

HAPPY LIFE OF CHINESE WIVES

French Woman Who Married Celestial Diplomat Rends the Veil.

REDUCED TO MERE SLAVES

After Being Rescued by Mother and Obtaining Divorce She Describes Life of Degradation of the Chinese Women.

PARIS, Dec. 25.—(Special.)—Miss Marie Deneux, a French woman and a student of Oriental literature, has just been granted a divorce in France from a Chinese diplomat, Sing Ling, formerly of the Chinese embassy. She has written for the press her weird experiences in the Celestial Empire, and the details are not only striking but revealing. During the hearing in court there were many demonstrations of sympathy for the young woman that at intervals interrupted the proceedings. Miss Deneux is emphatic in cautioning Americans or Europeans against entering into marital alliances with nations of the Far East. Whether in palace or hotel, the wife, she declares, is not regarded much better than the more important domestic animals. This is the sad narrative of her deplorable experiences.

China's Cruel Proverb. No one but an Oriental should ever marry a man of the Orient. Six years of torment as the wife of one of the highest of the Chinese dignitaries has convinced me that a girl would much better be in her grave than in any country than the inmate of a palace in any country of the East, and particularly in China.

The cruel proverb, "A Chinese woman married, but a Chinaman only takes a wife," sums up the horrible situation, which, from the day of the ceremony until death, is a long, interminable slavery.

On our wedding journey to China my husband was a model bridegroom. He was attentive, chivalrous, even romantic. It was only when we reached Peking and I greeted my husband's relatives that there was borne in upon me the truth that in China there is no romance, and that no Chinese has ever felt an impulse of civility. Arrived upon his own shores, the venerable European or American custom drops away from him and he stands in his pristine ugliness.

Her Welcome to "Palace." When I stepped across the threshold of the palace in which my husband's family lived for two and a half centuries, a hideous old hag led me across a smoldering fire of straw at the door, muttering some silly, indecent doggerel between her toothless gums.

Into the huge main room of the palace I was led, expecting that my husband's mother would come forth to embrace and welcome me. Instead, they pointed to some ugly pictures on the wall, and my husband whispered to me that I was to kneel and say prayers before each of them. I was in brief to worship his ancestors.

This mummy completed, I had to pass before a long line of more or less decrepit relatives, and I was told to bow my forehead touching the floor before each of them. In my Parisian traveling costume this was torture to body as well as to spirit, and the third day from I had to repeat every morning of the six dreary years I spent in the palace.

Little Higher Than Slaves. The second day under the ancient roof I learned that I was to live, occupied a place a little higher than the slaves of the palace. I was my mother-in-law's waiting maid. My first duty in the morning was to go to her door and learn what was her pleasure for the day. I transmitted her orders to the lower servants. Then I helped her to dress. When I met below to worship the ancestors and kowtow to the seniors. Every person in the family who was older than myself were entitled to my homage.

My youngest sister-in-law, 2 months older than myself, exacted it with the rest. Once, exasperated beyond endurance, I subtly pulled one of her pigtails as I bent my forehead to the floor before her, and was punished by not being allowed to eat for three days. There, again, one of the cold-blooded proverbs on which Chinese husbands are reared was applied. "Never believe what your wife says about your sister." That Pink Hyacinth had pinched me at tea and had placed a bug in my bowl of rice had I would not believe, because she was his sister and I was only his wife.

All Chinese Beat Wives. I had been married six months when I learned that my wife-beating was an ancestral practice in China. It had seemed to me absurd that when women from other lands visited us my sister-in-law would lean forward over the tea table and eagerly ask: "Does your husband beat you?" I had even argued with several of them about it. That is, I had protested for they would not argue. They instantly relapsed into enigmatic silence and looked at each other, but not at me. Then one day, finally, I was asked to explain my husband's behavior. We had a trifling dispute. He struck me, and I, in rage and pain beyond words, trying to defend myself, flung my hand out at him and it grazed his face. He looked like a man who had suddenly lost his reason. He dashed toward the window of the palace as though he would call some one. Then he looked back at me, irresolute, white with indignation and amazement.

Crime to Strike Husband. "Do you know that if I call for help you will blow with a bamboo club?" said he. "For what?" I asked. "For hitting your hand against your husband." "But you struck me—your wife." "Again that white look of amazement and incredulity, as if he thought I had gone suddenly mad. "What would happen if I called some one and said you had tried to beat me?" I asked. "Nothing would happen," he calmly and insolently returned. "A man may do anything he wishes with his wife. If he tries of her he may sell her. He may even kill her by the law of China." All of which I learned was quite true. It is an accepted truth in China that a wife should never be seen outside her own home. I lived for an odd score surrounded by a park, and was never permitted one to go beyond the park. In all respects I was a prisoner.

Despised Because Child Girl. When my child was born I was more than ever despised by my husband's family. The little one was a girl. That gave my husband the right by law to take another wife. I was the child, or principal wife, but the word principal was

Sultan of Turkey's Despotic Rule Is Nearing Its End



THE SULTAN OF TURKEY



SULTAN'S BROTHERS



KIRMIK PASHA

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—(Special.)—This portrait of the Sultan has just been received from Constantinople. It is the only authentic likeness extant of the dread old man of the Yildiz Kiosk. It is contrary to his religion to be photographed. He was pictured when quite young; but he has never been photographed since and until this picture was made nothing existed which would give a clear idea of the appearance of Abdul-Hamid II. With the portrait comes the report that the Sultan's reign is near an end—that the party

of "Union and Progress" does not trust him and will not be satisfied that the recent reforms are permanent until he leaves the throne. The question of his accession is a matter of doubt. Abdul-Hamid II is the 34th in male descent of the house of Osman, founder of the Turkish Empire. He is the 23rd Sultan since the conquest of Constantinople. By the law of succession, the throne would descend to the oldest male descendant of Osman sprung from the imperial harem. The oldest brother of the Sultan, Rehad Effendi, is heir to the throne. This portrait of Rehad Effendi and his brothers was made many years ago.



SONS OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY

Little is known about him. He is reputed to be a man of education and liberal views. But this may be merely legendary. It is, in fact, impossible to say whether Rehad is still in the land of the living. If he is the Sultan is not above making away with his brother if he thought he was likely to succeed him on the throne. He is commonly accused of having done away with two other brothers. Nor is fratricide the worst crime charged against him. It is believed that his eldest son, Mehemmed-Selim Effendi, is either dead or a prisoner in the palace. In fact, rumor has it that he is locked up in a room next the apartments of the Sultan.

The Sultan's other brothers, too, are never seen and whether they still live is a matter of doubt. So the legal title to the throne is in doubt in case of the death or dethronement of the Sultan. The Sultan counts on his Grand Vizier Kiamil Pasha to placate his enemies and postpone his downfall. He showed his usual acuteness in the appointment of Kiamil. Twice before Kiamil had been Grand Vizier. When the recent bloodless revolution occurred, the Sultan tried two Grand Viziers, keeping Kiamil in his Cabinet without any portfolio. He was finally obliged to restore Kiamil to his old position.

an absurd mockery. The next wife was secured by purchase and was nominally what is called a secondary wife, an inferior, or a concubine. But the term did not matter. My husband preferred her society to mine, and she knew it, and in subtle ways she exulted over me. When, in a year, he brought home still another inferior wife, it was the turn of the third to exult over the rest of us. In China a man can take as many wives as he likes if those preceding do not bear him a son.

Rescued by Mother. He had brought home a fourth, when at last my rebellion became open, for my mother arrived. She had come all the way from Paris in answer to a heart-broken letter I had at last succeeded in sending to her. She called with the French minister and took me away. Had she called alone I believe she would have been slain and her body hidden in the cellar beneath the palace, where, I believe, are other graves not included in the category of ancestors. When I came away they would not permit me to bring my child. But they had taken her from me long before. She did not seem part of me. She never loved me. Even to her I was despised. At any rate, I should not want to let her feel in France the alien that I felt I was in China. So far as one whose heart is broken can be so I am content. And thus closes the pitiful story of a blighted hopes and a wrecked life, showing there can be no marital union of the East and the West.

FRENCH JOKE; NOW LAUGH But Don't Try It Here, for It Might Fail. PARIS, Dec. 25.—The Parisians have a new catch-word which is the equivalent of "If you want to know the time, ask a policeman." You meet a friend upon the boulevards. "What time is it?" "If telephone and see," he answers. The joke was hatched by M. Sacha Guitry in a little two-act farce produced at the Theatre. The clock has stopped. One of the characters catches up the telephone book, picks out a name at hazard, rings up its owner, asks him the time, and then rings off.

The notion was so new, and so absurdly aggravatingly possible, that the house rocked with laughter, and telephoning for the time has become one of the favorite jokes of Paris.

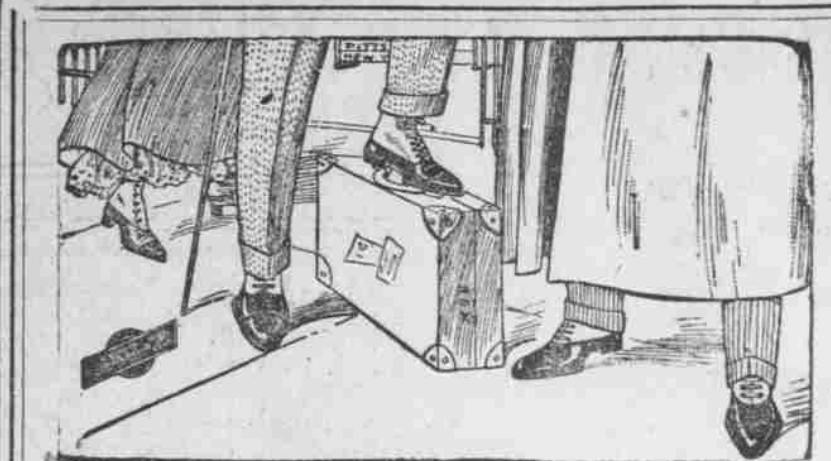
Editor Charged With Sedition. CALCUTTA, Dec. 25.—(Special.)—The Government Advocate has filed a complaint in the Court of the District Magistrate, Allahabad, charging Babu Ram Hari, editor, printer and publisher of "Swaraja," with sedition in respect of two articles entitled, respectively, "Bomb and Boycott" and "The Tyrant, a Political Ode," which appeared in that paper. Shanti Narayan, a former editor of this vernacular paper, is at present undergoing a sentence of three and a half years rigorous imprisonment on two charges of sedition. Dance every Tues. eve., Ringler's Hall.

SHOT FOR REVENGE Bengali Police Detective Is Victim of Assault. MASTER CRAFT DISPLAYED Officer Who Was Active Against Native Conspiracy Tracked Down by Thugs and Riddled With Hail of Lead. CALCUTTA, Dec. 25.—Two days after the attempt on the life of Sir Andrew Fraser, Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, Detective Inspector Nundo Lal Bannerji was shot in Serpentine Lane, Calcutta. Apparently the whole affair had been thought out and carefully planned. That the assassins were able to carry out their design in a congested part of the town at a time when there were a number of persons moving about points to their being able to rely upon a safe refuge not far from the scene of their crime, for although the attack was made at a cross-road, and at 7 o'clock in the evening, the assassins appear to have been able to get away comfortably. Inspector Bannerji lived in Kerani Bagan, a locality almost at the back of the Church of Scotland Zennana Mission, about 100 yards in the direction of Sealdah from the junction of St. James street with Bow Bazar street. He had been writing a letter which he was anxious to post, and set out to post it himself. His assassins, lurking about, with firearms concealed under their garments, followed him quickly, and overtook him at the crossing of Serpentine Lane and Kerani Bagan Lane. Ostensibly the two men were ordinary pedestrians who were walking home, leaving their victim well ahead of them. Leaving their victim well ahead of them, the bullet passed through the body and coming out on the left side. As the unfortunate man dropped to the ground several shots were fired at him. Leaving their victim well ahead of them, the man turned to the west and ran down Serpentine Lane, and that is the last that anyone saw of them. The deceased had received one wound at the back of his head, one in the middle of the back and one on each shoulder. In fact, his back was simply riddled with bullet wounds, while he had also received a shot in the left hip. All the shots, with the exception of the last named, had been fired at him from behind, and at such close quarters that the clothes he was wearing were singed.

FOUND BY MOVING PICTURE BULGARIAN RECOGNIZES LOST BROTHER ON SCREEN. Scene of Paris Balloon Race Gives Clew and Mano Maller Opens Correspondence. NEW YORK, Dec. 25.—(Special.)—Through the medium of a moving-picture show R. J. Maller, a Bulgarian civil and mining engineer, recently learned the residence of his youngest brother, whom for three years he had been unable to communicate with. Mr. Maller one day went into a theater where moving pictures were being displayed. The picture man showed upon a screen a description of a balloon race in Paris. He gazed at the lifelike scenes presenting the members of the club assisting in getting ready for an ascent. Suddenly among the members he noticed one of the figures. Maller gasped and stood erect, and was shouted at by the audience, who admonished him to "Sit Down!" But he disobeyed the command. On the contrary, he rushed to the manager and begged that the scene be again projected upon the screen, explaining that he was confident that he had recognized one of the commissaries wearing a badge upon his arm as his youngest brother, Mano Maller, of whom he had lost track for three years. The manager told him that it was impossible to repeat the pictures at that time. He advised Mr. Maller to communicate with the company owning the picture film, who would undoubtedly afford him an opportunity of examining the photographs. Mr. Maller followed the manager's advice, and next day was informed that the pictures were to be exhibited that night in a moving-picture theater in Houston street. He went to the place and besought the manager to permit him to have the picture stopped when the figure Maller supposed was that of his brother should be reached. Tho' Maller recognized his brother, the face was turned toward him in such a manner as to permit of no mistake. He had only to communicate with the officials of the club to obtain his address. Correspondence followed, and within a few days mutual friends had assured Mr. Maller that his brother is alive, prosperous and happy. He is at present absent from Paris, but upon his return will be put in possession of his brother's New York address, 359 Broadway.

BIG HAT CAUSES TROUBLE Three Men Needed to Get It Out of a Theater. PARIS, Dec. 25.—(Special.)—Judging from recent decisions in the courts, there is now little sympathy with the wearers of matinee hats. A woman who described herself as a baronesse, but who was really a plain madam, attended a popular music hall, and when she took possession of an orchestral stall it was soon discovered that she was wearing concealed a part of the stage. The familiar cry, "Chapeau, chapeau," was shouted from the pit. But the "baronesse" was not in the least disturbed by it. An attendant invited her to remove her hat, but she took no notice of him. Then an inspector appeared on the scene. The woman with the large hat ignored him also. Finally it was found necessary to employ brigades to expel the "baronesse" and her hat. Then she made use of an expression which baronesses do not usually employ. In consequence of this remark she was summoned to appear before the Eighth Chamber of the Tribunal, which yesterday fined her \$5.

BAR "NEAR CHAMPAGNE" French Government Limits Output of Real "Bubble-Water." PARIS, Dec. 25.—The Council of State has unanimously decided to "delimit" the champagne district. As the result of this decision only wine made in the greater part of the Department of the Marne, as well as Chateau Thierry and Soissons, will in future be entitled to the name of champagne. It is hoped that this step will mark the beginning of greater prosperity for the champagne industry, which is said to have suffered greatly, not only from natural causes, but from the practice of importing inferior wines entitled "champagne" after a short sojourn in the district.



SELZ SHOES "TREAD IN"

You probably never noticed it, but a shoe that throws the weight of the body to the inside of the foot—"treads in"—is one that wears better. That's a point for the Selz Footform last; and every Selz last is made on the general measurements of the Footform; the styles differ, but they all fit perfectly. For comfort and wear ask for Selz Royal Blue shoe. \$3.50, \$4.00, \$5.00.

Rosenthal's PORTLAND'S BEST SHOE STORE Cor. 7th and Washington Sts.

INDIANS BOYCOTT AUSTRIA

MOSLEMS AT CALCUTTA DISCARD HATED FEZZES. Europeans Blamed for Turkey's Loss of Trade and Prestige.

CALCUTTA, Dec. 25.—Since the inauguration of the Swadeshi movement the Hindu and Moslem leaders of Calcutta have held Hindu and Moslem social gatherings on the 10 day, the great Mohammedan festival. This year an id reunion was held in the house of Lieutenant-Colonel E. N. Mukherji, I. M. S. (retired). Invitations to the gathering were issued in the names of Abdul Rasul, Abdul Halim Gasnavi, barrister-at-law, Babu Krishna Kumar Mitter, editor of the Sanjibani, Babu Nityananda Shaha, who is a small cause court pleader and a noted gymnast and trapezist, came with his physical and muscular feats. National songs were put on two of Mr. Gasnavi's gramophones. Dr. Abdul Gaffur distributed Nuriaban attar and rosewater, and bird (intelligent) cigarettes and betel were supplied by Mr. Mukherji himself.

Mostly Abdul Hussain said they had met there to do good to the country, and not to fight with anybody. If they fought at all they would not fight with physical weapons; their fight would be a religious and bloodless fight. Passive resistance was their only weapon. He told his hearers that he used to wear Austrian fezzes, but had now discarded them for swadeshi caps, and further said that by the order of the Caliph (Sultan of Constantinople) and by the united voice of the Turks, fezzes and enameled articles had been boycotted by all Moslems because they were made in Austria, the people of which country were trying to harass the Turks.

SCIONS FAMOUS FAMILIES

Descendants of Moslem Generals in Turkish Parliament. ATHENS, Greece, Dec. 25.—(Special.)—Two members of the new Turkish Parliament, Rehad Effendi of Khaldia and Said Effendi, who have been elected for the City of Jerusalem, belong to two of the oldest families in the Islamic world. One of these families, the Husaini clan, claims descent from Hussein, the son of Ali, whose father, Abou Talib, was the Prophet's guardian and protector. The Khaldia clan, which is the other great rival family in Palestine, is descended from Khalid, the famous Arab general who subdued Damascus and took Jerusalem in the reign of Omar. If good blood therefore counts for anything in political life, the two M. P.s for the Holy City have been well chosen. Their families have for ages past been in the habit of being in this, too, is a strong point in their favor.

LONDON FOLK PROVINCIAL

Fail to Widely Know Noted Visitors From Other Shores. LONDON, Dec. 25.—Ignorance of the presence of celebrated people in their midst is a characteristic of Londoners as it is of New Yorkers. Only last year, when Mark Twain was the central figure in England, the greatest of living Americans drove down Fleet street in a pony trap, and though his big white head challenged attention, nobody realized who he was. Hardly any of the present members of the British Ministry are recognized in their walks about the city. Only last month a roughly bearded man came out of a tea-shop in Parliament street, and in his hand was a paper bag from which he began to eat buns. It was the Duke of Devonshire. Premier Peir and Earl Marshall of England, but nobody knew him.

NO PIANO; PRIDE; SCENE

Domestic Drama Nearly Disrupts Parisian Reception. PARIS, Dec. 25.—The curious fact that since Mlle Fallieres' marriage there has been no piano at the President's palace, the Elysee, caused an embarrassing scene at the Vie Parisienne, one evening during the King

Cured By a Shock

Advertisement for Electro-Vigor. A rheumatic picked up a live wire that had fallen in the street and received a powerful shock. He wasn't hurt by the jolt, but it knocked out his rheumatism and he walked away leaving his crutch where it fell. Every day brings new proof of the wonderful curative power of electricity. People who had dosed themselves with drugs for years, without getting more than temporary relief, have found a lasting cure in this great remedy of nature. Very few would care to take chances on getting cured by holding a heavily charged wire. There is no need for doing so. The best results are to be had by using a milder current and applying it just where it is needed. Electro-Vigor is a scientific body battery which infuses a steady, unbroken stream of electric life into your nerves and muscles. This book explains its influence is powerful, yet soothing and pleasant. It does not shock or burn. Electro-Vigor is not an electric belt. It requires no charging. It makes its own power. Electro-Vigor will drive out your pains and aches, renew your strength and ambition and restore your health by giving every organ, every weak or diseased part of your body the power to do its work as nature intended. Where there is plenty of electricity there can be no pain or disease. Don't take another dose of drugs. You know they have done you no good. Stop loading your stomach with poisons which eat up your vitality and weaken your heart and nerves. If you suffer from rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, stomach, kidney, liver or bowel trouble, weakness of any kind, or any nervous or chronic ailment, get Electro-Vigor—there is health and strength in it for you. I am entirely cured of the rheumatism, thanks to your Electro-Vigor. Will not need any further advice, as I have stopped the use of the appliance, with no return of the trouble. S. G. HALL, M.D. 1314 Second Ave., SEATTLE, WASH. Please send me, prepaid, your free, 100-page, illustrated book. 12-27-8 Name..... Address.....