

JUNE 11, 1914

ing right out of the earth. As soon as any of the flowers wither, fresh ones are substituted, and in this way the brilliancy of the floral effect is retained.

But think of four thousand crimson tulips massed together with the sun shining upon them! Gorgeous seems altogether too mild a word to express such a vivid sight.

They even grow trees in boxes in Wiesbaden. I saw a family of them being carted into town one day—nice little trees they were, too, with close foliage trimmed in the shape of a dome. A few hours after reaching town those seven trees were growing on one of the public squares, casting a welcome shade on the glaring pavement and looking as if they had been there for years and years, and a week afterwards they suddenly burst bloom, and became pink domes instead of green.

Talking about trees reminds me of that wonderful belt of horse-chestnut trees which unites Wiesbaden with Biebrich-on-the-Rhine, a distance of three miles. There is a double row of trees on each side of the broad avenue all the way—magnificent trees too, and just now at the height of their beauty, glistening with white cones. One may walk all the way from Wiesbaden to Biebrich under an arch of leaves. Many of the wealthiest Wiesbadens have their villas along this avenue.

Near Biebrich on this same avenue is a famous champagne factory much visited by tourists. It doesn't look like any factory I ever saw before; it looks more like a millionaire clubhouse. The entrance hall is quite magnificent, and fairly smacks of wealth. Every afternoon parties are conducted through the establishment, down into the cellars and wine vaults, through the bottling rooms, and all the rest of it. It all seemed very wonderful to me, but I couldn't help thinking what a lot of after-dinner speeches and after-dinner headaches were stored up in those huge vats and those millions of bottles. One of the interesting features of the place was the dining-room for the employees; a magnificent large hall with tiled floor and frescoed walls and gold ornamentation, and even a fine orchestra to make music for the workmen while they dined. After the visitors have completed the tour of the building they are politely received in luxurious reception-rooms by several very urbane and charming gentlemen, and treated to as much champagne as they care to drink.

Now that the weather is warm the Kurhaus concerts are given in the open. Thousands of people gather in the Kurhaus park every afternoon and evening to listen to the band. During the concert every seat is occupied, the restaurant tables are full, and hundreds of people are promenading. One sees most peculiar and amusing sights. All nationalities are represented, and they bring their manners and habits and style with them. Just to sit and watch the passing show is amusement enough. Yesterday the most conspicuous person on exhibition was a very old lady—she must have been nearly eighty—who was being wheeled around in an invalid chair by a swarthy-faced man in a strange-looking uniform. There was also a nurse in attendance. The old lady was hatless, and had such a mass of snow-white hair that I suspected it of being a wig; her face was brown and wrinkled, but her eyes sparkled with vivacity and interest. But it was what she was doing that made people stare so much and smile as they watched her. And what was she doing? She was smoking cigarettes; smoking them fast and furiously, and chatting away merrily to the nurse between puffs. They said she was a Spanish lady of high degree.

Apropos of the smoking habit in Germany I came across a German proverb about tobacco the other day which may perhaps explain why that weed is so popular here. The proverb runs: "God first made man, and then He made woman; and then He felt sorry for man and made tobacco."

The Wiesbaden "season" is now at its height, and the city is fairly swarming with visitors; the fashionable, the unfashionable, the would-be-fashionable, the ultra-fashionable are all on view—thousands and thousands of them. The streets are full of them; the woods are full of them; the hotels and pensions and cafes are full of them. They are every-

where. The Kurhaus daily paper publishes every day a list of the arrivals with the names of the most distinguished ones printed in heavy black type across the top of the page. The list is peppered with titles; some of them several lines long. Here are some I noticed in the paper to-day:

Se. Enzell. v. Behring. Hr. Wirkl. Geh. Rat., Prof. Dr. med. m. Bed., (This all belongs to one man and means—His Excellency Herr Von Behring, Real Secret Councillor, Professor, doctor of medicine, with servants.)

Borngen. Hr. m. Oberlandesgerichts-Präsident Dr. m. fr., (Herr Borngen, Head President of Law, and wife.)

Frankel. Hr. Gymn.—Prof. Dr. phil. m. fr., (Herr Frankel, Professor of Gymnastics, Dr. of Philosophy, and wife.)

Think of having to write all these titles down every time you change your abode.

There is one hotel here that has the name of being a regular matrimonial bureau. It is frequented by wealthy people with social aspirations, and by titled people looking for wealth. It is the special haunt of young military

of money, as their expenses are greater; a lieutenant in the cavalry must have eighty thousand marks (about \$20,000). The most popular and easiest method of obtaining such a large sum is to marry a rich girl. If she happens to be pretty and attractive, so much the better, but a great deal of feminine ugliness will be overlooked if it is backed up by a good fat bank account.

Every Sunday at noon there is a grand church parade on Wilhelm Strasse. The band plays in the park and the people promenade up and down on the broad pathway under the trees. The benches along the side are filled with spectators. We sat there last Sunday for awhile and watched the sartorial display of spring fashions going by. It was as much fun as a circus.

This being a season of gorgeous ribbons, gay hats and fantastic attire, the pavement procession was like a moving rainbow. Every extreme in modern style had its representative. The "slit skirt" was very much in evidence among the up-to-date dressers, but, except in extreme cases, attracted no particular

cussed its merits and shortcomings as we sat there last Sunday.

Uncle Ned frankly admits that he likes it; Aunt Julia detests it.

He declares it is far and away the most sensible fashion the women have had for a long time; Aunt Julia declares it to be ugly and unmodest.

He says it is much more modest than a ball gown with the top left off, and not nearly so dangerous to health; she says it has nothing to recommend it except its economy.

"Look at that shameless creature," she said.

We looked.

The creature designated was a very stout woman with an old face and young hair (latest fashionable shade). She wore a striped costume. She was billowy in outline, and her clothes were tight to the bursting point. One felt when looking at her that disaster was imminent,—that something might give way at any moment. She wore a skirt slit nearly to the knee, and at every step a glimpse of thick, shapeless ankles could be seen. Her feet were not of the diminutive kind that poets write sonnets about, but good substantial German foundations—the kind that are useful on a walking tour.

"Well," said Uncle Ned, with a twinkle in his eye, "I must admit there are cases where flounces would be a charity. But still I cling to my assertion that slit skirts are neat and graceful. Of course, a woman like that is just a freak."

"Here's another freak," snapped Aunt Julia. "There seem to be lots of them out to-day."

This one was in checks. She was built on the same generous plan as the other, and looked if possible worse.

"Do you consider her a Venus?" asked Aunt Julia.

"Not exactly, but, gee whiz! look what's coming."

A tall, slender lady was coming. She was as graceful as the much-quoted lily; everything from the tip of her tall feather to the tip of her small shoe was perfection. She was a symphony in golden brown,—hair, eyes, gown, shoes, gloves—and she walked with a long, easy, graceful stride that hadn't a jerk in it.

"Well—," admitted Aunt Julia, "of course—there are some women who—"

"Certainly," said Uncle Ned. "It's a mere matter of individuals and of good judgement, and good looks, and good figures, and—"

"Rubbish!" interrupted Aunt Julia. "It's money,—money and a first-class tailor. That's what it is. Why, a smart tailor with an architectural sense and an artistic eye can pad up a skeleton so cleverly that it looks as natural as life."

"But still—don't you think—?"

"I think it is chiefly a matter of gold dollars and artistic sense—and also full-length mirrors," said Aunt Julia with an air of finality.

Uncle Ned looked at his watch. "I think it is time we were moving on," he said.

So we joined the procession.

On the way home we passed the woman who isn't lame, but always carries crutches. She lives in Wiesbaden, and for some time she was a great puzzle to us—we thought she must be demented, but on the contrary she is possessed of unusual sense. The story about her is quite interesting. It seems she had a jealous husband who was very rich. He died some years ago. He must have been a tartar when he was alive, for he carried his malice and spitefulness into his will, evidently determined his wife should not enjoy life even after he was dead. In the will there was a clause which stated that his widow could only inherit his wealth on one condition: She must agree to go all her life on crutches. If she refused she would be cut off without a penny. Now, wasn't that a fiendish will? What a prospect for a strong, able-bodied woman. But she was game,—she consented. What a pity he doesn't know—but perhaps he does. Who can tell? Never for a day can the poor woman go without those crutches, for spies are continually watching her, and if ever she is seen without her wooden props she forfeits her income. I hope she'll live to be a hundred and fool all those grasping and expectant relatives.

## THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE

1133



Peasants Returning from Church.

This costume is worn by the peasants in the country near Wiesbaden.

officers who are angling for heiresses, for in Germany an officer must marry money unless he has private means of his own, otherwise he cannot live in the style his position demands. It is said the proprietor of this particular hotel is hand-in-glove with the military, and when he finds that he has some wealthy English or American young ladies in his house, he immediately telephones over to the barracks in Mayence: "Have four or five fine birds here," and the officers who are waiting for snaps hurry over to make the acquaintance of the heiresses. If they succeed in catching one, the future father-in-law settles up all their debts, and hands over the sum demanded. A lieutenant in the Infantry must have sixty thousand marks (about \$15,000) to his credit, and a yearly income of 2,500 marks apart from his salary. The salary of the junior officers is not large,—it probably takes it all to buy their various uniforms and keep their helmets and buttons polished. Cavalry officers require a larger amount

attention. But there were enough exaggerated cases to make observation interesting. Queer how people get used to innovations! When the "slit skirt" first made its appearance it was branded as ugly and indecent; it was not granted one redeeming quality; it was everything that a self-respecting skirt should not be; they said no nice woman would wear one; they said it was just a freak of fashion that wouldn't last; they said the wearing of such things should be prohibited by law, and that any woman bold enough to appear on the street in such a scandalous garment should be locked up or clapped into a lunatic asylum. The men said that if women had no more sense than to wear such foolish-looking clothes that it was quite sufficient evidence that they had not sense enough to vote. This clinched the matter. But the fashion persisted in spite of the vigorous opposition it aroused, and now the narrow slit skirt causes no comment at all, except in extremely grotesque cases. We dis-