a foreigner, have in Macedonia not been unusual. Such circuits are often made by members of the organization, though all those not on the Central Committee are supposed to remain in their zones, or rayons. Such trips as mine are known as "putuvani mesdjo n'rod," literally, going among the people, a phrase especially significant among Russian revolutionists. The men making these journeys are "rodniks," or "spavens." In Russia their mission is to awaken the people to a sense of their condition; in Macedonia that phase is passed. There the apostle's work is to follow the footsteps of disasters to inspire the peasants with new courage, to rally them from great moral depressions.

On my last night in Sofia I discussed some remaining details with the two men on the Central Committee who were responsible for my going. "If you choose to write during your wanderings," said one, "do not consider yourself even morally bound to present a brief for the organization. The greatest service you can do us is to represent faithfully what you see. You are free to criticize the organization's methods when they seem to you wrong. Every door will be opened to you, not by courtesy, but by right, for you are go as our deputy. You will be able to poke into our dirty little corners; none of our secrets can be kept from you."

These words were in every particular fulfilled. My movements could never be restricted. My every canal was thrown open to me; I could open it myself. My journey as an "illegal" began in Vodensko district, which I went on passport from Bregaria, via Salonica. Thence my route was north to Monastir Vilayet, every rayon of which I visited, to get into the city disguised as a peasant, to visit the secret central committee of the vilayet. From Monastir I returned to Vodensko, thence across southern Macedonia, crossing the river Vardar, north through the Strymon district, zig-zagging about, until I finally crossed the frontier near the Bulgarian town Kuytandil. There I resumed civilian dress.

WANDERED FOR NINE MONTHS.
During the nine months of my wanderings I have entered 112 villages, passed through seventeen administrative rayons, and have met nineteen "vovodas," or rayon chiefs. With each of whom I was together for a week. Everywhere I was received with the greatest of attention, as a fellow worker, never as a guest. By every one I was considered as much a member of the organization as himself. That I wrote was a side issue, of which many did not even know. My manner of travelling was as I pleased; sometimes alone with a companion or two, chosen by myself from among the chetvas, chosen by the rayon chetvas, and sometimes, where Turks or Greeks mixed in the population, in peasant costume.

Such has been my opportunity for studying the situation, open to any foreigner who sincerely wishes to see things as they are in Macedonia.

Before going into Macedonia I had comparatively vague ideas about the working methods of the so-called revolutionists. I thought that the armed bands, wandering rather aimlessly about the country, hunting trouble that would be likely to turn out to their advantage, blowing up bridges, hurling bombs into the dining rooms of Turkish pachas or Greek bishops, and sometimes singing revolutionary songs on the tops of inaccessible mountains. I had counted on innumerable bloody encounters with Turkish askers and the hired soldiers of the Greek Church.

When I had served a week's comitluk, I learned, first of all, that the Macedonian committee is not a revolutionary organization. It took me less than a month to realize that this oppressed people, living under a government that is no government, but anarchic, have constructed a substitute for a government, and that for all practical purposes they already govern themselves, though paying tribute to the Turks, who have more rifles, cannons, and money than themselves. Should Macedonia be freed to-morrow, the framework of this organization would be uncovered, and, though crude, would be found to differ very little from the structure of a free republic. My picturesque friends, the vovodas would then evolve into country governors with pens behind their ears instead of guns

"JIMMIE" OLIVER, MINORITY LEADER

ALBANY LAUGHS AT BOWERY ASSEMBLYMAN

Democrats and Republicans Both Revere His Selection by the Lamentable Boss, and They Dread the Long-Drawn-Out Harangues of the Phonograph Statesman—His One Ride in an Ash Cart

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.]
ALBANY, January 11.—It was after the Democratic caucus had elevated "Paradise Jimmie" Oliver to the minority leadership of the Assembly, and "Jimmie" smiling with true Bowery urbanity, came over to the Senate to receive congratulations, that one unfeeling Republican Senator remarked: "Wouldn't Big Bill Devery have been better?"

In phrase, in a certain Celtic mastery alike of pungent epigram and decorative epithet, and in a dialect which is cosmopolitan in its Bowery tang, "Jimmie" Oliver assuredly suggests Devery, but there is just the slightest suspicion that Devery might resent the comparison, for "Paradise Jimmie," after all has been said, is considered a "joke." In Albany he has been described as "Charlie" Murphy's idea of a "statesman." This, in turn, is based on Senator Grady, Murphy's leader in the Senate.

As a picturesque figure, however, Oliver, the unmistakable product of the Bowery, certainly occupies a central position at the State Capitol. His very appearance is striking. The sixty East Side winters that have passed over his head since he was a boy on Cherry Hill have left him white-haired and a little bent. Alone among his colleagues "Jimmie" insists upon the decorous glory of a frock coat. Day and night he may be seen in sartorial adornments, his coat topped with a high silk hat, the mark of the statesman, wandering among the corridors of the Capitol and discoursing—always discouraging—in the sweet, languishing accents of the Bowery, for the all-important characteristic of the new minority leader is his hatred of silence.

At the very outset of his present translation "Jimmie" was forced to undergo the harsh and unusual punishment of endeavoring to lead the Bowery promptly to the Republican leader of the Assembly to carry a formal message to the Senate. "Jimmie" with his colleague marched proudly down the main aisle amid the ill-concealed laughter of the reverend Senators. As a minority representative, of course, he was not permitted to speak. But the comic sagging of the flag of the statesman as he stalked listening in the words of his associate, the tremendous effort at self-repression that alone kept him silent, were destructive of all the solemnity of the moment.

HOW HE WON HIS TITLES.
His frock coat had won for "Paradise Jimmie" the pleasing sobriquet of the "Beau Brummel of the Bowery." This, thanks to the marvellous facility of Oliver's phrase, has been extended into the other parts of the State, and the East Side, certainly, from "Number Nine" above Chatham Square to "Larry" Mulligan's. "Jimmie" has long been a figure of significance, the embodiment of the Bowery's idea of a diplomat. His more familiar title of "Paradise Jimmie" was earned in a fight made for a park in the lower end of the city.

"It will be a paradise for the sons of sun," he said Oliver, in a recent address, when one of his industries, that of gambling, was under discussion. "I have seen my own way from America to serve comitluk with us." "I volunteered," she replied rather proudly, "at such times as I can help."

Next day we were again surrounded in a village, but managed to escape into some tall rushes along the margin of a small lake. The soldiers had seen us from a distance with field glasses, but had not been able to detect whether we had disappeared. They swarmed into the village, a whole battalion, five hundred strong, searched the houses, deployed across the fields, and swept through the tall wheat in firing lines, shoved their bayonets onto haystacks and even ventured out on the lake in boats. Then they gathered in the villagers and demanded that they betray our hiding places.

RAISULI, SCOURGE OF MOROCCO

ONE BRIGAND WHO IS AN ARISTOCRAT

Was Educated in Religion, but Preferred the Lucrative Business of Cattle Robbing—Has Despoiled Caravans, Extorted Money from the Naives, and Blackmailed the Foreign Office—Now His Power Appears to Be Broken

Can it be possible that the career of the audacious Raisuli is to end ignominiously? Can it be true that he no longer holds the key to the Moroccan situation, over which the jealous nations of Europe have wagged their heads, sputtered, and nearly fluminated? Raisuli, glittering rauder, despoiler of caravans, kidnapper, blackmailer, who for years has ruled with the dignity of a dozen Irgatons, laughingly defied the Sultan, Muley Abd Aziz, and been the scourge of Tangier and the nearby districts.

One is almost inclined to utter an exclamation of regret, for about Raisuli's name there hangs a glimmer of romance. He has been described as "a sort of mysterious personage, half-sultan, half-black-guard, whom every courageous male tourist has volunteered to capture, and many a still more courageous female tourist to marry." The man who wrote this knows the brigand well, and he has given the following account of his ancestry:

Muhammad ben Mohammed er-Raisuli is a man of about forty years of age. He is by birth sprung from one of the most aristocratic families in Morocco, and is a shereef, or direct descendant of the prophet, through Muley Idris, who founded the Mohammedan empire of Morocco, and was the first sovereign of the Idrisid dynasty. The children of Muley Idris were established in various parts of the country, and it was from Muley Abd-Allah, whose tomb in the Beni Azen was the place of great sanctity, that the famous brigand directly descended, his family and he himself still holding a share in the lands, the rights and the privileges which were enjoyed by their renowned ancestor. A branch of the family settled in Tetuan, where a fine mosque forms a mausoleum for his more recent ancestors and is venerated as a place of pilgrimage.

It appears that Raisuli received a solid education in religion and letters. He had good looks, an adventurous disposition, a cruel nature, extreme courage, and he forsook the path of holiness for the more lucrative calling of cattle robber. In Morocco this is not an altogether dishonorable profession, and Raisuli speedily achieved a name for himself. He also became a terror to the country. He and his followers robbed right and left, and they spent the proceeds of their robberies with a lavish hand. Murder followed in their wake, and Raisuli himself did not hesitate to sacrifice the lives of his victims. Once a shereef, who had married the brigand's sister, planned to fake another wife. Raisuli's sister objected, and went to her brother. On the night of the marriage, while the festivities were in progress, Raisuli and his manhood went to the shereef's room and murdered the bride and her mother.

At last the brigand's lawlessness could no longer be countenanced. The late Sultan ordered his arrest, and Raisuli was betrayed by a friend. He was cast into the filthy dungeons of Mogador, and loaded with chains. His neck and wrists and ankles still bear the ugly scars of the irons. For nearly five years he was a prisoner; then a file was smuggled into his cell. He worked at night with his instrument for several months, and at last the chains were severed. He escaped, but was recaptured; the chains had weakened his limbs. He was loaded with heavier chains, and paced his dungeon for two more years.

At the end of that time he was released. Imprisonment had sobered Raisuli, and he went to his home with the intention of leading a peaceful life. But it happened that his betrayer had become powerful in the Government, and had confiscated Raisuli's property. He had no redress, except force of arms, and he went back to the ways of a freebooter.

He found plenty of desperate followers. He was the same Raisuli of old, perhaps a little more courageous and cruel, if that were possible. His capture, extended tribute from the poor, blackmailed the rich, and despoiled countless caravans, with much loss to peaceful travelers and a resultant gain to himself.

PERDICARIS AND VARLEY SEIZED

YOUNG LATER RAISULI STARTED THE WORLD BY KIDNAPPING

YOUNG LATER RAISULI STARTED THE WORLD BY KIDNAPPING John Perdicaris, an American citizen, and Cromwell Varley, his stepson, a British subject. He surrounded the villa of Mr. Perdicaris at night, clubbed the servants and their master, and carried off his captives, who were in evening dress, to a camp in the Beni Azen mountains. He had good looks, an adventurous disposition, a cruel nature, extreme courage, and he forsook the path of holiness for the more lucrative calling of cattle robber. In Morocco this is not an altogether dishonorable profession, and Raisuli speedily achieved a name for himself.

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