

350 MEN ARE IN LOVE WITH HER

THREE hundred and fifty men in love with one girl; nearly 200 of them openly professing their love; 14 of them declaring that they shall marry her—this is the record of a Chicago girl—a shopgirl, who stands each day behind a certain counter, on the third aisle from the main entrance of one of the great State street department stores.

She refuses to wed—not because she does not believe in marriage but because she declares that, in all her years of suitors, she has not found a single one who is worthy of her. There are wealthy men, poor men, workmen, and professional men among her admirers; clerks and floor walkers, department heads and errand boys, and many of them are "right men," but not THE right man.

She will not let her name be told, but if you go in the main entrance, turn just a bit to the right, walk down that aisle three counters, and see a sweet faced, brown haired, brown eyed, slender girl, with beautiful hands, smiling as she shows her wares—that is the girl. Half the men on State street know her, and, strange to say, although she would not be classed as beautiful, everybody refers to her as "the beauty at —a." There are scores of prettier girls on the floor, dozens whose clothes cost more, many whose hair is better, many with finer figures, some with prettier eyes—but there is something about her that makes her THE beauty, something of her sweetness of character and loveliness of life that distinguishes her from the others and causes men to bow down and worship. Or, perhaps, because she won't wed men want her all the more.

Nothing Extraordinary in Detail.

"Why is she called a beauty?" asked a woman who had heard of the conquests of the slender, brown eyed girl. "There is nothing extraordinary about her hair, or her eyes, or her forehead, or her mouth, or her complexion."

"That's true," admitted the floor walker, "but her team work is great."

This girl has been at the counter five years, going there just after she graduated from high school, and she works hard to earn the \$9 or so a week which she needs to help support the family and provide little pleasures for her younger sisters. Yet, when a rich man—well, will some day be a member of the great firm—tenderly pleaded with her to wed him she said no, gently but firmly, and when pressed for a reason she said she did not love him. Every girl in the department declared she was old fashioned.

"I don't know how she wins 'em, do you, Jen?" said the girl at the fifth counter. "She must have men hypnotized. Her shape ain't in it with Hat's, an' her pompadour ain't a marker to Sue's, an' she ain't half as pretty as Annie—but the men all swarm to her. She was on the handkerchief counter last Christmas time, an' a dozen men stood around an' just bought handkerchiefs to get to talk with her. All the men in the store are daffy over her."

Began Proposing Five Years Ago.

"It is embarrassing to talk about," said the girl, "but it is true that men do insist upon marrying me. I don't know why it is. I came into the store five years ago, almost, and the week after I started to work the young man who was working with me at the counter proposed to me. I had been friendly with him, but never imagined such a thing until one afternoon, when the customers were few, he came to my end of the counter—I was selling linens then—and proposed to me. It startled me. I didn't know what to do or say. I had hardly even noticed him, except to say 'good morning,' and I never imagined that I was in love with him. I finally told him that I was not in love with him, but he went away cheerful and told me to think it over. I did. The more I thought the more indignant I got. I thought he was cheapening love by imagining that on one week's acquaintance I would marry him. He asked me twice after that, and then he grew discouraged and was transferred to another department. As I thought, he was not really in love, but just imagined he was."

"That was my first experience, but less than a month later a floor walker, one of the handsomest men in the store, asked me to be his wife. All the girls were smitten with him, but he was too self-satisfied. He proposed as if he expected me to feel grateful. I didn't love him a bit—hardly knew him, in fact—and even if I had loved him I never would have consented to marry a man who expected a girl to fall into his arms for the mere asking. He wasn't in love, either. He proved that by being nasty to me after I refused him. "I can't imagine why they thought they were in love

with me. I never gave any one of them the slightest encouragement, or flirted with any of them, or went out with them like some of the other girls did, but they seemed to like that all the more. My third proposal was from a messenger boy—the dearest little fellow in the store. He came one day, leaned against the counter, and talked big and brave about what he was going to do in the world. Then he asked me to marry him when he got older, and I came nearer accepting him than I ever did any of the others. He was just like a happy, innocent little brother—and I almost loved him.

"I had been working about two months when I began to notice a fair haired, plump young man, with brown eyes, who came every day and bought something. He always waited until I was at leisure and then came to me. We got so that he greeted each other when he came to buy, and once in giving an order he directed that it be sent to his address, so I learned his name and place of residence. One afternoon he came in and purchased several things which it seemed strange for a man to buy, and while I was waiting for the package and the change to come back he proposed. He told me that he had loved me from the first time I waited on him. He wanted me to give my address so he could call and meet my family. Of course I refused. But he kept coming to the counter and buying things for which he had no possible use for months. I didn't see him after that for nearly a year, and one day he came along with a pretty, stylish, and well dressed young woman, and he stopped and told me proudly that she was his wife. He didn't offer to introduce her, but when they started on he whispered that I might have been in her place. And I was glad I wasn't."

At First Annoyed; Now Used to It.

"For a time the constant attendance of men and their insistence on marrying me annoyed me. I never gave them any encouragement. But there were half a dozen who kept coming to my counter just to talk to me, and almost every one of them asked me to marry him. The way in which they asked, as if they were doing me a great honor, annoyed me more than their attentions. In the first year that I was at work ninety-two different men, over half of them employees of the store, proposed marriage to me, either half jokingly or wholly seriously. The other girls got to twitting me about it and I began to dodge them. I don't believe more than one of those ninety-two—if that many—was in love with me. The others simply liked me and had an idea that they would like to get married. Several men insulted me during the same time—two, I believe—but the others were all perfectly honorable in their offers of marriage. I began to think that Chicago men were either poorly supplied with girl acquaintances or that they were so anxious to marry that they would marry any one. The consideration of true love seemed to count for little with them. They simply felt the desire for a home and were ready to marry any nice girl who pleased them.

"The funniest proposal I ever had was after I had been working in the store about two years. One day I received a notice to call at the office. Now, when a girl is late to work in the morning she is summoned to the office, but I had not been late, so I was puzzled. I reported at the office at once and one of the department managers was waiting. He asked me to be seated. Then—in cold blood—he proposed marriage to me. He proceeded to tell me about his salary and prospects, quite business like. When he had finished I said: 'Mr. —, I am not for sale.'

Some days she has five proposals of marriage

"You misunderstand me," he said. "I want to make you my wife."

"I understand that," I said. "But I cannot marry a man I do not love."

"He thought for a moment and then said: 'Perhaps you are right. I have been so busy I didn't have time to come around and make love to you, but I have been in love with you since the second or third time I saw you. I had intended to come around and make love, and take you out to the theater, but my duties have kept me from it. I assure you, though, that I love you devotedly.'

"I was obliged to decline his offer, although I am sure he was perfectly sincere. He did show me several notable kindnesses afterward, and several times invited me to go to the theater or to dinner with him. I might have loved him—but I thought of the lot of a wife who had a husband who placed business so far ahead of love."

"After awhile proposals began to get tiresome. I never imagined that men were so foolish. I have sold men dozens of handkerchiefs and refused them while waiting for the change. I have been proposed to by utter strangers. It is queer what a slight importance men attach to love. Hearing them has destroyed some of my illusions."

Sometimes Five Proposals in a Day.

"The most devoted lot of lovers I have are the boy clerks between 18 and 20 years. They seem to think it their duty to admire me and to propose to me at the first opportunity. Their motives are of the purest, but not one of them is really and truly in love with me, although each one thinks he is for a time. I have had as many as five proposals of marriage in one day."

"The way men propose is funny—at least, when one is not in love with the man. I have read novels about men falling on their knees or seizing the girl in their arms—but not one of the 350 that have asked me to marry them has done either of these things, or even attempted them. They usually begin by telling about themselves and their hopes in life and their prospects, and then blurt out the question. Over half of them 'hedge' by covering their proposal with a half joking manner, so they can retreat without losing any of their dignity or suffering a rebuff."

"I have old fashioned ideas in regard to marriage. I don't think any girl should marry until she finds the man she loves and who loves her, and then she should marry him whether he is a cash boy or the owner of the store."

"Have you an ideal?" was asked.

"I have," responded the girl, calmly. "I am waiting for him. I met him once—but he never noticed me. Some day he will come, or else—"

"Yes, madam; 65 cents a yard this week—reduced from \$1."



FINDS A VILLAGE INHABITED BY PEOPLE WHO CAN SEE ONLY IN THE DARK

DR. MANUEL IGLASIAS, the Portuguese physician and explorer, is to read a most remarkable paper before the next meeting of the Royal Portuguese Geographic and Ethnographic Society, giving the details of his discovery of an entire village in southwestern Brazil peopled by nyctalopics.

A nyctalopic is a person who can see in the dark but not in daylight. The phenomenon is familiar to medical science, for nearly 200 nyctalopics have been recorded the world over in the last fifty years.

The interesting feature of Dr. Iglasias' discovery lies in the fact that the entire village in question was peopled by nyctalopics, and in practically every case the nyctalopic was "advanced"—that is, complete. All conditions of life in the village were reversed. The inhabitants slept all day. The men hunted, fished, played games, and otherwise amused themselves in the night time. The women wove blankets and baskets of grass, did rude beadwork, made garments with clumsy thorn needles, all in the darkness.

In this strange village daylight was darkness. Bright moonlight was hazy, dim twilight, and darkness was daylight.

Found in Brazilian Forests.

Dr. Manuel Iglasias discovered the village in 1903, during his exploration of the upper Purus river, in the western part of Brazil. The village was found in the dense forests which cover the region between the Purus and Juruá rivers, and is located 125 miles south of a line drawn between the town of Quicela, on the Purus river, and Curua, on the Juruá river, and is therefore near the boundary of the disputed territory of Acre, over which Brazil and Bolivia severally have been near the verge of war.

No European had ever visited the region before Dr. Iglasias arrived. This was evident by the astonishment of the natives upon seeing him.

The Portuguese explorer's journey up the river Amazon to the port of Manaus, his voyage up the Purus in a small river steamer, and his arrival at Quicela were accomplished without notable incident. At Quicela Dr. Iglasias, in April, 1903, left his steamer, intending to make the journey overland to the headwaters of the Juruá river. The steamer, in the meantime, was to return to Manaus, secure fresh supplies, and then proceed via the Amazon and Juruá rivers to the town of Curua, where Dr. Iglasias was to meet it.

Dr. Iglasias had a party of twenty-three men, all natives of Brazil and all skilled forest men. He left Quicela April 22, 1903, striking boldly westward into the forest, collecting botanical data as he went. He encountered a number of Indian villages, but was not molested. The fact that he and his party were well armed probably added to his security.

Dense Forests All in Darkness.

Dr. Iglasias declared that no one who has not been there can describe the weird gloom of the forests of the region between the Purus and Juruá rivers. So numerous and so lofty are the trees, so luxuriant their foliage, and so matted the vines and creepers that grow from treetop to treetop, that thousands of acres of ground are covered with a thick canopy of verdure, almost rainproof. He traveled sometimes for days beneath the natural canopy of foliage without once seeing the sun or even the sky. At noon the overglades through which the party cut its way were in dim twilight.

The only sounds to be heard were the noises made once in a while by the crash of a falling tree or the sorrowful note of a bird, the plaintive howling of a monkey, or the occasional scream of a jaguar which had fallen a victim to a predatory boa constrictor.

One afternoon Dr. Iglasias and his party emerged from the forest gloom into natural clearing where, for the first time in many days, he had an opportunity to "bask" a welcome sun bath. He had seen occasional signs of human habitation and knew that he was nearing a village.

All at once he was surprised to find two children asleep in the grass—a boy and a girl, both brown and naked. The explorer awakened them, shaded her eyes with her hands, and started to run—straight against a tree. The boy, in his efforts to escape, ran toward the men in the doctor's party instead of away from them. Then both children covered down on the ground, trembling with fright.

Dr. Iglasias offered them food, but apparently they did not see it. Then he put it in their hands. They felt of the bread cautiously, smelled of it, and then began to eat as if starving, holding out their hands for more.

The explorer concluded that both children were blind. He showed them his pocket compass and his watch, his knife. They felt of the strange objects and held them close to their strained, wide open eyes, but apparently could not see them. Then Dr. Iglasias held a lighted match in front of their faces. They did not see the flame, but shrank from the heat. Clearly they were blind.

Saw with Approach of Night.

Night came on and the party went into camp, the blind children showing no restive desire to run away. As the darkness fell the children seemed to become alert and more awake. They began to run about the camp and to examine the baggage, the guns, the cooking utensils, with every degree of interest.

Dr. Iglasias watched them from his seat near the campfire with increasing wonderment. The children apparently were not blind, although in the sunlight they could not see his watch.

Struck by a sudden thought, the doctor called the boy to him and again showed him the watch. The boy held it in his hands, and then suddenly ran away from the flashlight, going to a thicket thirty feet away where the darkness was intense. There the children examined the watch and chattered over it in apparent wonderment.

Then Dr. Iglasias realized that he had found two examples of complete nyctalopia, and, with the enthusiasm of a physician and a scientist, prepared to make a close study of the phenomena from personal observation.

Suddenly a young monkey whimpered from the treetops, fifty or sixty feet above the ground. The girl listened intently and then, with an exclamation, darted to the tree and, clinging to the tough vines which encircled its trunk, began to climb up into its topmost branches. Dr. Iglasias could hear her scrambling among the branches, swinging from one tree to another, apparently in chase of the monkey. The boy had followed her, and the doctor and his wondering companions could hear the little savages laughing and chattering as they scrambled through the treetops.

Climbing Trees in the Dark.

Finally the girl came running to the camp, with a half dead bird in her hands. She had caught it in a tree standing 200 feet away from the one which she had first climbed, swinging from branch to branch and from tree to tree.

As the children became less timorous they answered questions put to them by one of the natives in the party, who was able, in a way, to make himself understood. It was gathered from their replies that they had run away from their village, which was "three sleeps" to the westward.

The children were useless as guides, for they could not see in daylight, and the explorers could not cut their way through the undergrowth or cross the deep streams in the darkness. The only thing to do, therefore, was to search blindly and trust to luck. At night the children played in the



many tests of the peculiar defect in the vision of this strange people.

All Inhabitants Slept by Day.

Naturally the entire village was asleep in the daytime. When night fell the village awoke. The men gave up their time exclusively to hunting and fishing. The women cooked the meals, wove grass cloth, made the few rude garments they wore. The children played games.

Dr. Iglasias contrived a lantern by which he was able to watch these strange people at work and play. By covering the glass with several thicknesses of mosquito netting he was able to reduce the strength of the light so that it would not "darken" the vision of the natives, while at the same time he himself could see dimly what they were doing.

It was a curious sight to see a nyctalopic woman weave grass cloth. For material she had the stems of a tough fibrous grass, four, five, and even six feet long. Part of the grass she would dye a deep red, a rich logwood brown, or a bright yellow, securing the dye from vegetable substances. Seated in her hut, in absolute darkness, she would weave the grass with deft fingers, selecting, from time to time, with unerring judgment, the different colors she needed. To Dr. Iglasias it seemed uncanny to see a woman pick up a bunch of grass and select the red, brown, or yellow stems at will.

Dr. Iglasias tested the men's vision in many ways. At midnight he would hear a bird twittering in a treetop far above him. He would point upward and a native, with a quick glance into the darkness, would place an arrow in his bow, draw the cord quickly, let fly the arrow, and then run and pick up the bird, transfixed with the arrow, still quivering.

Skillful at Catch in the Dark.

Again, the doctor would come up to a group of men sitting in the darkness. With a quick examination to attract their attention he would toss his pocket knife, his compass, his pencil case to them. Invariably they would catch the objects, running up to him to show them and restore them.

At other times he would throw his hunting knife into the darkness. A boy or a girl would run instantly and pick it up.

Dr. Iglasias arranged an archery target of straw matting, with a bell behind the bulls-eye, so placed that if struck by an arrow it would ring. Then he would set the target up in the darkest spot he could find and induce the young men to shoot their arrows at it. When they learned that each time they shot an arrow into the center of the target, thus making the bell ring, they would receive a prize, they shot their arrows so accurately—even at a distance of 200 paces—that Dr. Iglasias was compelled to abandon the test because he ran out of trifles for prizes.

After several weeks in the village Dr. Iglasias was compelled to continue his journey to Curua, in order to meet his steamer. He returned to Lisbon last winter and has since been busy in writing up his notes.

How Science Explains the Case.

Optical science explains nyctalopia as "a condition in which sight is better by light or in semi-darkness than by daylight—a symptom of central scotoma, the more dilated pupil of the eye at night allowing a better illumination of the peripheral portions of the retina."

As already stated, many isolated instances of partial nyctalopia have been known to science, but it remained for Dr. Manuel Iglasias to discover a whole village of perfect nyctalopics. He can only explain the phenomenon by the fact that for generations this particular tribe of Brazilian Indians had lived in the dense gloom of the forests until nyctalopia gradually developed until it assumed an abnormal phase.

forests—in the day they slept and were carried on improvised litters by the natives.

In two days Dr. Iglasias came upon the village. Here a tremendous surprise awaited him. All the people in the village were nyctalopics. Every man, woman, and child, by some hereditary whim of nature, could see only in darkness.

Dr. Iglasias made friends with the villagers, the children being able to tell much of his kindness to them. He was therefore able to make a close study of nyctalopia, which forms the subject of the scientific paper he has prepared to read before the Royal Portuguese Geographic and Ethnographic Society.

For convenience of reference Dr. Iglasias named the village Nyctalopia. He remained there four weeks, making