

HOW THE OTHER HALF OF THE WORLD LIVES

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

BRUSSLES 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 50 years, some of them but just completed, into a street of the old city, a mere alley 20 feet wide, perhaps only 10 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 veritable 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 business center, and then where between 45 and 180 degrees from a right line. At each turn, no matter how slight, the name changes. And such names as these are the hall-marks of the Young-Men street, Night-and-Day street, Three-Heads street, Sugar street, Butier street. In some instances the boulevard bears one name on one side 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. Hence it is not 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, less narrow streets. Down the street come carriages gay in their trappings, with coachmen and footmen in liveries as brilliant as Genoa's, and the heavy trams that run here, there and yonder without rails, others on the rails, some thundering down this alley pell-mell, or go in the hills, with their ringing and whips cracking like pistol shots. It is a case of saving 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 in the city. They are gay with "picture hats," with rich gowns and wraps, with skirts a mass of lace, with jewelry, with ornaments in bronze, in bisque, in glass, in ivory. There



are picture stores and furniture stores, and of course the inevitable patisserie, or cakeshop. These are everywhere, and such wonders in the way of cakes and pies. Tarts they call pie. 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, grace-

ful 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 old 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 old Gothic-Moorish building of the days of Spanish domination, with a spire reaching far skyward, as graceful as a pine tree on a mountain-top, and as delicate as the foliage of a fern. Opposite this is the King's House, also of the medieval period, but massive rather than fine fretwork and gorgeous arabesque splendor in its gilded ornamentation.

The Draft Dogs of Brussels.
But to pass from things sublime to something by no means ridiculous, but strikingly strange to American eyes, the draft dogs of Brussels furnish a feature in the city life never to be forgotten. They are everywhere, generally guided by a woman or a child. The carts are mostly two-wheeled, much heavier than 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 pavement, 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 120 pounds. These

follow has 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 digger shall not go overboard or extraneous not badly treated. But why should not these animals toil? The struggle for life is the same for all. The fortune of each permits him to buy to aid him 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 dogs' 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 to finish his day's work. Be it further said in reference to the condition of those who are seen hitched to coal carts, with a strap passed across their foreheads to hold the hands in hauling the cart along the streets, as they go from door to door in the poorer sections of the city, only to be seen to graze a few minutes in the park.

The 150,000 dogs in Belgium are estimated to earn each a franc a day. It is a large sum of money; 150,000 a day, that is nearly 150,000 francs a day, or 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.

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. Rockefellers, Goulds and Huntingtons do not exist here. But there are people of great wealth. At a little seaside resort near Brussels, Branderburgh, last August, one of the "smart set" 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.

These wealthy people pride themselves on their fine horses and fine turnout. Sunday afternoons at the Bois de Cambre, a great park here, a part of a primeval forest and very beautiful, or at the races at Longchamps, are seen all sorts of things on wheels pulled by magnificent horses. There are in hundreds, and make a gay scene in the evening, as they all come tearing down one of the big boulevards in a string miles long.

Scenes in the Park.
Another most inspiring scene here is the park in the afternoon nearly every day in the week. Not the Bois, or great forest, which is on the outskirts of 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 3 P. M., and plays until about 5. The people come in hundreds to stroll there for half an hour. Bonnes trundling baby carriages, young people making love while the band plays, and the people of the city in the '60s and '70s, and old fellows all alone. But the most interesting features of these afternoons is the music. It is a music of the past, flanked by one or two teachers

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 Roble Hall, the girls' dormitory; 30 at Madrone Hall, an annex to Roble; 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.

Roble Hall is the center of the woman's world, so Euclia, 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 homesickness by midnight spreads and juvenile pranks.

Few Regulations.
Roble 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 halls; 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.

Every evening after dinner the girls gather in the parlor, the freshmen pull up the rug, some one plays the piano, and an hour or so is spent in dancing. Spreads are very much in vogue, and roommates are constantly entertaining their friends. At 10:30 P. M., when the lights go out, candles are brought in, and the fun, if not too boisterous, continues till a late hour. The hostesses furnish the "cats" and the guests provide amply for the rest of the entertainment. Often they come in fancy gowns, and then the fun makes hot and furious. A sufficient supply of mandolins, guitars and good voices are always on hand, and when jokes lag, college songs fill up the gaps.

Dances and Fancy Dress Balls.
Roble gives two dances a year, one a semester, in the girls' gymnasium. For days before the halls are filled with girls carrying home holly and greens for the decorations. On Saturday, the day of the decorations, the girls show themselves unworthy of the trust. They are all girls from good families, with good, sensible ideas, and a sense of honor.

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 hoisted 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 appeased, 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

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 Roble 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 Roble, 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.

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

Joe Rankin's Famous Ride for Rescue

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

SAT., and the man from Wyoming blew a heavy cloud of smoke into the air and watched it disappear. "You fellows talk about your horseback 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 reached himself and his horse, and was there to meet Colonel Merritt. 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 100 miles at a pace that would make you youngsters drop out early in the game. They rode for themselves, and their rests 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 on foot, and when 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 day-break 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

strument, 170 miles from the men he had left. He had crossed three mountain ranges, had led his horses for miles where the trails were rough that he couldn't ride in the dark or when his horses were too tired to carry him. That's what he had done, and he had done it in 24 hours. Now, that's riding some. "Somebody wanted to know what became of Thornburg's command, and the man from Wyoming waked up again. "What became of them? What do you suppose they were saved 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 reached himself and his horse, and was there to meet Colonel Merritt. The soldiers rested a bit and then struck out for Milk River across the country, with Rankin guiding and setting the pace.

Wholesale Pearl Fishing.
A great fishery will take place at Marichchickiddi in the Island of Ceylon, on or about February 20, 1905. The banks to be fished are the Southwest Cheval Paar, which is estimated to contain 2,500,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 200 boats for two days; the Mid-East Cheval Paar, estimated to contain 15,750,000 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 12 days; the South Cheval Paar, estimated to contain 40,000,000 oysters, sufficient to employ 500 boats for 20 days, each boat being fully manned with divers.

their ride had been too slow, but the bugle call was repeated, and, sure enough, the reply came across the hill, showing that the men were still there, and the ride, after all, had not been too slow.

Testimony of a Survivor.
"One of the men in the Thornburg company told me, too—that he'd heard a lot of fine music in his life, but no band or organ or anything else that plays ever made such good music as that bugle did when it called us to the aid. We didn't mind the alkali. And we sure had some fine men, and they could ride."

He Could Ride Some.
"Well, Joe Rankin could sure ride some. He wasn't much for fancy, but he was always there with the goods when they were needed. Those were the days when they used to scrape up alkali dust for baking powder and all the water there was in Carbon was brought there in little tank cars that looked like the wind had blown the sides out of a boxcar and let the roof down on the floor. And that water was the cause of—but that has nothing to do with Joe Rankin.

"Joe Rankin lived in Rawlins, Wyo. He had been plugging around on the frontier ever since they showed the line west from the Missouri, and he knew more'n a lot of the expert Indian fighters that they had sent out to suppress the Utes. These Utes had been trying to stir up troubles for ten years, and this time they did it for sure. The Indians were of the Sagawchee country, and they turned loose in 1872 and killed a lot of settlers near their reservation in Utah.

"Major Thornburg, with some of his command, was sent to suppress the Utes, and Rankin joined him as guide when he reached Rawlins. Joe had been United States Marshal and Sheriff and almost everything else around there, and he knew the whole country.

Whites Almost Annihilated.
"Joe slipped 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, seven 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.

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ROBLE, THE WOMEN'S DORMITORY, AT STANFORD.

tains about 30 girls, and these have been chosen by the committee, process of "rushing." 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 freshman 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 distinguish every spark of coquetry that has sprung into life during "rushing season." She runs errands, answers 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

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—We've marched all over Berkeley town and sung both long and loud.

milk consumers' Eden it certainly is not. There is probably nowhere such a "milk town" as this. Restaurants are but little frequented. On the other hand, the public frequent the various dairies in great numbers in order to chat with friends or read the newspapers, to the accompaniment of a black or white coffee or a glass of cold or warm milk. To close a bargain or to talk business, the milk saloons is resorted to; chess and billiards are likewise used to scrape up alkali dust for baking powder and all the water there was in Carbon was brought there in little tank cars that looked like the wind had blown the sides out of a boxcar and let the roof down on the floor. And that water was the cause of—but that has nothing to do with Joe Rankin.

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