

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1922

PRISONERS OF THE PURDAH

As you pass through the lofty main gate of the fort at Jodhpur (which is set upon a precipitous rock like a fantasy of Brangwyn's wrought in red sandstone) you see on the smooth surface of the portal the imprint of naked hands. They are delicate little hands, some no larger than a child's, and they have been pressed hard against the pillar with thumb and fingers outstretched. The impression thus made with the wet sticky substance has been carefully carved in the stone. There are many of them—some surrounded by an ornamental frame from a sacred image; some set apart from the rest and engraved with exceptional care; the others in irregular rows at about the height of a man's head above the steep roadway that winds up into the inner ward of the castle.

These are the memorial symbols of the Maharajahs and the Princesses of Jodhpur, says Sir Percival Phillips, who passed in state to join their dead husbands at the burning ghat. As the procession came down the castle road the royal litter paused for a woman in the gateway, and the little widow, leaning forward from the cushions, calmly laid her wet palm against the wall. It was her farewell to the world; a sign that she had performed the duty of a good wife.

In the Zenana. Widows are no longer burned in India, but I wonder if the living death which some of them endure is not worse than the swifter agony of the funeral pyre. There are women consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the fort of Jodhpur who will never set foot again on the plain below. Their prison rises like Gibraltar from the level wastes that encompass the city. The state rooms and armory are shown freely to appreciative visitors, but one massive door, always locked and guarded, cuts off the zenana where the meek captives must live and die. The present palace lies in the path. The fort is like the Tower of London—an historic citadel with a prison added. Life in the zenana, even for wives who are not widows, is a dull, colorless existence. Englishwomen have told me of their visits to the "purdah" ladies of the maharajah's court. There is something pathetic in their intense joy of hearing of the outside world, and their pretty efforts to entertain their guests.



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SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" ACTS LIKE MAGIC IN ALL STOMACH TROUBLES

Thousands of bottles have been sold without any advertisement whatever, because it relieves the most stubborn cases of INDIGESTION and CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA. Pamphlet free on request. Price 50c. and \$1.25. Mailed anywhere on receipt of \$1.25. SHORT'S PHARMACY, 6-10 ft 63 Garden Street

"Old friends are best"—RED ROSE TEA has a multitude of them—often three generations in one family.



RED ROSE COFFEE is always packed fresh in doubly sealed cans.

Some of them sing English songs with pride. The women who have spent all their lives "in purdah" are less to be pitied than those who have had a taste of freedom. Young girls, the daughters of more progressive native rulers, see more of the world than their less fortunate sisters. Yet the "purdah" must inevitably receive them when they reach the age of womanhood.

The Fate of Mary. Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior has a little daughter, Mary, who has been brought up much like an English girl. She appeared at public functions in honor of the Prince of Wales, and was made much of by every one. She is a merry child, with flashing black eyes and a ready smile, and unquenchable curiosity to know everything about everything.

I can well imagine her rebelling when the time comes to get behind the veil and take up the colorless, dreary existence of an Indian lady of high rank. The Nizam of Hyderabad's favorite daughter, who goes with him to state dinners and reviews dressed much like an English girl; the daughter of the Maharajah of Dhar, who led her father's cavalry past the Prince, riding like a young Amazon—it is difficult to believe that they will pass readily into the zenana.

Undoubtedly the bonds are being loosened, but they still keep a firm grip on Indian womanhood. I lunched with a minister in one native state whose wife—a strict Mohammedan—sat with us at table unveiled and was a perfect hostess. The wife of another ruling prince goes about freely with her face



The New Baker's Bread That Tastes Like Home—Eatmor

The new triumph of the baker's art that created such a sensation weeks before the experiments satisfied us is served to you today.

There was no trouble finding a title for it—the name just came when everybody was found reaching out for more and more. It might almost be called Wheatmore, for EATMOR BREAD seems to have more of the golden flavor of the wheat in it, more of the sunny deliciousness of Alberta's creamiest flours, more homeliness to its flour baked flake.

That was certainly the effect we aimed at and the effect we trust you too will find, because EATMOR BREAD was baked for the particular people who relish the delicate wheatiness of silk-sifted flours, who appreciate a finer, creamier, texture and a buttery brown top.

To join the first feast of this new wheat treat, order your EATMOR right away—you must have it.

Eatmor Bread FROM Robinson's Kitchens



Eatmor Bread FROM Robinson's Kitchens



uncovered, and dresses in almost European fashion. These, however, are exceptions. Conservative princes like Udaypur and Mysore would shudder at the suggestion that their womenfolk should come in contact with the world.

Presentation to Bride-to-Be. Miss Margaret Hall, vice-regent of Anagwalade Chapter, I. O. D. E., Fredericton, entertained the Chapter at tea last week, and a presentation of candle sticks was made to Miss Hilda Gregory, a valued member of the Chapter, who is to be married this week. Miss Constance FitzRandolph entertained at a dance at her home in honor of Miss Gregory.

Excise Enforcement Officer W. P. Dawes of the local staff located a still at

Westfield on Saturday night and it is said that an arrest was made. The still was of moderate size and situated some distance from the main road. This makes the sixth or seventh seized within the last year in the city and vicinity.

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(The Modern Beauty) Every woman should have a small package of delectable beauty for its time. It will keep the skin free from beauty-marring hairy growths. To remove hair or fuzz from arms or neck, make a thick paste with some of the powdered delectable and water. Apply to hairy surface and after two or three minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish. To avoid disappointment, be sure you get real delectable.

The first mass in the new Catholic church at Loch Lomond was celebrated Sunday morning by Rev. Harold Coughlan. The altar and benches have not yet been installed. After these are in place the church will be dedicated.

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NOTED NATURALIST, W. H. HUDSON, DEAD

England's Foremost Writer on Bird Life Died Recently at His Home in London—His Books of Rare Charm.

W. H. Hudson, a prominent figure in English letters and the literature of nature, died in his home in London on Aug. 18. Mr. Hudson's first book was "The Purple Land Which England Lost," published in London in 1885. The title alludes to the history of the Republic of Uruguay and its brief conquest by British troops. It established the writer's reputation and it was followed in 1887 by "A Crystal Age," the picture of a Utopia in which human nature is perfected and made passionless, but is shown to be savorless for want of strife, the condition of normal life.

In his early life Mr. Hudson lived at an estancia on an Argentine pampa, where on the vast southern plains he acquired his love and knowledge of nature. "The Crystal Age" was followed the next year by "Argentine Ornithology." In 1892 appeared "Naturalist in La Plata," a second edition was called for within a few months and the author took his place with Wallace and Bates among the greatest English writers on South American natural history.

When Mr. Hudson went to England he contributed to magazines while he waited for the study of nature in England. In 1893 appeared the first of the volumes dealing with that subject, "Birds in a Village and the Village Being Cookham Dean, near Maidenhead." As his observation of England grew fuller his imagination found a second continent full of rare charm. "Nature in Downland" appeared in 1900, "Hampshire Days" in 1902, "The Land's End" followed in 1908, "A Foot in England" in 1909 and "A Shepherd's Life" in 1910. More purely ornithological works were "British Birds" (1899), and "Birds and Man" (1901). "El Ombu" (1902) is a small collection of South American sketches, while "Green Mansions" (1904) and "A Little Boy Lost" (1905) are romances inspired by the old South American scenes. In 1913 came "Adventures Among Birds," and two years later he added many fresh pages to his new edition of "Birds and Man." His last book, "Birds in a Village," was published in 1920. In the same year appeared "Dead Man's Pack" and "An Old Thorn," two short stories, and "Far Away and Long Ago" came from the press in 1918. In September, 1921, his last book was published, "A Traveler in Little Things."

Mr. Hudson took a high place as a field naturalist. He received in 1901 a Civil List pension of £150 in recognition of the originality of his writings on natural history.

EUROPE, DENIES MAGIC CREDITS, TRIES MIRACLES OF WORK

If America needs foreign trade for real prosperity, the answer to the future outlook must be sought, not in the state of exchange, currency, and other statistics, but rather in the real purchasing power which Europe is producing. The basic question, therefore, becomes: Is Europe once more engaged in producing realities?

The answer that has finally been spelled out by seemingly detached information is that Europe is at least beginning to produce realities again. The data show that in nation after nation there is a measurable increase in the production of a certain basic commodities.

They show that in nation after nation there is a steady decrease in unemployment. Europe is getting back to work. Finance there is still bad, politics are absurd, international conferences are futile, no great problem has been solved—but meanwhile the great mass of men are quietly getting back to work, building and producing, creating the physical buying power to re-start the world's economic life.

Despite the futilities of statesmen and financiers in Europe, there is being built a solid basis of purchasing power through the steady, inconspicuous efforts of multitudes of men in the fields, in the factories and in the mines. Not by the magic wand of great works, will Europe's recovery be achieved. Work first and credits afterward—despite the economists who, ever since the war, have been preaching that the extension of great mass credits by America to Europe was pre-requisite to her recovery. — John Oakwood, in Forbes Magazine, (N.Y.).

IN THIS VALE OF TEARS.

(Maritime Merchant.) Conditions are never absolutely ideal in the business world; always there is something to remind us that we live in a vale of tears. In the days of the war when money was so very plentiful that the public could buy anything that offered, business men still had their worries. We are not referring to the anxieties incidental to what might happen in France, (those were always with us), but to the distress we experienced in connection with freight deliveries, the incompetence and independence of employees, and trials of a similar character. For the past year in the maritime provinces we have been worrying over the quietness of industry, over people out of work, and also as to how with our declining revenues, we industrially were going to pay our bills. And then, just as we thought we had reached a point in mid-August when the gloom was about to be dispelled, along comes something else, namely, a fight between capital and labor; reminding us if need there were that the serpent is still in the garden.

Now we cite the above not with the



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Idea of provoking further gloom, but instead with a desire to inspire cheerfulness. For the lesson of it is this—Things in this world will never be perfect. There will always be something to keep the rabbit's tail the length it was intended to be. But nevertheless there is cause for cheerfulness for success is always possible to those who are diligent and resourceful and whose heart is right on the question of service.

A large touring car was in the ditch in the Loch Lomond road near the Hickey road late Saturday night. The car was turned over on its side and the occupants thrown out. It was removed on Sunday.

Harold Adams of Broadview avenue, had his leg broken yesterday when he jumped from the top of a box car at the foot of Sydney street.

Winsome

"The silent countenance often speaks"

But now loveliness has broken the silence. She has taken up the pen, and as far as may be, revealed the secret of her charms. Here it is, plainly written, in words of her very own:—

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With kindest wishes,
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