

The Syrian Girl who Worships Men.

THE Assyrian girl is a man worshiper. When one hears it said of an American girl that she "worships her husband" it is regarded as a pretty pastime.

When it is said of an American Syrian girl it is but the expression of what is a part of her ineradicable religion. Worship of her husband, and, in fact, of all the men of her family she clings to together with the gods of her forefathers among new ideals and customs thrust upon her in a strange land.

The Syrian worshiper at the domestic shrine is not like the familiar and typical wife of the submerged tenth who appears in the police court to plead mercy for the brute who beats her. Often fair even as a wife, as a girl she has the wondrous beauty and grace which is the heritage of her sunny land, and of which even the poverty of her squalid surroundings cannot rob her. Often, too, she has an intelligence far surpassing the men of her race, which she gains as a wage earner.

In spite of this she practices a marital homage and devotion which is inadequately expressed by the word "worship," as a part of her self-imposed creed, to forsake which would result in a loss of caste which is far dearer than her soul.

But although the Syrian wife or maid gives deference and deprecating service to her husband and lover, she does not in the least underestimate her own charms. She is the greatest of flirts and is at all times conscious of the beauty of her dark eyes and gleaming teeth and shining hair— which, by the way, remains beautiful and retains its shining quality in the midst of squalid poverty. All the domestic service which she hurries to do for whatever man comes in, whether it is her father, her brother, or a stranger, she does with graceful gestures that make it the opportunity of all others which she has for displaying her charms.

Make a Religion of Hospitality.

Hospitality offered to the stranger under his roof is almost a religion with the Syrian householder, although to be the "stranger" is a difficult matter. Except among her own people the young Syrian girl is kept in haremslike seclusion. There is one way only in which the curious American can get into one of these homes, and that is in the guise of a buyer.

To do this requires some fortitude, as most of the slender Assyrian population, which invariably huddles together as closely as possible in the American city, is wretchedly poor. "Half numbers" and upper stories about the area you may not only stumble up a dark stairway worn to the point of giving beneath your weight, but you may shudder at having one of the older, dark visaged women, who suddenly thrust their heads out of the nearby doorways to see who it is, dart out and clutch you in a well meant effort to show you the way. Never mind. When you get to the top you may be received by a delicately pretty girl, who talks good English in a voice more musical than your own, and who ushers you into a fairly clean little room with the air of a princess.

Here and there, among these people, will be found one who is well to do and who keeps a grocery or a general store, which keeps him from following the example of his countrymen who, when rich enough, move to better quarters. As a prospective purchaser from the store, about which you will have to make inquiries—as it is absolutely undiscernible to the sight or to any of the other senses—you will be asked into the living room of the family, where the merchandise will be brought in to you.

Richest Man Rules the Colony.

There are probably already three or four men in, come to do business with the patriarchal storekeeper, who, as the richest man in the colony, is known as the "sheik." A woman or two of the neighborhood may have come in to visit the daughters, who are all pretty, but who show enough difference in type and complexion to indicate at least more than one wife in the venerable sheik's past. If you are a man you will be offered a seat by the youngest daughter of the house, who in the meantime will prepare to stand herself, if there are not enough seats to go round. If there are still some lacking some of her women guests will get up also, as the Syrian girl, as she expresses it herself, "respects men too much" to ever sit when they are standing.

If it is a woman who comes in she is asked her name and introduced to the other women with an elaborate ceremony, which recalls the fact that it is not well to forget any of the ceremonies if one would be popular with peoples of the orient. The men in the meantime sit together at one side of the room, entirely oblivious of the woman callers,



girl's family," she says, "and, although he never sees her alone," he knows if she likes him. Then the parents come to see her parents and they drink coffee together. The after they are engaged they may go out alone together once, perhaps twice, to the theater. When the Syrian girl is about to be married she wears all her bracelets and her jewelry, and has gathered around her all of her prettiest things. Everything which belongs to her is brought out and shown at the wedding.

Husband Does All the Shopping.

"After she is married her husband buys for her what is necessary. A Syrian woman does not take her husband's money and give him a little as the American women do," she adds with a scornful gesture. "She obeys her husband. She never, never—what is it you call it?—calls her husband down." No Syrian woman would be considered fit to associate with who would call her husband down. She also touches her hand to her breast when she first sees her husband or father to show submission to him.

The Syrian girl marries the man whom her father picks out for her. If she liked one man and her father wanted her to marry another he will not make her do it, but if she is a true daughter she will do as her father wishes her to, anyway.

One of the first things which the man does who comes to woo a girl is to look into her kitchen. If her kitchen is clean he thinks it will be a happy marriage. When she is once "engaged," as the Americans call it, the lover sets the time far away if he thinks he may be making a mistake, so that he can change his mind. But he sets it near if he is well satisfied. Generally it is only a short time between the betrothal and the marriage.

Sometimes the devotion of the Syrian to her husband will go to the length of her taking care of him. She can cope with a cleverness that makes her a successful peddler, and the husband to whom she does homage has degenerated so sadly since the days when his forefathers gleamed in colors of gold and purple that too often when he is married he depends upon his wife's deft arts for his support.

Afraid Americans Will Divorce Them.

But if an American lover, in all the glory of his American manhood, lured on by the prospect of a beautiful and worshiping wife who would not "call him down," should brave the squalid poverty of the Syrian quarter and run the gamut of its woeing customs in order to get one of its belles, the chances are that he would not succeed. There is one great and terrible barrier that stands in the way of her taking an American husband. It is the divorce court. Divorce means to her the crowning disgrace of womanhood, and the American husband, in spite of his many known advantages, is supposed to have too great a fancy for getting into matrimonial difficulties and settling them in this way to be considered a safe match.

If a Syrian wife so far forgets her religion as to quarrel with her husband and comes home to her father she is ordered to go back to him. This she must do, no matter who has been at fault, except in a case of one kind. If she married against her own choice and according to the will of her father, and her husband treats her cruelly, she may come home and live—though she is not divorced. But if she has

and with their hats on still smoking the Turkish pipes which the hostess prepares for them. This task done, and after explaining apologetically that Syrian men do not take off their hats as Americans do, the hostess sets herself to making Turkish coffee. For this she gets out "half cups" so tiny that they would make any play dishes of the present day look like life size. Though she arranges only eight of them on a tray, she throws into a strange little long handled brass pot of shining brightness both inside and out four large tablespoonfuls of finely powdered coffee. When the kettle boils she fills this up with perhaps a pint of water and holds it over the coals while she watches it boil. When the first foam rises on the top she deftly skins off a teaspoonful of it, which she puts

in with the sugar which is already in the bottom of each cup. "That is the best of the flavor," she explains, as she holds it until it boils up twice again in the same way, when she puts in a drop of cold water, and it is done. "You must never have a cover on the pot," she says also; "it steams it and spoils the flavor." With this the pretty Syrian gracefully fills her cups and passes her tray—to the men first. When, however, as next guest of honor you receive yours, it is worth waiting for. It is more delicious than anything you ever had in your life. The hostess explains that the cup is not full because, if it should be made full enough to ever by any chance stop over, it would mean a deadly affront to the guest. She also explains that the few

little coffee grounds which are mixed deliciously with the sugar in the bottom of the otherwise amber clear liquid should be there because they help the flavor. When you are having your second cup of coffee the hostess sits down to explain about the marriage customs of the Syrian women. "The young man can come to see the

persisted in taking a husband of her own fancying, and then trouble comes, no matter what her husband does, her father will insist that she go back to live with him. She has been a headstrong daughter and she must at all cost ally the suspicion which will now follow that she is not a good wife.

From Near and Far.

FLOATING THEATER FOR RIVER TOWNS.

This is a floating theater which plies on the Ohio and Mississippi rivers. It ties up to a dock and the people of the town come aboard and witness a two hours' performance. It touches many towns where the people never see any other theatrical performance.

1,000 PHOTOGRAPHS.

A Waukegan (Ill.) photographer keeps this animal in his gallery to accommodate people who want to be photographed with a dog. He has been photographed 1,000 times.

DOGS DANCE THE CAKEWALK.

In Paris the popularity of the cakewalk is so great, that one of the music halls dog trainer has taught her pets to dance with her, as shown above.

TO BECOME SLIM.

Move up and down like this. The more times you do it a day the sooner you will get rid of your fat.

RIDES A BULL.

Unlike most bulls, this one at Bryan, O., will permit a boy to ride upon its back.

MERRY METHOD.

According to the St. Louis Post-Dispatch cartoonist most of the Missouri legislators rest their feet on their desks.

MARKED BALLOTS.

These are some of the crosses used in marking Australian ballots in New York to prove that votes were delivered as bought.

SHE FIGHTS FOR CZAR.

Michel Nicolaitewitch, one of the women fighting as soldiers in the Russian army.

HIGHEST CHIMNEY.

Highest chimney in America. It is located in New Jersey and stands 305 feet high. The photo also shows the small chimneys prior to their being connected with the huge smokestack.

DESK FROM OLD PIANO.

The clever way in which a furniture man made a desk out of an old piano.

PICKANINNY'S DRESS.

Here is a drawing of a little pickaninny. At her side are a number of pieces of check material. Cut out these pieces of check and fit into the white space shown in the drawing. The white space above the waist is not to be filled in with the checks.

ARMLESS MAN DRIVES FAST HORSE.

An armless man who drives a fast horse. Mr. E. P. Latham is a citizen of Burton, O.

OUTDOOR CHESS.

The men of Tunis live more outdoors than in. It is not uncommon to see them playing chess, or some other favorite game, on the street, offering a free show to passersby.