

The Day of the Dead || By Martha McCulloch Williams

AS THROBBING drum and shrilling fife
 Call through this morn of May,
 The veteran thrills to youth again—
 The sad years drop away;
 Again he's supple, strong and straight,
 Part of a dauntless line
 That sweeps the field and drowns in cheers
 The bullets' fearsome whine.

Today he is the household's pride—
 Far greater than a king;
 The grandchildren look up to him
 With awe and wondering.
 They fetch his hat, and touch his sword,
 And, shuddering, whisper low:
 "I wonder, did it kill a man,
 A long, long time ago?"



From dust of death and dew of tears
 Upsprings the finest flower;
 So blooms the daughter of the post
 To crown Memorial hour.
 She brings the tribute of the land
 To deck its deathless brave—
 What wonder if they thrill to feel
 Her step beside each grave?*

Columbia, Empress of the West,
 Alike on land and sea,
 Your starry vestments wake acclaim—
 The banner of the free!
 O, Sovereign-Mother! smile on us,
 The while we kneel and pray
 For those who died to live again
 On each Memorial Day.

Daily Routine of a Turkish Woman's Life

THE east is but a fleeting show,
 and the fairy tales of its wonders
 and delights which thrilled the
 hearts of our grandfathers and
 fast fading, like a summer
 mist. Turkey—nay, Islam itself—is wak-
 ing up, aping western customs, donning
 Christian garments, and generally march-
 ing with the times, reports a correspondent
 of the London Telegraph. The picture we
 used to conjure up of a Turkish interior,
 its soul-stealing atmosphere, its exquisite
 luxury and the stately enchantress, whose
 eyes were of unholy blue, toying with a
 dulcimer or sweetly playing on a lute, have
 given place to very prosaic notions which
 are much nearer the reality. To begin
 with, polygamy is quickly dying out
 throughout the non-Christian world. In
 Japan the crown prince has given an ex-
 cellent example in this respect; in Persia
 the shah has shown himself favorable to
 retrenchment all round—even in the sanc-
 tum of his harem—and everywhere in Tur-
 key, except at Yildiz Kiosk and the houses

of a few pashas, monogamy is winning the
 battle.

Yildiz Kiosk is undoubtedly still the focus
 of traditions of the days when Islam was
 young and wayward. The sultan's gorgeous
 palace is a survival of the fairy-tale period
 of Turkish history. Here awful mysteries,
 Bluebeard tragedies, and, at times, even
 superb comedies are still enacted, which
 would seem wildly improbable if repre-
 sented on the stage. Life and death are
 sundered by a whim, a word, a nod. Heavy
 sacks now and again drop into the Bos-
 phorus a few moments after the dark-eyed
 maidens have disappeared from the harem;
 sudden and fatal illness follow coffee as
 rapidly as coffee succeeds dinner, and Abdul
 Hamid plays the part of Fate to the in-
 mates of the palace prisons. The fair part-
 ners of the padishah's joys and sorrows
 are as numerous as the latter, and are di-
 vided into many classes. There are no law-
 ful wives, seeing that for over two cen-
 turies Turkish rulers have wholly ceased to
 marry. The highest four ranks—*cadinas*—

take the places of the lawful wives of
 olden times, enjoy extensive privileges,
 dwell in luxurious apartments, growing fat
 and looking young until 30, or dying of
 consumption at almost any age. Next come
 the *ikbals*, or favorites—ladies who have
 gladdened the heart of their imperial mas-
 ter with a child; then the *odalisks* and
 others, the lowest run of the ladder being
 occupied by the colored slaves, known as
djaris and treated as helots.

But the ordinary Turk is contented with
 one spouse and a quiet life. And she is
 chosen for him by his parents and hers.
 Although she may surreptitiously get a
 glimpse of him long before the marriage,
 from behind the window lattice, he never
 sees more of her than the irritating veil
 and the ungainly sacklike garment that
 disfigure her body while hiding her
 charms. Indolence is inborn in the Turk,
 and it comes to the fore in love just as in
 business. Hence there is no courtship, no
 flirting, no soul-thrilling glance, no
 soft pressure of the hands, and fervently

attired lovers' vows. Jealousy is the ser-
 pent in the paradise of the Turk—it is the
 besetting sin of the husband, while cun-
 ning is the most effective weapon of the
 wife, and the mysterious disappearance of
 many a warm-hearted European in Pera
 and Gallipoli is explicable only as the out-
 come of both. A Christian man is not al-
 lowed to marry a Mohammedan girl un-
 less he first embraces Islam, but a Mus-
 sulman may wed one or more Christian
 girls if he feels so disposed, and even al-
 low them to remain faithful to their own
 denomination.

When the wedding festivities, which are
 solemn and wearisome, have come to an
 end, the betrothed pair are left face to
 face. It is a dramatic moment. The bride-
 groom offers the lady a present for the
 favor she is about to bestow upon him—the
 sight of her comely or homely counte-
 nance. It is then that something in the
 nature of a theatrical coup in a comedy

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