

BOB BURDETTE Takes A Trip Abroad

He Discusses the Ancient Villages of Switzerland and the Home Life of the Swiss

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HOW enduring are early impressions! (Original; copyright applied for.) Once upon a time I was wandering through the museum of a great university with a great and learned professor whom I loved to follow around because he was so learned and wise that he could talk of deep and wonderful things that are hidden from all people save the scholars, so that even the wayfarer man, such as I was, might understand him. It is only the man who half knows a thing, my boy, who bewilders you when he tries to tell you about it. And worse even than the half-informed man is the fellow who doesn't know anything about it, but doesn't know that he doesn't know. A dozen Italians on a talking match couldn't talk faster nor say less. But this man knew what he knew and could afford to use the English language gently and confine himself to monosyllables. He pointed to a slab of something—slate, I think it was—and said: "See there." It was a commonplace looking slab, hardly worth a glance, with a few slanting streaks across it. It interested me about as much as a book printed in Chinese might have done. I couldn't read a line of it, but I knew he could. So I asked him: "What does it say?"

"It says," he replied, "that about 75,000 years ago it rained all day."

"And somebody had left that book out of doors?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "the maker of it left it out intentionally; he wanted to

write the weather record for that day on that page."

And then he showed me where a great bird stepped in the mud one day—I don't remember how many multiplied thousands of years ago—when the same author was taking photographs to illustrate his work on "Prehistoric Bird Life on the Earth." And there the picture was in stone. There is nothing like soft mud, my son, for retaining enduring impressions and indestructible records. It beats a copper box in a granite corner-stone by a thousand ages. I know you got tired of listening to sermons now, my son, and I often hear you say they go in at one ear and out at the other. Let me tell you that 40 years from now you will remember the sermons of to-day; and the sermons to which you will then listen with intellectual delight and rapt attention you won't remember 48 hours. Dollars or doughnuts, son! And that's long odds in my favor, too. You don't think so now, but when the time comes to pay the bet you'd give \$50 apiece for the doughnuts you eat in these days, and \$100 a bite for the appetite that goes with them. Don't try to talk to me, boy. Because you can't. I've been in France and Italy long enough to learn how to keep the center of the conversational stage all the time myself. I can now talk in my sleep faster than you can talk when you're wide awake and hysterical with excitement.

And after that I have been in Switzerland long enough to learn how to keep the center of the conversational stage all the time myself. I can now talk in my sleep faster than you can talk when you're wide awake and hysterical with excitement.

So the Swiss grew up, generation



THEY FIND CUPS AND MUGS.

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after generation, loving not only their native land, but the water as well. Celts, Germans, French, Romans, one nation after another came into the land, but they always found it and left it Switzerland. On but one occasion were these people seized with a resistless desire to buy an all-round-everything Cook's excursion ticket and wander from home. About 60 years before the Christian era the Helvetians decided to emigrate to Gaul. They were not invited so to do by the inhabitants. In fact, the Gauls, who were strongly anti-foreign in their temperament and politics, made every preparation for discouraging the tide of immigration by massing large armies on their frontier. The Helvetians, however, after two years of preparations, set fire to their own towns and villages, so that the faint-hearted emigrants, or those who might not be able to get on the police force when they reached the new land, would have no inducement for returning home, and they set out with the battle cry: "Gaul for the Helvetians!" which has been characteristic of a certain class of immigrants ever since. But on their way they were halted by Julius Caesar, who, in his efforts to convince them that there was no place like home, killed about a hundred thousand of them, meeting in them the bravest fighters that Roman discipline had yet confronted, for these same Helvetians had already made mince-meat of one Roman army. But after that, what with the unfriendly Gauls and Caesar's home missionary preaching, the Helvetian survivors had a "poor relation" kind of a time of it among strangers, and returned home. Here the Romans insisted on their being friendly. "Either you will love us," said Caesar, "or we will have your other mix-up as will be painful to your heirs." So the Helvetians loved them, much as a dog loves soap. But they never again loved to wander from their own fire-side, and as there is no more beautiful country on earth there is no reason why they should.

A Polyglot Language.

It is a country without a language, and yet it has a perfect polyglot of them. At Geneva, for example, when we asked to be driven to the railway station they took us to the "Gare," and when we reached Lucerne the train ran into the "Bahnhof," and when we got to Bellinzona it stopped at the "Stazione." All in Switzerland and all good Swiss, French, German and Italian. Allee same, like the "theater" in New York and the "opera house" in Kaskaskia, Ill. We breakfasted at the hotel in Geneva, lunched at the Gasthaus in Lucerne and dined at the Albergero at the other end of the tunnel. As I speak all these languages with the phrase book grammar and a strong United States accent, I drove the waiters mad wherever I roamed, and you might trail me by wringing hands and cries of distraction in many tongues. I never before realized the terrible scenes which must have ensued at the Tower of Babel, when people first adopted the Ollendorf system of misunderstanding each other. Of course, we find everywhere people who speak English, just as throughout Europe water is served on the tables in hotel, pension and cafe just about as commonly as it is in the United States. But as I am trying to "improve myself" on this tour I do not permit people to speak English to me without getting some of their own language in return. The trouble is that while I remember the phrases without looking at my book, I forget what they mean. And it naturally confuses a waiter when he asks for my order to have me reply: "Has your friend come to town?" or say to him: "Had you not better put on your overcoat?" Wherever I go the natives, after hearing one or two phrases in my patois, beg me to speak English. But I have spoken English all my life, and rather enjoy the new game. I think that out of this seeming babel I will gradually develop a language of my own, and then I can express my opinion of other people without hurting their feelings or getting my own head broken.

There is one thing in the composite Swiss language, or rather in Swiss nomenclature, that I will gratefully and

lovingly adore so long as memory holds her seat in my distracted notebook. The railways in this land of liberty climb over the crests of a great many mountains they don't consider high enough to entitle them to the expense of a tunnel. And when the panting engine paused at the crest, before beginning the descent on the other side, we all closed our eyes and waited with the patience and resignation born of many years of endurance to bear the guard shout "Summit!" For we had learned long ago that in the bright lexicon of railway nomenclature there is no other name for the station at the top of a mountain or the highest point on a slight roll in the prairie. And when the Swiss came along and guttaled instead: "Piffaffhensphrohauseinsteinhegerssichtengestock!"

We clapped our hands for joy and looked at each other with tears in our eyes. It was a hard word to remember, and, as I quote it from memory, it is probable that I have dropped five or six of the most important syllables and there is also the dread possibility that the entire word may simply mean "Summit" after all, and very likely it does—it is a railway station on top of a grade. But, at any rate, he didn't say "Summit" and for this relief much thanks.

Snow and Blossoms.

I am afraid that we won't have time to wait and see the winter settle down upon Switzerland this year. It has been indefinitely postponed, perhaps on account of this being the regular annual "exceptional year." The snow line appears to be coming down a little lower on the mountains, but all the lower meadows are green as June, and the bright autumn flowers gleam like ground stars on the landscape. The Swiss seems to need every inch of land he can grow a blade of grass or a head of cabbage on—I think good farm land must be sold by the square inch over here—but he always finds a little nook for the flowers, and he—probably she—chooses the brightest colors. They border the little quilt-square of the vegetable garden; in every chalet the window boxes shut out the light with a curtain of rainbow hues, which serve to differentiate the end of the house occupied by "the humans" from the roomier quarters under the same hospitable roof assigned to the cattle. I wonder now how I could ever have been so hopelessly stupid as to associate this beautiful land with winter, and howling storms and rocky sterility. We laugh at the ridiculous ignorance of foreigners concerning America, thinking that we know all about the rest of the world. Well, maybe we do. I know that some of us know everything. But all the same I am glad, the greater part of the time, that I can't understand the language of these strange people. For now I don't know how many times they are laughing at my American ignorance of the commonest things. And, no; knowing that I am laughed at, I don't care a cent. For that matter, I wouldn't anyhow.

This home-love of the Swiss is very contagious. The longer we stay here the less inclined we are to go away. You know that even in your own home you sometimes have callers who never know when to go.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

Bought a Prize Cheap.

At a recent sale of effects at Wisbech, Cambridgeshire, England, a large oil painting was bought by G. E. Stockdale for \$20. The painting, which was dirty and black, was sent away to be restored and for the frame to be gilded. After being cleaned it was found to be a very valuable painting, evidently of Norman execution. Mr. Stockdale has already been offered \$2,000 for it.

New Art Treasure for Berlin.

Anthony Berger's celebrated oil painting of Abraham Lincoln, which is now exhibited at the Frankfort Art gallery, is soon to have a place in the United States consulate at Berlin. Mr. Berger estimates the value of the picture at \$3,000. The artist was born in Frankfurt and studied in the city's art schools. He lived 49 years in the United States.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BEAUTIFUL ISLE of PINES

THE Isle of Pines! What a deliciously romantic sound the name has! But what is it; and where is it? These are questions it were well for us to know, for rumor has it that the island may become a permanent possession of the United States. Secretary Root's visit to this historical bit of land has revealed its value as a naval station, particularly in event of the passage of the Nicaraguan canal bill.

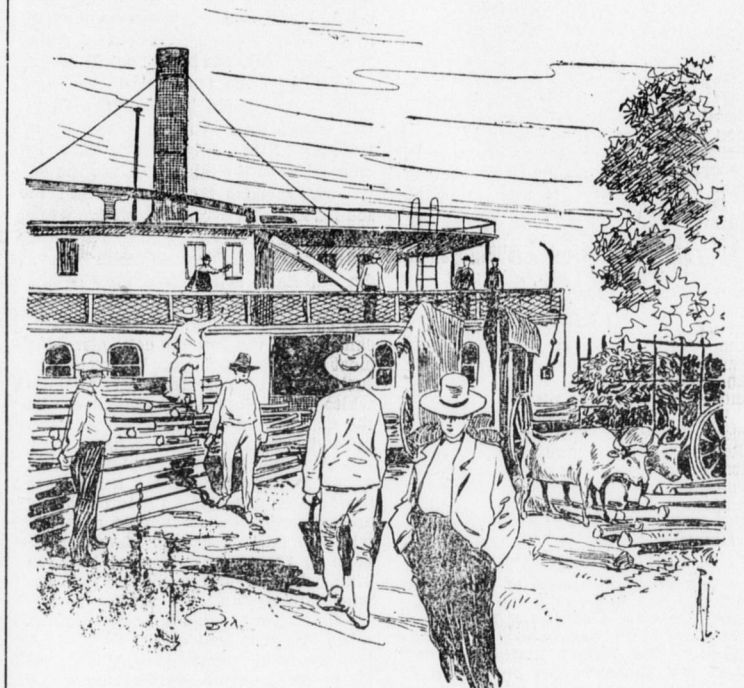
The island in question is a small affair—its length variously estimated at from 43 to 60 miles and its greatest breadth at from 35 to 55 miles—but it has had a substantial place in the history of the new world Spanish possessions since its discovery by Columbus in the year 1494. The island rises in dignity from the ocean some 33 miles off the southwest extremity of Cuba, a monster column of finest marble—valuable as the alabaster of Carrara. But Columbus knew nothing of this; he paid little attention to the mountains or their baldness, confining himself mainly to the attempt to extricate his ships from the labyrinth of bays and keys which surrounds the island, and into which he had unwittingly allowed his ships to push their noses.

The incident recalls a curious bit of history connected with the second trip of exploration made by Columbus. The discoverer's fleet had been for many days sailing along the southern coast of Cuba, Columbus being under the impression that the latter was the coast of Asia. But the thorough old mariner, though he had no doubt himself that a party might by landing return to Spain across country, he could not rest with the thought that a single member of his company might question it. To satisfy himself on this point he sent a public notary to each ship to take the depositions of the members of the crews from cabin boy up. He sent with him four witnesses. Every member of the expedition swore he believed this to be the continent of Asia—had they not traveled 300 miles along the shore

once the home of pirates! The buccaneers who flaunted the black flag in the Caribbean sea in the early days carried their ill-gotten gains into the secret bays of the Isle of Pines. The notorious Gibbs is said to have had a den somewhere among the natural strongholds of the island.

Politically, the island has for years belonged to the province of Havana, the judicial district of DeJucal. In 1858 Capt. Gen. O'Donnell, of Havana, conceived the idea of working the marble quarries on the island by the means of convict labor. The place became a convict colony, and even now the drill marks by these men—criminals and political offenders—are to be seen upon the gray and weather-beaten faces of the mountains of marble in the Sardas quarries. Within a distance of two miles there are six peaks, each fully 1,000 feet high. Despite the fact that marble of the finest grain and color is to be found in these mountains, the quarries have been little worked since the days of the convict colony. The people—there are about 2,000 on the island—confine themselves chiefly to the growing of bananas, the raising of cattle, the cultivation of a few agricultural products, the making of tobacco poles and the burning of charcoal.

An American who has visited the Isle of Pines reports that the six marble mountains are enclosed by a barbed wire fence and owned by an old mulatto woman who lives in an adobe house at the foot of one of her mountains. The principal towns, Nueva Gerona and Santa Fe, are squalid and unpretentious, though the latter is recognized as a resort on account of its mineral springs. There are few people on the island outside the villages. There are few plantations and pineapples and other products are not cultivated extensively, though small quantities are raised. Doubtless the reason for this is that the only available market is the city of Havana and the transportation is very poor.



LOADING BANANAS AT THE ISLE OF PINES FOR THE HAVANA MARKET.

without finding a break? Clearly it could be nothing less than a continent! However, Columbus was still fearful that some of the men on their return might seek maliciously to damage their leader's reputation by denying their statements made under oath. He accordingly decreed in writing that the officer making such refutation should be heavily fined and that a ship boy guilty of this offense should have his tongue cut out.

Having satisfied himself of the genuineness of his discovery Columbus turned south with the idea of leaving his quest in strange lands. He had proceeded no great distance when he sighted land. Following the shore line for a distance he finally anchored and landed for a supply of wood and water. He named the place Evangelista, but paused to make no explorations. He hastened on with the hope of gaining the open sea and of finding the course homeward. Presently, however, he found himself in a great bay or channel and the crews began to despair of finding their way back. After a consultation it was decided to double on the trail, as it were. This they did, sailing back along the coast of Cuba, and the story of the trials and superstitious happenings which were a part of the return voyage is a matter of history.

It was later learned that the land to which Columbus gave the name Evangelista is the largest island immediately adjacent to Cuba. It became known as the Isle of Pines, doubtless because it has a more extensive growth of pine timber, at a lower altitude, than exists anywhere else in the tropics. The bay into which Columbus sailed is that which is now known as the Lagoon of Sigüenza. This stretch of water penetrates deep into the island. To all practical purposes there are really two islands separated by lagoons and swamps, but in a measure connected by the rocky ledges running through the marsh.

There is more than an historical interest attached to the Isle of Pines. It has a touch of romance, having been

Besides the pines, cedar, mahogany and other valuable woods are found in great abundance. It is reported that sulphur, rock crystal, quicksilver, iron and silver are to be found upon the island, but they have never been mined. In a word, the island is potentially rich. In the eyes of the United States its great value lies in the deep indentures of its coasts. Though Vivivajava bay is the only practical harbor around the island a four-fathom channel stretches from Vivivajava bay westward along the north shore and between Dios and San Felipe keys to deep water. On account of the natural protection it is claimed the spot will make an ideal place for a naval station.

MILTON B. MARKS.

A Unique Colony.

In some respects New Zealand is the most advanced of any British colony. Its climate is absolutely perfect, its population hardy and devoted to the land of their adoption and its resources are most fruitful and already highly developed. The workingman is supreme there, and it is the boast of the islands they do not contain a millionaire! To New Zealand belongs the credit of having established franchise for its women and pensions for its old people, and it has shown a general capacity for managing its own affairs far in advance of any community of its age. The Maoris are decreasing in numbers, and, although they have made an effort to adopt civilization, it is not suited to their temperament.—Chicago Chronicle.

Facts About Tibet.

Tibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined, and has a population of 6,000,000. It is ruled over by Dalai Lama, who acknowledges only a nominal allegiance to China. He is the head of Lamaism, which is the oldest and strictest sect of Buddhism. Nearly all Mongolia is of the religion of the Dalai Lama of Lassa, and an ambitious man in the place would make trouble for China.—N. Y. Sun.

Human Omniscience

KNOWED a man down Slab creek way—
 Knowed more'n he e'd tell in a single day.
 No matter what subject the talk run on,
 He'd talk it out 'fore the crowd was gone.
 Before you could get a sentence through
 He chopped your statement square in two,
 An' his easy grip of the matter showed
 By his stoppin' you with his "Yes, he knowed."
 You'd think that knowledge would give him power;
 But he got into trouble hour by hour.
 He sold his wheat at sixty-eight,
 When we unloaded at ninety straight;
 An' a man come along one day an' showed
 Him a trick at playin' keards that he knowed
 'Fore the feller was half through showin' him how—
 An' it cost him a pedigreed Jersey cow!
 He mortgaged his crop to pay his debts,
 Then he lost two mules on election bets;
 An' then, to get even an' some ahead,
 He lit on a trick that he "had on the dead;"
 An' this was his great financial plan—
 He bought a gold brick from a circus man!
 For the feller had "smuggled it through, he sayed,
 So the customs duties he never paid,
 An' they'd jest divide what the government lost,
 An' he'd let him have it at plum first cost!"
 An' so he did, an' he can't tell
 What the first—an' last—most was, right well.
 So all his life he lived this way,
 Guessin' an' losin' day by day;
 You'd think he'd learn with every fall—
 But he couldn't learn—'cause he knowed it all!

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.