

Blind Korean Brides

"A Korean bride has her eyelids pasted together until she has been three days a wife," said Mrs. S. L. Baldwin, who has lived for more than twenty years in China and Korea, and who is considered among missionaries to know more about "the hermit nation," as the Koreans are called, than any other foreigner.

"Their marriage customs are very curious, and perhaps I had better tell you about a Korean wedding, which once as a great honor I was allowed to attend.

"The groom wore a costume similar to that of an official at royal audiences—and let me say that this wedding suit is invariably hired, never owned by the groom. The robe was dark green and bore 'placques' with a pair of embroidered storks on the breasts and backs, while a stiff black enamelled belt encircled his body like a hoop. He wore a 'palace-going' hat of woven horsehair, with wings on its sides, and a pair of shoes which closely resembled 'arctics,' and were at least three sizes too large for him.

"On entering the court of their future home he was preceded by an attendant attired in white with a red hat, a long string of beads around his neck and carried under his arm a live goose. The legs of the fowl were fastened together and a skein of red silk was passed through her beak. This man, followed by the groom, entered the court, around the sides of which all the guests were seated, advanced to a red table standing in the center and the ceremony began.

The Goose a Symbol of Fidelity.

"The groom, standing immediately in front of the table, bowed three times, touching the mat on which he stood with his forehead and hands. Then he gracefully resumed his standing position and taking the goose under one arm again bowed as low as before. The goose is the symbol of fidelity in Korea and it is popularly believed that when a wild goose dies its spouse never mates again. The groom then walks to the front of the porch and stands at the foot of the steps waiting for his bride.

"Two middle-aged women stepped from an inner room onto the porch with the bride between them, each holding an arm and guiding her steps, for, as I have told you, her eyes were sealed completely. Her entire face was painted a ghastly white, while on the middle of her forehead and each cheek was a dab of bright red; her lips were also colored a brilliant scarlet.

"This little, painted and gorgeously attired creature was guided to the mat on which stood the groom. Then they turned her about and laid over her clasped hands a white handkerchief. The groom now stepped to the other end of the mat and the principal part of the ceremony began. The attendants raised the bride's small, draped hands until they were on a level with her sightless eyes. Then, still supported by the two women, she sank in a courtesy so profound that she was almost in a sitting position. This was repeated in a slow and solemn manner three times, after which the groom's turn came and he responded by three bows so profound that his head almost touched the floor. They then took their seats on their respective ends of the mat and a table about twelve inches high, filled with Korean delicacies, was brought out and placed between them. These the bridal pair ate and drank, the bride being fed by her two attendants.

"After the feast was finished the groom was conducted to the bridal chamber, where he changed his wedding suit for clothes presented him by the bride, and which were made by her own fingers. He then came out and the bride was taken into the bridal chamber and seated upon her cushions on the floor, where she sat in placid meditation until joined by the groom, a few minutes or a few hours later, as it suited his convenience.

Korean Woman's Life.

"The life of the Korean woman, while secluded, is not as unbearable as that of the women of many other Oriental nations. They are poor and consequently compelled to work very hard, but as a rule are well treated by their husbands. They have pretty names, meaning plum-blossom, treasure, etc., but after marriage are known only as so-and-so's wife until they have a son, after which they are known as the mother of that son.

"As a little lass the Korean girl is taught all about domestic work and begins early to assist her mother in making the family clothes. If too young to paste she can at least hold over the stove the long iron rod to be used in pressing seams. The heating of this rod is the first thing taught a little girl. Later she learns how to paste clothes together, then to wash and iron them.

"Now, this use of paste instead of thread is a custom, so far as I know, practiced only by the Koreans. It is done on account of their mode of ironing. To accomplish this difficult feat they rip their garments to pieces before putting them in water. After washing the garments are laid on a smooth block of wood or stone and are beaten smooth with ironing sticks. These sticks resemble a policeman's club and each ironer uses two.

"Girls and boys wear their hair hanging in two plaits until engaged to be married, after which the boy fastens his on top of his head and the girl twists her's at the nape of her neck. Koreans hold marriage in high regard and show a married man profound respect, while a bachelor is treated by them with marked contempt. I have seen men greet a slip of a boy wearing a topknot with ceremonious deference, saying to each other: 'He is a man; he is about to

be married;' while of a much older man and possibly a richer, who wears his two plaits, they remark that 'He is a pig. He cannot get a wife. He will always be a boy.'

"In the choice of his first bride the Koreans leave everything to the 'go-between.' But all other wives, and a Korean may have ten, the man makes his own selection. It is seldom, however, that a second wife is added to the household, except where the first wife proves childless. In such instances other wives are taken, but the dignity always remains with the first wife. Women are well treated and as a rule live happy, contented lives. They are gentle, attractive little bodies and devoted to their homes."

Housekeeping in Skyscrapers

Possibly the very best housekeepers of this year of grace, 1900, are the men who look after the monster skyscrapers. Of course they are not called housekeepers, but superintendents—all the same, they have, and need to have, at their finger tips and their tongue's end every intimate detail of cleanliness.

For they control an army of servitors, big enough for a royal castle. In really big buildings the number runs between fifty and 100. If there are fifty, perhaps twenty will be women—the bucket and mop brigade. There is a special underground room for the mops, buckets, dust brushes, whisk brooms, wiping cloths, scouring leathers, and so on. Everything is kept in orderly array there and whatever goes out must be duly fetched in.

The women begin work at 4 o'clock in the morning. By 8 or a little after they have all the floors clean in the long corridors, the stairs looked after, the closets scrubbed, the woodwork and window sills immaculate of dust. Then they troop away, to reappear at 5 in the afternoon, with brooms, dust pans, brushes and cloths. Most of the offices are by this time vacant. The superintendent's pass key opens them and the sweepers fall to work. But before they go far the waste paper boys come to empty waste baskets into light wheeled cars, which convey the day's accumulation to the freight elevator and thence to the basement.

Since all the really big buildings have their own electric plants it follows that the care of electric lights is a part of the housekeeping. The women do not touch them, however, that is left to the men of motors and dynamos, some of whom move swiftly from office to office, inspecting every light and remedying visible defects. It is much

the same with the distilling plant which supplies tenants their drinking water. The distillers look after pipes and pressures, though usually only when there is complaint of something wrong.

Men also do the window cleaning—men specially selected for thoroughness, sobriety and agile strength. It is not every man who can clean windows 100 feet in the air, even with the safety belt, without which no man is permitted to attempt it. The belt is of the very best and toughest sole leather, about three inches broad and furnished at each side with a looped strap, which slips over a metal finger built into the window casing. The man wearing it can safely lean his whole weight against it. He will be wise though to look up, not down, while he works. There is a story of one man who looked down, fainted dead away, and hung limp and corpse-like in the window until rescued by his fellows.

On the face of things the window cleaning companies that figure so largely in keeping clear commercial plate glass, should be a boon to the skyscrapers. But such is not the case. Skyscraper housekeeping needs must take account of two things—the

weather, and the whim, or convenience of its tenants. If a company cleaned its windows it would be at set times and seasons—and pretty generally within the eight hours of general work, from 9 to 5. Its own men work late and early, so as not to inconvenience those in the offices and besides have regard to clouds and wind and weather. They are not required, however, to do more than a day's work and never allowed to expose themselves to weather unduly severe.

The clock winding company, contrary-wise, is a delight and a relief. It undertakes for so much a month to keep any clock, great or small, wound, and in such repair that it shall not vary by more than a half minute either way, from exact time. It began by attending to the very big clocks, like those in church spires, and upon public buildings and has gradually extended its scope until now it will even look after the watch in your pocket, if need be. It has curious record books, and route maps showing clocks to be wound, when, where, of what make, and how often. At first it had just two employes. Now clock winding is a recognized business.

But it is nothing in comparison with that of supplying toilet requisites. Half a dozen growing companies parcel out and dispute the privilege of furnishing offices not merely with clean towels daily, but with soap, combs, brushes, mirror cabinets and whisk brooms. The aggregate of charges for all is about double what laundry work alone would cost. Four towels a week is the least number an office may take. Upward there is no limit. The skyscraper, though a mighty fertile field, is by no means the only one in which these gentlemen reap a harvest. But what with one thing and another, it is plain that the skyscraper tenant finds his paths all easy and his burdens light.

Abdicates Her Throne

The horse queen of Idaho is to be married. She is Miss Kitty Wilkens, owner of thousands of horses and supposed to be worth \$1,000,000.

She has long been one of the famous independent women of the great west—one of those who have made their fortunes and reputations by individual brilliance. Men have had no place in her calculations except as commercial details or as factors in the operation of her business. She has employed hundreds of them, has sold horses to hundreds more, has been "hall fellow, well met" with them on the prairie, and has even exchanged compliments in a formal way with a few of them over the dinner table. But hitherto none has affected her as man was destined to affect woman, nor awakened within her the dreams and fancies which are woman's universal heritage.

Most of her dining out has been done in the city of St. Louis, where she has sold much of her stock. On her pilgrimages to that metropolis she has been thrown in contact with a wealthy class, and has been welcomed in the homes of some of the leading people of town. Accepting these invitations meant the sacrifice of a certain amount of her personality, but she retained enough of it in her cowboy clothes and outdoor prairie manners to become immensely interesting and popular in society. She was wooed and dined in royal fashion. She gave dinners of her own, and they were on a scale that made the St. Louis eyes open wide. Nothing was too rich for her when she started in to entertain. The horse queen of the great west took pains to see that the west's reputation for liberality was held up to the top notch. Wine flowed by the gallon, and delicacies that cost a gold piece each followed one another to the table with a freedom that told very plainly that the caterers knew enough to produce the best they could get, and as much of it, when they were told to do so by the girl with a million dollars.

It was at one of these dinners that Miss Wilkens met the man she is going to marry, William J. Baker of the firm of Best & Baker, brick contractors of St. Louis. It was about a year ago when the horse queen went to the city with a train load of stock

and made one of her periodical "clean-ups." She gave a number of swell dinners at the Lindell hotel and Mr. Baker was one of the guests. That was the beginning of the end of the horse queen's dazzling career as an independent luminary.

Last fall she made another trip to market. The national stock yards in the above mentioned city buys horses from the queen at the rate of 3,000 at a time. Following the sale of such an enormous consignment the queen has money to throw at the birds. She marches up, cowboy clothes and all, to the best hotel in town, taps on the counter with her riding whip, which she always carries, and orders the finest accommodations that are to be had. By this time she is a famous figure in St. Louis and it isn't long before she is surrounded by a gay following of friends when news of her arrival goes abroad from the hotel.

When she put up at the Lindell hotel in the autumn of 1899 a festive season of theater parties, late suppers, swell dinners and the like was the order immediately. Numerous young bloods of the gilded set fell into the queen's train and a fierce rivalry for her favors waged for a time. She seemed to have no favorites, but evidently enjoyed men's society more than she did women's, because she was more used to dealing with men and understood them better.

She had grown to be a good deal like a man herself, and was skilled in nearly all masculine accomplishments. She was one of the boys at these revels, and spent her money for all the world like a prince of good fellows. She made her companions treat her accordingly, and would tolerate no love-making nor any of the flirtatious delings which commonly take the place of sensible enjoyment on occasions when men and women are thrown together for a good time. More than one overbold youth, mistaking her free manners, had to be shown his place by a stern glance from her gray eyes, or, if persistent, by a significant movement of her riding whip. The offense was never repeated. The horse queen might take all the liberties she pleased, but she would allow no one to presume upon them.

Living Fashion Models

The leading fashion design this week is a coat finished off about the neck with a collar, which is a decided novelty this spring. The one photographed here is for a general utility cutting costume. The light weight dark colored Oxford cotton facings of revers and cuffs being shown in a buckskin shade. The hat, a coming felt, is recommended for its smartness.

Lace straw will be worn extensively by young girls this season. A model shown is sure to prove a deep loose quilling of frames the face and double bow of silvery white taffeta dresses the front brim.

The gay little April hat is of snow white chip, the low crown adorned with a wide spreading bow of black velvet, the brim being bound with the same. Masses of pale yellow flowers arrayed on the brim make it wonderfully attractive.

Kaintuck English

Collier's Weekly: Here is a little dialogue that recently occurred between two rural members of the Kentucky militia which brings out some curiosities of dialect:

"We've bin ordered to Frankfort."
 "I gad, I hain't goin'!"
 "I gad, you hev to go!"
 "I hain't and there's lots more that hain't goin', nuther!"
 "I gad, you'ns swore you'd go, and, I gad, you've got to go!"
 "I gad, we don't got to go! We hain't got no uncorns and we hain't got no guns and we hain't goin', nohow. We 'most friz last time and didn't git nuthin' to eat!"
 "Well, mebbe you'ns won't go, but if you'ns don't you'll git found like hell!"



GAY LITTLE APRIL HAT.



LACE STRAW HAT.



NOVELTY IN OUTING COSTUME.