

AN INTIMATE PICTURE OF TURKISH WOMANHOOD

Their Social Activities and Domestic Life Described by an American Girl—Must be Satisfied with a Quarter of a Husband—Something About the Ladies of the Harem.

The women of the Orient scarcely exist for us. Of course from time to time the papers contain repetitions of the few facts to which we are accustomed—the seclusion of the veiled ladies of the harem, their languorous luxurious, useless, and as it seems to us immoral lives.

But as to their minds, their point of view, their philosophy of life, their social activities and domestic methods, does it ever dawn on us that these women of the harem possess such practical and everyday things.

What a revelation is a little book recently published by Mrs. Kenneth Brown, under the Greek name of Demetra Vaka, in which she tells of a series of visits to Turkish friends from the most opposite point of view—that of an American girl or rather of an Americanized Greek girl.

The Greek girl daughter of an illustrious race, and brought up in Constantinople under the rule of the "unspeakable Turk," returns to her native city and, just as any other girl might do, proceeds to pay a series of visits to the Turkish playmates of her childhood, now settled comfortably in harems of their own.

THE SAME HUSBAND

What is so unique is the bewildering convincingness of the domestic happiness of these curious homes, the solid satisfaction taken by these supposed victims of a barbarous abuse out of the different phases of their divided wifehood and the ascent of their intelligence to it as the best.

It is all very bright and diverting, and just at the right moment the point of view of the American girl intervenes to throw into delicious relief the conversation of her Turkish hostesses.

"Tell me," she says to her two old friends, Nassarah and Tsakran, "tell me about your marriage and how you both happened to get the same husband."

They were the mothers of two children each, but "as good and full of life as when they and I rolled hoops along the Bosphorus and cast pebbles into it. They looked like sisters and very loving ones. One was clad in a loose pink silk garment, and the other in rich yellow, and both had their dark hair dressed with pale pink plumes. They seized me and nearly carried me into their living-room, made of glass, and called yally kiosky—glass pavilion. There we reclined on low divans and talked for a few minutes before luncheon was announced.

At their Greek friend's question "both began to giggle and embrace each other, and make funny faces, like two children."

A TURKISH WIFE'S LOVE

It was indeed the story old as the patriarchs, and bound up with the traditions of the east—the desire for a son.

But—here was the astonishing point to a westerner—not the tyrannical over-ruling by a brute husband of a tender wife's tears and entreaties for the sole possession of his love. No, it was the overwhelming desire of the wife who had borne no son that the cup of an adored husband's happiness should be full.

The wife urged marriage number two, and provided one of her own friends as the bride. It was noted however, by the visitor from the west that when Hilmi Pasha came near to the two, the first kiss was man that of a lover, the second being that of an older man to a pet child."

A QUARTER OF A HUSBAND

But while the girl from the west was marvelling at the serenity of her husband's wives they were pitying her. "An unmarried woman, earning her livelihood, and one of the intellectual of her friends, one of the wives of a single husband, and till the tears came at the defiance of the visitor's question: 'Do you think Djimlah my

dear, that I should be happy with a quarter of a husband?'"

THE GIFT WIFE

Perhaps most interesting of all was the gift-wife from the Sultan's palace, the wife who was accepted of necessity but never loved, and who acquiesced in her fate and consoled herself with art and adopted children—a life so curiously like yet so unlike, that of the unmarried woman of the west.

The gift-wife was found engaged on a lovely pastel. But when asked if she did not wish to go and study at the great art centres of the world the Orientalism of her philosophy speaks in her quiet, "What for?" reiterated until it is plain that the ambitious young woman with a career is an incomprehensible freak to the good Turkish wife.

And the Turkish equivalent of our less children could think of no high "social work" in adopting home-er end for the most beautiful and talented of the girls than an entry some day into the household of the palace—because in the heart of every Mussulman woman the highest honor on this earth is to be the wife of her ruler.

A TURKISH SUFFRAGETTE

But there was a newer note in womankind, and this was found in Houma, the young girl who had been brought up with the western ideas of marriage, and was so determined that she was to be all in all to her fiancé that she insisted on his travelling in the European capitals for three years to make sure his affections were settled. There was the young Turkish precieuse of the most comical of suffragette meetings. And there was the story of the beautiful lady with the Rosetti face, who had tasted western love and back to her Turkish husband as to a pillar of goodness and truth.

Indeed, they are very much alive, very much made of flesh and blood, these ladies of the harem, and they make us decidedly more sceptical as to any stories we may hereafter listen to regarding the westernizing of the Turk.

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ACCIDENT ON U.S. BATTLESHIP

Washington, Sept. 23.—During target practice of the Atlantic Fleet, off the Virginia Capes yesterday, one of the big twelve-inch fifty-ton guns of the battleship Georgia, burst on the first range shot. The muzzle was far back as the forward jacket, was blown off. The crew miraculously escaped injury.

Miss Margaret Colwell returned last evening after spending a vacation in St. John.

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WOLVES ONCE PREVALENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK

The Fierce Brutes Were Numerous in Some of the River Counties—How a Pack was Once Thinned Out by Lepreaux Lumbermen.

(From Clarence Ward's Old Times, in the St. John Globe.)

A singular story is told in the paper of February 21, 1846, of the remarkable capture and destruction of a number of wolves by a most extraordinary device. The narrative has all the appearance of being told in good faith and the disposition of the Editor was such that he would not knowingly inflict on his readers anything of the character of what is called in modern jargon "a faked nature yarn." Wolves at this time (1845-6) were undoubtedly quite numerous in Charlotte, Kings and St. John counties, and I have given in these papers, on several occasions, descriptions of their ravages on the flocks and herds of the settlers. It is a singular circumstance in this connection that in recent years they have entirely disappeared from these localities, and no satisfactory reason has been given that I am aware of, for their departure. The following is the account of the peculiar artifice, by which a number of wolves were circumvented by a party of lumbermen.

Mr. Michael Andrews, the leader of the men, was a well-known citizen of St. Andrews, a member of an "old family" of that town, and one who would not likely be guilty of publishing such an extraordinary tale. There were three extra grounds for it. "Great Slaughter Among the Wolves"—Mr. Michael Andrews, of St. Andrews, who is carrying on a logging business at the Lepreaux River, about twenty miles from this city, was at his camp, about ten miles from the mouth of the river, and about one mile from its shore, in the early part of December last, with three of his men. About ten o'clock in the evening, the howling of wolves was heard, some short distance off, and in a very few minutes, some forty or fifty of them made their appearance, and in a short time the top of the camp was covered with them, but a torch of birch bark having been lighted up, the whole drove scampered off. Mr. Andrews at once thought of a plan to capture some of these unwelcome visitors. Himself and men went to work the next morning and snarped some fifty or sixty stakes, three and half feet long, having them exceedingly sharp, and made hard, by putting the ends in

the fire, and having driven them in the ground about the camp, with the sharp end upwards, about three feet deep, they prepared torches made of birch bark, and in the first of the evening, they secured themselves in their camp, and about the same time as on the former evening, a large number of wolves again made their appearance, and, as before, took possession of the top of the camp, about fifty in number—looked through the hole in the top of the camp, left for the smoke of the fire, at the inmates. Immediately the torches were lighted up and the drove of wolves scampered off in all directions, leaping from the roof of the camp on the sharp stakes, and in this way fifteen of these ferocious animals were destroyed. The excessive light of the torches through the chimney hole caused so great a darkness near the ground, that it prevented the wolves from seeing the stakes and they consequently leaped upon them.

Wolves were certainly very bold in the neighborhood of St. John this year (1846), committing their depredations in close proximity to the city, as will be seen from the following extracts taken from the paper of June 52: "We would recommend our farmers to be on their guard. The wolves are again making their appearance in the immediate neighborhood, even of the city. On Thursday last week (June 4th) Robert Kel tie, Esq., had no less than eight fine ewes, of an improved breed, destroyed and others of his flock wounded, and we learn that on the Kennebecasis eleven were killed previously, and since, at Little River, some others. It is to be deplored that these ravenous animals, should be suffered to annoy and impoverish us, even in the midst of our cleared settlements. The money voted away in many cases with no concurable, at least no justifiable object, would have tended given in liberal premiums, to prevent these melancholy depredations."

A THOUGHTFUL HUSBAND.

Tailor—How many pockets in your trousers?

Customer—Only one, please; my wife is a busy woman and I want to save her time when she goes through them.

GUIDE FOR TRAVELLER

INTERCOLONIAL

DEPARTURES.

No. 303—Mixed for Loggieville, 5.00
No. 317—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 6.15.
No. 321—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 11.15.
No. 323—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 16.20.
No. 301—Express for Loggieville, Chatham, Campbellton, Quebec, Montreal, etc., 18.30.
No. 327—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 18.40.
No. 229—Suburban for Gibson and Marysville, 22.00.

ARRIVALS

No. 306—Suburban from Marysville 7.45.
No. 302—Express from Loggieville, Chatham Junction 11.25.
No. 308—Suburban from Marysville 13.30.
No. 304—Mixed from Loggieville and Chatham Junction, 16.00.
No. 310—Suburban from Marysville 19.15.
No. 316—Suburban from Marysville 21.55.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

DEPARTURES

6.20 a.m.—Express for St. John, Portland, Boston, Woodstock, etc.
7.55 a.m.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North. Leaves St. Marys at 8.35.
9.45 a.m.—Express for St. John and points east.
4.45 p.m.—Mixed for Woodstock, via Gibson branch on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
5.50 p.m.—Express for Montreal, and Boston, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.
9.05 p.m.—Express for St. John and points east.

ARRIVALS

9.10 a.m.—Express from St. John and points east.
11.20 a.m.—Mixed from Woodstock via Gibson branch, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Fridays.
11.35 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Boston, etc.
7.50 p.m.—Express from St. John, and points east.
9.05 p.m.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.
10.50 p.m.—Express from Boston, Portland, Woodstock, St. Stephen, etc.

STAR LINE S. S. CO.

Steamer Victoria leaves for St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8 o'clock a.m. Arrives on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 4.30 p.m.

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Steamer Hampstead leaves Fredericton every week day for Gagetown at 4 o'clock p.m. Arrives from Gagetown at 10.30 a.m.

Stage line for Meductic and point on western side of river leaves the post office Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7.30 a.m.

BIG BRICK INDUSTRY FOR CLARESHOLM

Steps are under way to organize a company to be known as the Claresholm Brick and Tile Company, Ltd., which will result in the development of an important industry to this town and district. For some time tests have been in progress, largely through the efforts of Mr. W. A. Cornwall, manager of this branch of the Bank of Commerce, and the results found a few miles east of the clays have been of the most gratifying character. The need of more brick yards is expensively apparent every time a building is undertaken. So far Southern Alberta has been dependent on two yards and the delays waiting for supplies have cost the local contractors a pretty penny. Then the growing tendency to erect solid buildings is constantly increasing the demand, and in Claresholm by the passing of the building restrictions by-law, the demand here will increase largely every year. In fact, the local demands will almost assure the success of the venture.

Bricks can be laid down in Claresholm at \$7.50 per thousand, leaving a good margin on the investment. The work of organizing the company is now under way and it is desired to make it a local company as much as possible. (Claresholm Review, Sept. 15, 1910.)

GENTLE HINT

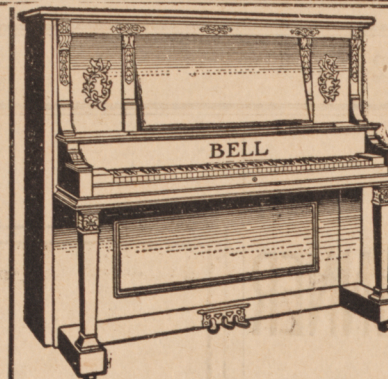
Mickey (reading fairy story)—Dem old prince was so romantic. Why, whenever they passed the galls dey used to blow dem a kiss.

Susie—What cheap skates! If I had a feller I'd make him blow me a sup-peller.

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AN ABSENCE

I know that others want like me, But, oh, their eyes! They strike me blind, 'Tis when they're kindest that I see Now she's away, how hers were kind. The word each heart with good intent Speaks from the sorrow that it knows, Reminds me that the sweetest scent Comes with the wind that strews the rose. And every clasp they reach to still The ache, and show they understand, But proves the whole world cannot fill This hand that's empty of her hand, —Charles T. Rogers in September Century.

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