

Wichita Daily Eagle

NO WEDDING PRESENTS. THE BRIDE OF THE FUTURE WILL GET NO GIFTS FROM FRIENDS.

And for this Reason Will Not Have to Return the Compliment When the Affesaid Friends Commit Matrimony. Gorgeous Displays of Former Times.

"There was no display of gifts, although they have been pouring in for many weeks from the two continents. This significant statement appeared recently in a newspaper account of the marriage at New York city of Baron de Vriere and Miss Annie Cutting. The bridegroom is a Belgian nobleman who has adopted a diplomatic career, and is connected with



BARON AND BARONESS DE VRIERE. the legation of his country at Washington. He, or rather his father, possesses ample fortune, and the bride is also from an old and wealthy family.

Naturally the numerous friends of the young folks indulged in the custom of presenting and presumably did so, but whether the shower was only a mild affair or a regular hall storm of gold and diamonds is something the general public cannot know, for "there was no display of gifts," and consequently the society reporter obtained little information on the subject.

A couple who plighted their troth recently in the Metropolitan church at Washington went even further than the Baron and Baroness de Vriere. They not only had no show of gifts, but they declined to receive them. People hidden to the wedding were surprised, and perhaps pleased, to read in the lower left hand corner of the card of invitation the words "no presents."

The same sentiment actuating this course of conduct in connection with nuptials in high class American circles seems to have gained a foothold also in England, as witness the protest of The London Graphic, which declares that "the giving of such wedding presents resembles, in many of its aspects, the tipping of waiters and railway porters. Both habits arose, in the first instance, from the activity of the most generous instincts of human nature, and both have grown by degrees to be a serious burden upon the shoulders of the impecunious. That we should give tips and present boxes, on the auspicious occasion of their marriage, to our brothers and sisters, our nephews and nieces and our intimate personal friends is only right and proper. But why should we feel called upon to present articles of luxury which we cannot afford for our own use to brides and bridegrooms with whom we are only casually acquainted? They on their part do not particularly

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in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Marco Polo. This celebrated Venetian traveler with two relatives was sojourning at the court of Kublai Khan, the great Asian ruler, when ambassadors arrived from the Khan of Persia. They brought news of the death of their master's wife. She had been well loved by her spouse, and when dying had exacted from him the promise that he would take for his next consort a woman of her own race—the Tartar.

It was to select a partner for their lord that the messengers had made their toilsome way to the foot of Kublai's throne. He was graciously pleased to send his "brother of the west" the Lady Kuchak, a royal maid of eighteen summers. He appointed for her escort a band of 600 men, who carried with them the fair bride's dowry, valued in modern money at \$3,000,000. The three Polos took charge of the virgin and the treasure. Because of wars and rumors of wars they chose the sea route, and occupied two years in reaching Persia.

On arrival they found that the prospective husband was dead, but his successor, evidently a man of taste, accepted the lovely Kuchak for a wife, and received her dowry. The Polos reniced their home at Venice months afterward clothed in rags, but as their tattered garments were quilted with gems of fabulous value it is presumed that they lost nothing by their tour through Asia. Indeed, thereafter they ranked among the richest and most respected citizens of the republic.

The modern Tartar is not so well off as was the chief of the nation. He has herds, but he has flocks and herds in abundance, and manages to get along without a treasury surplus, or even a moderate stock of spending money. When some young gallant woo his daughter he shows the extent of his affection by the size of the "branch of cattle" which he drives to the tent door of his prospective father-in-law.

If the girl does not object to the suitor the gift of cattle is accepted. Then the maiden mounts a fleet horse bearing in front of her the carcass of a lamb. At a signal she bounds over the steppes pursued by her would-be husband. If he overtakes her—she generally does—she accompanies him to his tent and prepares the lamb for dinner. And thus the rover of the eastern plains catches his Tartar.

In Sweden the peasantry have several harmless superstitions which militate against lavishness in gift making. Youth "must not present his intended with a knife or scissors, for they will cut love; nor a handkerchief, for it will wipe away her inclination; nor shoes, for they will lead her to walk off with another."

On his wedding day the groom wears a shirt made by the bride. When he takes it off he never does again in life. It is laid aside for use as his shroud. If a man should marry and lose several wives in succession the idea suggests itself that he might, in course of time, become rather overstocked with funeral robes.

That scandalous graybeard, Mr. Punch, of London, did not do much for his intended. "Up to a public feast or common rout—Where those who are without would fain get in, And those that are within would fain get out."

It has been the general understanding in civilized communities that a bride and groom who receive presents shall reciprocate when their gift making friends essay matrimony, and this is often a constant drain on slender purses.

But if wedding gifts are not to be displayed, many who are actuated only by a vulgar spirit of ostentation will forbear from contributing to the household stores of the newly wed, and if the faint cry of

"no presents" already on the air becomes the slogan of fashion, the nineteenth century virgin may have less reason than ever for inquiring

Why do the men propose, mamma? FRED C. DAYTON.

Electric Lighting in Spain. The electric light, a recent writer declares, is asserting itself in even the most conservative corners of the world. Not long ago the council of an antiquated town in Spain met to consider the question of changing the method of illuminating the town streets from oil lamps to electric lights. This is one of the many indications that are daily seen of the marvelous rapidity with which the fitness and excellence of the electric light has been universally recognized. Within the last few days two new central stations for the electric light have been started in Madrid, where there is already a demand for 16,000 lights. The electric light can now be supplied there at half the price of gas, which costs \$2.16 per 1,000 cubic feet.

James S. Richardson, of New Orleans, is said to be the most extensive cotton planter in the world. He owns 50,000 acres of land and employs 9,000 negroes.

Gaining a Reputation with Ease. A South Carolina physician, asked why he located at Montpelier, said: "It is a first rate place for a doctor. If a man is sick all you have to do is to tell his friends (no matter whether the affair is serious or not) to go to a priest and have him confessed and prepared for death. If he dies they will say: 'What a good doctor he is. He knew he must die, and so had his spiritual interests attended to, and he recovers they will say: 'What a capable physician he must be. The man was in the last extremity and prepared for death, and he cured him. So in either event it is a first rate place in which to achieve a medical reputation.'"—Medical Record.

Comparative Values. Miss Hoppel to her prospective stepson—Bobby, how would you like a mamma? Bobby—I'd rather have a Waterbury watch.—Jewellers' Weekly.

GOSSIP OF THE CAPITOL. WILL MR. MILLS BE THE NEXT SPEAKER?

Mr. Morrison's Yearning for Congress. Mr. Blaine's Good Health—Patrician of the Supreme Court—Governor Pattison's Future—Some Other Matters.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Nov. 29.—There would be something like poetic justice in the election of Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, to speaker of the next house of representatives. Mr. Mills is one of the most earnest, most frank, most loyal of men. It was he who first suggested for speaker Mr. John G. Carlisle, then a comparatively unknown congressman from Kentucky. But for the friendship and influence of the Texan it is doubtful if the house would have sought out Mr. Carlisle and elevated him to the station in which he won so much fame. Merit and learning, when hidden under the bushel of modesty, are not always discovered and brought forth. Between Mills and Carlisle there has always existed a warm, an admirable friendship.

When the Republicans obtained control of the house and elected Mr. Reed speaker it became necessary for Carlisle to resume his place on the floor and on the committees. Mr. Mills had been chairman of the committee on ways and means, and Mr. Carlisle had been a member of the same committee before becoming speaker. The question was, which of them should take precedence on the committee? According to custom the precedence belonged to Mills. But Mills insisted that Carlisle should go on ahead of him, and Carlisle insisted that Mills should keep his proper place at the head of the Democratic members. The nearest these two leaders ever came to quarreling was over this question of precedence, so eager was each of them to honor the other. Mills proved the more stubborn, for he is as stubborn a man as we have in public life, and his name was printed after the ex-speaker's in the list of committees.

There is a man in this town whom I feel sorry for. He has a government position of great honor and usefulness, in which he outwardly seems contented, while at heart he is yearning for the halls of legislation and the great committee in which he once served with such great distinction. There are thousands of men in this country who would like to be an interstate commerce commissioner, a life appointment with a comfortable salary, but William R. Morrison, former coadjutor of Carlisle and Mills, says he has not yet become entirely reconciled to being "buried alive."

The friends of Secretary Blaine tell me he is renewing his youth. Not in ten years has Mr. Blaine seemed so young, vigorous and cheerful as he is today. I saw him the other day walking through Lafayette square from the state department to his residence. He walked at a brisk pace, with a sprightly step and head erect. Perceiving some distance ahead of him a friend snuffing along, the secretary quickened his pace almost into a run and quickly overtook his acquaintance. Four or five times a day, in good weather, Mr. Blaine walks through the park, and there isn't a nurse girl or even a baby among all the habitués of this retreat that does not know him.

For some reason or other Mr. Blaine never walks through the White House grounds, though that route is shorter than the other. Remarks about Mr. Blaine's health are out of fashion, but one of the secretary's intimate friends tells me that if he hadn't accepted a place in the cabinet, where he finds congenial employment for his energies, he would not be alive today. "Has he remained in retirement at Augusta," says this friend, "he would have rusted out. The trouble with Mr. Blaine is that he is a hypochondriac when idle. Every little ailment he magnifies into a fatal chronic disease. Without work Mr. Blaine would fret himself into his grave."

He doesn't look at all like a man who is worrying himself to death as he walks through historic Lafayette square. A queer little old fellow is Justice Bradley, the patriarch of the supreme court—a most delusive man. When you see him on the bench weezled, sleepy, seemingly smile, you think it a pity he doesn't retire from active service. Yet this little old man does more work than any other justice on the bench. He rises always at 6 o'clock in the morning, and for years has made it a rule to eat a peach and take a bit of exercise or airing before breakfast. A conductor on the Metropolitan horse car line tells me that he justifies—he licks only a year and a half of fourscore—often takes a round trip ride with him on Capitol hill before 7 o'clock in the morning, standing on the platform sniffing the cool air. Moral—Work hard, eat a peach and take a constitutional before breakfast.

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Speaking of Justice Bradley in the manner in which he is passing his old age reminds me of a queer fellow I saw one morning two or three weeks ago in Chicago. While on my way to an early lunch I saw a tall, angular man with a huge nose emerge from the stair hall of a building opposite the board of trade, bearing in his hand a large bucket filled with soap, potato parings and all sorts of

stomach refuse. He emptied his bucket in a vacant lot, and as he turned I recognized "Old Hutch," the greatest speculator in Chicago. Though reputed a millionaire, and the owner of a magnificent home, he lives in a down town block and cooks his own meals. As to his wealth it is well to add that, while popularly supposed to be a very rich man, the Chicago gossip says "Old Hutch" has lost a great fortune in the last five or six years, and that at the pace he is going he will be likely to die poor. Ten years ago he was supposed to be worth eight or nine millions of dollars.

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A story about this bright little boy, whose death brought his father a thousand times more grief than the result of the election, is worth telling. One day Mr. Mason carried home a bag of candy and passed it out to his seven children, piece by piece till at last only three or four caramels remained. When little Lawrence came up, holding out his chubby hand for more candy, Mr. Mason, to try the lad's temper, remarked that the bag was empty.

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"And what will be the nature of your new organization?"

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ALL AROUND THE HOUSE. New Patterns and Designs in Embroidery on Flax and Lace.

Among plush embroideries the magnolia is one of the new patterns. It is very showy, but in the best possible taste, and soft shades of colors alone are used. The flowers are worked with white arasene, relieved with the palest pink, the green shades of foliage are subdued, and the brown stems give just the requisite strength to the harmony.

Another style of embroidering plush is to scatter detached flower heads and buds over the ground; this gives an altogether unique appearance to cushions, covers, chair tidies, etc. On ruby plush the petals will be of the palest green, graduated off to white at the tips; the centers of the flowers will be represented in gold silk. Nothing looks richer than plush for drawing room use as a ground for embroideries; such lovely shadows and reflections are found in the folds that it will always keep its place as prime favorite.

There are signs that the embroidered lace that was so popular a season or two ago is to return to favor in a still more gorgeous fashion. Tinsel gauze is laid upon the larger and finer portions of the pattern, and is buttonholed down all round with colored silks, the rough edges being afterward cut away. Scraps of satin, silk, and even velvet are often added in the same manner with a rich effect, though of course the lace like appearance of the work is completely lost.

The squares of guipure d'art can be bought ready made at a small cost, and they are often worked over with silks and tinsel for use as covers for handkerchief scarves and handkerchiefs. Tulle is an excellent way of using up those odds and ends of embroidery silks which workers find puzzling to turn to good account.

A Well Cooked Thanksgiving Bird. Baste the Thanksgiving turkey often and cook it long if you can. Have it a toadstool shape. Three hours is not too long for a fat eight pound bird, and a very large one will require more time. If properly basted during the cooking the turkey will not become dry and it will not be ruined by being under done.

Stuffing which is light, delicate and wholesome consists of soft inside of a loaf of stale bread crumbled up, moistened slightly with melted butter and seasoned with salt, pepper and thyme. The steam you use cooking row with turban just the requisite amount of moisture. Having dressed the turkey, season it inside with salt and pepper and stuffed it, tie it up in good shape, moisten the skin and sprinkle with salt, pepper and flour and lay some thin slices of bacon on top of it. Baste it often while cooking; first with a little butter melted in hot water, afterward with its own drippings. Before removing from the oven wash with melted butter and sprinkle with flour. The skin will then cook brown and crisp.

To make the gravy turn out most of the fat in the dripping pan, and into the remainder stir two tablespoonfuls of dry flour; scrape the fat from the sides of the pan and stir in more flour if necessary, till fat and flour are nicely mixed and well browned. Then add boiling water and stir constantly till the gravy is smooth. The dripping pan is set on the top of the stove after removing the turkey, to cook the gravy. Salt and strain the gravy, and add a part of the giblets, cooked and chopped.

Lady's Bedroom in French Style. The bright, ornamental effect of furnishing a room in the French style will always recommend it to many tastes. The cut here given shows the fireplace, dressing table, Anthony, Arkansas City, Audale and Haven.

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