

## ALBANIAN WILLIAM TELL.

Patriot Shoots Through Follower's  
Fez to Show Skill.

USKUB, Sept. 10.—An interesting diversion among the Albanians has been noted by the correspondents here. Two friends see each other from a distance and one, desirous of attracting the attention of his comrade, aims at his fez and shoots a hole through it. Both then approach, shake hands heartily, and smile. The most expert patriot in this form of salutation is Issa Bolatinaz, or, as his tribesmen call him, Bolatine, who is covered with Turkish wounds received from both bullets and daggers.

Bolatine combines the characteristics of a bandit, revolutionary, and patriot. It is chiefly due to his initiative that the Albanians decided to march to Salonika. There was some dissension on this subject among the leaders, but Issa prevailed.

"There," he said, "near the walls of the villa prison of Abdul we shall be able to enforce the unconditional acceptance of our demands."

Bolatine is illiterate. He can hardly sign his name, and printed matter is to him a puzzle. Yet so great is his influence and so formidable his reputation that neither Turkish officials nor officers of the army dare touch him. At one time a big price was offered for his head, but no one ventured to pursue him, or even to indicate his whereabouts.

The Albanians hold him in high esteem, verging on veneration. He is a man of about 60 years—tall, somewhat bent, and gaunt in appearance. He is able to bear hunger and thirst for days without losing his elasticity and perseverance. He knows to perfection all the secret recesses and defiles of mountainous Albania, and the Ottoman authorities have long recognized the fact that it would be a hopeless task to search for him there.

His greatest anxiety at the present moment is the spirit of dissension that has crept into the ranks of the Albanian leaders. He is an extremist. He has lost every belief in Turkish good-will, and thinks that the best way to argue with the Ottoman Government is with rifle and sword in hand. The Albanians are well supplied with arms, although two years ago every gun was taken from them. Questioned on this subject, Bolatine smiles slyly and answers: "The Turk is cruel, but he is perfectly stupid, and is no match for the sagacious Albanian."

Another remarkable characteristic of Bolatine is his unerring aim with the rifle. He never misses. An Albanian was brought into his camp, and was accused of having shot dead a Turk, in spite of the proclaimed "bessa," (truce.)

"I understand, my boy," said Bolatine, addressing himself to the culprit, "you did not want to kill the Turk. You intended to amuse yourself, but you are a very bad shot. I know you. Stand here, and do not move."

Saying this, Bolatine withdrew to a long distance, and, aiming with his rifle at his countryman, fired. The culprit's fez was perforated, and not a hair of his head was touched.

"This is how one amuses one's self during bessa. Go!" was Bolatine's dry remark.

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