

MEN DRESS FOR WOMEN

By W. E. Hill

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Showing the husband of "the little woman" (to him) who says "Arthur looks so well in gray!" She helps pick his suits and overcoats, which are always of pearl gray, oxford, mouse gray or smoke gray.



This boy never took any interest in clothes. Wore any old thing. Grime and grease spots meant nothing to him, which saddened his mother and sister. Then a girl came into his life and overnight he was converted into a snappy dresser.



And this little wife always goes with her man to explain to the salesman that Mr. Digby must be sure he picks something "that will fill him out" and "push him in" in the right places.



Showing a wife and daughter looking pleased with the world after having got papa into dress clothes against his wishes.



One of those elderly play-boys. Prematurely youthful. He dresses younger and younger, as the years go by, to match the current girl friends.



The pale, hazel-eyed, ginger-haired husband. His wife picked the color scheme, which is a suit of eggplant brown, tan shirt, and tie of orange hue. You see the clothes before you see him.



Men have their innings at fancy dress parties. Then, if ever, they can make themselves irresistible to the ladies. (Showing three Rhet Butlers at a costume ball.)

Lew is an accountant, but on his off days you'd never know it. Mable, his wife, looks at all news photos of the Duke of Windsor, whom she admires, and urges Lew to dress like him. Which is hard to do on a budget. Their boy, Junior, is hard to manage and sometimes goes sulky for hours when his ma tries to outfit him like Freddy Bartholomew in "Fauntleroy."

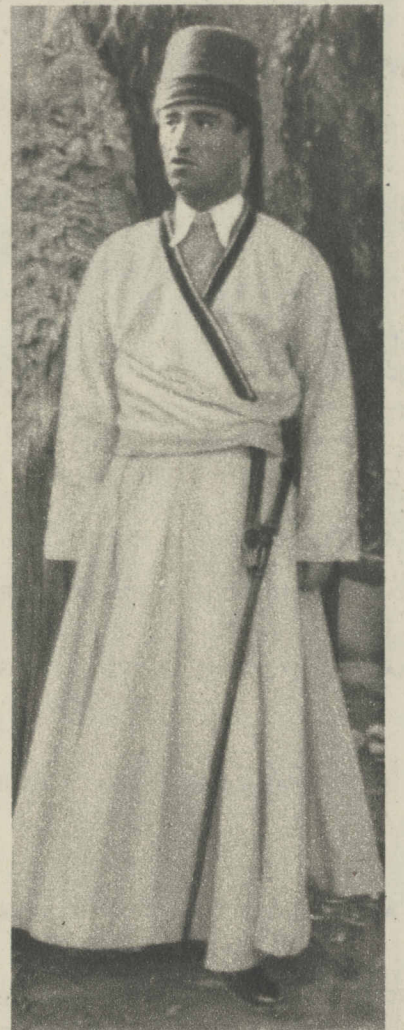


1 Hidden in the Turkish section of Sarajevo, Jugo-Slavia, exists a cult that preserves the ancient dervish blood immolation custom of old Turkey. Following the fast of Ramadan, which starts Nov. 5, comes the Bajram feast. Here the sheik enters the circle of dervishes to start the ritual.



2 To the trancelike cries of his followers the sheik draws blood from his cheek and stomach with the sacrificial dagger. Then the climax—as he mounts with naked feet upon a sword, bracing himself upon the shoulders of two dervishes.

Dervish Still Whirls



3 The sheik in ceremonial robes—a modern whirling dervish. Before his sacrificial ritual he enters a semi-hypnotic state by spinning wildly with arms outstretched in the ritual chapel.

The Inside Story of the Harem

(Continued from page nine.) the old seraglio, because they might get married from there, according to the kindness of the mistress and to the amount of savings and balance of the allowance and presents received."

This refers to the older and experienced women who have never attracted the sultan in their youth, but how about the girl who has been sent to the sultan at the discretion of the mistress and then is not wanted after all? The unfortunate girl has been bathed, perfumed, and decked up like a lamb for slaughter, only to discover that the sultan had changed his mind, forgotten about her, or never really intended to show any interest in her at all. Immediately she is shorn of her finery, her newly elected slaves are dismissed, and she finds herself once again in her former position.

Besides the harem's mistresses, pupils, assistants, and kadmins, there were an enormous number of women who did the menial work and were nothing more than general servants. The really heavy work, such as cleaning the floors, passages, and walls, was left to the Negroes, while the lighter duties included the cleaning and care of the pipes, the repairing and preserving of the sofa cushions, the polishing and preparing of the braziers, the care of the prayer rugs of the mosque, the assisting in the preparation of sherbets and other dishes. In some cases a special talent might show itself and be the means of a girl's obtaining a better and more sympathetic employment. Everybody learned to cook, and if the opportunity ever presented itself each prided herself on being able to produce some sugared delicacy or succulent stew to tickle the royal palate.

The men's quarters in the seraglio, situated close to the harem, contained a large saloon where the sultan sometimes received members of the harem for his pleasure or to witness some entertainment. On such occasions the entire harem might be admitted, and music, dances, and mimic exhibitions would entertain the assembled throng. The massed beauty of these women, their dresses of



The sultan valide, mother of the sultan and ruler of the harem.

happened to women who tried—and failed. But there were also the few who tried and succeeded. Curious as it may seem, the harem had an attraction for some women. To them it was a place of intrigue, opportunity, luxury, and riches. In fact, in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries Italian and Sicilian women willingly let themselves be sold into the harem with the sole purpose of intrigue.

The full story of those countless harem intrigues will never be told, nor will the number of women drowned in sacks be known. From all accounts it appears that the stories of this nature, which once shocked the entire civilized world, were in no way exaggerated. The drowning of one or two women would attract no notice at all, and everything would be carried out with silence and dispatch. The chief black eunuch would take them to the head gardener, under whose direction the hapless females would be put into sacks weighted with stones. The gardeners to whom the duty of drowning them was committed then would board a small row-boat to which was attached by a rope a smaller one in which the women were placed. They then would row toward the open water opposite Seraglio point and by several dexterous jerks of the rope cause the boat to capsize. A eunuch who accompanied the gardeners would afterward report to the chief black eunuch the fulfillment of his orders.

At times, however, a mass drowning would take place on the discovery of some plot to depose the sultan or similar grave offense. As many as 300 women have been drowned on such an occasion. The most terrible case was during the reign of Sultan Ibrahim, who after one of his debauches suddenly decided to drown his complete harem just for the fun of getting a new one later on. Accordingly several hundred women were seized, tied up in sacks, and thrown into the Bosphorus. Only one escaped. She was picked up by a passing vessel and ultimately reached Paris.

silk and satin enhanced with jewelry of every description, the richness of the furniture, the brilliancy of the illumination, the silent lines of black eunuchs, and finally the sultan himself, seated on the throne in scarlet robes edged with sable, the room heavy with the mingled perfumes of the women and the amber-scented coffee—all this must have been a sight to see indeed and one which rivaled the wildest exaggerations to be found in the pages of "The Thousand Nights and a Night" when the glory of Harun-al-Rashid was at its height.

Except for such diversions as these, and rare trips up the Bosphorus for a few privileged girls, life in the harem must have been dull indeed. It must not be supposed, however, that all the women in the harem were content to live an uneventful life without trying for something better—and sometimes getting it.

The Bosphorus can tell many tales of what

NEXT WEEK: The Cruel Cage.