

MARRIAGES IN GERMANY

The Betrothal and Ceremony— Awe-Inspiring Wedding Feast.

Westminster Gazette: There are many good things in Miss Wylie's volume. She is in her most optimistic mood in the chapter on "Marriage—Before and After," and since the cry goes up from so many countries that there are not enough men to "go round," it is gratifying to hear that in Germany at all events things are otherwise. On the authority of a German lady we are told that "an average girl can always get the man she wants as long as she does not want anything too grand or expensive." In her own social circle she has only to make her choice, and her mother does the rest.

With the slightest encouragement on the girl's part matters march rapidly forward. Twenty years ago a young couple were never left an instant to themselves until they were actually married. Nowadays the painful etiquette has been relaxed, and the task of marrying thereby simplified.

As long as she holds a tennis racket the damsel may wander with her willow swain wherever she likes, and a ski tour on the snow-covered hills is said to be an even more successful matchmaker than a game of tennis. It sounds quite charming and so very simple.

On the other hand, the ballroom "has sunk out of sight as a matrimonial market." In the first place, it is bad form to dance more than twice with the same girl, and in the second place, sitting out corners are unknown, so that the young man naturally feels that his chances

are better out of doors, where his preference is not observed by a dozen pairs of sharp watching eyes.

And when he has ascertained the lady's sentiments, or, perhaps we ought to say, when she has made it plain to him that he may marry her, he puts on his top hat, and frock coat, and calls on her father, explaining his prospects, receiving an explanation of hers, and if both give satisfaction the great event of the betrothal comes off.

There are delightful details concerning the prescribed behavior of the engaged couple. The German bridegroom, and the civil and religious marriage ceremony. When the latter is concluded the party returns to the bride's home, and then begins a festive meal, which puts the German's power of stolid, cheerful endurance to the test. It is a mighty meal, an awe-inspiring meal, a really awful meal.

The clergyman sits between the bride and bridegroom and makes a speech in their honor. Then the father of the bridegroom makes a speech in honor of the bride's family, and the father of the bride makes a speech in honor of the bridegroom's family, and then come the guests, the ladies, everybody in fact, till there is nothing left to toast except the wine itself. All this takes some hours, usually from 3 to 7, and the "Stimmung" rises from degree to degree, especially after the ignored departure of the bride and bridegroom. The evening is concluded with a dance, and if many guests are staying in the house, and the bride's mother has enough strength left, there is what is called a "Nach Hochtzeit," a second festivity, the day after.

It is indeed a mighty affair; one might even say that it is more non-German point of view it is rather too much of a good thing.

INCIDENTS IN THE LINCOLN PARK, CHICAGO

[Written for The Advertiser by John R. Gair.]

Every summer—July, August and into September—it is my custom to get into the park in certain spots to gather mushrooms. To get them, one has to be there early in the morning. 'Tis not everyone that is allowed to pick them, owing to the way some of the loafers cut up the grass. For that reason an order was issued by the commissioners to arrest anyone caught doing it; in fact, to prohibit anyone and everyone from picking fungus.

One beautiful Sunday morning I got into the park, and was having good luck in my findings. Of course, I might call myself a privileged member, as a good many of the officers knew me, and also knew I could pick the mushrooms without cutting up the grass.

One Sunday morning I got there about 4:30 o'clock. It was a beautiful, clear, balmy day, after a downpour of rain on the Saturday night, for you know, mushrooms loom up after a warm rain. The go back to once more anything about mushrooms watches, and the pickers are sure to be there in goodly numbers.

The morning, it was about the middle of July, I sat me down on a seat opposite the lagoon, almost in front of the Grant monument. I was not long sitting there when an elderly Irish gentleman came along and sat beside me, and a conversation between us was at once got under way. The Irish gentleman looked very beautiful. The grass, after a week's cutting, and a few warm sprinklings from the heavens, made it look charmingly green. The old gent was very communicative, and as is a natural characteristic of the Irish race, he certainly showed his gift of the gab to advantage. He was well educated, and he said he was run out of Ireland, but now he was in good circumstances he was making preparations to go back to once more gaze on Erin's Green Isle and kiss the Blarney stone.

"Are you coming back to America?" "Sure, O! am, for I got me wolf an' family here, and I made enough money to buy meself a piece of land and build a nice house on it."

"Well, then, you're not sorry you were run out of Ireland?"

"Indade, I am not. I was just 20 when I landed in Chicago, and Chicago wasn't much of a place when I got here. Sure enough, 'twas a Scotchman gave me my first job."

Just then all of a sudden a young lady came walking towards us, acting

very strangely, and as she got where we sat, she stumbled and fell. We quickly got to her side to see what was the matter. We found she was unconscious. In her right hand she held a small empty vial. It smelled of chloroform. I raised her head and spoke to her. No answer. She looked the picture of a corpse. By good luck, a gentleman was passing in his auto, and he called him, and he at once saw what the matter was. He very gently and fatherly lifted her and carried her to his car, and hurried her to the nearest hospital. In a few hours she was able to tell who she was and why she contemplated committing suicide.

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The same morning I made my way slowly towards the high bridge, carefully scanning the grass as I went along, till I got to the bridge. The bridge is dubbed "Suicide Bridge," owing to the many suicides. Indeed, there was a talk once that the Lincoln Park commissioners were contemplating taking it down, but it is too fine a structure. I had an idea there never was anything to such a report, so the mammoth bridge is still there, and is likely to stay there spanning the lagoon, waiting for fools to jump to destruction.

The structure is well named, for quite a few took notions to take far wild dives from its summit, and I chanced to see one myself this Sunday morning. I stood away from under the bridge about 50 yards. Looking up, I noticed a big, bulky man acting strangely about the centre above the lagoon, at the deepest part. All of a sudden, to my horror, I saw him drink something, then throwing the bottle away, he jumped as lightning made the fatal leap. Being a man weighing some ounces over 200 pounds, he made quite a splash when he struck the water; but the strange part of the dive was, he

didn't sink, for I saw his head above the water, and not a move did he make. Whether it was an overdose of carbolic acid he drank, or his bloated corporation, kept him from sinking, remains a mystery to me, as I made no inquiry as to the cause. It took three of the park officers to lift him over the wire fence, after towing him ashore, as it was impossible to get him into a small boat, and the distance was only about 75 feet. I saw him stretched out on the bank. He was groaning with pain; he couldn't speak, and if he could methinks he didn't want to. He died very soon after getting to the hospital.

A few Sundays after that I had another experience. This happened about 10 a.m. This was a negro woman, and a great big one, at that, but she didn't take the bridge for the final leap. She chose the lake. She found the water too cold, and again she mistook the place, as the water was too shallow, and jumping feet-first she stood in the water, a wee bit over her hips, waiting to be hauled out. I had the honor of helping the officer pull her out, and for a woman she was quite a weight. I took us all we could do to lift her out. The officer was Pat Callahan, a thoroughbred Irishman. While sitting on the bank waiting for the ambulance, Pat says to her, "Well, I suppose you won't try that plunging any more?" Indeed, and I will not; I am very thankful I was safe on land again." She wasn't detained long at police quarters, as her husband was notified, and he came and took her home.

The reason she wanted to end her earthly career was that her husband was in the Philippine war, and not hearing from him for a few years she took it for granted that he was slain in battle, so she married another man; and after a year's happy bliss, her second husband, her first one suddenly dropped in on them. He, of course, was willing to forgive her, but she took it so much to heart that she concluded to end her troubles. She is living yet, and with her first wickedness as banished. What they did with the second one I don't know.

Another unusual Sunday incident: The Lincoln statue in the park, near Clark street, I must assume that many of your readers have seen. They have read of the illustrious martyred president and emancipator. Strolling past the monument, I noticed a man kneeling on the steps leading to the inclosure where it stands. I drew close enough to hear part of his prayer. It ran something like this: "O beseech you, Holy One of Israel, to put life into Abraham. We require him here. We want him here to save the republic." At this stage of the prayer he was interrupted, presumably by a friend, for he went at him, taking him by the collar, saying, "What the— are you making a fool of yourself in public for? Come along; dinner is waiting for you." The man was dressed, and he appeared to be sane, but he was either drunk or demented.

I like to watch the ladies on horseback on Sundays or Mondays in the park. A great many of the fashionable ladies have a streak of mischief in it is really a treat to see some of those lady riders carry themselves, if I may be a connoisseur on horseback-riding. I will say, they carry themselves more gracefully and steadily than some men. Cy De Vry, the famous Canadian black head animal keeper of the zoo, told me he'd like to get some Canadian black squirrels for the park. Will some en-

terprising enthusiast tell Mr. De Vry how to get a few? I know he likes the Canucks, and says takes great pains to show them through, and describes everything they come in contact with; so any of your readers coming to Chicago, if they will visit Lincoln Park, just find Mr. De Vry, and he will take them in hand and make it interesting for them. If they have boys and girls bring them along, as he is very fond of children and says takes pleasure in entertaining them.

So much for Lincoln Park. It may not be the largest park in the country, but if they keep on filling the lake as they've been doing for the past five years, they'll turn half of Lake Michigan into a park. It is becoming more beautiful every year.

Oh, yes, just another incident, and I am done at present. This happened on a Monday. The Columbia Hospital is situated on a beautiful spot, bordering Lincoln Park. Opposite the building, place is a pretty laid out forest-like piece of park very much like your beautiful Queen's Park. Having had occasion to call and see a sick friend, I passed through this way for a short cut. The hospital is a Catholic institution, and attendants and nurses are nuns. It is really a treat to see how it is run; everything complete beautiful, kept clean, and in order, the nuns so congenial and pleasant, and all denominations are attended to, and no distinction as to creed or nationality. After seeing my sick friend, in leaving I walked through the forest-like spot, and about a hundred yards ahead I noticed a man leaning against a tree, looking into the grass, his right hand in his hip-pocket. I kept slowly walking toward him, never thinking that anything was to happen. When about 50 yards from him, he eyed me. I was at the time the only one near him. Well, he quick as a flash drew a revolver and shot himself in the mouth, the bullet coming out at the back of his head. He fell, and died where he fell in five minutes. There was quite a crowd of people around the unfortunate suicide, but I made away as quick as I could, as I have an abhorrence of blood, and especially suicides. Strange to say, I saw no notice of this in any of the dailies. No doubt he was made use of at some medical institution, so his burial would cost his friends, if he had any, nothing.

HIPPO STEAK.

The hippopotamus, as anyone who has travelled in Africa knows, is very good eating. The flesh tastes something between pork and beef. It is highly prized by whites and natives alike. It is known among the Boers, who were the first whites to eat it, as zee-kook speek (sea-cook bacon) when it is cured. The hippopotamus is practically the best of Africa. The fat, which lies between the skin and the flesh and averages about two hundred pounds, is one of the purest animal fats known to science. It is in great demand for soaps and cold cream, and brings a high price from the African trader.

Of course, people would have prejudices about hippo steak at first, but they would soon learn to eat it. At present, according to some investigators, a great deal of sausage sold in some of the coast states is made of hippo meat and slaughter house waste mixed together. The recent expose of cold-storage methods which kept meat for years, waiting for a market, should make people willing to prefer anything to that.

—Success Magazine.

THE CHARM OF THE WIDOW

Classic Examples, Ancient and Modern—\$300,000,000 Worth at Newport.

Why has Newport been flooded with foreign titles this last season? Why are more coming next year?

Answer—easy. Because there were \$300,000,000 worth of widows there.

Grass and soil combined, there were catches like Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Mrs. John Nicholas, Mrs. Harold Brown, Mrs. B. F. Clyde, Mrs. Thomas Emery, of Cincinnati; Mrs. Herman Oelrichs, Mrs. F. Vanderbilt and Mrs. John Jacob Astor.

Like flies to molasses the impetuous foreigners flocked to them. The lure in their case is easy to see. Yet, had they been the least bit sensible, the chances are they would not have lacked admirers.

In fact, there is plenty of precedent in history to back up the assertion that the merry widow queen bee in the matrimonial mart.

Some of the most famous women in history displayed the traits which made their names popular with posterity after their husbands were safely under ground. From Cleopatra down to Mrs. Leeds, the dazzling glory of the beautiful widow has blinded men, and the true admirer might even go so far as to declare that the widow is a benighted condition that hangs over the orient is due to the fact that they do not give their little widows a chance to shine, but subdue them where they were the totally unworthy spouses pass away.

The queen of all fascinating widows towers so high above her various decorated husbands that the world scarcely knows that she was ever wedded at all.

Cleopatra, worshipped by generals in armor, statesmen in togas, Egyptians in hoods and robes and wild chiefs from the deserts and mountains, had two husbands on her calendar before she had reached her maturity. They were both her brothers, after the custom of her people, and were supposedly slain away with.

Then in her widowhood, wise and wary, still charming and superbly beautiful, with that particular fascination that goes with a combine of cleverness and grace, she succeeded in subduing the spirits and cajoling the intellects of the great men that came under her influence.

There was none greater than escaping from the widowed enchantress.

Mme. de Maintenon captured a king; Lady Devereux lassoed the heart of Sir Philip Sydney, who was no susceptible young man; Martha Custis, wife of George Washington, and Cleopatra, before mentioned, handled the great intellects of Rome like puppets on a string.

Josephine, the wife of Napoleon, was a widow before she became the great conqueror. Her husband was beheaded during the French revolution, and she herself escaped narrowly enough. In matrimony to the knowledge of the heart of man which she gained from her matrimonial ventures, Josephine, if all is true that is told of her, had numerous other affairs of the heart, beginning in her earliest days and ending with her last.

The wisdom of widows is not confined to their knowledge of the opposite sex, however. They acquire a knowledge of the world in general, and a power of initiative which stands them in good stead after they are left, supposedly, forlorn and destitute.

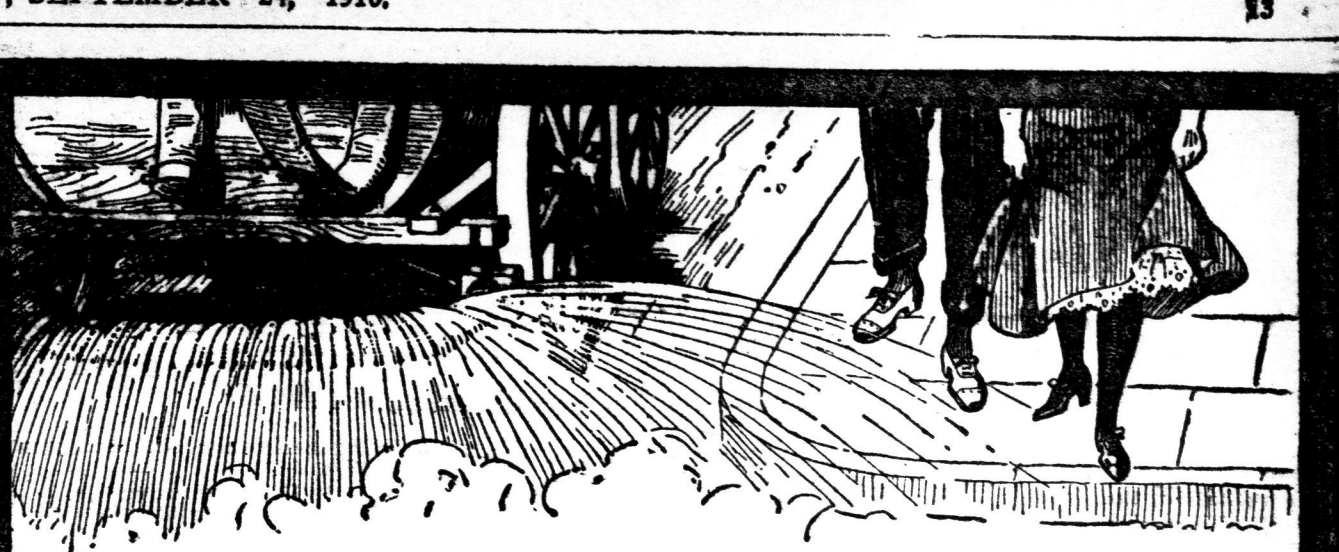
There is Queen Margaret of Navarre, for instance. First the wife of Charles, Duke of Alencon, and later the consort of Henry of Navarre, in her duodecimo widowhood she turned to literature, and wrote novels and wrote novels, though as queen of Navarre she would have taken her place in the long list of sovereign names that grow dusty from neglect, which one can recite but heralds and paled old chronologists.

Mme. de Stael was another woman who shone in intellectual circles in the period of her widowhood. She was, for all practical purposes, a widow four years before her husband died, for they were separated in 1798, and she counted died in 1802. But it was not until after his death that she went to the German court and took the German world of brains and culture by storm.

For a real charming, fascinating widow, Mme. de Sevigne is another model, lacking the rascally traits of Cleopatra, but abounding in the cleverness and beauty which make widows popular in all ages. Of course, Mme. de Maintenon is a classic example, too, of the overwhelming advantages of widowhood.

She was born in prison and ended her career as practical princess of France. Her first years were spent in wandering over the land, even as far as the West Indies. Finally at a very early age she was married to the poet Scarron. He died and left her with little else than the natural advantages of widowhood, before mentioned, but these proved sufficient in her case. She was installed in the royal household in some nominal position, but it was not long before Louis XIV. discovered her, and her influence over the king amounted in time to a power that might be called absolute.

It might also be of interest to widows on the lookout for devious ways to make use of their store of wisdom and experience to know that the patron saint of queens, St. Elizabeth, was a widow, and she turned her attention to religious affairs after the death of her husband, although she was notoriously good and pious before the king's death. The man who left her free to pursue the



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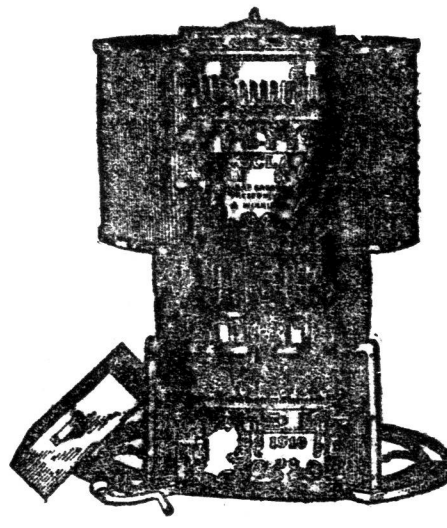
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