

WOOLING IN FOREIGN LANDS

BY BEAU BRUMMEL



ARABIAN BRIDE'S BETROTHAL COSTUME

THE American girl is so accustomed to a short, romantic courtship which reaches its climax in a large wedding with a double ring service, she imagines girls are wooed and won in the same way everywhere. Though men are courted and girls are won the world over, there are many strange and unusual customs associated with the winning. Even in Europe marriages are made much more conventionally than in this country, and it is only in most recent times that young men have been allowed to court girls without the consent and aid of their parents. But in France to-day among the haut monde the parents of the young man must be consulted, and unless he is 25 years old he cannot marry the girl without their consent. A far wiser way for him to do is to talk it over with the parents. If the girl is attractive and the family is congenial the parents of the young man make overtures to the girl's parents. They are soon on a friendly footing and the question of marriage is readily settled. The settlement as to what the girl's dot shall be is an important point at issue.

The Chinese, along with the Turks, believe that a girl is far better off dead than unmarried. Though they are exceedingly anxious to have their daughters married, they believe it is beneath their dignity to carry on these negotiations themselves, but leave this work to a professional matchmaker. The go-between visits the different homes alone, where she takes note of the age, education, social position and wealth of the different girls. She then gives a long and accurate account of the girl's family. One is selected from this number, and if both parties are satisfied the affair is handed over to the necromancer. The stars say the young people are selected wisely the betrothal is announced. But the matchmaker has still a part to play.

Shortly before the marriage she brings the young girl the gifts the groom would send her. These usually include a leg of pork, a bag of money, two bottles of wine, and two candles. But the girl is expected to return a part of these offerings. The Chinese parents do not believe it is necessary for young persons to love each other so long as the augur is satisfied. The young man rarely sees the girl until after they are married. When the bride arrives at the home of the bridegroom he is there to meet her, but when she steps out she is so veiled that her features are hidden. He leads her into the room where the ceremony will take place. Then he seats himself on a high chair to show his superiority and she prostrates herself before him until he lifts the veil and sees for the first time his future wife's face.

The Russians are another people who believe that marriage is the only natural and rational destiny for a woman. Confident that Cupid is a foolish and erratic boy whose judgment is not always the wisest, they make use of a matchmaker, called a svacha. She is a most important personage, and when her judgment, which is excellent, falls her she can call the stars, diamonds, hearts and clubs to her aid.

But the marriage ceremonies are even more complicated. On the day before the wedding the bride is conducted to her bath. There her friends spend long hours combing her hair and while away the time singing and talking of what her daily life will be after she is married. The ceremony is performed with the rites of the eastern church and takes place eight days before the marriage. The service is divided into three parts. The first is where the gold rings are exchanged. Then the bride and bridegroom are crowned with crowns of silver filigree, and lastly comes the dissolution of the crowns. Though matchmakers are not employed in Japan love matches are exceedingly rare, and it is not unusual for a

usual for a Japanese bride to commit suicide because she is not permitted to have the young man she would like to marry. The parents settle this affair often without consulting the young man and the girl. The man usually is given more leeway, and if he does not admire the girl the parents usually hunt another girl for him. The girl once selected, it is his duty to send her as many and as costly gifts as his fortune will allow. The Swiss bride, especially in the upper classes, never accepts anything beyond jewelry. Her parents are expected to buy her trousseau, furniture for the house, and her spinning wheel. The day of the wedding these things are exhibited, but at the bridegroom's house.

Though in Switzerland no matchmaking is done, a young man must often prove to the girl he is worthy of asking for her hand. The girl always have the privilege of saying "Yes" or "No," though in some places the choice of a bridegroom is restricted to their own locality. In some districts a man must lead the goats up and down the mountain to show the girl he can work for her. In other towns where the haying is done it is his part to stack up all the hay and pile it into the barn. Though she helps him in his long hours of toil, he is expected to do most of the work. Still he toils bravely, feeling that he is being rewarded sufficiently by a pleasant word, a friendly smile, and that if the work is well done he has a chance to win her as his wife.

Until recently in Egypt girls and boys were married when they were young. It was common for a girl to be married by the time she was 14 and a boy when 16. But they now wait a few years longer. The parents always select the man they wish for the son-in-law. The girl is satisfied to know that she is going to have new dresses and a great deal of new pretty jewelry. The bride and bridegroom rarely see each other before the day of the wedding. An important part of the ceremony is to give a bride food and a large urn, which symbolize that she will have food and water.

There are no people so particular about selecting husbands and wives for their children as the Moors. Their sons and daughters have no right to say who they will and will not marry. For after the parents have chosen, a word of complaint might result in death. A son dare never take a wife unless his mother approves, and she is usually chosen from the young women of their own clan. But when they cannot find a girl in the village who pleases them they seek one among other clans. But the young man is supposed to be too timid to court alone the girl whom his mother chooses, and so he usually takes several friends with him. It is their duty to sing the girl's praises in the hope of giving him courage to carry on the courtship.

But the formal engagement must take place in the presence of the head man. It is before him that the young man hands over the sum he has agreed to give the girl's father. This varies according to what he can afford, the beauty of the bride, and their social position. The bride usually buys the trousseau with the money the young man gives her father.

Moorish girls are exceedingly fond of pretty clothes and plenty of handsome jewelry, so their trousseaux are often wonderfully elaborate. On her wedding day a professional woman from the town is employed to dress the bride. She paints her face, combs out her hair, and arranges the jewels. Not much before sunset does the bridegroom send the box in which the bride is to be conducted to the bridegroom's house.

is left absolutely to the government at Washington, says Army and Navy Life. How many American people know, for example, that Mindanao is a little virgin empire, with millions of acres of the richest land in the world, now idle and fallow, but capable of enormous production? An American officer who has just returned from there calls it "the pearl in the golden setting of the archipelago, the

deducted on a mule to his house. Before she got to his house she drives all about town. In some parts when the bride enters her new home the bridegroom walks backwards holding a dagger in his hand and she follows him, touching the point of the blade with the tip of her finger.

Where a family can afford it a girl usually is accompanied by an old nurse, who gives her good words of counsel as the lazy mule trudges along leisurely. Before she leaves the girl, whom she has cared for since the bride was a child, she whispers: "Take courage; you need not fear. He cannot help but love you; you are sweet, good, and kind."

Among primitive peoples marriage usually is more insistent and girls are courted in even a less romantic manner. Among the Australians every girl must marry, whether she will or not. It is considered wonderfully strange if a girl is 12 years old and is still unmarried. This is not because the girls or parents are romantic, but the parents feel that a girl is only worth the toil she gives.

"The man," says the Rev. H. C. Meyer, "regards them more as slaves than in any other light. They are a necessary commodity, valuable only as long as useful, to be thrown aside after they serve their purpose."

Worse still, their masters can throw them out and divorce them at will. The Kafirs buy their wives with cows and do not pay more than they can help. A woman no sooner enters her new home than she is given some task to perform so her lord can see if he has made a good bargain. He values her less than his cows. This is seen by the fact that he permits her to do all the work except tend to his cattle and enter the kraal where they are kept.

BLACK FOX FARMS.

Consul John H. Shirley writes from Charlotte-town, Prince Edward Island: "There are three black fox farms near Atherton where these animals are raised for their skins. These farms contain 20, 25 and 30 foxes, respectively. The skins are sold in London at prices ranging from \$500 to \$1,800 each, according to quality. I am informed that the fur is used for ornamenting the cloaks of royalty, as it is the only fur to which gold will cling. The farm containing 30 foxes is on Cherry's Island. The farm containing 20 foxes is in a rough, broken woods country where the animals are confined by heavy woven wire netting. The wire is set in the ground two and three feet, in order to keep the foxes from burrowing under, and is about eight feet high above ground, with a curve inwardly at the top of each post of another three or four feet of wire, in order to keep them from climbing over the fence. They sleep in the open year round, in hollow trees and in hollow logs. These animals are not cross-bred, but are confined to their own kind, to keep the fur of the best quality possible.

son with the Philippine archipelago, and the benefits accruing to American consumers of her products are slight in contrast with those which would come with the extension of our customs to include the Philippines.

Popularity of Some Men. There are some men who are so popular that they act as if a man ought to regard it as a privilege to have one of them regularly borrow his tobacco of him.—Somerville Journal.

HOME BETTER THAN "CAREER."

So Declares Woman Who Has Made Big Success in Business.

The distinction of being the highest salaried woman in New York, in the opinion of Miss Anna Louise Amendt, who draws something near \$20,000 a year, does not compensate for the sacrifice of domestic life which such a success exacts.

This is what Miss Amendt, who is the most valuable employee of the biggest real estate concern in New York, told a writer who visited her beautifully appointed office:

"I suppose many women envy me, but, to my mind, to be a good mother and wife is the grandest of all successes. Home is the natural sphere for every woman, and no matter in what direction her lines may be cast she cannot entirely shake off that desire to reign as its queen some time.

"It is just this one ruling element in her life that prevents her from attaining equal success with men. The average girl lives in hope that some day a husband will come along and shoulder her burden. It is only when she rids herself of this thought that definite success in business comes, for concentration is one of the keystones to success.

"Another thing: Women are doubtful of their ability to accomplish vast results, and it is impossible to do a thing as long as a doubt rests in your mind.

"When I started out to earn my living I began as a stenographer with a salary of \$16 a week. It was not such a great while until my check was increased to \$50. That did not look so big to me, but it would have satisfied the average woman.

"My checks continued to increase until they ran into the thousands. Of course, my usefulness had increased, for I was not satisfied with being a stenographer. I had learned every phase of the business and could put a big deal through with as much ability as could any man in the office. I prepared all of the literature. In fact, there is no part of the business with which I am not familiar.

"But with all my success I would not advise the young girl to seek a career. For in my belief, the girl who gets married is on the right road to happiness. Success in all lines is hard."

Went Willingly to Crocodile.

It has been said that the Australian blacks never commit suicide. The self-destruction does not come within their philosophy. The author of "Confessions of a Beachcomber" mentions a case of recent date which he thinks might be regarded as in conflict with that view: "A member of the Clump Point tribe, painfully afflicted with a vexatious skin disease, was fishing at the mouth of a creek when his hook fouled. To a companion he said he would dive to get it clear. His friend endeavored to dissuade him, reminding him of the crocodile which they had seen but a short time before. But the boy, worn with pain and weary with never-ending irritation, said if he was taken, 'No matter. Good job, me finished then.' He dived and there was a commotion in the water. The boy appeared on the surface, making frantic appeals for help while the crocodile worried him. He escaped for a moment and his friend clutched his hand and drew him to the bank, only to have him torn from his grasp."

Forehanded.

Little Katherine had been boarding on a farm this summer and many of the rural expressions are wholly unfamiliar to her. One day she chanced to hear her country hostess praising the good qualities of a certain thrifty neighbor.

"He really ain't got much, compared to some folks," said the farmer's wife, "but he makes out wonderfully well; he's so forehanded."

That evening the man thus lauded happened to drop in, and Katherine immediately sidled up to him, with curious eyes. Slowly she revolved about the chair in which he sat, and so persistently did she gaze at him that the farmer's wife finally noticed it.

"Well, Katherine," she said, "you seem to find a good deal to look at in Mr. B., don't you?"

"Why?" replied the child, her little forehead wrinkling in perplexity. "I'd want to see his two upper hands, but I can't. Is he sittin' on 'em?"—New York Times.

Iceberg Gardens.

"We passed many icebergs coming home from Europe," said a tourist, "and on one of them a garden bloomed."

"It was a beautiful sight. The great berg shone like an enormous emerald in the sun, and in one level recess, fenced in by pale green peaks, a yellow garden gleamed. The captain said that iceberg gardens are not uncommon. Moss, it seems, is brought on to the bergs by animals' feet. The moss grows, it decays, it forms a soil for the pollen of buttercups and dandelions that is blown through the air during the brief arctic summer. Soon the incredible spectacle presents itself of a great, cold berg adrift in the salt sea with yellow flowers springing from the hard, cold ice."

Why China Has Few Trees.

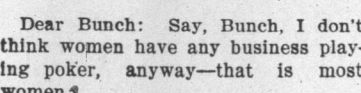
Frank N. Meyer, the scientific explorer for the government in his recent penetration of China, saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America. To the credit of the pagan priests, he said, all forms of plant and tree growth were cherished and encouraged around the temples and the priests gave Meyer what information they could. The extent to which forest devastation has gone in China can be inferred from the fact that the Chinese have rooted and grubbed out every vestige of tree growth the size of your finger above the graves of their revered ancestors.—Outing Magazine.

It Looked Unscapable.

The barber paused in his fretwork operations. "Will you have a close shave, sir?" he asked. "It looks like it," returned the victim, moodily. "At present the odds against my getting out of this chair alive seem very heavy indeed."—London Globe.

JOHN HENRY ON WOMEN AND POKER

BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")



Dear Bunch: Say, Bunch, I don't think women have any business playing poker, anyway—that is most women."

There are a few cheerful exceptions, of course.

Take Monday evening for example. George Riggaby dealt, and I being next, passed.

Then we waited while Maude said to Peaches, "Oh! yes, I think a bodice trimmed with moire antique and with white chiffon over the corsage is perfectly stunning, but I want to get a house dress of green silk with lace insertion—oh, did you see Mrs. Wilson's new automobile coat? If she isn't a perfect fright; well, I hope—"

"Pass! Pass! Pass!" I yelled.

Then Mrs. Lorenz, paying no attention to us, unbundled herself to Peaches: "And do you know, our new cook lost one of my handsome silver spoons (that's been in our family for generations, and I didn't dare say anything to her about it, because she'd leave, and I know what trouble I had last time finding a cook. But a handsome silver spoon—"

"What do you do?" I shrieked at Peaches, who sat next to me.

"What do I do? What do you mean? What do I do?"

"Do you pass, or do you open it?"

"Oh! I pass. You needn't yell so, I'm sure. Do you know, Mrs. Lorenz, the same thing happened to us, only ours was a fork; yes, a silver fork, one of a set that Aunt Martha gave us for a wedding present, and don't you know, when—"

Then all of a sudden Maude yelled, "Oh, I open it. No, I don't—I thought I had an ace—darnaluck!"

Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz laid her hand down and began to count her chips, declaring that a white one was missing.

After looking over the table and under the table and on the mantelpiece and all around the room, she finally found the white chip under the hand she had laid down.

When peace was restored George Riggaby said, "I'll open it for ten!" Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz screamed, "No, you won't. I'll open it for five!"

"But you said you passed."

"I didn't!"

"Pardon me, I thought you did!"

"Pardon me, I thought I didn't!"

"Cards?" asked George, resignedly. "Give me three," I said.

"Three," said Peaches. "No, two, no, three—wait a minute! Give me one—no, wait; that's a diamond. Give me two—no, no; give me three cards!"

"That's the way with me," said Maude to Peaches: "I get so confused sometimes. I remember one evening we were all playing over at our house, and the baby—"

"Cards!" screamed George.

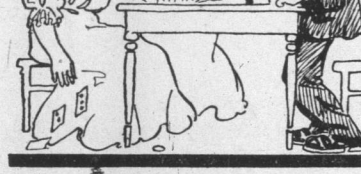
Maude gave him a withering glance, and Mrs. Lorenz said, "One card, please!"

George gave his mother-in-law the card, took three himself and laid the deck down.

"Well, I'd like to know where my two cards are?" inquired Maude scathingly.

"Well, I thought you stood pat," said George.

"Stood pat; the idea!" snapped



"Pass! Pass! Pass!" I yelled.

Maude. "I never did such a thing in my life. I'd like two cards, please."

"It's too late now," I butted in. "You'll have to play your hand or drop out."

"Drop out, indeed. Well, I guess not! George Riggaby, you give me two cards!"

"Can't do it; against the rules," said George.

"Against what rules?"

"Hoyle."

"Who cares for Hoyle. You give me two cards!"

And so to keep peace in the family she was given two cards—and won the pot.

Then Mrs. Lorenz got mad and wanted her ante back, all of which put us another half hour to the bad.

If I had to play poker very often, Bunch, I'd have a roller rink in my pot story.

A little later on that evening I opened a jackpot, and everybody dropped out except Mrs. Lorenz and Peaches.

You know, Bunch, I like Peaches. She's the only wife I've ever had, and the only one I ever wish to have, and so I say it from my heart that she plays poker like a Welsh rabbit, which is without form and full of darts.

From a social point of view Peaches is the best fellow that ever drew cards, but judged solely on her skill as a poker player she is what the ancient Greeks would call a Patricia Bollar.

Well, anyway, Bunch, to make a long story lose its cunning, Peaches waved farewell after losing four dollars, which was all in the family anyway; but Mrs. Lorenz bit her lip and trailed.

Yes, sir, she trailed with all the danger signals set until she had sent seven of her good dollars to the Bad Lands, then she called me.

When I laid down four typewriters

she called me again—but I'd hate to tell you what.

Never before, Bunch, in the history of the game did one woman get mad in so many different places at the same time.

You see, Bunch, she had four deuces all the time, and after the first bet she began to buy a new dress.

After the second bet she selected the trimmings.

After the third bet she changed the material and took something more expensive.

After the fourth bet she decided to pick out an imported dressmaker on



Dr. Field's "Spite House."

site chosen by the doctor, the latter has built his house around the tree. The tree in question is a giant elm. It is more than 100 years old and is a landmark in Des Moines. Dr. Field refused to tell it. But he wanted to be on that lot line if possible. That is why he left a hole through the middle of his house, causing more talk among Des Moines folk in that vicinity than any residence in the entire city.

To construct the house it was necessary to build a portion of it from scaffolding suspended from the branches of the old elm. This was because Mr. Walker got somewhat spunky himself and threatened to enjoin Dr. Field's workmen from even so much as stepping a foot on his lot while they were building the house. He didn't enjoin them, but he built a high, barbed-wire fence squarely on the line. This cut the carpenters off from putting on the weather boarding on that side. So they worked for days on the scaffolding.

While they were engaged upon the residence and gossiped about it; also about Dr. Field and his strange method of getting even with a non-purchaser of his property.

Walker made another threat. He said he would cut off every single branch of the big elm tree that hung over his land, even down to the fraction of an inch. This was because Mr. Walker got somewhat spunky himself and threatened to enjoin Dr. Field's workmen from even so much as stepping a foot on his lot while they were building the house. He didn't enjoin them, but he built a high, barbed-wire fence squarely on the line. This cut the carpenters off from putting on the weather boarding on that side. So they worked for days on the scaffolding.

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