

Jamaica's Fascinating Markets



IN THE JUBILEE MARKET, KINGSTON

There are two great public markets in Kingston, Jamaica, where the natives sell fruit and vegetables and all sorts of local commodities for little more than a song. These are Victoria Market, by the harbor at the foot of King street, where war vessels and coilers sail in to port across the blue waters of the Caribbean almost daily, and Jubilee Market, further uptown, and fronting the public square where are the great banyan trees and all manner of tropical plants.

The daily supplies are brought to market by the natives in large flat baskets borne on their heads or in panniers on the backs of the small burros that are the burden bearers of the island, says a writer in the New York Sun. These little beasts, hardly larger than big dogs, are led or driven, their owners generally walking beside them.

In the open spaces of the market woman vendors take up their positions for the day on the bare ground or perhaps seated on low boxes, with their slender stock in trade spread out in little heaps about them. These consist of a few yams, or bread fruit, or naseberries, or whatever they may chance to have, and upon which they make during the long sunny days only a few pennies profit. They pay about a shilling and sixpence per week as license for the space that they and their wares occupy and clear scarcely enough to supply even their simplest necessities. Yet for the most part they are cheerful and happy, and the soft, continuous patter of their voices as they gossip and trade all day suggests the name of the tree, "Women's Tongues," whose dry pods rustle together so musically in the country lanes.

It does one good at any time to make the tour of the market, walking among the women with their strange fruits and vegetables, and buying a penny's worth here and a ha'penny's worth there for the sheer delight of it all. "Buy a ripe banana!" they will call out mellifluously, or "Buy a sweet orange!" or "Ha'penny! Ha'penny! Buy a cake!" And looking down into their engaging brown faces one desires forthwith to buy everything.

A quartee, or "penny-a-penny," as they say quickly with soft elision, is a favorite coin among the small denominations; it is a quarter of sixpence, and for this price one can buy three or four oranges, or perhaps twice as many bananas. A stranger rarely ever cares to pay more than this for star apples or naseberries, which require an educated taste for enjoyment; but pawpaws, resembling our cantaloupes, and cho-chos, similar to our white squash, are delicious. As for tangerines and guava, they are joys forever.

Market Women in Scrap. Picking my way gingerly one day among the scores of seated and stooping vendors, and being very careful not to step into the little piles of peppers and what not that were outspread everywhere, I plunged into the midst of a lively scrap between two colored women. One of them, who had been seated on a box in the sunshine, irascible with her long vigil, had picked up her seat and moved it back plump into the midst of her neighbor and her neighbor's wares, all outspread together on the ground. The result was a scrimmage, with much pushing and chattering, all of which was so funny that my amusement set them laughing also, and the trouble wound up in a good natured romp among them. And, oh, but the sun was hot, and the blinding white light quivered out upon the waters of the harbor.

A row of stalls runs along one side of the market, where sticky sweets are sold, most unappetizing to foreign sensibilities. The stuff is ladled out of great dinky cans and sold in penny worths and farthing amounts or more. Near this row of stick ghee are racks and stacks of flimsy cotton goods and ribbon, laces and embroideries, all immaculately fresh and clean, though

scarcely three feet removed from the sweets. There are piles also of linen and cotton prints, whose cheapness the vendors loudly proclaim as they stand measuring the goods off by the yard and selling it at ridiculously low prices.

It was near this place that a woman buying embroidery that trailed down into the dust, held in her arms a plump little brown baby. It chuckled and held out its hands to me, playing like a kitten. I found that the only name by which it was known was "Da-da." Later, on the edge of the crowd that overflowed into the street, I discovered little "Murene Cole," black as a coal, hiding behind her mother's skirts and laughing up into my face. The brown babies in Jamaica are irresistible.

There are many coolie women in the markets, who sell fruits and vegetables as well as their odd East Indian trinkets. These women are bedecked with heavy silver ornaments, in which they invest most of their limited means, and the necklaces, bracelets, rings, anklets and bangles with which they are loaded down, display exquisite workmanship and design. The manner in which many of these ornaments are worn indicates caste, and a lot of filigree work disfiguring the nostril proclaims a married woman. These Eastern women are always picturesque and often beautiful. Wistful and fawn-like, with soft, dusky skins, they are as shy and proud as wild animals.

Tobacco by the Yard. Over in one corner of the market place colored men sell ropes of strong native tobacco by the yard and suggest that strangers take home a few yards as souvenirs. Into the meat and fish markets, presided over chiefly by men, I could not persuade myself to go, as everything was too ill-smelling and unsightly; but I poked about unhesitatingly everywhere else. The most delightful of all the stands are where they sell native basket work and beads; the latter being seeds of various colors and sizes, strung in long necklaces, and selling at sixpence each. The vendors of these bead strings, with long bunches of them hanging over arm or shoulder, hawk their wares everywhere, haunting the piers and railway station and victimizing travelers. It seemed to me as if they were always on the lookout for myself, for I found it impossible to refuse and bought dozens of them, red and black, brown and yellow, and dove colored Job's Tears that seem to have been wept all over the island.

The baskets are equally tempting and are of every conceivable shape and size, from tiny ornaments and shapes for ordinary usage to great hampers and suit cases. In suitcase form they cost but a shilling or two, and are extremely light and highly serviceable.

Then there are knickknacks and fancy articles made of bamboo joints and palm leaf, candle shades and mats made of cotton fiber or lace bark; and cocoanuts carved and decorated in endless designs. It is a morning's treat to examine them all, and buy here a bit and there a bit, until an astonishing number of shillings and pence have been transmuted into baskets and beads. And then there is the sweet smelling cos-cos grass, that costs but a penny a bunch and leaves the things in one's trunk perfumed ever after.

Coming away after a morning's stroll through Jubilee Market I helped a big, slatternly darky girl to pin up her skirt, which was slipping loose, and received a grinning "Tanky, Missy, tanky!" in reward. Then passing over to a stall where another darky woman sold oranges I stopped and bought four for a quarter. It was very warm and they were cool and luscious.

And then the orange woman wanted to return with me to New York, as the darkies everywhere wanted to do, being willing to work for next to nothing for the opportunity of coming to the States. They are so pitifully poor in their own country!

Need of Conserving the Wild Bird Life

By MRS. J. P. MacCULLOCH, Joliet, Ill.

It seems to be a deplorable fact that the people in general do not realize the very great necessity of conserving the wild bird life of both city and country. In the city the birds will work to repay amply the small care necessary by destroying the innumerable and in many cases invisible eggs and cocoons. In the country they will do the same work on the trees and fruit bushes in early spring and in the fall, when it is remembered that the trees and bushes are laden to a large extent with embryo insect life that is almost certain to develop its full destructive power by early spring. There is great monetary value in the work done by the wild birds.

The cotton growers of Texas lose every year more than forty million dollars by the boll weevil. The wheat growers lose \$100,000,000 a year by the chinch bug. The farmers of the eastern states pay \$15,000,000 a year for material to kill the potato bug. The apple-producing states pay from \$1,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year for spraying trees to keep down the codling moth. Truck raisers lose yearly \$50,000,000 by insects.

Shade trees everywhere and the forests are being destroyed by insect pests. Why this great loss? Ninety per cent of the bird life of this country has been destroyed. Birds, and birds only, are able to keep in check the ravages of insects.

While most of the readers of this letter may not be interested in the boll weevil and the chinch bug, a great many are or should be interested in the potato bug, the rose beetle and the many common insects that infest home flower and vegetable gardens. Wild birds with very little encouragement will keep these pests down to a large extent.

Getting away altogether from the commercial side of the question, there is a great deal of genuine pleasure in having the friendship of the birds, in having them call in your yard several times a day. Put out a feeding tray on a post and two suet baskets and watch your feathered friends enjoy the "handout."

Of course the sparrows will try to consume the feed, but they can be chased two or three times a day when the wild birds are not around, and it has been my experience that the sparrows are more easily frightened than the wild birds.

I have quite a large feeding house in the yard, where it can be easily observed from my living room window, and two suet baskets on trees near by. These luxuries have induced steady visits from bluejays, juncos, chickadees (black cap), downy woodpeckers, titmouse and, best of all, a pair of cardinals. The white-breasted nuthatch also is among the visitors. I have not as yet been able to get the cardinals to come in the yard, but they come very near and eat the wheat that is put out every day. I trust that they will soon get as friendly as the rest of the birds.

Vanity Will Work Wonders Among Women

By THOMAS G. BARRY, New York

There is no doubt of it at all that a little vanity does more to bring out a girl's best than all the modesty in the world. This does not mean that we should let ourselves grow puffed and silly with conceit. After all, overweening conceit is certainly a sign of inferior intelligence, for no one with common sense would ever allow himself to become foolishly vain.

There are always scores of others far more intelligent, more beautiful, more attractive, more gifted and more fascinating than we are, if we searched with impartial eyes. To be the most accomplished and wonderful woman in the world is quite impossible, except in one's own mind, for at least a hundred other contestants would claim the same title. So, no matter how pretty or attractive a girl may be, she would be a silly idiot to become inflated over her charms. In fact, no one with any real claims to intelligence ever does become overconceited.

Nevertheless, every girl should instill some grains of vanity in her system. Without it she will lose her looks and her charms. But that little spark of conceit will keep her up to the mark, will keep alive her interest in herself and others and will make her far more attractive in every way. Vanity in the proper proportions will work wonders in the weaker sex, and every one of us should have a moderate share.

Divorce Is Indication of Rising Standards

By DR. JAMES P. LICHTENBERGER, Professor of Sociology, University of Pennsylvania

Divorce must not be regarded as an evil. It never wrecks families founded on ties of love and sympathy, but simply serves to give legal status to families which have already disintegrated. Furthermore, I contend that the divorce rate does not indicate the falling off of morals among women. If anything, it denotes the coming of higher intellectual and moral standards.

I should be willing to urge a law to compel families who live together without ties of mutual affection and exist under conditions in which the mother would prefer to earn her own living, rather than live with her husband, to separate. In such cases divorce is better.

I believe that more good families are being formed today, despite divorce increase, than ever before in the history of the United States.

Home Economics Is Social Study

By MISS HELEN HALM, Assistant Professor of Home Economics, Kansas Agricultural College

Home economics means more than just cooking and sewing. It is really a social study, which meets the needs of the people and solves their problems.

This study is one of the greatest of the day. Many persons are becoming interested in this work and are desirous of finding out its real significance. The teaching of home economics is being made more interesting, as the work is being vitalized; that is, connected with the study of the human side of life.

This study should not be made so scientific that no one but a scientist can understand the work, but it should correlate the theoretical side of home economics with the practical problems of the day.

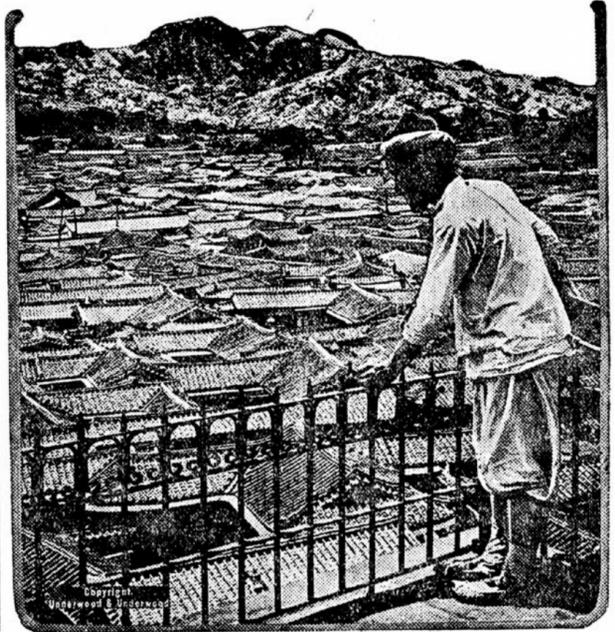
Well-Dressed Woman Is Not Appreciated

By RUTH BROWER, Akron, Ohio

Who dares to say that women, poor persecuted women, are too daring in the clothes they wear? Why is it that it is always the women who are persecuted for dressing and not the men? Because the majority of the people of today are so narrow-minded that they don't appreciate a well-dressed woman. Or perhaps it is because the men do not appreciate the fact that women are dressing to please them.

People say that a well-dressed woman of today is an undressed woman. But do they stop to think that it is only because of their evil-mindedness that a well-dressed woman is classed as such?

Korea's Old Capital



THE ROOFS OF SEOUL

SEOUL, the old capital of Korea, is undergoing changes. Until recently its wall was intact and gave a picturesqueness to the city pleasing to western eyes. There were eight gates—four of them larger than the others and facing the cardinal points. The main street of the city ran from the east to the west gates and from the south to the north. At their intersection stood the old bell, which was struck at intervals through the day—at 6 in the morning, at noon, at 6 at night, at 9 and then at midnight, writes Frederick Starr in the Chicago News.

The bell, like most conspicuous objects in Korea, had a story and its sound in the ears of many was a wail of terror. They say that when the bell was to be made it was a matter of public interest and of popular contribution. Everyone gave something to its make-up. Mirrors, rings, ornaments, coins, all were given to the melting pot. When finally the day came for its casting, a great crowd gathered. The metal was finally molten ready to be run. The word was given and the hot liquid was poured into the mold. When it was somewhat cooled the casting was uncovered bit by bit, and, lo, it was imperfect! Broken to pieces, it was again molten on another day and again it was flawed. A third time the mishap occurred and the people were well-nigh discouraged at the evil omen.

The master workman ordered a final trial. Again the crowd assembled, again the broken fragments, submitted to the heat, gradually melted until the crucial moment was near. At that instant an unknown woman of the common people pressed through the crowd, her baby in her arms; coming to the pot of molten metal, she cried, "But you have not yet my contribution," raised the baby and hurled it into the seething mass.

The moment had come for the pouring and before the cry of horror had died away upon the lips of the crowd, the signal was given and the hot metal flowed down into the mold. When it was uncovered the bell emerged perfect; the sacrifice had been effective; but through the years mothers at the stroke of the old bell have heard in it the wailing of the child, shrieking, "Oh, mother, my mother!"

When Women Walk Abroad. In the old days, and not so very long ago, the bell gave the signal for various movements. Women, save the most common and rustic, were not permitted freely on the streets. From midnight to noon and from noon to 9 at night, men and boys were free to roam, but women and girls were expected to keep indoors. But when the old bell struck at the hour of 9, men and boys betook themselves to their houses and females were privileged to walk the streets till the midnight bell drove them home.

Those days are past, but even today few women are seen upon the streets, and those of any social standing have the face almost concealed. The covering is curious. It is apparently a garment for the upper body, with neck space and sleeves, but it is not worn as such, but only laid upon the head, with sleeves dangling at the sides, back falling capelike over the shoulders and the front coming down on both sides of the face, nearly concealing it. In Seoul this garment is regularly of a dull green cloth.

To an extraordinary degree Seoul is a city of bridges. Not that it is intersected by rivers or important streams; there are only small brooks or canals within the city. Nor do these canals make the city a Venice. There are no gondolas here. But by the scant water in these streams women squat in throngs, doing laundry work. The water often is far from clean, but what does that matter? The worker uses a little wooden club or paddle and beats the clothing upon flat stones. Garments to be laundered are usually ripped along the seams, the pieces washed, and then again put together

after the work is done. The bridges are usually of stone, well built and durable. No mortar or cement seems to be used, but the cut stones are fitted rather carefully. On many of the bridges in the city stone pillars are carved to grotesque animal forms at the top.

The royal palaces have seen their days of glory. The one most used by the late king was the north palace. Some of the buildings are gone, some are neglected. The two most interesting were the great audience hall and the pavilion by the lotus pond. Approach to the audience hall was strictly regulated. There were nine grades of officers, each with two degrees. The paved way leading up to the audience hall was evenly spaced by pairs of stone posts, one on either side, eighteen pairs in all; each pair indicated the distance to which one grade of official might approach on occasions of ceremony. The pavilion is a large rectangular building, open at the sides below; the floor of the second story is supported by metal capped granite columns, typical Korean construction. Here in good weather the ruler and his guests enjoyed music and dancing and the beauties of the fine lotus pond. This year these palace grounds were utilized for the notable industrial exhibition, commemorating and illustrating five years of the new administration of the country.

Useful Stone Monsters. The old gate of entrance to the palace grounds still stands, facing south. From it leads a straight wide avenue at the sides of which are two strange stone monsters, worship of which would surely break no commandment of the decalogue. These uncouth creatures have a story, of course. It seems that when this north palace was first built it was damaged by fire coming from the south. By the way, north in Korea is the best quarter; it is beneficial. Repairing the damage was time wasted; fire came again and again. At last these stone monsters were constructed and set up facing the south point of danger. From that time on the danger ceased.

With Japanese influence, immigration, administration, there has grown up within the city a definite Japanese sector. Japan street is strongly characteristic. The change is instant. One passes from Korea to Japan in a moment's time. Dress, language, aspect, shops, goods, movements, manners—all are different.

With the Japanese has come the jinrikisha vogue. On the whole the Korean has not taken very kindly to the little cart.

Korean Shop Displays. In the old days the few wide streets of Seoul were crowded by the shops. All the early visitors dilate upon this and find it disagreeable. Korean shops, like oriental shops in general, are open to the losses and the shopkeeper mourns his once proud display. The shops are not as a whole of great interest. There are shoe shops, hat shops, basket shops, seed and grain shops, and the like. These are true selling shops. Then there are carpenter shops and coffin shops and tinner's chimney shops, where the work goes on as well as sales.

One of the most curious is the wedding and funeral outfitter's. His is a rental, not a sales place. It is only a few feet in frontage and here the stock still encroaches on the street. Here are the things necessary for the two great family ceremonies. Here are great wooden candles, carved with dragons, birds and flowers, all gaudy with painting; here are wooden geese—the geese being a symbol of conjugal happiness; here are the two boys, "heavenly messengers," bringing felicity; here are bottomless chairs for ancestral spirits to occupy on anniversaries. Inside are other things—all to rent cheaply, always in evidence, though perhaps more so at the New Year season (Feb. 4 this year) than at other times.