

from the tiny rooms. Fourteen females of various size, shape, hue, and dress, emerged—each from her own little room. I looked at their faces—and their clothes—and I knew suddenly that all my life I had been deceived; it came over me that an amazing amount of rubbish has been written around the hidden life of harem women. And before I left that strange institution I felt that even Pierre Loti had juggled lightly with the truth in his harem romance, "Disenchanted."

The women before me were not beautiful—at least they were not to be compared with any type of feminine face and figure commonly thought attractive in our Western world. Two or three were exceptions; light of complexion, large-eyed, and not too fat, they resembled very much the Circassian maids—and possibly they were. Anyone familiar with Turkey knows to what extent these girls—often very beautiful—have figured in the harem life, especially about the Bosphorus. Most of the women who stood before me in that Bagdad harem, however, were absolutely commonplace, some of them even stupid-looking.

A few wore bright-colored scarfs about their necks, with more or less jewelry on their ankles and wrists. The popular item of dress seemed a shapeless sort of baggy "Mother-Hubbard" like garment, worn over yellow trousers. Gilt or beaded slippers adorned the feet of the younger and better-looking women; the older ones were bare-footed. None of them seemed to have made much of an effort at hair-dressing; two or three wore their hair loose, hanging in tangled wisps about their faces. However, the old Pasha beamed with pride as he looked them over; and after all, if he was pleased, nothing else mattered. He introduced me all around and bowed himself out, leaving me alone with the fourteen.

Hardly had the old Pasha withdrawn when the women were up and about me. And such chattering, giggling, pulling, and pushing as followed! It was a great day—a day long to be remembered—in that Bagdad harem. So far as I could learn, I was the first woman from the Western world who had ever visited there; I was the first white woman that some of the inmates had ever seen.

They crowded about, feeling my hands and face, getting down on their knees to admire my high-heeled shoes, stroking the skirt of my blue tailored suit, behaving like excited children with a new toy. My hat-pins were a source of great wonder, and my tight-fitting coat brought forth many a fervent "All-a-h!"

They asked me, too, how many children I had; how old I was; if there were many women in Amerique, and inquired eagerly how many wives my husband had, and wanted to know how I had managed to get out of the harem alone.

When I told them I was a Christian, and that in my country men have but one wife, and that she may go and come as she likes, they spoke aloud their disappointment and pity for me; for these women do not wish to leave the harem. It would shock them to walk alone, unveiled, in the street. These women will not even expose themselves to the chance sight of passers-by in looking from the latticed windows—if there happen to be any windows—in the houses where they live. They count it immoral to be seen by other men than their husband.

"America must be a poor country," said one, "if your husband can keep but one wife; a Bedouin keeps but one woman—and all the Bedouins are poor, because they live on the barren desert." From their viewpoint, the multitude of a man's wives, slaves, and retainers is the measure of his greatness.

Love, except that of a mother for her child, is undoubtedly an emotion absolutely unknown to these women; whence it follows that jealousy, too, must be but an infrequent disease.

Yet, poor in mind as these imprisoned women seemed, and painfully inquisitive as they were, kindness cloaked all their curiosity, and their every act displayed a friendly feeling for the strange woman—the heretic—in their midst. They brought in a great tray of dried fruits, baked gourds, toasted pumpkin seeds, and fresh pomegranates; they brought me wine, too, from the juice of dates. They offered me long, Arab cigarettes, called "Bagdaddies," when the repast was finished, and when I declined to

smoke they found new cause for wonder, all for I lied for my country, and told them that American women never smoke.

It was a great day for me, reared in the normal quiet of an old Missouri town. If only my knowledge of Arabic had been better, or some of the women had known more French, this story would be much longer.

The sudden reappearance of the old Pasha, as he came to conduct me to my carriage, threw the whole fourteen into a noisy panic of giggles. One of the younger women, dropping to all fours, hid her face behind her arms and accidentally burned a hole in the



Warfare in Winter.

Servian soldiers keeping to their positions in spite of a biting cold. Photo by Underwood & Underwood.

rug with her fallen cigarette. Think of a high-spirited American girl kneeling or hiding her face because a mere man entered the room!

### Make "The Dollar Chain" Longer.

A splendid response is being made to "The Farmer's Advocate Dollar Chain," whose proceeds are being used for three purposes: (1) Food and clothes for destitute Belgians. (2) Relief for our wounded and sick soldiers. (3) "Soldiers' comforts,"—shirts, socks, etc., for the men in the trenches. We should like to publish many of the kind and sympathetic letters received, but can find space this time for only one, which contains a

list of your subscribers to do the same. Why not "The Farmer's Advocate" be the first in this as it is in its literature? Believe me yours sincerely.

R. A. FLETCHER.

Raby Head Farm, Bowmanville, Ont.

The "Dollar Chain" up to Friday, February 5th, is as follows:

Previously acknowledged.....\$115 00

Amounts over \$1.00:—

S. F. Hall, Leonard, Ont., \$2.50; William Ball, Alliston, Ont., \$1.25; G. T. Ham, Bath, Ont., \$5.00; "Clerk," Bath,

Ont., \$5.00; W. Toole, London, Ont., \$4.00; Jas. Cloakey, Belgrave, Ont., \$2.00; "A Subscriber," P. O. not given, \$2.00; W. A. E. Birch, St. Mary's, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. S. Payne, Stanley Mills, Ont., \$2.00; Fred Russel, Kerwood, Ont., \$2.00; Mrs. J. S. Frey, Bridgeport, Ont., \$2.00; Wm. Ward, Kirkton, Ont., \$2.00; A. P. Cameron, Pembroke, Ont., \$5.00; Miss R. Wylie, Mountain, Ont., \$2.00; Jas. Lindsay, Caledonia, Ont., \$2.00; Wm. Mackintosh, Southampton, Ont., \$2.00; Hugh Mackay, St. Mary's, Ont., \$6.00; Albert Wildgust, St. Mary's, Ont., \$2.00; "A Friend," Ringwood, Ont., \$3.00; Mr. S. Twedle, Hannon, Ont., \$5.00; Mrs. S. Twedle, \$5.00.

Amounts \$1.00 each:—

Wm. Ross, Jr., Parkhill, Ont., Herbert

Amos Pickard, St. Mary's, Ont.; "A Reader," P. O. not given; J. J. Freeman, Bosanquet, Ont.; Mrs. N. B. Davis, Lucan, Ont.; Frank E. Wilson, London Junction, Ont.; Alex. Macdonald, Lucan, Ont.; Mrs. D. Kennedy, Wardsville, Ont.; Mary and Arthur Found, Bowmanville, Ont. ("The children saved this from their Christmas money for the Belgian children.")—Mrs. Found; Mrs. Matheson, London, Ont.; Duncan McIntyre, Powassan, Ont.; Mrs. Duncan McIntyre, Powassan, Ont.; Isabel M. Walker, Stittsville, Ont.; Wesley Rose, Rosehaven, Ont.; Mrs. Robt. Murray, Avening, Ont.; Miss Bertha Serace, Tilmorden, Ont.; Samuel W. Courtis, Wallaceburg, Ont.; Geo. E. Monkman, Rockwood, Ont.; Miss Adeline McLatchie, Pt. Gattineau, Que.; Chas. Dunlop, Billings' Bridge, Ont.; John McCormicke, Watford, Ont.; Joseph Aylea, Trenton, Ont.; W. A. Parker, Greenfield Park, Que.; Jas. Pearson, Toronto; J. Arthur Cunningham, Rodney, Ont.; "A Patriot," Stella, Ont.; John C. Chisholm, Lower South River, N. S.; Miss Agnes Docker, Dunnville, Ont.; Mrs. E. G. Mullen, Peterboro, Ont.; Wm. T. Alexander, Hensall, Ont.; Mrs. John MacIntyre, Mountain, Ont.; R. E. Hodgson, Martigny, Que.; C. S., London, Ont.; Peter McArthur, Appin, Ont.; H. P. Wilson, Dundas, Ont.; F. G. Grinyer, Caledonia, Ont.; J. C. Blackburn, Creemore, Ont.; Thos. Kirkham, Elphin, Ont.; Alex. McIntyre, Elphin, Ont.; Mrs. Alex. McIntyre, Elphin, Ont.; F. W. Patton, Amherstburg, Ont.; Meal Wilson, Maple, Ont.; William Maye, Goodwood, Ont.; C. S. Rutledge, Sydenham, Ont.; Blake Richards, Demorestville, Ont.; D. Alex. MacMillan, Alexandria, Ont.; A. Caso, L'Orignal, Ont.; Adam Birk, Dashwood, Ont.; James Gibson, Caledonia, Ont.; Mrs. Peter McArthur, Appin, Ont.; Miss M. Bell, Brooklin, Ont.; J. H. Bell, Brooklin, Ont.; H. Penny, Port Carling, Ont.; Alex. Kanna-win, Shelburne, Ont.; Mrs. F. Veals, Franklin, Ont.; Mrs. A. N. Veals, Franklin, Ont.; Alex. Irwin, Elgenburg, Ont.; Alf. Foyston, Minesing, Ont.; John Ball, Alliston, Ont.; Frank Wilson, Tupperville, Ont.; Mrs. A. N. Veals.

Miscellaneous Amounts:—

Geo. Wilson, Winchester, Ont., 50 cents; R. O. Anderson, Newmarket, Ont., 50 cents.

Total received up to February 6th, \$261.75.

Kindly address all contributions to "The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine," London, Ont.

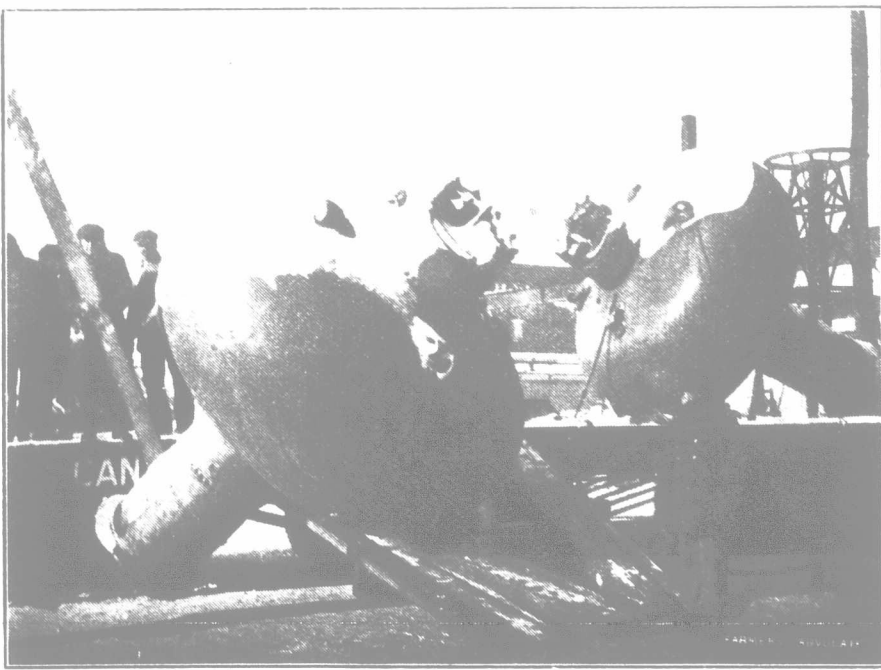
## Hope's Quiet Hour.

### Shut in With God.

When thou prayest, enter into thine inner chamber, and having shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret shall recompense thee.—S. Matt. vi. 6. R. V.

Did you ever try to talk to a friend by telephone when you were in the midst of the turmoil of business? The noise around you is distracting, so that you can hardly hear your friend or compose your mind enough to remember what you want to say to him. But step inside the telephone closet, and shut the door! What a magical change there is. The noises outside are dulled and no longer distract you. It is possible to concentrate your attention on your unseen friend and speak or listen to him effectively.

This war is a mighty Call to Prayer. The churches are open daily for special intercessory services, and more than "two or three are gathered together" to pray for the return of peace. There is one burden which is laid upon all who have any faith in God, and that is the duty and high privilege of prayer. To be a Christian, and never pray for anything but our own individual concerns, is hardly possible in these days. We can't help praying for down-trodden Europe, for the suffering and the distressed. But are our prayers as valuable as they should be? A great deal of effectiveness depends on the shut door. If we pray hurriedly and carelessly, with half-hearted attention to God, and with the claims of earthly business or pleasure



Not Mushrooms.

Gas buoys for marking out the channel for vessels, recently arrived in Quebec. They were made in Germany.

suggestion which many may be glad to act upon. It is as follows:

Dear Sir,—Your valuable paper was subscribed for us by the owner of this farm, Mr. R. R. Bonyard. We are constant readers, and both the help and myself always enjoy its contents.

Enclosed please find one dollar for your "Dollar Chain," and I trust it will carry in its links sympathy as well as help for those brave ones suffering for their God and country. We will forward one dollar per month as long as the war lasts to your Dollar Chain. I would like to suggest that an appeal be made to

Goss, Orillia, Ont.; "A Friend," Thamesville, Ont.; "E. R. M.," Putnam, Ont.; Mrs. Byron Jenvey, Ingersoll, Ont.; Mrs. R. Milliken, Sarnia, Ont.; Mrs. Joseph H. Davis, Jollyby, Ont.; R. A. Fletcher, Bowmanville, Ont.; No Name, Toronto; Peter McNab, Brussels, Ont.; Mrs. Fred Oster, Cranbrook, Ont.; Ernest Robson, Denfield, Ont.; J. N. Chambers, Woodstock, Ont.; Wm. Potts, Mitchell, Ont.; Arthur M. Wiley, Blenheim, Ont.; Jas. L. Kelly, Watford, Ont.; Chas. Towers, Walkers, Ont.; H. Pybus, P. O. not given; Mrs. E. J. York, Belmont, Ont.; Mrs. J. McFarland, Mono Mills, Ont.