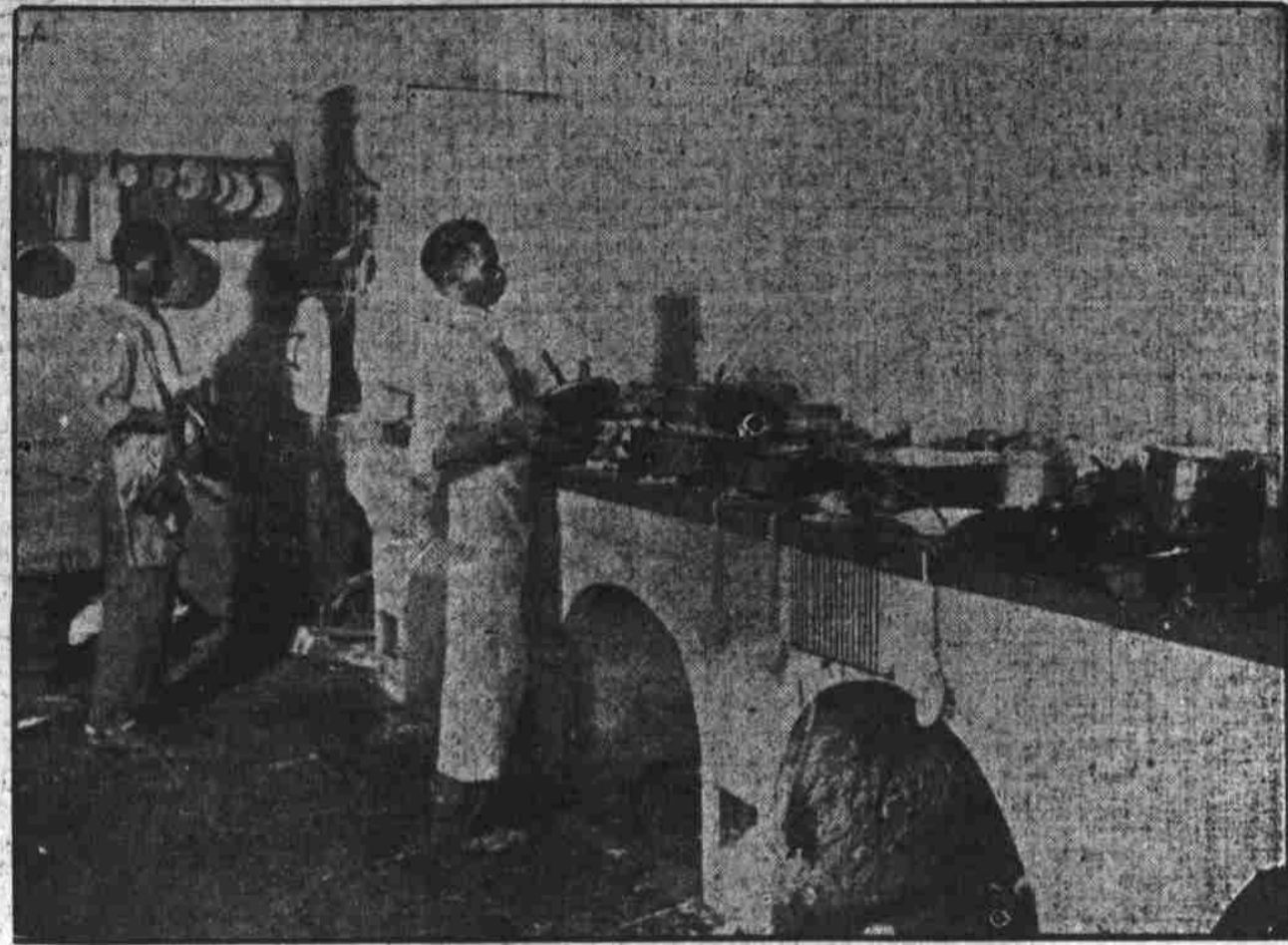


The Choice and Widespread Hospitality of the South American People



INSIDE A SOUTHERN KITCHEN.

VALPARAISO, Chile, Feb. 21.—Southern hospitality is as renowned as northern energy. We give away the key to the city to our guests, but here they go one better by telling us to take the whole town and do what we jolly please with it, because it is ours anyway. The smiling host meets you at the door of his home and bids you walk in without hesitation, because it is your house you are about to enter. The old Dona did this in the time of the first Alphonso, and the sons of Spain, and all their remote kin have been doing it ever since. Anything that you admire immediately becomes yours—if the word of your host amounts to anything. But it does not. It is just an old, old custom, graceful but meaningless.

No String to Attach.
But there is no string tied to the things on the table. You can just walk in and help yourself. You can fall to and help yourself. You can feed to your fill without being afraid of wearing your welcome out. If you devour everything in sight there will be no complaint, but there is no danger of your doing this, because there is always enough food prepared to serve one or two extra persons in case they happen along at the last moment. Extra plates are laid just as if it were a certainty that they would be needed, and if some

one does come in, they are treated in every way as if they were expected. This custom makes business bad for the lunch counters, but it is a good arrangement for those whose finances are frayed.
There was old Jose who used to call always just at meal times—at the house where I was living in Mercedes street. Jose's apparel was as shabby as his finances were scant. His gorgeous red tie showed white at the ends and ragged in the middle, but his nose made up for the shortcomings of his neckwear by being juicy red all over. With the exception of his nose and his manners, Jose was pretty well fixed. It seemed that he represented a decline—being the flag end of a good family, or something of that sort.

The Promptness of Jose.
Anyway, about meal time, the door bell would ring, and someone would say, "Suppose the professor is coming." Jose was called the professor because some relative of his had once been a teacher of languages and he liked the sound of the word. In would come the professor, his red nose flaring like a semaphore and his whole person fairly palpitating with amiability. As meal time drew near, Jose would glow like an arc lamp. How fortunate! Dinner was ready! The professor would please take the third seat. And then Jose would do

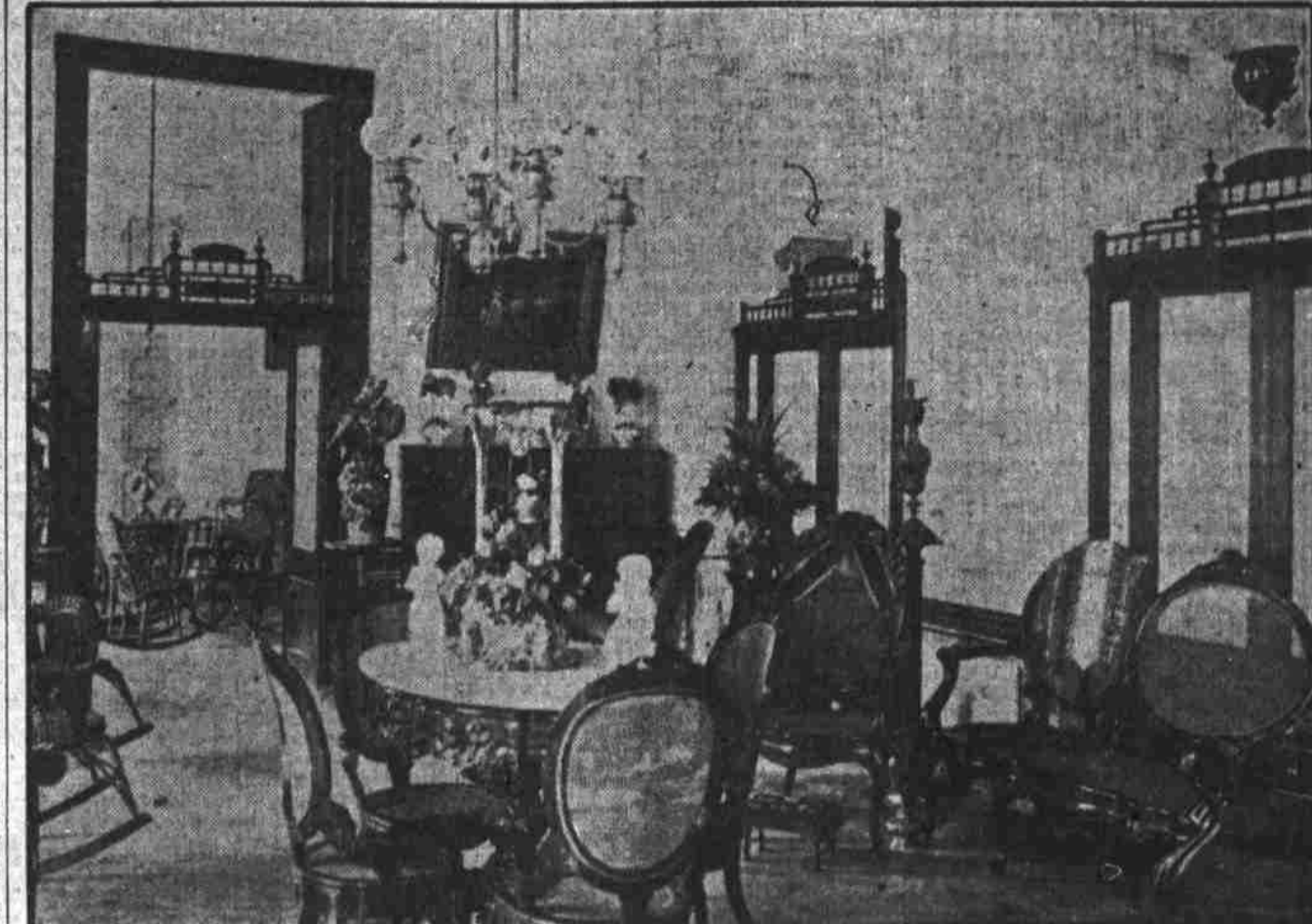
some mighty good work. The more times I saw him do it, the greater I appreciated it. It was like a piece of good music, in that its merit grew on me. He would look at his watch in utter surprise at the hour, and assure them he could not stay but a moment; that he had just dropped in; that he had just had a big meal; that it was too hot to eat; and that he had an important engagement to keep.
All of his objections would be overruled, one after another, in this usual order, as he moved toward the table. He would dive into his chair with a movement like a baseball player sliding for third base, and if it is true that a hearty guest is a satisfaction to a hostess, Jose should have been a positive joy. He could perform the disappearing act with a big plate of hot soup quicker than a famished cat could lap a saucer of milk. Once he had crossed the Rubicon by taking the first mouthful of food, he ceased all protests, and went from soup to toothpicks in a gallop. Then he would make his graceful acknowledgments and take his ceremonial leave, only to come back the next day and again go through with the whole performance. He was always prompt, both to arrive and depart. His acting was always up to the high standard of which he was capable. The custom of preparing extra plates is a lucky arrangement for such as Jose.

In most of the southern countries the public dinner is an ordeal for the Northerner. He never knows who may be upon his right hand or his left. It may be a coy maid with rose tint on her cheeks, and a delightful shyness in her eyes, or it may be some raven-hued notable with a bad accent and a garlic breath. Shall I ever forget that last affair? It was a banquet and very swell. Most of those who attended had to pay \$20 per plate, but a few got in free. I was traveling with the official party and was left for nothing.

It was not one of those catch-as-catch-can entertainments where every fellow can hustle for a suitable partner, but a cut-and-dried affair where the pairing off was done according to rank. Hoyte has no rule for placing newspaper correspondents. If the classification is left to the scribes themselves they are pretty likely to be found in superior company, but otherwise they may be located somewhere near the foot of the class. On this particular occasion it did not take me long to discover that I had been both fortunate and unfortunate. I was placed between two ladies to whom I could not talk. My neighbor on the right was fair, fat and forty. She was very communicative and told me many things, which I could not remember because I did not understand Portuguese. The next day I found out that her husband had shipped to the country as a sailor, and after many years of saving had got a start in the grocery business, and now owned a whole row of business blocks and a silver mine. This was all very interesting when I finally got at the facts in the case.

Mildred on the left was a dainty little midget. Every now and then I would hear her voice speaking to me, and with some difficulty I could look down and locate her. She was as small as the other was large. I had certainly been given the full benefit of the tongue of extremes. Miss Midget's native tongue was Italian and when the spaghetti was passed, I almost choked myself in the attempt to pay her a compliment. Opposite me was a fierce looking creature, a German. During the five hours which followed, seventeen courses were served, and time flew like a sailboat in a calm.

Bride Had to Wait.
And the speeches! It was such a mixed crowd that several interpreters were kept busy telling everybody what it was all about. The orator of the hour paid a graceful compliment to the power and greatness of the United States. He spoke in Spanish and used the flowery, figurative style of the speaker in that tongue. He said the great surprise that Yankee genius conceived to consummate would bind the North and South together even as the marriage ceremony holds the bride and groom. He said the South had longed for the American government to take action in the matter, and he was glad that it would come forward, even as a bride in her chamber was aware of the coming of her lord and master before the sound of his footsteps fell upon her ears. This was a rather delicate way of referring to a



INTERIOR OF A WELL-FURNISHED PARLOR.

prosais matter like building a canal, but the Latin orator cannot express himself without flinging a dash of sentiment into his remarks. The interpreter was a native whose English was not equal to the tender subject. He got as far as the waiting bride and then got red in the face. It was a trying moment. We saw something was wrong with the groom. We did not know whether he had gone off with another woman or taken too many drinks at the last moment. It was a shame to desert the poor bride at this critical moment, but we all said "Brava" and stood up while we drank to her health; to the health of the groom who was overdue; to the health of those who were not there because they didn't get the \$20; and to those who could not have it because they were not traveling with the official party. It was very pleasing to do all this, and much more overdue; to the health of those who were not there because they didn't get the \$20; and to those who could not have it because they were not traveling with the official party. It was very pleasing to do all this, and much more overdue; to the health of those who were not there because they didn't get the \$20; and to those who could not have it because they were not traveling with the official party.

Forbearance of the Hosts.
Over half the people at that dinner were located so their tongues could not do them any more good than if they didn't have any. This could not be pleasant. On looking back at those five hours when I was barricaded be-

hind the big lady and was towering over the little one, I shall never refer to the siege with enthusiasm, and I am sure that they will not. They were certainly bored with me, and they got the worst of the bargain, because it cost them \$20. But all this does not reflect upon the good intentions of the people who were entertaining us; in fact, it shows they had the true gift of hospitality. On the matter of lonesome surroundings they were as deep in the mire as we were in the mud, yet they paid the fiddler and looked pleasant through it all.

Whatever may be said of the people of Spanish descent, or those who hold to the customs of old Spain, their hospitality is not exceeded by any people in the world. The proud family whose fortune is declining, will cut short their own supply of food rather than deny a guest his wine. They will forego some loved pleasure in order to set the extra plates for the random guest. His enemy could not shame a Spaniard more than to say he had been mistreated beneath his roof.

every member of the family took his turn to interest me and make me feel at home. The host came for me at the hotel; the hostess met me with a graciousness that was far exceeding; the little daughter was captivating as she took me away to show her kittens and her dolls; the little son needed no encouragement or interpreter when he exhibited his pigeons and his rabbits; the servants were not so stiff as ours are trained to be—they were quite respectful, but smiling as they watched to perform every service on the instant. I am a thorough American. I believe my people are the elect, and their way is my way, but we can teach the Southerners nothing in hospitality. The warmth of their kindly sun lingers in their homes when you go to visit them.

During the years that I have been a wanderer I have suffered many privations, but among my compensations are the recollections of the homes I have been in; of the cool gardens where I have walked with the graceful assurance that they were my own; of the mothers inquiring after my good health with as much concern as if in each case I were their own son; of the girls who have entertained me by dancing and flirting with me as only Southern maidens can. **FREDERIC J. HASKIN.**

ENTERTAINING IN JAPAN

(By Elinor Hewitt.)

Nowadays, when novelty is the sine qua non of the successful social function, some ideas may be borrowed from that very picturesque and plucky race, the Japanese. Necessarily, these Oriental ceremonies will have to be adapted to western requirements, but in most instances their basic decorative and serving notions may be carried out intact. Japanese entertaining, with all its elaborateness, refinement and rules for every detail, might easily be ranked among the fine arts of this Oriental country. It offers a subject as charming as it is original, for all kinds of considerations come into play besides the actual food served. For instance, there are certain rules which govern the character of flower arrangements for different ceremonial occasions as well as the disposition of each article used in the banqueting-room. Not alone are the flowers for felicitous occasions of prescribed varieties and colors, but their composition must partake as much as possible of the character of the season in which the function is held, special feasts having their appropriate flowers.

While Japanese forms of entertainment are numerous and varied, they are generally elaborate and formal ceremonies, the Oriental idea in this respect running exactly contrary to that of our western notion of permitting friends, and sometimes even strangers, to take pot luck with the family. The favorite form of entertainment among the well-bred Japanese is the great

dinner party given either in one's own home or at some fashionable hotel or club. The invitation to the feast is verbal, and there is a peculiar custom connected with delivering it. On the day before the dinner a servant is sent by the host to the house of each guest, carrying with him a gift in the shape of a table delicacy, upon the acceptance of which the invitation is given. The feast is always in observance of a festival or the celebration of some family event.

In Japan a wife seldom appears with her husband in public, and even at great dinner parties, served in private residences the mistress of the house rarely is in evidence. If she does appear, it is to wait upon her lord and master and his friends. To an American wife this servitude of the Japanese spouse will seem degrading, but in the Land of the Rising Sun "to obey" in a marriage service has a definite meaning.

To come back to the dinner party, a short time before the appointed hour for the feast, at the sound of approaching Jirikishas—the guests usually coming in these vehicles—the screens at the entrance of the house are slipped back into their grooves. Smiling servants help the guests alight, while in the doorway stand a group of pretty waitresses, gay as flowers in their bright colored kimonos, bowing their heads to the ground in ceremonious salute and at the same time murmuring "Ohaeri, ohaeri!" which translated means "Enter, O honored sirs!"

panels which serve for doors and windows have paper panes. The state apartment of a Japanese house is usually on the first floor, and the guests are led along broad verandas over soft, white velvety mats until they reach the banqueting room, at one end of which is seated the master of the house. The company slowly come into the room and prostrate themselves three times before their host, exchanging the courtesies of the day and are then conducted to their respective seats, which are black velvet cushions placed at intervals on the floor. Soon after the arrival of the guests dainty waiting girls, Japanese houses, as everybody knows, are built of light wood, and the sliding

serve pale amber tea without sugar or cream in small cups minus handles. With the tea are eaten sweets made of rice, flour and sugar, molded in the form of flowers, buds and leaves.
In this land of tokyu ryudo guests make themselves merry with wine before not after dinner; so at this stage of the game sake or rice brandy is served hot from bottles of the finest blue and white china. These liquor bottles are placed in a copper tankette filled with boiling water to keep the sake always at the right temperature. Now begins the drinking of innumerable healths, which, according to etiquette, must be accomplished in three sips. During this convivial feast waiting

girls have been flitting in with all the appurtenances of that almost indescribable meal, a Japanese dinner. In front of each guest are placed three cups, or tables, five inches high, on which are dishes, bowls, cups, etc.
The following menu was given to me by a Japanese gentleman and is a perfectly correct one for an elaborate furrinal, or feast: On the first tray are bean soup with pieces of carp floating in it, a sweetened omelet well browned, boiled, sugared jelly bulbs retaining their natural shape, preserved chestnuts and a sweetened fish paste made of pounded shark. Raw turbot is a great delicacy and slices are served on a mat of woven glass representing water, garnished with

seaweed. Morsels of chicken stewed with lotus root, sections of bamboo shoots, a sweet liquor with a dash of piquant vinegar and cold, stewed vegetables. A salad of cucumbers pared thin and covered with a dressing of sesame seeds finishes the second course. The third tray contains an almost colorless, thin fish soup flavored with mushrooms, boneless quail, a pate of finely minced lobster and cakes of fish jelly served with ginger root colored a bright pink. Hot rice is served during the dinner from a large black lacquer box. But the piece de resistance is a live carp cut in slices and served with the fish still quivering.

At the first table is a white envelope containing the chop sticks of white pine or fragrant red cedar.
At all banquets, besides the delicacies to please the palate, music, song and dance make merry the feast of reason and flow of soul. Midway in the meal amusement is provided by the geisha girls, who appear, young and beautiful, in kimonos of dazzling crepes embroidered with golden butterflies and their hair laden with silvered and flowery aigrets. These girls are trained to amuse and charm the guests with their dancing, posturing, witty repartee and songs, chanted to the accompaniment of a sort of guitar with three strings and

koto, a kind of lither. At the conclusion of this entertainment, when the guests are about to depart, each is presented with a box of food to carry home. The box generally contains a broiled fish, a square of jelly, some preserves and an omelet.
Among the upper classes the tea ceremony of old Japan are still enjoyed. The ceremonial tea is nothing like the beverage served on ordinary occasions. The art of properly serving, drinking and making this tea is often a part of the education of the youth of both sexes and is taught by regular teachers. When the Japanese wish to extend an especially graceful act of hospitality the tea ceremony follows the dinner. This tea is stirred with a wisp of bamboo until it foams, and is then handed in cups of rare old Satsuma to the guests, who deliberately empty the bowl in three prescribed sips. The gift of some piece of the tea service is the most valued proof of friendship a host can bestow, and as a return for this courtesy the guest is supposed to compose a short, original poem in his host's honor.

In case burning and inhaling is another entertainment which counts its votaries among the aesthetically disposed. The host burns costly incense procured from every part of the empire. The guests must be able to distinguish by scent the name and variety of each. The person who correctly guesses all receives a prize.
An American hostess with any originality in her makeup may plan a Japanese entertainment for her guests.

FACTS ABOUT DIAMONDS

From Report of United States Consul Hill, Amsterdam.

Although the diamond industry is prospering at Antwerp, and since 1893 has taken root in New York also, Amsterdam is far and away the greatest diamond mart in the world, and nearly all the rough diamonds brought here to be split, polished and cut are of South African origin, although stones from Brazil, British Guiana, Australia and Borneo are handled.

Mr. Louis Tas, one of the best-known diamond brokers, estimates the output of the De Beers mines annually at \$2,900,000 (\$14,598,500), and of other mines at \$1,000,000 (\$4,866,500). Add to this the cost of labor, the profits of the

London syndicate, etc., and he thinks that the annual output of diamonds is worth about \$7,000,000 (\$34,065,000).

Mr. Tas, however, places the output of the De Beers company much too low, as the last statement shows; the output was \$5,000,000 (\$24,322,500) for the year ended June 30, 1903. Gardner Williams, of that company is authority for the statement that all other mines produce but 5 per cent annually of the amount of the De Beers product. The same authority states that the output of the De Beers mines for the 11 years ended June 30, 1895, was 24,476,000 carats, showing an annual product of more than 2,200,000 carats.

Mr. Kuenz estimates that the South

African mines have added \$400,000,000 worth of diamonds to the world's supply, of which not 5 per cent are lost in a hundred years, so that practically the entire world's production in all time are now in existence.

Mr. Tas gives the leading countries of consumption in the following order: United States, Russia, France, and England. Mr. Williams ranges countries of importation from South Africa thus: United States, England, Germany, France and Italy.

The United States cuts no figure at all as a producer of precious stones, the total amount being less than \$200,000, five sixths of which are sapphires and turquoises.

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THE GIRLS THE JAPS HAVE LEFT BEHIND THEM.



THESE ARE TYPES OF JAPANESE BEAUTY, SHOWING THE LITTLE ORIENTAL MAIDS IN MOODS GRAVE, GAY, SAD AND THOUGHTFUL.

It is said that a woman is behind every good or evil deed committed by a man. Just now in far away Japan men are leaving wives, mothers, sweethearts and homes to fight for what they believe to be the right. The applause of nations is sweet, but deep down in his heart, in the hour of victory or defeat, every man will think of the "girl he left behind him." He will wonder if her heart will

thrill when she hears of victory, if it will break when she hears of defeat. For, though these little Oriental maids look more like dainty porcelain trifles than real flesh and blood women, they are very real women after all and their hearts can ache and break and throb with joy or pain, as is the custom of women the world over. A young American has lately brought his Japanese

bride home to visit his relatives. Probably no daintier bit of femininity ever trod the streets of New York than this little lady from Japan. Clad in all the bravery of her wondrously-hued garments, she made every other woman look hopelessly modern and commonplace. Just at present this match seems an ideal happy one. Whether or not will remain so is open to doubt. The differ-

ence between an American woman and a Japanese is very great. The American girl of today is the product of centuries of civilization. Mentally and physically she is an almost perfect specimen of womanhood. The Japanese girl is the result of countless generations of women who have been restricted in every form of development, both mentally and physically. In their relations as husband

and wife the easterner and westerner have more to bridge than miles, they have centuries, and no matter how dainty, adorable and attractive the Japanese woman may be, she cannot always come up to the American man's standard of what a helpmate should be. If Japan continues to advance at the same rate that she has for the last 25 years she will in a few generations produce a

very fine race of women. The Japanese is extremely chivalrous in his treatment of women; in fact, it is this very chivalry which helps to keep a woman back. She is so sheltered that she gets no chance to develop any individually. When she is allowed a little more independence of thought and action she will be much more of a woman. **BEATRICE FAIRFAX.**