

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1901.

They Have to Buy Husbands.

In Germany every girl is expected to get married. Ask a Bavarian and he will tell you that it is impossible for a portionless maiden to find a husband. If a girl has no money for a dowry, therefore, she sets herself at work to save some.

Marriage in Germany is nearly entirely a matter of business. The father of the girl announces the sum which is to go with her, while the papa of the prospective husband holds out for more. This is the first stage of the negotiations. Little by little each yields to the other. Finally, often after months of delay, the contract is drawn up with minute specifications by a notary, and then the love making may begin. The courtship is very circumscribed, and is probably not altogether satisfactory, for the German maiden is a romantic creature and the opportunities she has for getting acquainted with her husband before marriage are very meagre.

This parental supervision is so imbedded in the nation that even the government takes a hand in it with its servants. A German army officer is a splendid creature to the eye, but his pay is very small, ranging from a matter of \$5 a week for a lieutenant to \$50 a full fledged general. In order to prevent the possibility of seediness in appearance or style of living, the Government forbids an officer to marry unless he deposits a certain sum—it is \$20,000 for a lieutenant, and becomes gradually less for each higher grade—with the authorities, the income of which is doled out to him semi-annually. This is in reality putting a price on the man, because the greater number of German officers are very poor and can get the money required only from their brides.

The money which a wife brings to her husband, unless there is an express notarial stipulation to the contrary, becomes absolutely the husband's property. A woman, in the eye of the law, has practically no rights except such as her husband may allow her. He treats her very often as a merely a piece of livestock. If the woman rebels, which she does very rarely, he displays a very short temper and an aptness for wielding a poker or a walking stick in a use for which they were never meant.

In a German newspaper one may always find a column devoted to matrimonial announcements. There is no romance in these advertisements. The man tells how much money he has and how much he wants. The woman names her dowry to the very penny. Very often the man has no money at all, and expresses his desire to marry into a business; but the woman knows that it is useless to advertise at all unless she has some money, if it amounts only to \$100 or so—which may be regarded as the lowest sum worthy of consideration as a Mitgift.

On the other hand it is the woman's privilege to name the calling which she prefers the man should follow. She usually chooses an official clerk or porter, a policeman, or a car conductor, all of whom have tenure of office and an old age pension. She has more of an eye to stability than to ambition.

It is in the so called higher classes of society, that are first the baldest and most business like matrimonial transactions. There are few young men of this class who have either money or any prospect of making any otherwise than by a wealthy marriage. When they inherit fortunes it is the fashion to dissipate them; and when they don't inherit, it is against the prejudices of their education and training to seek employment or to engage in any kind of business.

Therefore most of them enter the army, while waiting for a rich bride. Daughters of rich brewers and merchants are acceptable to these gentlemen, but their great and persistent dream is to capture an American heiress. They confess the matter frankly to any one and every one who will listen.

Travelling American heiresses are not so plentiful in Germany as in France and Italy; still, they are to be found. It would seem, however, that notwithstanding the fact that German titles are at least a little more valuable than those of the Latin countries, they do not possess the same glamour in feminine eyes, because the

German title captures the American bag of gold comparatively rarely. Perhaps it is because the Teutonic wooing is more arrogant and supercilious than insinuating.

As an instance of the business-like way in which the German nobleman offers himself, for a price, two cases may be cited. The hero in the first comedy was a Reichsgraf (which is something more than an ordinary graf) of ancient lineage. He enjoyed his title in common with nineteen brothers and cousins; likewise a common impecuniosity. For two or three years he made the rounds of the German and Austrian watering places, and it was at one of these that he met the American girl upon whom he wished to confer his title and debts. She was in the company of her family; the papa had got.

With German thoroughness the Graf would have made careful and exhaustive investigations before entering into the matter at all; but the Americans had only a short time longer to stay when he met them, and he had to accept common report as to their wealth. Accordingly he paid assiduous court to the young woman, proposed within a week and was duly accepted, not only by the girl, but by her parents as well.

It is possible that the papa had a mental reservation. He was not dazzled by the splendid military uniform built upon the graf's fine figure, nor by his grand airs but, being an indulgent parent, he allowed matters to run smoothly along for a week or so. During that time the Graf let it be known exactly what he required: his debts were to be paid, a certain sum was to be paid down for the purchase of a small estate, and thereafter, the Graf, not his future spouse, was to receive a yearly income in keeping with his pretensions.

Paternalism tacitly agreed to all this. At the end of the period during which the arrangements were discussed he suddenly appeared before the Graf one day in a state of great apparent perturbation. With much embarrassment he confessed to the graf that he was in temporary financial difficulty, and requested a small loan to tide him over. The Graf came near to an apoplectic fit, and his outraged dignity prompted the sending of a challenge to a duel, which the American treated as a joke.

Some time after the Graf learned that the papa was not ruined, but was really richer than report has made him out to be. His needs being pressing, he thereupon promptly forgave all about his dignity and went as fast as an express train could carry him to the new sojourn of the Americans for the purpose of renewing his attentions. But in the meantime the American girl had lost her desire to form a noble alliance, and the Graf is still haunting the watering places.

In the second case the nobleman, though his title was genuine, was not of so good a family, and he was fain to be content with less. He won the affections of an American girl with a fortune in her own right, and all preparations were made for the wedding. A week or so before the day fixed he formed the acquaintance of a Russian widow of unknown antecedents and a large fortune, and without even so much as a good-by to his American betrothed, he married the lady and started on a tour around the world.

These are typical cases. Of course there are conditions under which international marriages may be effected in Germany, and probably with approximate chances of happiness, but they are uncommon. For one reason, American girls thus married seldom find themselves treated as equals.

Of all countries Germany is perhaps that in which romanticism flourishes most. It is instinct in its traditions, in its history and in its literature. Yet in the affairs of daily life, and preeminently in its matrimonial affairs, materialism rises to the plane of worship.

Eat all you can, Mother.

An old man, whose hair and beard were cut in a chaste, rural design, appeared in one of the table d'hote restaurants the other day. He had his wife with him. That was more than the old lady could say of her hearing. She was almost stone deaf, which gave everybody a chance to find out what splendid lungs her husband had.

The meal was luncheon. The price which

the old man was asked after he had ordered two meals, was 75 cents.

'Seventy five cents!' he exclaimed. 'You don't mean a piece?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Gracious!' He thought it over a minute or two. Then he looked at his wife as if considering whether he should try to get the dreadful news past the old lady's tympanum. Evidently he gave it up. But he did what he could. When the first course came on, he leaned over and shouted in her ear. 'Eat all you can, mother! I'll tell you why after a while!'

TO EXPLORE UNKNOWN ALASKA.

United States Will Send a Party This Summer to a Vast Northern Wilderness.

Extensive explorations are about to be undertaken by the American Geological Survey between the Arctic circle and the shores of the Arctic Ocean in Alaska. Preparations were begun last summer, and one of the large appropriation bills now pending in congress makes provisions for paying the expenses.

The exploring party will start from Bergman, away up above the Arctic circle, nearly one thousand miles northwest from Sitka. Upward of one third of Alaska is about as little known as the interior of Africa was a few years ago. Roughly estimating, the great Alaskan wilderness to be explored is about as large as New England, New York and Pennsylvania combined.

The party will be divided into three sections. The first detachment led by W. J. Peters, will proceed to the Arctic Ocean. If time permits this party will go eastward to the British boundary, turning westward again and reaching the coast in the vicinity of Point Barrow, the northernmost settlement on the continent of North America.

The second detachment will be led by W. C. Mendenhall, geologist and its work will be confined to the little known region around Kotzebue Sound, in three directions. The third party led by Mr. Gardiner will continue explorations that have already been begun in the Copper River Valley.

It is believed that the whole territory is a vast desolate plain, rising occasionally into high hills. It is believed that the region is devoid of life, excepting for some of the fur bearing animals that are found near the shores of the Arctic Ocean and in summer by two or three kinds of wild fowls which hover about the neighborhood of the lagoons. Almost certainly the territory is devoid of trees and every kind of vegetable life except moss and stunted wild grass such as is found in summer in the tundra region somewhat farther south in Alaska.

Murder Will Out.

That conscience doth make cowards of us all there is much in the lives of men to testify. Two tragic instances just revealed bear out the strength of the remark.

Four years ago, Mrs. Ludwig Wurl, the wife of a wealthy German ranchman living near Tie Siding, thirty miles west of Cheyenne, Wyo., was murdered.

The murderer used an axe, with which he hacked the body into pieces, leaving the weapon sticking in his victim's head. At the time the crime was committed the murdered woman's husband and Hans Delf, a hired man, were supposed to have been on the road from the ranch to Laramie.

From top to bottom the house had been ransacked and a tin chest containing money had disappeared.

And here is where conscience plays its part. A year after the murder Hans Delf committed suicide. On his deathbed he said: 'I killed myself because I murdered a defenceless woman.'

A letter received a few days ago from South Africa, where Ludwig Wurl, in company with a Mrs. Krueger, had gone, says 'Ludwig Wurl shot himself last week. On his deathbed he confessed to Mrs. Krueger, whom he had married that he and Hans Delf had murdered Mrs. Wurl. 'I wanted her out of the way,' he said, 'to marry you.'

Thus, was justice, through conscience, vindicated.

Mrs. Krueger had been in total ignorance of Wurl's awful crime until he made his confession.

Mrs. Jason—What is that you are tryin' to sing, fer the land's sake?

Mr. Jason—'The Lighthouse by the Sea.'

Mrs. Jason—Well, if you expect me to git the washin' ever done, you'd better be thinkin' of the woodhouse by the saw.

Beautiful Mrs. Keppel.

Fashionable London has had a good many problems to perplex it since His Majesty King Edward VII. was proclaimed sovereign.

Not the least of these has had to do with the future social status of a woman of extreme personal loveliness, a member of the smartest set, an aristocrat by birth, though untitled, and for two years past distinguished by the conspicuous favor accorded her by England's social arbiter.

It is no secret that "the Prince," as his present Majesty has so long and lovingly been known, has greatly admired the beauty, wit and charm of Mrs. George Keppel.

On all occasions when the Marlborough House set has gathered together it has invariably been Mrs. Keppel who has completely eclipsed every other woman of this charming coterie, including those of the highest rank. It has been Mrs. Keppel's epigrams which most keenly tickled His Royal Highness's fancy, her gowns which elicited his most bland approval, her companionship which he appeared most gratified to secure on a drive or at dinner.

All of which was served to set Mrs. Keppel on a pinnacle quite solitary and distinct.

A woman whom the Prince of Wales chose openly to admire needed neither titles nor advertisement to emphasize her social importance. In an unofficial sense she had gradually come to hold the highest position in smart English society, when—

There occurred the sudden and lamentable demise of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, immediately followed by the accession of His Equally Gracious Majesty King Edward.

That is to say the Prince of Wales, as a private individual of supreme social importance, vanished from sight.

Has the pre-eminence of Mrs. Keppel subsided simultaneously?

Will the next Duchess who holds a week end house party place Mrs. Keppel first in her lists of guests?

Is she in future to be deferred to as if she were a member of the royal household?

Will she in the brilliant court which His Majesty is bound sooner or later to establish, hold the precedence commonly accorded to women of royal rank?

Or will she fall into line with a hundred other graceful and accomplished women?

Will His Majesty deem it discreet to forget this entertaining episode? And is the supremacy of Mrs. George Keppel already in the past tense?

An estimate of the number of ordinary serene brows that are furrowed over these questions would amount to the sum total of the social leaders of England.

Outwardly the Duchesses, Marchionesses, Countesses, who draw the lines of exclusive society, are now trailing crape bordered veil and mourning, with every evidence of gracefully sustained affliction the death of 'the dear Queen.' Inwardly these fair aristocrats are asking themselves:

'What are we to do with Mrs. Keppel? And it is not unlikely that Mrs. George Keppel is asking herself a similar question. Meanwhile all England is demancing to know exactly who this royal favorite is.'

Mrs. Keppel who was married in 1881 to the Hon. George Keppel, brother of the Earl of Albemarle, is the sister of a Scottish baronet, Sir Archibald Edmondstone. The Edmondstone family for generations have filled dignified positions in the army and the navy. Mrs. Keppel is slight, tall, dark with a beautiful complexion, violet eyes full of life and vivacity, regular features and masses of dark hair.

The dominant note of her personality is elegance. She is always faultlessly dressed, never overdressed. She has a clever tongue and a winning manner, and one feature about her that all her friends and rivals allow that she is in no way offensively conscious of being the object of royal preference.

If Mrs. Keppel has placed any value on her unique position it is doubtless a comforting reflection to her that His Majesty was never a worshipper of title, that he is fairly democratic, as Englishmen understand the term, and that no influence which has ever yet been brought to bear upon

him has prevented him as doing as he pleased.

Wherefore, if he wishes Mrs. Keppel's violet eyes and nimble tongue to enliven his court, why should they not do so?

Her standing is in every sense irreprouchable.

Her triumph, astounding as it may appear, has not lessened her popularity with the women who have always been her friends and who control society. Nor has she ever been the victim of any such social boycott as that to which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, when Princess of Wales subjected the accomplished woman who was then Lady Brooke and who is now the Countess of Warwick.

Doubtless a good share of the present concern over the situation is due to the Chatsworth incident. For it is only a few weeks back that the attention of all England was for the first time publicly drawn to the friendship between the present King and Mrs. Keppel. That the friendship existed had long been known. It so to speak public proclamation of it remained for Chatsworth to give.

The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire asked the smartest people in England to their country seat, Chatsworth, at New Year's for a shooting party and private theatricals. Mrs. Keppel, as usual, absorbed the devotion of the Prince of Wales. One day the Duchess permitted a photographer to 'snap' the party. The photographs, which were printed in the illustrated papers, show the Prince and Mrs. Keppel walking together alone, while the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire and a horde of other titled persons, including, of course, the Princess of Wales, are 150 yards in the rear.

Whether the Prince or the lady or their hosts were pleased at the sudden flash of notoriety on this platonic 'affair de coeur' is not difficult to answer. It is said, in fact, that the Prince was very angry indeed at the indiscretion of the Duchess in unwittingly allowing the artists to provide sketches so well calculated to excite undesired comment. The Prince was in excellent humor. He had one or two grave conversations with the Duke about the South African 'pandemonium'—that is what the Prince called it. But he came down to enjoy himself and he was most of the time at the side of Mrs. Keppel. The rest of the party quite accepted the situation.

The party was semi-official function. The doings were reported in the press and the guests included men like Mr. Arthur Balfour, who only occasionally take part in the diversions of the Marlborough House set and who were invited for their importance in other spheres.

The rule of precedence, as every one knows, are rigorously observed at set dinners. In fact the slightest breach of them is apt to cause the most unpleasant misunderstandings. But the Prince by a special dispensation absolved the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire from placing their guests in order of rank. Matters were then—quite fortuitously, of course—so arranged that the Prince had the Duchess of Devonshire on his right and Mrs. Keppel on his left. This order was observed at all the dinners.

When the performance of 'A Fantomine Rehearsal' was given in the ball room, the Prince of Wales had Mrs. Keppel on his left again in the front row. When the ladies joined the shooting party in the woods for luncheon the prince had Mrs. Keppel and Lady de Grey at his table.

Simplicity in Funerals.

The simplicity which marked the ancient Jewish burial ceremonies has much to commend it even to us. The inexpensive coffin and the uniform linen shroud served to emphasize the equality of all in death. As things are to day the rich tax their brains to invent new funeral fancies and the poor impoverish themselves to keep up with their wealthier neighbors.

He Felt That He Wasn't Included.

'See that fellow over there with the pretty side whiskers?'

'Yes.'

'Well, he got up and left the audience the other night when the orator said he wanted to talk to the plain people.'