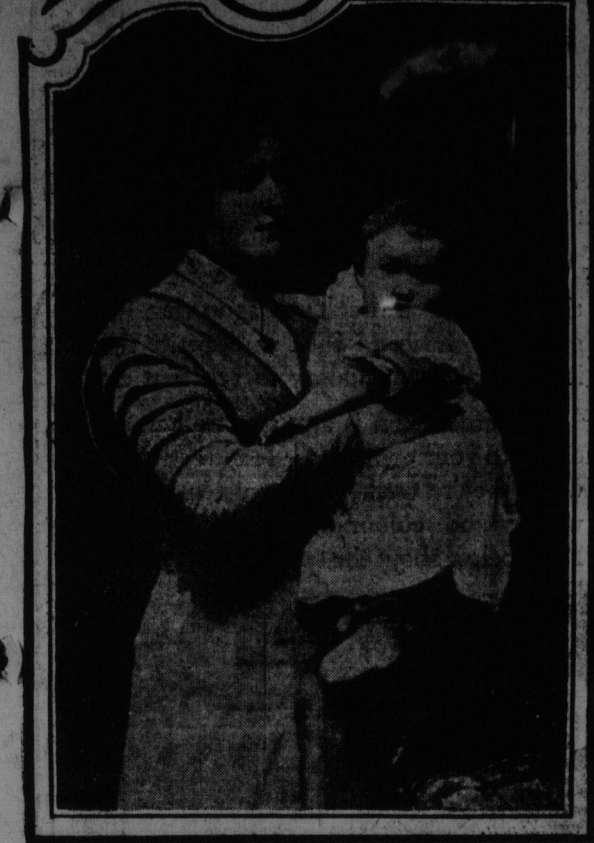


# THE CALL OF THE WEST FOR BRIDES



A Swedish Mother of the Upper Class

## And Its Answering Note From Sweden, Whence Come the Models of Physical Perfection That Are Needed to Populate the Plains

WHY, yes, it's leap year; but if eager, ardent Sweden had only known about the wifeless state of the American west, there are hundreds of equally ardent, eager ranchers and farmers who needn't have kept on yearning and sighing and drying tin dinner plates on the knees of their pants until this particular leap year burst upon the glad horizon.

Beautiful Swedish brides would have come a-running.

Be not wroth, fair Lenas and Hildesgardes! You sure would, if you were worthy of your forbears, for there's scarcely one whose great-grandmother didn't show her anxiety to be a bride by running breathlessly to her own wedding.

And the verdict of modern Swedish maids seems to be that the call of the west for brides is as worthy of breathless response as that of any handsome young suitor at home used to be.

Nor need any of the abstruse, dome-headed persons who deplore the degenerating influences of immigration on the grand old native American stock see their sparse hairs a-bristling over the matrimonial enterprise of Sweden's blonde daughters. The immigration experts are inclined to be pretty well satisfied whenever they see some ripe armful of loveliness from Stockholm stalk off the gangplank, for they have statistics to prove that they become mothers of the most numerous, most hardy and thoroughly American offspring who have helped make this nation what it is.

About the only ones who have a right to be mad about it are the girls of the west who have been overlooked in the melee of affections. And it does seem as though lightning of love might have struck nearer home, without any loss to romance or the population.

RIGHT in the midst of one of the most chilly winters that ever froze a hungry heart, it seemed that an epidemic of suffering male souls must have broken loose in various parts of the west. It may have been the deep stirring of dormant spring that moved them; and it may have been the dogged contrariness of everything about a house, from the hens to the frying pan, during a cold winter, when there isn't a woman in it.

But it certainly did happen that, about the beginning of February, when a lone man gets most all-fired sore on winter, the welkin began to split wide open with yells from the back counties and the new counties for brides. A dozen bachelor Michiganers wrote to the marriage license clerk in Seattle that, if he could provide every one of them with a bride, they'd come right out to Washington, settle on the logged-off lands and marry on the jump. Every man guaranteed himself to be sound of wind and limb, house-broken and tamed enough to eat out of her hand if he could get the right woman.

Next thing that marriage license clerk knew, there were seventy-five women writing him from towns in New Jersey, who were tired of factory hours and wanted to offer to those twelve Michiganers hands all ready to eat out of. While he was getting his second wind, along came 200 requests, from points outside of Michigan, demanding why the dickens he proposed to concentrate all the available females of the species on a dozen miserable Michiganers who needed their

lands logged off for them before they'd risk the lottery of matrimony. "Let your Washington girls and New Jersey girls and all other girls know we'll take them as we are," they told the license clerk. Negotiations are proceeding.

Meanwhile, Will Payton, the editor of the Peabody Herald, in Kansas, forgot his discretion or his haste one day, when he received a letter from a club of girls in Stockholm, Sweden, saying they hadn't any husbands; the local supply of girls exceeded the demand, and if he had any male eligibles lying around loose in Kansas they'd be willing to come over and cook and make themselves affectionately at home.

Editor Payton printed the letter and quit the quiet life. He's been a matrimonial agency ever since, whether he likes it or not. Weston Lockney, a young ranchman, cabled hastily to Stockholm for the pick of the bunch, followed the cable by lightning express and ocean fliers, and came back with the club's secretary, Agatha Olsen, and a blisful smile.

Mrs. Lockney, on the ground, told how she and her friends had organized a marry-Americana club, after a returning immigrant had told them of the wifeless condition of the Kansas. The whole club is now married, some to Swedes, who sat up and took notice when they heard of the impending loss, and the rest to Americans like Lockney, on this side of the water.

The only one who has found trouble thus far has been Editor Payton, who first had to endure the reproaches of scores of girls in Kansas, and is now working overtime giving addresses of willing brides to lonely bachelors who send 2-cent stamps for reply.

The Kansas girls may be jealous, but the west at large has been viewing the influx of Swedish blood, before and after the leap-year letter of the Stockholm girls, with pride and satisfaction. And it has been just as well-satisfied with the thousands of Swedish husbands, wives and broods of tow-headed children who have been gravitating to its broad acres until Sweden's own authorities took alarm at the menace to its population.

Beneath the humorous burlesques of the Jensens and the Olsens, beneath the affectations of disdain for the crude, raw strength these newcomers displayed so roughly, there has been the instinctive recognition of the blood kinship the whole of the west has been struggling against the daring Danes. This is the same old stock, faring forth in the same old way, the unpolluted source of northern, virile courage, taking the rough work and the hard knocks by preference, sternly confident in the thews that cover its giant bones and the stout hearts that beat in the deep, blundering chests.

It took this leap year, however, to emphasize the feminine side of the shield, to bring back the Kansas with the announcement:

"Boys, Sweden's loaded with 'em, and every one's a peach."

Now, first thing you know as you wonder what need there is for any commandment, except the one about swearing, on the part of an unhappy woman whose complexion has grown pasty and whose figure is getting fat, some stage beauty has a revelation for the preserving of youth and hastens to get it off her chest in the form of a decalogue.

Or you are a husband, behaving like the tough old customer most husbands are—ask their wives' dearest friends—and enjoying it. Some police magistrates, experienced in verdicts of \$10 or ten days, gets a bunch for half a dozen new commandments and promulgates a senile decree that gives you visions of the awful local jail instead of those comfortable flames of Tophet which you've so cheerfully disregarded because they seem to be so far away. A wife, you find some literary or social prophetess ready with a full bunch of ten telling you how to keep your husband's love and spare poor hubby's rheumatism.

All this may be modern virtue and wisdom; but it has a strong family resemblance to impiety, getting gay with the real Ten Commandments.

THESE are the modern Ten Commandments, which have been the common property of the common people almost since the English language was born. "Mind your own business" may have been an impudent addition; but it has helped the peace of the people almost as much as the other ten. It probably had nothing to do with the epidemic



The Swedish Girl as Portrayed by Anders Zorn, the Nation's foremost Painter

It's the beauty-loving American way instinctively to exalt the loveliness of woman and to think of her domestic qualities afterward. But that is precisely where the Swedish girl of good training and decent family wears better as a wife than she looks as a bride.

Modern machinery, modern cost of living, modern fashions, have done their worst to make a fluttery manikin out of the domestic goddess the Swedish girl used to be. But they haven't been able to spoil her as they spoiled many others of her sex. She seems to have held to the old traditions in the spirit, even while she has relinquished their outward observance in form.

She was once the model lacemaker, hemstitcher, knitter and embroiderer of northern Europe. She was the genius among lacemakers. She did not depend on set outlines nor even on her memory for her designs. When she attained the dignity of being a lacemaker of the first rank she composed her own patterns, as an artist would originate his own painting and a poet his own theme. In the field, this was creative work of the first order. But note this inspiration:

### PREPARING FOR THEIR BRIDALS

Rewards of money did not spur on these artists of the threads. Long before they found their Ulysses, the Penelopes of Sweden were preparing for their bridals; and their chefs-d'oeuvre were the shirts they embroidered for their bridegrooms, whoever they might be. It was the custom for the bride to present to her spouse a garment of linen so magnificently embroidered, and adorned with such miracles of lace wrought with such incredible labor, that every one was a hymnical poem in fairy stitches and entrancing mesh. Many a mother saw to it that her daughter concluded that toll of unrequited longings years before it should be called into service. It was Swedish womanhood's tribute to love rather than a lover.

In Scandinavia and the art of that old lacemaker still survives in all its earlier perfection, handed down unbroken from the days when the peasant girls learned it from the pious, gentle nuns who taught it.

Those girls, whom adventurous Kansas guarantees as peaches, had to be peaches if they were going to be married at all. No fashionable frocks for them. They had their ancient, picturesque costumes, differing according to their localities, but unvarying from one century to another. The village authorities, the pastor, the old graybeards and old women were so many trustees of conservation in duds, who didn't hesitate to pass laws of fine and confiscation for offenders who wore heels half an inch wider than custom warranted and forced the shoemaker to go without his pay. All the ornament the unmarried maiden was allowed was a little amber heart, or a tiny silver cross, pendant from the ribbon around her throat of silken hair.

But when she was a bride! On her head she wore a crown of silver that might weigh three pounds. Her hips sustained the weight of half a dozen kirtles. Her



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bosom and her wrists were loaded with jewelry. There were brides who sank under the weight of their ornaments.

Thus accoutered, she was expected to run all the way from her home to the door of the church that was to be the scene of her wedding. And run she did, with her fleet little feet and her whole heart, distancing the bridesmaids, often falling against the church portals, her lovely bosom heaving under its burden of silver, the picture of girlish eagerness for the embraces of her bridegroom.

Some of these customs survive and others have passed into fond tradition. But the spirit that inspired them is intensely active still. There remain the same simplicity of nature, the same frank yielding to love's fond summons, the same exuberant vitality and in a period of widespread race suicide, the same joyous fulfillment of woman's noblest mission on earth, that of being a mother.

If only for the physical fitness of the nation, the acquisition of this hardy Swedish blood becomes of the most near importance. They are athletes by instinct, women and men, something in the sharp outline of their native air, like that of the districts in the west which most appeal to their immigrants, keeps them habitually in exercise. They train as they breathe; their bodies are physical dynamos always working at top efficiency.

Exercise and massage are the twins of their pharmacopoeia. Wonderful massage it is, taken as regularly as the bath by many Swedish business and professional men, who, big-bodied as they are, often maintain their slenderness of figure, together with their exquisite fineness of skin, until old age. So it is with the women, who would be ashamed of the gross contours which women of other lands seek to reduce by means of corsets.

To men like Dr. Frederick Adams Woods, lecturer in biology at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the influx of these immigrants constitutes one



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of the best assets the American people are gaining.

The idea that the old American stock is being debased by the strangers falls to pieces in his observation. He has pointed out the marked effect of the northern tide in offsetting the flow of immigration from Italy and neighboring parts of Europe. He has pointed out, too, how readily the northern immigrants intermarry with the original American stock about them in their new homes and how quickly they Americanize themselves, taking naturally to the public school and responding at once to its transforming influences. If the American family is deteriorating in numbers, health and nervous poise, it can't be because of these modern vikings and mothers of vikings.

A fine tribute and, ethnologically, a just one. But it is lucky that Bridgroom Lockney came back with the word that the rest of the girls whom he left behind him in Sweden are all peaches. Somehow or other, with Kansas, as well as Michiganers and the rest of us, that peachy adjective counts.

### Types of Swedish Maidens

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### Crystallized Soda in a Lake

EXPLORERS in British East Africa have found in a lake near Magadi a very rich deposit of crystallized soda, which is said to be pure and free from other matter.

The lake covers an area of nearly twenty square miles, and the soda deposit is at the bottom, at a depth of from two to ten feet.

The natives say that as soon as the crystallized soda is removed more immediately forms, and the explorers who represent a London company which is going to mine the deposit, say it contains over 200,000,000 tons of the very finest soda.

A railroad is being built toward this section, and just as soon as it is completed modern equipment to take the place of the crude native methods of removing the soda will be placed at the lake.

## NOW WE CAN ALL BE GOOD

WHEN Moses went up on the Mount and came down with the Ten Commandments, the children of Israel, together with the Gentile people who accepted their God, were content to see in the original Ten all the commandments any Christian or Hebrew community could have use for.

It is otherwise now. In fact, the more indifferent the world seems to grow to the first Ten Commandments the more need it displays, for a new variety. We are up to five already; and it looks as if we'll add the seven before long.

The path used to be straight, if narrow, with a plain, unvarnished, solid old commandment marking the road like a milestone at every ascent along the pathway to salvation.

Now, first thing you know as you wonder what need there is for any commandment, except the one about swearing, on the part of an unhappy woman whose complexion has grown pasty and whose figure is getting fat, some stage beauty has a revelation for the preserving of youth and hastens to get it off her chest in the form of a decalogue.

Or you are a husband, behaving like the tough old customer most husbands are—ask their wives' dearest friends—and enjoying it. Some police magistrates, experienced in verdicts of \$10 or ten days, gets a bunch for half a dozen new commandments and promulgates a senile decree that gives you visions of the awful local jail instead of those comfortable flames of Tophet which you've so cheerfully disregarded because they seem to be so far away. A wife, you find some literary or social prophetess ready with a full bunch of ten telling you how to keep your husband's love and spare poor hubby's rheumatism.

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THOU SHALT NOT IMITATE THE FAIR LADY'S LANGUAGE WHILE THY MOTHER SWEEPS THE HOUSE. THOU SHALT NOT THINK MORE OF THE CULTURE OF THY HEELS THAN OF THY HEAD.

THESE are the modern Ten Commandments, which have been the common property of the common people almost since the English language was born. "Mind your own business" may have been an impudent addition; but it has helped the peace of the people almost as much as the other ten. It probably had nothing to do with the epidemic

of decalogues we suffer from now. They have broken out like a rash on a baby, within the last four months; and if the dates of promulgation are to count, it was a clergyman who started them. The pastor of the Park Congregational Church, in Chicago, Rev. W. B. Millard, having drawn up decalogues for husbands and wives, swamped a new code for daughters about the middle of November.

"Thou shalt not," he warned every daughter, "deceive thy mother. Thou shalt not exchange the bloom of innocence for the favor and contempt of any man. Thou shalt not esteem silk petticoats and diamond rings as of greater value than the family's eternal welfare. Thou shalt not regard flattery and false pretense as the highway to popularity. Thou shalt not gossip. Thou shalt not use loud speech nor bold manner to attract attention. Thou shalt not think more of the culture of thy heels than of thy head. Thou shalt not hold the cup to thy brother's lips, nor to the lips of somebody else's brother. Thou shalt not imitate the 'fine lady's' language, while thy mother washes dishes and sweeps the house. Thou shalt find joy in the service of God, who created thee."

This sounded quite edifying; but it set an example to Lina Cavallieri, who thought she knew more about what daughters want to know than the Rev. W. B. Millard, of Chicago. So Lina, having had her charms photographed in 117 attitudes, many of them respectable, let loose her decalogues.

Girls, if you want bright eyes, bathe them in rosewater. If you exist in dread of a double chin, sleep with your head low. If your skin seems dry, bathe it as often as you can with water as hot as you can. If you don't like the way your nose is enlarging, make it smaller by pinching it with your fingers, apply hot compresses. If your good old college friend, the mirror, tells you you look ill, take a nap.

There were some more of them. As for dear mother, mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Millard, she can go right ahead sweeping the house, little daughter's mirror will tell her she needs a rest—and mother's used to working.

Everybody thought Lina had called the turn because, although daughters everywhere were cutting out the Chicago decalogue and framing it for the parlor mantle where Sunday night callers could read it while they waited, they were keeping Lina's useful ten in their handbags, to memorize on their way downtown. But Mrs. Maeterlinck happened to be in Boston, and she hastened to give her sex a New Year decalogue about matrimony. All over this broad land of ours husbands have been dropping their picks and shovels, or taking up their coupon sensors, to do a little clipping of their own. A word to the wise ought to be enough.

The wife should consider herself the more imperfect of two imperfect personalities who are combined in marriage. She should anticipate, give in, amuse, console. She should be the marital barometer and lightning rod, expecting to catch thunder, and getting it. She shouldn't ask him to take her to a dance when he has rheumatism. When he's mad, smile; when he isn't, smile. And always order the food yourself and cook it yourself.

With which few noble, if discouraging, thoughts, Mrs. Maeterlinck sent a \$20 cable dispatch, copy-lect, to her poet at Biarritz, instructing him to have \$2 worth of ham and eggs, a chicken, a pound of butter, half a peck of potatoes, some request poem and a bunch of violets in the house; boarded a fast steamer and sailed away to practice what she preached.

But she was only giving the other side of the shield displayed by August Bode in his capacity as a Cincinnati police judge and lawgiver to husbands. Note the tender consideration for a wife incited by Justice Bode's exhortations:

You may not cause your wife, or hit her, or jaw her; or hold back all your wages; or give them all to her of a Saturday night and then beg them all back from her; and you may not boss her into giving them up, either. This last of the Bode commandments for husbands includes, also, kicking her, biting her ear off, getting her on fire after a kerossene bath, and sitting her stocking so that the roll will drop out.

Public opinion has conceded perfectly happy marriages to any pair who will combine the Maeterlinck and Bode commandments with the original Ten, with a decent regard on the side for the Dancing Decalogues revealed by those newest successors to Moses, the Dancing Masters of Paris.

### LESSONS FROM DANCING

Have beautiful movements and you'll have beautiful thoughts. A correct mind goes with a correct carriage—but not necessarily with a correct automobile. Drawing room dances should be silent expressions of courtesy; Americans are requested not to whoop. The mental effect of dancing should be a feeling of gentleness and respect, not a ticket for Reno. Coarse gestures inspire more evil thoughts than vulgar speech; this leaves a Frenchman respectable. Disengage your muscles and maintain a correct attitude toward intimate friends; few husbands throw athletes out of the window. Young men may hold the lady by the waist while dancing, but they mustn't hug her; it gives the clench-aw. Your intelligence and politeness should be known by your movements; Parisian boulevardiers will kindly refrain from crowding old women into the gutters. Physiology should always correspond to psychology; the dancing masters may know it should, but the rest of the population know it does. And, tentily, dance like a civilized being, not like a savage—grizzly bears, please note.

Well, that'll be all for the present. But if Moses could come back, he'd be somewhat surprised at the shortcoming the twentieth century A. D. has found in what he fondly fancied was a pocket encyclopedia of good behavior.