

A ROYAL MARRIAGE BROKER



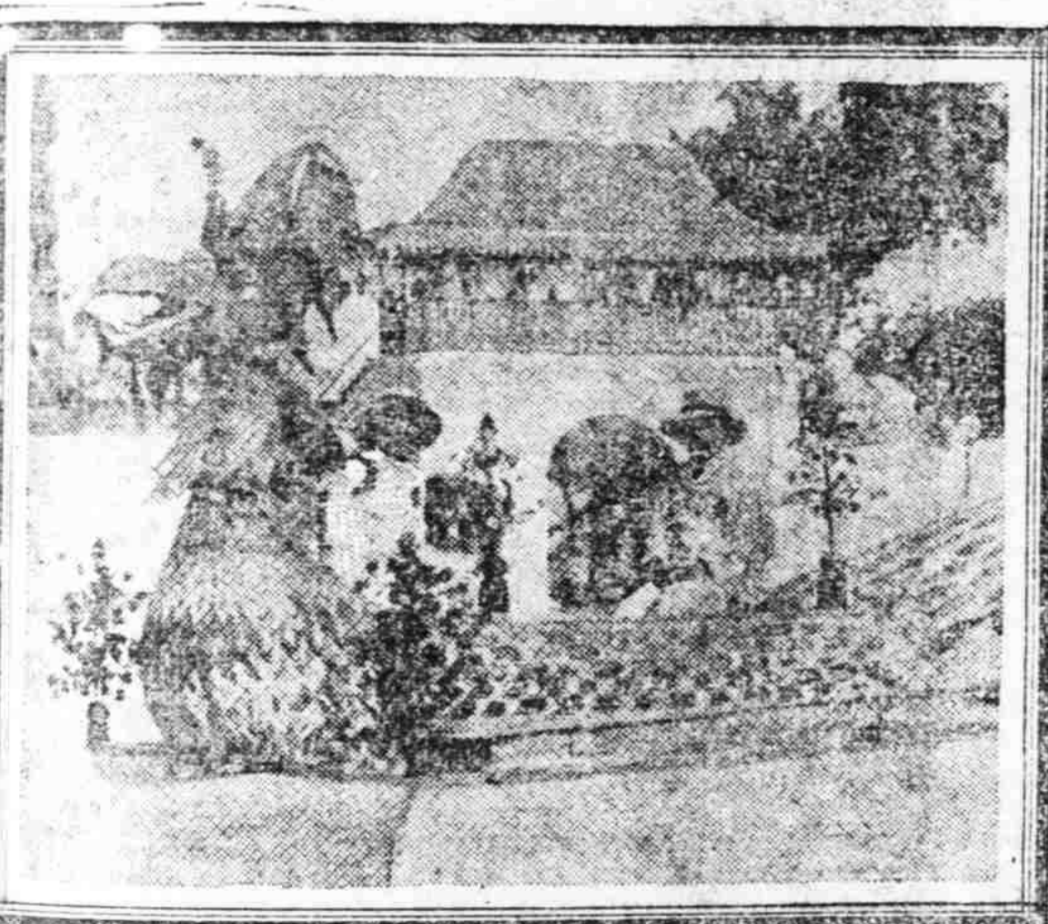
THE SULTAN OF KEDAH



A PART OF THE CEREMONY
The Lime Bath where the Bride and Groom were drenched.



The Children of the Sultan of Kedah
The Centre figure is the Crown Prince



One of the Strange Birds Carried Round the Town

any down on the edge of Siam, that curious blend of Southern Asia, that reigns no less a person than A. S. Tunku, Sultan of Kedah, brother of the moon, kindred of the shining stars, an absolutely unhampered and irresponsible ruler of some 30,000 happy and smiling subjects. Now, the habit of marrying and giving in marriage obtains in Siam much as it does elsewhere on earth, and, in fact, more so; for within the last few weeks the Sultan of Kedah, who has been married some 22 or 23 times himself, has carefully arranged the marriage of five of his several scores of sons, each of whom took as a bride a graceful, shy and moon-eyed maiden from other minor kingdoms that are really governed from Paris through the facilitating person of his imperial Highness, the Emperor of Siam.

Siam, the land of the original white elephant, blue buffaloes and beautiful women, despite the remarkable ease with which matrimony can be arranged within its borders, has never before experienced such a violent spasm of continental matrimony as has practically taken place during the time of the kingdom of Kedah since the 1st of August. Since that date no less than five royal princesses have been married through the kind offices of their papa, who has not only been the trouble to select their wives for his sons, but has even gone so far as to furnish the necessary trousseaux to supply each happy couple with a diamond-encrusted and a suite of turbaned robes. Each little princess and the eldest was 18 and the youngest 15—wearing a lily turban, that remarkably beautiful and patent leather shoes, and a London four-in-hand and a well-stuffed frock coat.

Who the Sultan is.

The Sultan of Kedah, who has thus been obliged to holdy but into the wholesale marriage market, is fairly well known in Paris, where his escapades under the cognomen of Prince Tibuco

of Siam and very close to the Straits Settlements, where large numbers of Europeans have centered, many of whom hastened to see the show, which was as picturesque as it was unique. The preliminaries took months to prepare, hundreds of elephants of enormous size being collected, presents being ordered from Paris, the trousseaux made in Europe and shipped to this faraway point in Asia. Even the King of Siam, who could not leave his opium long enough to dabble in the ceremonies, sent one of his hundred sons, Prince Charan, who traveled overland from the far-eastern side of the peninsula with his elephant train, the Sultan of Kedah meeting him at the gate of the capital and paying him the obeisance due to his political superior, the Siamese Emperor.

The Crown Prince, of course, had a slightly more gorgeous wedding than his brothers and a longer and more varied circle of fetes, processions and ball masques. The whole affair was a curious and somewhat ludicrous hodge-podge of oriental dressing with Parisian veneer. The bride wore a valencienne point d'esprit wedding gown, with the traditional veil demanded by the religion of Mahomet. The Prince wore a dress suit and a turban, a purple sash and a military helmet almost exactly like those worn by German cavalry officers. The marvelous gardens of the Palace of Kedah, covering 40 acres and filled with gorgeous tropical plants and blossoms, were thronged almost to suffocation by the thousands of wedding guests—rajahs, princes, Buddhist and Mohammedan priests joggled elbows with British tea merchants from Ceylon, French financiers from Siam and the inextinguishable traveling salesman of the enterprising merchants of Germany.

What the Wedding Cost.

The cost of these weddings is estimated by the French Resident at Kedah, the semi-official representative of the French Colonial Office in this petty Siamese state, at about a million and a half dollars, equal by comparison to \$15,000,000 in this country. The cost was borne entirely by the Sultan, who pawned and sold a number of valuable diamonds accumulated by his predecessor, Tima Ayra, who was an avaricious and peevish as his son and heir is the reverse. Over half a million was expended in securing the various elephants, tigers, buffaloes and rhinoceros which were paraded and slaughtered in the hunts and animal battles which formed a most important part of the bridal festivities. At least half a mil-

lion more was spent for Parisian gowns and millinery for the five brides. Confetti and bonbons and other Parisian delicacies made a big item in the Sultan's bill for marrying off his sons, and the rest of the money is said to have been eaten up in the distribution of valuable jewels and native orders to the chief European and Siamese guests. Hundreds of open stages were erected on the roadsides throughout the town, on which the "various performances" were given. Every class of inhabitants—and the town is as polyglot as Babel, including Malays, Siamese, Hindus, Chinese, Mohammedans and so on—had a stage to itself.

While these play-acting performances were being given the Europeans had plenty of sporting facilities, for many shooting parties were organized by the Sultan's brother, the Rajah Muda of Kedah, the father of the bride of the Crown Prince.

A detailed statement of the astounding ceremonies which were thought necessary to make one the Crown Prince and his bride would include:

1 P. M.—The first day of each wedding began very seriously with prayers for the bride and bridegroom, who had not met before.

4 P. M.—The marriage ceremony, after the Mohammedan manner, was celebrated in public.

7:30 P. M.—Dinner was served to almost all classes. The European guests and highest class of natives had the greatest attention paid to them. The banquet was served in the courtyard, beautifully decorated for the occasion. The largest room was laid out with four long tables for the leading members of the royal house of Kedah and the European friends, while the Malay officials were entertained in the adjoining rooms. Two refreshment bars were kept open in the courtyard day and night, free to everybody, during the two months of the ceremonies. Many temporary buildings were also put up for the refreshment of all classes.

Second—Seventh Day.

From the second to the seventh day a round of junketings was given, beginning sometimes as early as 9 in the morning and lasting until 1 next morning. Here is a typical day:

9 A. M. to 4 P. M., various performances; 1 P. M., tiffin; 4 P. M., sports and Malay fencing; 7:30 P. M., dinner; 9 P. M., fireworks; 10 P. M., illuminations, various performances; 1 A. M., supper.

The Thirteenth and Last Day.

The last day of all (Sunday) was marked by a very curious ceremony known as "the lime bath" (ber limoh), which greatly interested the foreign spectators, although it must have made the European ladies who were present very indignant, considering the damage

to their dresses.

The celebration of the lime bath was held in a beautiful little pavilion surrounded by a high brick wall with only two gates, each of them being guarded by policemen. At 3 P. M. all the European guests were directed to the pavilion, where the Sultan and the whole royal family were present, together with many hundreds of natives in the yard. Then the gates were locked until the ceremony was finished.

The Mysteries of the Lime Bath.

The bride was then carried in and the groom walked in supported by two best men, and then seated themselves on a golden bench perched on a platform. They were in their best state dresses of silk and sparkled with gold and diamonds. When they were seated some 12 old Malay ladies began walking round and round the couple, first on the highest step of the platform, then lower and lower until they reached the bottom and disappeared. Two ladies stayed behind, closed all the curtains around the couple, took off their valuable dresses and jewels and dressed them in light garments. When the curtains were again pulled open the serpents which formed the sides of the throne began to belch out water on the couple, drenching them to the skin.

The Spectators Drenched With Scent.

The next part of the ceremony astounded the European spectators. Each native seized a bucket, dipped it in a huge tub filled with scented water and proceeded to drench his neighbors with the contents. It was impossible for any one to escape, for the gates were locked. Not till every drop of water was used were the gates unlocked. When this was done there was a perfect stampede for dry clothes.

Now that the Sultan of Kedah has happily married the available crop of his sons, it is expected that as soon as the finances of the country recuperate sufficiently to allow it several of his quite charming daughters will shortly undergo similar initiations into the wedded state. It is only fair, however, to say that the ordinary Kedahese is not so much interested in the expense of any such marriage ceremony. His usual method of obtaining an additional bride is to quietly present the father of the lady with a few sheep, or some of the curious silver coin which represents the most valuable medium of bargain and barter in Siam.

The five newly married couples were each installed, after the last day of the

wedding festivities, in an airy and commodious bamboo palace in a corner of the huge garden that surrounds the imperial residence of the Sultan. While the exterior is purely oriental, the furniture and finishing of these miniature palaces were a curious hodge-podge of misplaced Parisian finery and Asiatic simplicity. The floors were made of the magnificent native mahogany highly polished by slave labor, covered here and there with superb oriental rugs, and the principal furniture consisted of small fancy tables inlaid with gold, and of sumptuous couches. The Sultan has the true oriental idea that the only necessary furniture in an oriental residence is an abundance of comfortable places to lie down. The newly married couples are extremely lucky in that they will not be troubled at all with the Western horror called the servant problem, as the royal father-in-law presented each of the dusky princesses with a small army of slaves. As a matter of fact, they are not called slaves, as this would wound the sensibilities of Parisian cabinet officers, but the domestic servant of Kedah, who would take it upon himself or herself to deliver a month's warning would quickly be hurled into another and better world on much shorter notice than 30 days.

All the native peers of the Sultan of Kedah sent a few of their surplus diamonds and pearls, and each prince and princess was decorated with the magnificent Order of the Sun, which is the highest Siamese decoration. As shown in the photograph of the Sultan himself, this insignia is made up of a single huge diamond. In the case of His Majesty, however, it is surrounded by rays formed of several hundred superb stones, the whole making a dazzling sunburst of exquisite gems. The beautiful star of diamonds worn by the Sultan as head of the order is itself worth probably over \$1,000,000, and is one of the wonders of Southern Asia.

The stars worn by the royal princes and by the lesser Siamese nobility are, of course, much smaller and infinitely less valuable than the marvelous insignia which it is for the Sultan alone to wear. In addition to these costly presents of jewels, each of the five couples was presented with numerous services of gold and silver, which were sent in carefully guarded chests to the little palaces, also presented by the imperial papa.

According to last reports, the five princely couples are each peacefully inhabiting their airy bamboo palaces, and contentedly jogging along the Siamese pathway of married life.

Mrs. "Pat" Campbell At Home.

That undeniably great actress and English gentlewoman, known to countless friends as Stella Campbell when happily domiciled in a quaint, white-paneled house in Kensington built in the time of George III., blossomed out into that marvelous actress heralded as Mrs. "Pat" Campbell.

The home of Mrs. Campbell is in a sweet bit of London, where one may indulge in the luxury of forgetting the madding crowd; yet sitting with the actress beneath the stars in the summer's afternoon, though the birds are singing their lustiest in the boughs and an occasional butterfly comes circling over the beds of mignonette, one can scarcely remain for long oblivious of the great public outside, for, as one very naturally leads the conversation to the art of Mrs. Campbell and to Mrs. Campbell herself, her subjects of applause seem to resound from every quarter of the kingdom.

Many actresses are hardworking, but no woman I ever met could rival Stella Campbell in industry. The mere thought of her day would prostrate any ordinary woman. Rising early, she finds a big packet of letters upon her breakfast tray. As she is an actor-manageress, she cannot afford to leave one of them unopened. Her first task is an invitation to dine on Sunday next from a cabinet minister's wife, an entreaty from a great painter that she should "sit to him for her portrait" any day that she chooses to appoint, dozens of missives from tradesmen begging the honor of her inspection of their millinery, jewelry, books, china or engravings, as the case may be. Notes, too, by the dozen craving her autograph, photograph, her charity, an interview with her; and then, besides, the hundreds and one letters from actors and actresses seeking an engagement.

As to dramatic authors and authoresses, they overwhelm her with plays and promises of plays. After a hasty breakfast the actress answers the pile of letters in that singularly nervous characteristic hand of hers and flies off to her looking glass; and if you watch her dress for her outing, then you know the woman. The face reflected at the moment may seem beautiful or the reverse, just according to her mood. Tired or displeased, a Siamese comes over her eyes, her mouth droops. But if her thoughts take a fresh turn the gloom deepens, and her eyes again, if possible, irradiate every feature with a curious charm. Heavy is her mass of ebony black hair, which she dresses with extreme rapidity, she looks less in the glass than do most women. Vanity, indeed, is no weakness of hers. Her toilette, then, is completed in the most expeditious, businesslike way possible. Snatching a big parcel of books and manuscripts, she runs down stairs, says good-by to menagerie of pet animals, carrying away with her only her tiny griffin, by name "Pinky Ponky Poo."

Such is the domestic side of the life of that incomparable artist who is considered to be the greatest of English-speaking actresses.