COUNTESS STARTS TOBACCO FARM

Tobacco Growing in Ireland Makes Big Enough Strides to Excite the Opposition of the Tobacco Trust

LONDON, July 9.—Irish tobacco, to all intents a new industry, is attracting considerable attention just now. Among others a countess is running a farm and in several parts of the Emerald Isle the industry is making great progress. American growers will have to look to their laurels if the Irish industry is developed in the future at the same rate as it has been in the recent past. As a matter of fact, it is owing mainly to the introduction of American methods that Irish tobacco growing has received such an impetus.

A few years ago Professor Harper of the Agricultural college of Kentucky visited various tobacco farms in Ireland, and reported most favorably on the prospects of Irish tobacco. He said that both soil and climate were suitable for producing some of the best grades, and advocated the introduction of American methods of curing and cultivation. Professor Harper stated in his report that the climate of Island was even better suited than that of Kentucky, for instance.

One of the greatest difficulties encountered by Irish tobacco growers, however, is not so much the raising of the plant as the marketing of the product in opposition to the tobacco trust. The trust has, up to this time, absolutely refused to allow its travelers and salesmen to handle Irish products. Having their own farms and being able to control the output and regulate prices, the combine looks with alarm and disfavor on any attempt of "outsiders" to break into the ring. Irish tobacco growers are now beginning to unite for the purpose of selling their wares independently, but the trust controls so many stores and can cut its prices so fine, owing to its complete organization, that Irish tobacco will have to put up a stiff fight in order to do business.

The farms started in Kilkenny by Countess Desart, daughter of the Earl of Harewood, was not a success until an American tobacco expert was "imported" from Virginia. The main difficulty has been in the "curing" of the weed, which, up to that time in Ireland was little understood. With the coming of the American tobacco planter, however, a revolution was wrought. Not only did the farm operated by Countess Desart commence to pay, but other experiments throughout Ireland began to follow the titled lady's lead and there are now in Ireland no less than six "imported" Americans who have practical charge of their respective farms. Perhaps her daughter, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, one of the few titled Englishwomen who have married Americans, helped advise her in the matter.

When Countess Desart started her experimental farm at Desart court, Kilkenny, she had much difficulty in finding Irish peasants skilful or patient enough to give tobacco growing the proper attention. The farm laborers of the district looked on the experiment as a mere fad, and they would not "put their hearts" in it until her American manager demonstrated that a tobacco farm meant employment for nearly everyone in the district. As girls are more suitable than men for certain processes connected with the curing, many young girls are now engaged on the countess' land. Tobacco leaves have to be sewn together before they are hung in the drying house, and there are many operations for deft fingers which men would fail to do well. The Desart farm has now passed its experimental stage, and promises, before long, to be one of the principal tobacco farms in Ireland.

The largest farm at present is that belonging to Colonel Everard. It is at Randlestown, in County Meath, and is said to be producing tobacco almost as good as that which comes from some of the best Virginia plantations. When Colonel Everard began tobacco planting everyone predicted that his experiment would come to grief. But he has succeeded beyond even his own most sanguine expectations, and now has a factory which is turning out large quantities of cigars, cigarettes and smoking tobacco every year.

What has mainly militated hitherto against tobacco growing in Ireland has been the enormous duty imposed upon the industry. Strange to say, this is a survival in England of the duties imposed in the time of George II and III to protect tobacco growing in the then American "colonies." The England ruling authorities were afraid, in the early day that if tobacco growing were allowed in Ireland it would affect the colonial interests, and hence a duty of 75 cents a pound was imposed.

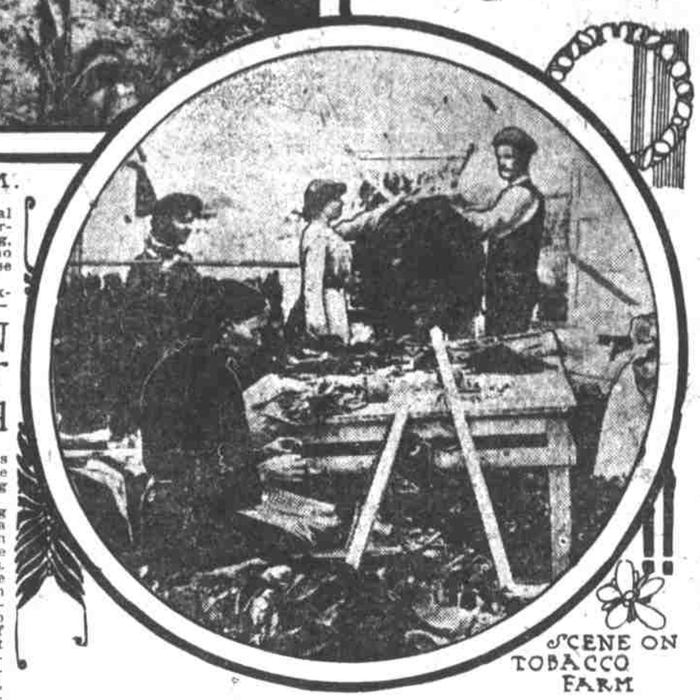
Colonel Everard has been making a strenuous fight to get the restrictions on Irish tobacco growing removed. He has succeeded in interesting the English department of agriculture in Irish tobacco growing and the government department has started no less than 16 different experimental stations in various parts of Ireland. If these succeed the product will have a fair change against American trust goods in the English market. At present there are only one or two places in England where Irish tobacco is sold, and then the price is too high to make it pay. The cigarettes work out at one cent each for the lowest grades. This is owing entirely to the heavy duty.

The early history of attempts to raise the weed in Ireland should interest Americans. Their old historical standby, Sir Walter Raleigh, first started a tobacco plantation at Youghal. He had, as all the world knows, learned about tobacco during his adventurous trip to the wilds of Virginia, and it was mainly owing to Raleigh's enterprise that the use of tobacco became general throughout England and Ireland. It was before the act of union between England and Ireland that the growing of tobacco was prohibited in Ireland, in order to protect, as has been said, the American colonies. After 1800, however, the restrictions were removed, and then Ireland began to cultivate tobacco so largely that it aroused the jealousy of England, and again heavy duties were imposed. This killed the industry once more, and it has never revived since that time.

At present the principal market for the coarser kinds of Irish tobacco is in the English army and navy, where a species of rough chewing and smoking tobacco is very popular. With the removal of the duty and the introduction throughout of American ideas of cultivation, Irish tobacco will soon be able to give a good account of itself.

FRANCIS HOPKINS.

HARVESTING THE CROP ON IRISH TOBACCO FARM.



SCENE ON TOBACCO FARM

ENGLAND'S VIEWS OF A FAMOUS EPISODE

LONDON, July 12.—English comments on Grover Cleveland's Venezuela message in the long and unusually highly complimentary obituary notices are so significant of the great change that has come over public opinion here regarding the United States since that day in 1895 when the two countries were so near to war that it will be found interesting to read a few of the more widely representative views.

In the middle of almost a column and a half of eulogy the Morning Post refers thus to the incident:

"In his second term came the Venezuela dispute, and in this matter Cleveland formed a strong, but as we may now venture to say, a hasty judgment. He thought the British government was trying to gain fresh ground in Guiana. Many Americans thought so, for the generation to which Cleveland belonged had been brought up in the tradition that England was the oppressor, a tradition not yet dead in spite of the fair-mindedness of the best modern American historians. The message sent by Cleveland to congress on this subject and the dispatches of Mr. Olney, then secretary of state, seemed to many Englishment to contain a challenge which ought, on the ground of right and justice, to be taken up. The late Marquis of Salisbury thought otherwise, and the matter was settled without a quarrel, and happily settled, for in the end both Cleveland and the majority of his countrymen saw that they had misjudged England."

The Daily Telegraph says:

"His second presidency does not compare quite favorably with his first. The fact which will stand out from it in the memory of Englishment is the extraordinary message which he sent to congress on the question of Venezuela. This was the message in which he spoke as if a war between the United States and England were almost going to break out, and as if nothing but an appeal to arms would extort from England a recognition of American claims.

"The matter in dispute was strangely disproportionate to language of such lofty and unprovoked menace—merely some portion of a not very important part of a not very important republic in southern America; and the feeling produced in England was something like incredulity, followed by stupefaction. However, the country kept its head; so did Lord Salisbury, who was eminently peaceful by temper and by training; and the end was the reference of this question—not to battlefields, but to a peaceful court of arbitration seated in a quiet hall in Paris."

The Daily News, which was founded by Charles Dickens, says:

"It is not necessary to recall the circumstances of the Venezuelan conflict, but the effect of that conflict was to establish the Monroe doctrine as the bedrock of American policy. The doctrine was at the back of the historic policy of the United States, but it had never been promulgated with such emphasis as Mr. Cleveland gave it. The fact that he was an anti-Jingo gave his action increased force. The effect was historic and final. It left no doubt in the mind of the world that any aggression on the American continent, North or South, had to reckon with the United States. The guardianship of the peace of the new world is a high task, and Mr. Cleveland, in establishing it finally, wrote his name indelibly in the history of his country."

C. Arthur Pearson's papers, the Standard, Evening Standard and Express are not so pleasant.

"The Venezuelan message," says the Standard, "viewed from the perspective of history, appears a brutal and unnecessary insult to a supposed friendly power, and yet historical truth compels the admission that the fault was not entirely on one side. It was long the misfortune of Anglo-American relations that British statesmen did not understand the psychology of the American people, and too often treated the United States as if it were merely a second-rate power, forgetting that the Americans are a very proud and sensitive people; it was the misfortune of the Americans that they made a football of international policies to be sued for the advantage of domestic politics, and in their diplomacy the 'shirt-sleeve' method appealed to them; it was proof to all the world that they were too honest and too outspoken to resort to the subtleties of diplomatic finesse. What angered Mr. Cleveland and his secretary of state, Mr. Olney, was the apparent indifference of the British government, the long interval that elapsed between the receipt of an American note and its reply, the evident inclination to prolong the controversy. A little more tact on both sides would have saved an embarrassing situation."

The Evening Standard observes: "We have long since forgiven his indiscreet threats when we were attempting, not without success, to secure our just rights in the matter of the Venezuelan-Guiana boundary. Subsequent events proved the president to be entirely in the wrong, and without any unseemly malevolence we may be allowed a smile. On the very eve of the death of Venezuela's champion came the announcement that the great republic had fel. itself so outraged by President Castro's conduct that it had broken off all diplomatic negotiations with him. Time brings its revenges."

The Daily Express, Pearson's half-penny jingo paper, says:

"Mr. Cleveland sent a message to congress regarding the boundary dispute between Venezuela and Great Britain, which gave great offense in England.

"When Lord Salisbury refused to arbitrate, Mr. Cleveland wrote a second message in which he used language of such a strong nature respecting Great Britain that it was regarded as equivalent to a threat of war.

"The crisis was averted and the friendly relations between the two countries preserved through the tactful efforts of Sir Julian Pouncefote, then British minister at Washington, who estimated the alleged threat at its true worth."

The Daily Graphic declares, editorially: "Nothing serves more strikingly to remind us of the friendly indulgence of the Washington government for Venezuela than the coincidence which brings us today the news of the death of ex-President Cleveland, who 12 years ago nearly plunged the United States into war with this country in defense of what he too generously assumed to be the rights of the South American republic. If the Paris arbitral tribunal did not entirely succeed in convincing the United States that its championship of Venezuela was misplaced, it has had ample opportunity of arriving at that conclusion since. The extraordinary antics of President Castro have more than once threatened the peace of the new world, while they have certainly brought the Monroe doctrine into something very like contempt."

The Westminster Gazette, with characteristic good temper, says:

"Nor will it be forgotten, in this country at any rate, that President Cleveland asserted the Monroe doctrine over the question of the Venezuelan boundary line, an act which gave rise to serious difficulties between the two countries for a while. These were settled by a little good temper and conciliation on both sides."

Rats!

Sam Jones he told this tale to me
An' Sam, he oughter know—
He's cap'ained on the deep blue sea,
An' it surely must be so.

It seems that these here Chinese men
When they ups and dies,
Their souls (no matter what they ben)
Some new formation tries.

Them that have been eatin' mice,
Must have their pigtails shaved,
Because in life they shunned the rice,
Their souls could not be saved.

These locks are sent across the seas
(Sam had some on his boat),
The spirits of those old Chinese
Around this hair did float.

By the time they reached this country fair
These lost souls settled down—
The girls all wear them in their hair
To support their glory crown!

—S. S.

THROUGH EUROPE WITH TWO OREGON GIRLS--Interesting Gossip of Berlin--Other Studies of Old Country Travels--Work of Musicians Described

BERLIN, July 1.—As is customary in Europe, our vacation began and ended in a droscke. We were very tired and sleepy in the early morning, as we climbed into the droscke with heavily laden suitcases, violin, wraps, umbrellas and a very precious piece of paper upon which was written: "Leave Berlin at the station Bahnhof at 8:40 a. m. Arrive Rostock 12:05. Leave Rostock 12:55 p. m. Arrive Ribinitz at 1:40. Leave Ribinitz 2 p. m. Arrive Wustrow 3 p. m."

Traveling here is quite unlike it is at home. There are no brakemen to call stations. The names of the stations are placed in large letters at each end of their respective platforms and as the train enters the bahnhof a uniformed man walks rapidly along past each compartment calling the town in poorly enunciated German. Consequently in traveling over unfamiliar country the Germans themselves resort to paper and pencil directions and strongly recommend it to foreigners.

We arrived at our destination safely after passing through a most interesting country. A country beautiful in its way, but lacking wildness and grandeur. It may seem strange to speak of hills and mountains as being civilized, but that is the only word which exactly fits. Our mountains stand off afar filled with a multitude of wild life; an immense area of unknown wealth; a vast field where the struggle for existence makes the survival of the fittest the only law. A temptation to brave men of science and a problem to corporations.

Here the mountajns have been conquered for generations and have yielded all their virgin wealth. The trees they bear now are small and stand in straight rows, having been so planted years ago by far-seeing forefathers to supply fuel for a future generation. Forming a border around these older trees are rows of younger ones, and again around these, acres of tiny shrubs are being planted by the present generation, to serve their posterity a hundred years hence. In brief, every inch of soil has been considered and disposition to some end made, and every tree has been placed and pruned.

The country roads are smooth and free from dust. The farmhouses are very picturesque. Often on the entire farm there arises but one building, at one end of which tiny windows are hung with lace curtains, while at the other extremity men are storing hay. The home, the stable, the hog barn, the hennery, all under the same roof, that a very steep thatched one; but any other would jar with the gray sky, the small blue lakes, the low foothills dotted with the large four-armed windmills.

Harvest was in progress, but the buzz of machinery was lacking. In its place we saw steady, slowly swinging scythes in the hands of bronzed and muscular men, and the grain being gathered and tied with its own stalks by the followers all of whom were women wearing white 'kerchiefs on their heads and white aprons over their short, coarse dresses. It seemed that morning as if all the country folk were grouping themselves into living pictures. "The Haymakers" were there; the men stacking the hay and the women throwing it to them. "The Water Carrier," an old woman with a wooden yoke over her shoulders, from which on either end hung immense buckets. Farther on "The Gleaners," tying and stacking the grain; "The Sheep Herder," an immense able-bodied man leaning lazily on his staff, at his feet the faithful shepherd dog with ears alert and lolling tongue watching over half a hundred sheep. "The Cow Herder" lay reading while a herd of perhaps 12 head grazed quietly near by.

We have always loved the pictures of peasant life, but ever thought of them as belonging to a past generation. Fancy our feelings when two hours' journey from the traffic of the most modern city of all Germany brought us into the midst of customs we believed past. One cannot understand the rush of pity that comes for these hard-laboring women. The knotted hands, the bent shoulders, "dull eyes, hopeless, "tired-unto-death" expression on their faces, is something even a Millet, Breton, Dupre or any great artist cannot fully depict. What a blessing machinery is to a nation when, without it her women are reduced to this! It is a wonderful boon to be born an American!

Any American, man or woman, will acknowledge that these people are generations behind us. And still—time was when the American men believed as these men now do—that a woman's place was out of the school, out of the arts, out of the professions, and her duty was to serve the lord and master by doing as much of the hardest servile work as possible. The man of a few years hence will realize that denying woman the franchise is quite on a par with the belief that education would make her less refined and womanly. Again let us repeat, it is a privilege to be born an American.

Mr. and Mrs. Maitland met us at the wharf at Wustrow and escorted us to the hotel. Wustrow is a pretty little village on the Ost (Baltic) sea. It formerly belonged to Denmark, coming into German possession as spoils of war. Many of the inhabitants speak Danish as well as German.

We walked out to the fields to watch the women work, their husbands assisting; talked to them and incidentally bought some old china. A "sea-faring" school is situated at Wustrow and about 40 advanced students were there preparing to take examinations for degrees of mate and captain. We remained at the hotel for the first night. We had to sleep with a small feather bed under and a large one over us and were served raw, pickled eel for supper. We decided to rent rooms and do our own cooking. Amy Fay describes the German bed exceedingly well. To those who have not read her work Eveleno's description may be acceptable:

"At first you can't find your head, but you know your feet are uncovered and cold. By the time you succeed in getting the pile of feathers from your face and evenly distributed in their case, you forget and turn over; the cover falls to the floor and the process of warming feet and excavating to find one's head is repeated. One night required to master the art of keeping the feathers on the bed."

Second night one doesn't mind freezing one part while the other roasts.

We found a three-roomed wohnung in the home of a retired sea captain. He spoke a little English, and told many interesting experiences of sea life.

The beach at Wustrow is of coarse yellow sand. The small "imitation" breakers make a tiny roar, for the many people who occupy the bamboo beach chairs and their children who carry sand from place to place. There were bath houses and life ropes for those who cared to bathe. Sunday evenings either a concert or dramatic recital was given at the hotel. After its completion the beer tables were removed and dancing indulged in until daylight Monday morning. This dance music is choppy and fast. They do not reverse and one man dances with several partners during one number. When the first becomes tired or dizzy, he takes her hand, bows over it and seats her, then walks hastily toward the line of "wall flowers," signifies his choice by a courtly bow and begins "whirling" again. Some of the German dances are quite funny. The partners stamp their feet, shake an accusing finger at each other, then make up and rush into each others arms for four measures waltz, and then repeat the quarrel.

We suddenly decided to go to Copenhagan, the only "city" in Denmark, and commonly called the "Paris of the North." Mr. Maitland was called to sing an engagement at a Wagnerian concert at Tivoli. Mrs. Maitland, Miss Clifford and we decided to accompany him. We crossed the water from Wustrow to Ribnitz, and went from there to Rostock, which is a very old and unique town of about 300,000 inhabitants. Its ancient gabled houses and churches were interesting from an architectural point. Most of them were built in the sixteenth century.

From Rostock we went to Wanemunda, which is a fashionable summer resort. The strand was simply packed with wicker beach chairs, and cupid was busy at work among the gaily dressed girls and summer boys. Here we changed cars to the train coming from Berlin, which was taken on to an immense steam ferry. We were two hours crossing to the Denmark coast. Denmark is a beautiful fertile country. Machinery was employed in the rye fields. Mountains and forests rose majestically in the background, spotted at intervals with peculiar old churches, composed of a meeting house and a tall round bell tower standing beside it. Judging from the numerous bands of cattle, dairying seemed to be quite an industry. Every cow was blanketed and tethered.

We reached Copenhagen a little after 7, and went to the National hotel. "Supper" was being served as we hastened to the dining room. Everything was rush and hustle. A Bohemian orchestra, composed of piano, first and second violins, cello, double bass, reed, harp and two peculiar wood instruments, furnished music. The performers, Bohemians, were richly and fantastically dressed, but were so repulsive and dissipated looking and played so carelessly that we were glad when our meal was finished. The beds were clean and the covers American, so we slept well and started out bright and early to "sight see."

The city is clean. Its streets are broad and beautified by fountains, plazas, statues, etc. It is cosmopolitan, and everything moves with an up to date business air.

We visited the Folk museum first. We have not time to describe the old beaten brass and copper utensils, the ancient weapons of war, shields, spears, armours, etc., pewter plates, chests, jeweled combs, silver belts, wristlets, old lace, old toys, old china (some of it made in 1215, had belonged to a little princess), spining wheels, candle sticks, chairs, etc., but there were a few things worthy of special mention. One very old painting bearing the date 1685, presented a moral by a set of pictures on the one canvas. The central figure represented a king of pictures on the one canvas. The central figure represented a king elaborately clothed and seated upon his throne, surounded by the splendor of his court. Garbed in the gar suit of a courtier stood death making obeisance. Arranged about this, without special order were other scenes. A mother held her babe and death in the costume of an old nurse stretched out her arms toward the child, which with cooing smile signified its willingness to go to her. A bridal couple stood before the altar, and death, in minister's surplice, officiated. A young prince knelt to receive his crown, and death stood attendant. An old man, living quite alone, opened the door of his hut to admit death. The costumes were interesting, but it isn't a picture one should enjoy having in one's dining room.

There was a very old Bible containing an atlas, which showed America as a funny little round island, west of which were the West Indies. Then there were beautifully carved old sleeping chests. These were about six feet in height, the same in length and perhaps four in width, much like a cabinet is built nowadays, regular boxes with doors to close. The bed was inside, the walls of the chest were hung with curtains. It seems strange that people were not suffocated. Most interesting was the collection of old blue and yellow plate, and the tables with large porcelain platter tops, on which at the feasts of the feudal lords whole lambs were served.

In the afternoon we took a long car ride past the summer home of Queen Alexandra of England and dagmar dowager, czarina of Russia. From here the coast of Sweden was plainly visible.

In the evening we went to Tivoli, which is the famous pleasure garden of the north. All kinds of amusements are there represented, concerts, theatres, dance pavilions, pantomimes, merry-go-rounds, jugglers, restaurants, etc. ad infintum. Joachim Anderson was directing a big orchestral concert, which we attended. He is the idol of the Danish people, a distinguished musician and thorough gentleman. He and Hans von Bulow were staunch friends and the last letter Von Bulow penned was to him.

Copenhagen has some rare collections of art. The Thorvaldsen museum is wonderful in itself. Thorwaldsen was born in 1770 of poor parents and through his own efforts became one of the greatest of sculptors and through the development of his talent a wealthy man, able to travel and gather valuable relics of past decades. His private collection of old paintings, Egyptian pottery, old coins and rare books fill the entire fourth floor of this immense museum. He enjoyed portraying life; the young, the happy, the beautiful. Cupid being a favorite subject. The museum is a very large building, four stories in height. The three lower floors are filled exclusively with his works and the fourth as above stated. He is buried in the inside court. So the museum serves as a national denkmal. All his works are so truly beautiful in conception and perfect in execution that one wonders that such an amount could be accomplished in a single lifetime. No one can spend a day among his works and not be ennobled and infinitely benefited thereby. We cannot begin to describe all his works. Those which appealed most to us were his "Jason," "Hope," "Mercury," the group of "St. John Preaching in the Desert," "Christ," "The Twelve Apostles," "A Shepherd Boy" and a "Dancing Girl." Among the reliefs, "The Ages of Love," "Hector's Parting," "Night," "Day," "The Seasons" and the "Nest of Cupids," all exquisitely wrought. In "Mercury" he, like Michael Angelo, has been fortunate in catching the physicological moment of action. Mercury with one leg thrown over the stump of a tree has just withdrawn the harp of reeds from his lips and with eyes fast riveted on the sleeping Argus reaches stealthily with his right hand for his sword. One almost expects to see the delivery of the blow. The marble "lives." "The Seasons" are four reliefs which emblematically represent the four ages of life: "Spring" shows two happy frolicking children offering flowers and fruits to their mother; "Summer" two young gleaners neglecting their labor for each other. In "Autumn" the maid, now a mother, sits with her child and offers a bunch of lucious grapes to her husband who has just returned from the field. "Winter" shows an aged couple, the wife preparing the frugal evening meal, while the old husband warms his wrinkled hands before the fire. Opposite him, in lieu of children, a cat sits, expectantly watching her mistress. The "atmosphere" is so perfect one feels the bleakness of winter and desolation of old age.

The Glyptoteke museum has an immense collection of statuary. A few very fine original works and casts of nearly all the masterpieces, among the latter Michael Angelo's "Moses" and "Mater Dolorasa." The original of "Adam and Eve" and "The First Murder" by a very modern sculptor were especially fine in conception. The pottery, mummies, cones, etc., were not unlike all such collections. The art collection was poor. One Rembrandt, a single Corot and a Franz Hals and one Millet are all that had value. The other works of famous masters were not masterpieces, the name of their maker giving them their only worth. The Millet was beautiful but has doubled in price since its purchase. The scene is a narrow rough path leading through a forest, a faint light from the setting sun shows an old peasant homeward bound. His bunch of fagots has fallen to the ground. Death has attacked him and he lies dying quite alone.

The National gallery is more fortunate in its art treasures. We saw many from Ancher, Bloch, Vermehren, Bache and Bjorck. Vermehren is the Danish Millet. Bloch we should liken to Correggio in the mastery of foreshortening. Two of his pictures made a lasting impression. One was Samson working in his blind weakness for his fiendish brother-in-law. The expression of passionate hate, cunning and cruelty on the face of the man torturing Samson with jest and stick was truely masterfully portrayed. The second was "Christ Healing." In a darkened room lay a dying girl. Christ about to enter the room, stood in the curtained doorway. The sale about his person lighted the room and gave it a peaceful, hopeful, restful tone.

Ancher is decidely a marine portrayer. For the first time I was moved to tears by a picture and Evelene looked very pale. The scene is a fisherman's hut. On the bed lies the lifeless body of the sailor; his wife holds his hand in both her own and bends over his body, gazing despairingly into the lifeless face. The four comrades who have brought him home stand with bowed heads, each realizing that he may be the next whom the sea will claim. One felt as if he were truly in the presence of death.

Bjorck, "Waiting for the Return," is similar. The young wife stands by the window, looking with straining, anxious eyes, for the return of the fishing boat. The baby, in contrast to her terror and fear, is cooing and playing, unconscious of impending loss.

Among the old artists, Maritti's "Holy Night," Cignannie's "Joseph" and on original by Fillipo Lippi, are the best.

From here we went to the Rosenberg Slot, which had belonged to Christian the IV. There had originally been a moat around the heavy stone wall surrounding the castle. We never saw such exquisite things as are there exhibited. Most of them belonged to this one time forceful ruler. Silver and gold dishes set with jewels, exquisite laces, jeweled toilet articles, inlaid furniture, ivory vases, diamonds, framed miniatures, and then the wedding suit, saddle, blanket bridle, martingale, "chaps," and the whole personal attire of satin embroidered in pearls—real pearls. The design was a flor de lis and hearts intermingled. The pearls varied in size from a pinhead to a hatpin. The sword sheath was set with diamonds, rubies and sapphires. The stirrups were gold and set with precious stones. In the throne room, besides wonderful tapestries, woven histories of Danish marine victories, were the usual silver and golden furniture, mirrors, vases, etc., and the throne chairs were set with jewels.

We were fortunate in seeing the display of Venetian glass and old Dresden china. Evelene remarked as we turned for a final look at this mass of beauty and wealth, "The spoils of war meant something in those days."

St. Honans church is beautiful. It is very old, and many Bible scenes are carved around the king's box, exquisite work by an unknown and forgotten hand. Many interesting persons have been buried here, their vaults being ceiled with slabs, yellow and crumbling with age. Niels Gade, the composer, born 1817, and who died in 1890, is honored by being interred here. Above his vault a verse is inscribed. It was translated from Danish into German for us. It's meaning is as follows:

"From tones he built his Jacob's ladder,
Which reaches from dark inner earth to heaven.
His dreams have become living,
His thoughts receive wings,
And their rustle is heard over the world."

The Russian church, with its gold leaf decorations, amounting to thousands of ores, is small but exquisite. A picture of Christ walking on the water is beautiful. We visited many other churches and places of interest, all of which were profitable to our education and increased our knowledge of beautiful things and great men.

On leaving the Thorwaldsen museum we were greeted by English spoken by a droscke man who solicited our patronage in no uncertain terms. "You ought to patronize a fellow like me. I served in your navy five years, lady; I am working hard for my living. You ought to pay me well," etc., until it became tiresome, and we exclaimed: "Had you remained with the navy you would not be begging for fares now," and walked away. We met several "Americans" who had returned to Denmark for their closing days, all holding citizenship in America, and very proud of it.

We returned to Wustrow for a few days, and then returned to Berlin via Stralsand, remaining over night in a small inn at Ribnitz, with beautiful old mahogany tables, a tall grandfather's clock, heavy brass candlesticks, oval mirrors, etc., in every room. Unfortunately we had only enough money to bring us home, so could not add to our collection, which we carefully carried in out suit cases, while our clothes were checked through in a goods box.

We arrived at Berlin safely and resumed our work, which has been so arduous that we have been unable to write earlier.

HELEN and
EVELENE CALBREATH.
Berlin, W. 30 Freisinger, Str. 4.

Misses Helen and Eveline Calbreath are the daughters of Dr. J. F. Calbreath, ex-superintendent of the Oregon insane asylum. They have spent the last two winters in Berlin, studying both vocal and instrumental music. Helen studies vocal and piano, Eveline vocal, violin and musical composition. They have been very fortunate in being accepted as pupils by some of the most noted teachers of Berlin in their various branches of music. We expect them to return in July, 1909. They are studying because of their fondness for music and to make it their profession.

Naming the Day's Excuses.

From the Diary of Bibulous Bibliophile.

At 6:30 a. m.—Lifesaver.
At 7:30 a. m.—Eyeopener.
At 8 a. m.—Appetizer.
At 11 a. m.—Nip.
At 11:45 a. m.—Appetizer (second appearance).
At 4 p. m.—Bracer.
At 5 p. m.—Nip (second appearance).
At 6:30 p. m.—Appetizer (third appearance).
At 9:30 p. m.—Nip (third appearance)
At 10 p. m.—Bracer (second appearance).
At 11 p. m.—Nightcap.

WORK OF SOUTH HALSTEAD STREET MISSION, CHICAGO

By John E. Lathrop.

CHICAGO, July 18.—Any one who is interested in sociological studies may find valuable material for thought by visiting the South Halstead street mission in this city; he will find incongruous yet contiguous social forces working at variance, one dragging down, the other trying to upbuild; the one the sweat shop, the other the mission.

This mission is named the Halstead Street Institutional church, headed by the Rev. Mr. Powers, and equipped with all that is necessary to such institutions. Assisting Mr. Powers are young women workers, who, voluntarily leaving homes of comfort, elect to labor among the South Halstead folk for mutual uplift.

Across the street is a sweat shop, whence the big drays carry boxes of ready-made clothing bearing the brand of one of the most celebrated clothing firms in this country—however, the sweat shop carries no sign of their name, but another not so well known to the advertisement-reading public, although owned by the well-known company referred to.

Years ago South Halstead street was the synonym of undesirable residential localities. Today, it is in no sense a competitor of Michigan avenue or the Lake Shore drive as a place where millionaires build homes. It is one of those regions where poverty reigns undisputed; where the streets are unpaved; where rubbish and garbage decorate the sidewalks, and where apparently not even ordinary sewage is provided.

There little children, clad in tattered clothing, play in the street, and are unkempt, dirty, ignorant, not far from savages.

There year by year buildings fall to decay, with the repair man busy elsewhere where tenants are well enough provided with money to demand that the tenements be kept up to decent condition.

Misery is there—misery on every hand, hopelessness written in every lineament of the mothers' faces, dogged don't-careism in the manner of the fathers.

It is a place where hope does not spring eternal in the human breast. The parents hope for no better situation; the children expect to remain squalid, neglected, poverty-stricken, and to follow wearily the pathway their forebears traveled.

They expect to suffer for ice in the hot summer days, when the ice trust puts up the price arbitrarily beyond their slender purses; they expect to buy poisoned milk preserved with formaldehyde, so long as cows live and yield their health-giving fluid to the refrigerator car trust, controlled by the Armours and their ilk, who live across the city in the Lake Shore drive, dread of residential comfort and luxury.

They arise in the morning to struggle a long day full of much labor and rewarded by little wages; they go to their miserable beds—you and I would not dignify them with the name of beds—at night to lie in that misery which never ends, with absolutely nothing but bare existence, and that precarious, for which to sleep to regain a modicum of normal energy for the coming day.

I talked with these people—these South Halstead people so despised by "better" folk, and do not expect newspaper readers to believe me when I assert that they are just as good at heart as those who think to patronize them and who pare off from their abundance occasionally a pittance wherewith to assuage a conscience loaded with guilt for creating conditions which make possible South Halstead streets and such localities.

Sin is there—none would deny that; but of course sin is everywhere that men live, and, if men be judged by their light and by their antecedents and their opportunities, the sin of those South Halstead folk is not so great as that of some who profit by conditions which enable oppression to come on those who so ill can afford to bear it.

However that may be, down into Halstead street went Jane Addams with her Hull House, and others to found South Halstead Institutional church, the one I visited the other day. When they went there, matters were far worse than now they are. Sin was more common; misery, if possible, was more widespread; more rubbish was in the streets; the children were dirtier.

Those South Halstead folk at first were surly when the gentle-mannered women went about among them, scorning policemen as guards, but passing to and fro secure in their determination to get near and cure that misery and sins. You who could fight the political battles of the poor and who have failed so signally to forefend against economic conditions which produce such regions as this South Halstead street, you would better doubt the correct economy of these institutions.

"Let me illustrate our situation. That house over there gets afire. We don't wait to hold a convention of fire chiefs to learn the best means of fighting fires; we rush over, grab anything in sight, and put out that fire.

"We don't propose to wait until you men work out some beautiful theory of economics you are dreaming of, and which it will require, apparently, about nine hundred years for you to get into operation. Here are misery, suffering, privation, sin, degradation. True, perhaps, as much sin exists among the luxurious rich. But, at any rate, it's here, and we want to do something now to cure it.

"Go on with your economics, and, for the sake of sin-suffering South Halstead streeters, work out your theories just so soon as you can, if you can find remedies for these awful conditions.

"Meanwhile, we will remain right here, on the firing line of this warfare against sin and poverty, and you may remain in camp, preparing plans for battles you expect to fight some time in the future.

"You join your fellowmen and pile up statistics of this nation's wealth and growing commerce and all the things over which men get enthusiastic; we'll stay here among our South Halstead street people. God bless them! and make this mission just as helpful as we can."

At that moment in came two Italian lads, the sort which a few years ago was referred to as worse than savages.

"Miss ——, can we see the mission map? We have to go to Thirty-first and —— streets on an efrand."

The deaconess said: "There's the map, boys; find the place yourself."

Thank you, Miss ——."

The atmosphere of this simple thing—the confidence those boys felt in their mission deaconess; her quiet, earnest manner, her devotion to those boys, her influence on their future—all these struck me as I ceased delving into economics, to learn of the sweetness of that work, and to hope that "we men" who could fight the battles of the poor will soon get to work and fight those battles and make South Halstead churches of that sort useless, because the South Halstead streets no longer may be differentiated from other streets.

Today no man in South Halstead street offers aught but courtesy to those women workers.

So much has South Halstead Institutional church done for that region—it has been wonderful, perfect illustration of the power of genuine concern for one's fellowman's welfare.

The daily record of one of those workers is that she "went about doing good."

Turning to the economic phases of the problem, what has South Halstead Institutional church and Hull House and all the others done for the material welfare of those people?

Directly across the street from that Institutional church stands that sweat-shop.

"What wages do those girls get?" I asked, as the workers came into the mission's cafe to get a substantial dinner for 11 cents, one of which we sampled and found to be good enough for any one, good as I afford in my home.

"From $1.50 to $4 a week," the answer was.

"Have these wages risen or fallen in recent years, as machinery has been perfected to reduce the cost of making clothing?"

"They have not risen; I think they have fallen."

"Are we to understand, then, that the cheapening of good ready-made clothing in late years has been largely at the expense of the workers in these sweatshops?"

"That states the exact truth."

"Then, if that be true, your mission is simply enabling the clothing merchant to get his labor performed cheaper, because you enable the girls to live more cheaply than otherwise they could."

"No doubt there's truth in what you deduce," the hesitating answer was.

Then that quiet-mannered woman got her system of political economy into action, and took charge of the discussion, to the end that the questioner wondered whether or not these apparently guileless mission workers after all haven't much wisdom which would adorn a statesman.

"Yes," the "deaconess" said; a deaconess is a class of women workers numbering now 1,431 maintained by the Methodist Episcopal church, similar in many ways to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Mercy and the Protestant Episcopal sisterhood. "You men would better question the wisdom of these missions. You who could fight the political battles of the poor and who have failed so signally to forefend against economic conditions which produce such regions as this South Halstead street, you would better doubt the correct economy of these institutions.

"Let me illustrate our situation. That house over there gets afire. We don't wait to hold a convention of fire chiefs to learn the best means of fighting fires; we rush over, grab anything in sight, and put out that fire.

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