

HOW THE OTHER HALF OF THE WORLD LIVES

Glimpse of City Life in Brussels 150,000 Dogs as Draft Animals By G. W. Burton.

BRUSSELS is in many ways one of the most interesting cities in Europe. It is called "Little Paris," because of its beauty, its wealth, its art, and the gay life of the people. The city numbers about 500,000 inhabitants, and is divided into the old city and the new. Boulevard 250 feet wide occupy the place where the wall of the old city once ran. Outside of these lie the new additions, which are in some respects suburbs of the old city. Passing through Brussels one turns suddenly from one of these new streets 250 feet wide, where the houses have all been built within the last 20 years, some of them just completed, into a street of the old city, a mere alley 20 feet wide, perhaps only 16 feet, with sidewalks in the narrowest part only a foot wide. Most of the retail business is done in this old city, and along some of these narrow streets. Others of these old alleys are veritably human beehives, so packed are they with human beings. They fairly swarm with children, who roll along the sidewalks, and even into the streets. In many of these old narrow streets the houses are as they stood in the Middle Ages, when the Spaniards ruled the Low Countries, and Charles V of Spain was Emperor of Germany.

**Crowded Alleys.** Rue de la Madeleine is one of the oldest streets in the city. It is 15 feet wide in the roadway, with sidewalks two to three feet wide. It is, in fact, three streets. This is one of the striking peculiarities of Brussels. Most of the streets in parts new or old run straight for only a few blocks to the main street, and then they branch off at right angles. At such turns, no matter how slight, the name changes. And such names as these are almost everywhere. Young-Men street, Night-and-Day street, Three-Heads street, Sugar street, Bouter street. In some instances the boulevard bears one name, and a different one on the other side. The stranger has more chances to lose himself in ten minutes here than in any other city I have ever seen. He is not likely to be compared to Brussels. This Madeleine street and its two extensions, zig-zag many times in their course, and all along is a compact line of small stores, such little places to do business in. But they do business. This street is alive with humanity all the hours of the day and far into the night, crowding each other off the narrow sidewalks into the narrow alleys. Down the street come carriages, with their trappings, with coacches and footmen in liveries as brilliant as General Miles' and his staff. Trams that run here, there and yonder without rails, others on the rails, come thundering down this alley pell-mell, or go up the hill, with their rattling and whirring like pistol shots. It is a case of sacking qui peut. If you get in the way of any sort of vehicle and escape alive the narrow alley, you are arrested for being in his way. If he runs over you while you are on the sidewalk and you survive, you have your turn in the courts against him.

**A Vision of Babel.** These little "shops" are the most artistic thing to be seen. They are gay with "picture hats," with rich gowns and wraps, with skirts a mass of lace, with jewelry, with ornaments in bronzes, in bronzes, in glass, in ivory. There are picture stores and furniture stores, and of course the inevitable patisserie, or cake shop. These are everywhere, and such wonders in the way of cakes and pies. Tarts they call them. And these stores are full from morning to night with the fashion of Brussels, the ladies shopping. Right and left from this European Broadway—for that it is in spite of its narrowness—run old streets, not ten feet wide. They twist and zigzag here and there, and swarm with urchins, boys and girls, thick as flies. One hears French and Flemish, English and German, Italian and Swedish, as he passes along. The idea of Babel presses on your mind.

**A Vision of Beauty.** Turn a little to the right from the Madeleine, and there arises before the astonished eyes of a Western American a vision of perfect beauty in the Cathedral of St. Michael and St. Gudule. It is not large, but exquisitely beautiful. The church dates back to the early part of the sixteenth century, when Spain held sway in all the Low Countries. The architecture is medieval Gothic, much modified by the Moorish, with its slender, graceful minarets rising all along both sides. The framework of these is like lace, so fine is the design and so perfect in execution. The windows are not so odd as the structure, but they are a wonder of brilliant colors, blended like the harmonies in one of Beethoven's compositions. Had we gone the other way, the road would have led us to the Hotel de Ville or City Hall, another odd Gothic-Moorish building of the days of Spanish domination, with a spire reaching far skyward. They are everywhere, generally guided by a woman or a child. The carts are mostly two-wheeled, much heavier than



ROBIE, THE WOMEN'S DORMITORY, AT STANFORD.

THE DRAFT DOGS OF BRUSSELS. A TEAM HAULING A MILK CART.

one would suppose a dog, or even two dogs, could pull. One sees these dogs hitched single or double, the cart full of baskets of clothes going to or from the laundries, with bread and cakes, with meat, beer or milk, going from door to door to deliver the family supplies. These dogs are not peculiar to Brussels, they flourish all over Belgium. There are estimated to be 150,000 draft dogs in the kingdom. They do farm work, and work in the villages and cities wherever one goes. The first impression made on an American is a disagreeable one. He cannot help feeling sorry for the most faithful of all animals to man, as he sees him in this unaccustomed toil, juggling with all his might at a big cart, while his feet slip on the rough pavements, and the pavements of Brussels are hard, made almost entirely of trap rock. But doggie does not seem to be in so bad a case after all. He is a peculiarly strong dog, a cross between the old wolf and the ancient fawn, and the Great Dane of Germany. He is a stocky, heavy animal, with broad chest, thick legs and neck, short massive head; broad back and muscular loins and thighs. His weight is from 30 to 100 pounds. These dogs are not abused. There are stringent laws for their protection. To be used for draft purposes the dog must come up to a certain standard of height, length and weight. He must be properly proportioned, and the cart and harness must be in all respects suitable to the dog. The load is limited. Fines and imprisonment are imposed on those detected mistreating the dogs.

**Work for Master and Animal.** This is due to a club of gentlemen in Belgium who have taken up the cause of the dog. In a report made by this society the following language is used: "In certain countries, notably Belgium, Holland and Switzerland, draft dogs render marked assistance to poor people, to whom they are a real providence, according with all their strength of muscle, all their courage, their masters' efforts in the struggle for life, and, say what we will, the draft dog which works for his master is not always the most uncomfortable of the two, but his owner, who goes with him and aids him to pull the load, often walks barefooted, poorly fed and hardly clothed at all, and can make no complaint. It is a sure enough the poor

The College Life of a Stanford Woman

Its Social Side as Viewed by One of the Five Hundred Fair Students.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, Cal., Feb. 28.—(Special) Correspondence of The Sunday Oregonian.—Stanford life is unique. This is especially true of the life of the Stanford woman. Because of the conditions imposed upon her, only 100 women are admitted. All of these have entered on full standing, and none has entered as a special. A special is a student over 21 years of age, who is taking work on some special subject and is not striving for a degree. The omission of special prevents many school teachers from taking work at Stanford. These two limitations imposed upon the entering classes of women raise the standard of scholarship to a very high mark and prepare the way for an enthusiastic alumni.

There are at present 45 women registered at Stanford. Ninety of these live at Robie Hall, the girls' dormitory; 30 at Madrone Hall, an annex to Robie; about 100 at the six sorority houses on the campus, and the rest are divided between San Jose, Palo Alto and the private dwellings on the campus. Very few live at San Jose, and make the one-half-hour train trip morning and evening. Quite a few live in Palo Alto, the university town, which is only a mile from the campus, and a number rent rooms at the various faculty houses on the campus and board at the dormitory.

Robie Hall is the center of the woman's world, so Euclina, the men's dormitory, is the center of the men's world. Every girl has a roommate, the upper classmen being given choice of rooms and roommates. As a result, the fourth floor, the last floor, usually contains a collection of freshmen, who drive away the first attacks of juvenile pranks.

Robie Hall.

Robie has a matron at its head, to enforce the few rules that the faculty has made, and to look out for the welfare of the girls. The rules as above stated, are very few. They are, first, all the inmates must be indoors at 10 o'clock on week nights and 10:30 on Fridays and Saturdays; second, bicycles must not be kept in the hall; third, kerossens must not be used in the hall. Self-government is the policy of Stanford University. Never have the girls shown themselves unworthy of the trust. They are all girls from good families, with good, sensible ideas, and a sense of honor.

the university women about a semester. These are affairs of much anticipation. Sorority and hall girls break down all the so-called barriers and join in one jolly good time. The dining-room is cleared, every available "stunt" is given and dancing goes on till midnight. At about midnight Robie serves Robie in its famous nightgown parade. Each man wears a nightgown over his clothes, and the long white line dances the serenade around Robie, singing some football song, with the inevitable refrain, "Down with the Gold and Blue."

Once a year Robie presents a farce to the faculty. The actors are Robie girls and a few members of the faculty. It has always been a very successful affair, and every one who is fortunate enough to attend enjoys it.

Informal and Democratic.

Robie life is very informal and democratic. The girl who makes her way by washing dishes, waiting on table, or taking care of children finds no discrimination made in regard to her. She only draws forth admiration for her independence.

Life in a Sorority House.

Life in a sorority house is somewhat different from that in Robie. There are six sororities at Stanford—all National. They are, in order of establishment, Kappa Alpha Theta, Kappa Kappa Gamma, Delta Gamma, Alpha Phi, Gamma Phi Beta and Phi Beta Phi. Each con-

tains about 20 girls, and these have been chosen by the committee of "rushes" of "rushings." During the "rushing season," which is ended by "bidding" day decided upon by the sororities, the sororities "rush" or entertain the freshmen whom they desire. The freshmen always has a good time, especially if two or three sororities "rush" and "bid" her. But when she decides which sorority she prefers and pledges herself to that one by putting on its pledge pin, her hilarious times cease. She realizes that she is the youngest sister in every sense of the word, and that her older sisters will extinguish every spark of coquetry that has sprung into life during "rushing season." She must errands, answer the doorbell, the telephone, and does the work in the sorority house that every freshman has done in her day. But she also finds her

older sisters kind and careful for her welfare. They guard her scholarship jealously, for she must make a good record for her first year. They watch her health and give her good advice when it is needed. So the sorority contains girls who have been chosen for their abilities and congeniality. There is not that distinction between sorority and hall that is so often emphasized, for the sorority girl is a Stanford girl first of all, and always wears her college pin above her sorority pin. Sorority life is hailed like the girls have their own house mother, and they entertain as much as they desire, and naturally are the leaders of the social world.

Attitude of the Men.

The attitude of the Stanford man toward the Stanford girl is interesting in the development of coeducation. Coeducation has come to stay at Stanford. The man knows this. But the limit set upon the number of girls admitted makes him feel that man's position is assured. Thus, appraised, he is glad the girl is there. He treats her with an air of good comradeship that is very wholesome and helpful for both. An Eastern man, a graduate from Columbia, recently remarked that coeducation is the only solution of the problem in the West. In the East, the old method is better, for the men get their social life at home. But in the West, a large number of young men come from small country towns and

Milk Saloons of Warsaw.

The town of Warsaw may be called the milk producers' Eden, although the

of the sad defeat of Hopper and of Captain Benny Stroud. The women have their own athletic, basketball and tennis, in which they are working up a good deal of enthusiasm. There are three associations composed of women, besides Robie Club and the sororities. The Woman's League, composed of the entire number of women, supports the efforts put forth by the women to encourage the independent life already established. All the professors' wives are members and they are brought in close touch with the girls by means of the league. The Y. W. C. A. performs the same functions that it does in all colleges. Pan-Hellenic is an organization of twenty-seven dollars is the price paid per month for board and room. No tuition is charged. A registration fee of \$10 a semester is charged to all students, and laboratory fees are charged to cover the cost of materials used. There is not much work for girls who desire to make part of their way. Work, such as mending, answering the door at Robie, dishwashing, taking care of children, waiting on table, is available and pays 25 cents an hour. But it is not advisable for girls to attempt to do more than their college work. The average girl nearly always breaks down under the strain.

LENORE L. WILLIAMS.

get no social life unless it be at the university. Stanford girls are enthusiasts in athletics, giving loyal support to the football, baseball and track teams. They understand the games thoroughly, appreciate the qualities of every player, and stand by the team, be it winning or losing, and give ample illustrations of the "Stanford spirit," so dear to every student. What good times they have the day of the big game between Stanford and California! All go up to San Francisco on a special train and watch the men as they march up Market street singing. Oh, there's a row on Market street—the force is in despair! The cars are stopped for twenty blocks, the boys are everywhere, and we've marched all over Berkeley town and seen both long and loud

The Horses of Belgium.

The other extreme pole of the social scale is seen in the horses. There are a large number of rich people in Brussels. Rockfellers, Goulds and Huntingtons do not exist here. But there are people of great wealth. At a little seaside resort near Brussels, Brandenburgh, last August, one of the "smart sets" here tried to get accommodations. Only one room was found in the place for rent. It was a little room over a butcher's shop. The rent was 1000 francs for a month (\$200), and the rent was paid.

Scenes in the Park.

Another most inspiring scene here is the park in the afternoon nearly every day in the week. Not the Bois de la Cambre, a great park here in the city, but the park proper as they call things here, in the very midst of the city. A fine band appears there every day about 5 P. M., and plays until about 8. The people come in hundreds to stroll there for half an hour. Bonnes trundling baby carriages, young people making love while the band plays, which is on the outskirts up in the '60s and '70s, and old fellows all alone. But the most interesting features of these afternoon scenes are the four great teachers, flanked by one or two teachers

in charge. The very small ones are mixed as to sex, but at the age of 8 or 9 they are segregated. The teachers select a portion of the park reserved for the use of the schools, and the big Lilliputian army in corps, brigades and regiments, is turned loose to play top, marbles, tag, to dance, turn heels over head on the grass, and have a right good time for about an hour; then, like the other famous army that marched up the hill, this army marches back in good order to the schools, to be sent home to the crowded, narrow alleys of the old city. For these are public schools and the children of the poor. They are all well clothed, decently clad, and look happy as can be.

A Happy People.

Happy yes. This is a light-hearted people. Down the narrow alleys one may encounter a band of women and girls, some old, some mere children, going along hand in hand, singing some tune, or perhaps something like a collage cry in America. They are working women, employed in some factory in one of these old alleys, and they have been to a cheap cafe where they have dispensed 10 to 20 centimes (2 to 4 cents American), each for a roll and a cup of coffee, and they are going back again to their toll. Their day's work is perhaps 12 hours' long, their wages are 10 cents to 40 cents, their whole wardrobe is perhaps on their backs—no bonnets, and did not cost a big "dollar of our daddies," whose value is guaranteed by our great Uncle Sammel, that Grand Old Man of all grand old men. But these women are happy. Joyously happy. The children are like their parents.

History Was Made Here.

The country near Brussels is full of interest, but a thousand years and more is not half way in the history of Belgium. It is full of historic and artistic interest. It is only 25 miles to Waterloo, only 13 to Terwerveur, where Carlotta spent her days of madness after that terrible experience in Mexico; only six miles to Laken, where the King's country palace is. Between here and Waterloo lies Louvain, where there are structures reaching back beyond the Middle Ages to the Roman times. Near there is Castra, that is, Castra, a camp of the Romans, and here they still dig up relics of the Roman occupation. They dig up relics at Waterloo, too, and I suppose they may find others to order for tourist consumption. At Ghent, to the west, Charles V of Spain first saw the light. Near there is Audenarde, where old Jack Churchill, that rough old butcher, who founded the great family of Marlborough, of which our own Consuelo Vanderbilt is so conspicuous an ornament, defeated the French in one of the four great battles which won for him the British crown.

Memories crowd on the mind here. One hears the echoes of that "Reverly by night," but I suppose they may have gathered there, her beauty and her chivalry," according to Byron's vision of Waterloo. One sees Julius Caesar in his tent at Castra, as Anthony saw him when he held up the bloody cloak and said: "I remember the first time ever Caesar put it on. It was in his tent. That day he overcame the Gauls." It was right here near Louvain that the old Roman won that victory over the great Teutonic army.

Oh, the country is full of pictures, so they are of Rembrandt's and of Van Dyck's, and of Teniers's, and of Wouvermann's, not to mention the portraits of other epochs.

The 150,000 Dogs as Draft Animals.

There are not the sole of the foot thick enough nor callous enough, and his stomach is often less full than that of his dog; certainly he can hope that the dog shall not go overboard or extravagantly not be treated. But why should not these animals toil? The struggle for life is the same for all. The fortune of each depends on his own industry. In gaining a livelihood a horse, a pony or a dog. In Belgium a dog may fall into the hands of a cruel master; so may a horse. Certainly this plea that the poor be allowed to use the dog in this way is pathetic. The dog's view of the situation is not yet translated into our language. He it said, he seems to take to his work, although glad to lie down in the street and rest from time to time. He is said to come with alacrity in the morning to his work, and in the day's work. Be it further said in reference to the condition of those who use the dog, that women are sometimes seen hitched to coal carts, with a strap passing across their foreheads and their hands in hauling the cart along the streets, as they go from door to door in the poorer sections of the city and bring home coal for a family.

The 150,000 dogs in Belgium are estimated to earn each a franc a day. It is a large sum of money; \$10,000 a day, that is nearly 100,000 francs a day. There are numbers 300 days the year, the total is close to \$1,000,000.

Draft dog fairs are held here, similar to horse fairs, where exhibits of the best breeds of dogs are shown and prizes offered for the best specimens. Regular market days are also held, when those who have a dog to sell meet the buyers and make a bargain.

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Wholesale Pearl Fishing.

A great fishery will take place at Marichchikiddi in the Island of Ceylon, on or about February 29, 1905. The banks to be fished are the Southwest Ceylon Bank, which is estimated to contain 3,000,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 200 boats for two days; the Mid-East Ceylon Bank, estimated to contain 1,750,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 200 boats for seven days; the North and South Moderagam, with 25,700,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 200 boats for 13 days; the South Ceylon Bank, estimated to contain 10,350,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 500 boats for 20 days, each boat being fully manned with divers.

Joe Rankin's Famous Ride for Rescue.

Journey of One Hundred and Seventy Miles in Twenty-Four Hours.

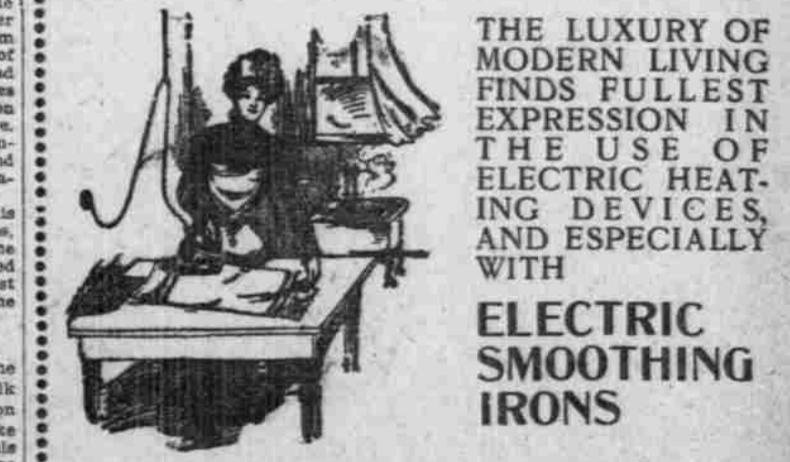
Amadeo Standard. "S" and the man from Wyoming blew a heavy cloud of smoke into the air and watched it disappear. "You fellows talk about your horseshoe riding and the distances that you cover, just as if you were doing something that they were saving of course. Joe Rankin just telegraphed from Rawlins, and before daylight next morning Colonel Merritt was moving with six companies in train from Fort Steele at Cheyenne. Fort Steele, which is some east of Rawlins, was reached before midnight. Joe Rankin had rested himself and his horse, and was ready to start. The soldiers rested a bit and then struck out for Milk River across the country, with Rankin guiding and setting the pace.

Desperate Ride of Troops.

"And they pounded over those 120 miles at a pace that would make you youngsters drop out early in the game. The troops carried light drags, with rations for themselves, and their rations were few and short. The second night out found them about 70 miles from the men they were trying to reach. Horses and men had been placed continually, and they started on this last night ride over the roughest kind of country they were ready for the task. "All night they rode, with only breathing spells for the horses, and at daybreak Rankin signaled for a halt. He pointed out the location of the camp beyond a hill. Colonel Merritt ordered the bugle to sound 'officers' call,' and the command waited for an answer from the beleaguered. None came and they all thought

Whites Almost Annihilated.

"Joe shipped up on his estimate of the strength of the Indians, and at Milk River, in Utah, the Utes closed in on Thornburg's troops, and when the smoke cleared up Major Thornburg and 13 of his men were dead, and every horse in the command was either killed or wounded. "But Rankin made good, all right. That night he volunteered to get through the Indians and take word to the railroad, 20 miles away. He took one of the wounded horses and got through the Indians on the far side of the camp. He had to ride a long way around, and it was morning before he struck the back trail, some miles from where the Utes had the soldiers penned in. "His wounded horse soon gave out, and he tried another that he got from a little cattle camp, and this one too, broke down before he'd ridden far. He struck out afoot and came to one of the supply camps that Thornburg had left on the trail, and the Captain there gave him a new horse. This Captain tried to break through to rescue the Major, but he lost all his horses and some of his men. "With the horse from the supply camp Rankin made the rest of the ride to Rawlins, where was the nearest telegraph in-



THE LUXURY OF MODERN LIVING FINDS FULLEST EXPRESSION IN THE USE OF ELECTRIC HEATING DEVICES, AND ESPECIALLY WITH ELECTRIC SMOOTHING IRONS. WRITE FOR PRICES Portland General Electric Company SEVENTH AND ALDER STREETS Portland Oregon