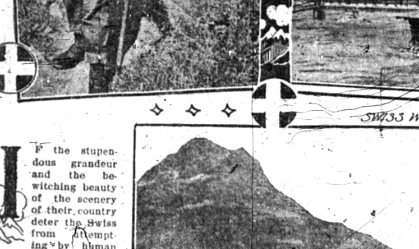
The Wonderful Swiss People

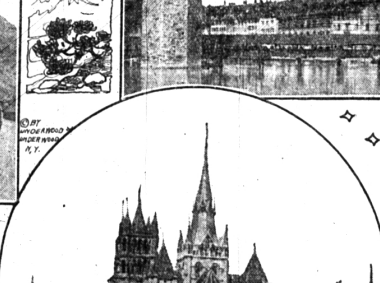
BY GEORGE W. BURTON

SWISS WASHERWOMEN

LANTERN TOWER AND OLD BRIDGE-LUCERNE SWITZERLAND



ROAD IN THE ENGADINE, SWITZERLAND



CATHEDRAL OF LAUSANNE, LAKE GENEVA

IF the stupendous grandeur and the bewitching beauty of the scenery of their country deter the Swiss from attempting by human skill to reproduce the landscape because they feel it is impossible to do this worthily, surely no sense of awe or admiration holds them back from making the most out of the endowments the Creator has given them out of which to make a living. One's astonishment and admiration for the natural scenery is fairly divided with the feeling one has for the people, so matchless in their simplicity, so untiring in their toils, so frugal in their expenses, so cleanly in their lives, so unaffectedly kindly in their impulses and so successful in wringing a comfortable living for so large a population from so small an area of land. For the amount of good soil in the country the population is one of the most dense on the globe, and yet the people live better than almost any other among whom I have spent any length of time on any continent.

In Switzerland begging is unknown, abject poverty is nowhere in evidence. Rags are not seen, nor is there a speck of dirt avoidable by known means encountered on the persons of the people, in the homes they occupy or in the streets of their cities. These characteristics of persons and streets, of homes and furniture, are not merely common or general; they are universal to the extent of being almost without exception. No Switzer is dirty, not one is ragged, none seems to want any of the common necessities of life. So with the homes and their furnishings; they are all clean. So are all the streets of all the cities. And the kindliness of manner is almost, if not quite, as nearly universal as the thrift and economy. They are never rude, nor ever thoughtless.

This country so wonderful in scenery is only 16,000 square miles in extent. Yet 3,600,000 of those wonderful people wring a good livelihood from that handbreadth of territory. That is not the full extent of their achievement. The little patch is composed of a larger extent of waste land than any other where a considerable population lies. It does not seem as if any possible use could be made of half the area, except to afford a coasting ground for the grownup children of Europe to slide on the ice. We easily recall the song, "Everybody Works but Father." It does not go in Switzerland. In the vales and on the small plains, along the hillsides and up to the eternal snows on the peaks of the Alps, these people all work. They begin in early infancy and do not quit until old age is decrepit indeed. Yet they all get a pretty good education, few of them not speaking two languages, most of them three, and hundreds of them four. I have met a few who had a pretty good use of all or six or eight tongues. They all read and know something of the world and its ways. My mind turns from the glories of the scenery to the admirable traits of character that seem to be as common among the men and women as grandeur or beauty is to the mountains and vales, the valleys and woodlands of fair Switzerland.

What do they all do? Ask rather, What do they not do? They do their own work and a good deal for other nations. Lying in the center of Europe, with railroad lines going out in all directions, with three great tunnels through the Alps through which trains pass from the farthest limits of Italy, from all the seaports of that country, to the Baltic and eastward to Russia, Switzerland has become a great distributing point for goods from all over the world. It has amazed me to note the amount of wine credited to this country from Spain and Italy; so of olive oil and of oranges and lemons. Only a small portion is used here. But all Europe is made to pay tribute for these products of the south. Think of the commerce of this small territory of ice and rocks, amounting to $561,548,047 a year. The imports show to the extent of $330,774,764 and the exports to $230,083,283. Spending more than they make? Do not mistake. They are doing nothing of the kind. The Swiss do not consume all the goods represented in these import figures. They go to feed, house and clothe the hundreds of thousands of visitors.

The people cultivate every square foot of soil that can be made to produce a head of cabbage, a peck of potatoes or a plum tree. Besides doing all the farm work, 130,000 persons are engaged in home industries. Of all who work at textiles 39 per cent. are these home workers. So of all other industries from 10 to 40 per cent are those who do their work at home when the weather is too severe to permit them to work in the fields, or at night when it is dark out of doors. Ten per cent. of all the work done in all industries is performed by these toilers. There are 75,000 of them producing textiles and 13,000 at watchmaking. The Swiss pay $34,516,646 for cotton and manufactures thereof and re-export these at nearly 100 per cent. profit. They pay about an equal amount for silk and manufactures of that fiber, and export the products of both at nearly as great a gain. The watches sold abroad bring in $28,374,291 in a single year, and that is almost all profit. The people of the United States pay the Swiss $1,320,025 for silks, $14,505,420 for embroideries, $1,896,814 for watches, and $2,674,880 for cheese. In 1901 we paid the Swiss a total of $16,741,677 for work they did for us, and in 1909 we paid them $27,535,978.

Zurich, a place of about 200,000 population, has eighty-six mills working on silk and cotton goods. In all Switzerland there are 14,000 looms, and 75,000 persons are engaged in weaving. They are mostly women, and they earn three to six francs a day—pretty good wages as things go in Europe. St. Gall is as famous for embroideries as Zurich for weaving or Geneva for watches. Sixty-three mills spin cotton, with 1,498,609 spindles, and twenty-three mills make cotton thread with 69,564 spindles. Sixty-five mills weave cotton, and these have 19,350 looms in all.

Those who prescribe fashion in women's dress work great havoc at times to Swiss industries. The year 1910 was a bad one in this respect. Those who dictate styles decreed in favor of light Japanese and Chinese silks, and the Swiss looms were stopped in thousands. It was also made a law of fashion that dresses were to be trimmed with strips of silk and not with ribbons, and so the ribbon factories were obliged to curtail output. With the cutting off of the embroidery exports to the United States the year was a bad one. But the people get along with a little closer economy. Their garments are as decent, their smiles as bright. If any housewife can show a dining-room table at all cleaner than the floors in the Swiss hotels she is a crown of glory to her husband and worth the good old English epithet of "notable." Not a speck of dirt can be found in any nook or corner of a Swiss bedroom at even a hotel or a pension.

So there is no fault to be found with Switzerland and none with its people? Alas, there is nothing perfect. The Swiss are a truly peculiar people, and although as a rule peculiarly admirable, there are flies in their ointment, too. Switzerland is the oldest republic in the world. It is also the one where the government is conducted on the most popular plan. It is what we call in America a "mob democracy," except that the people never conduct themselves in the manner of mobs. But they have never surrendered many of their natural rights formally to the government. Almost all questions large and small are settled by popular vote. The initiative and the referendum have long been in full force here. So theoretically this is the most purely democratic people in the world. "Theoretically," mind you. As a matter of fact, the people who might decide every question do not exercise their rights. It is at this time as badly ridden by politicians as any country in the world. The people do not vote in sufficient numbers to make a popular choice for office. The "machine" does it all, and the people stand by and let the lawless win, until they become aroused, which is usually about some minor matter. The success of foreigners in getting trade is creating bitter opposition to them. Germans are particularly hateful. So when a person of foreign birth is brought up before a socialistic judge by a socialistic policeman, and as half the fine goes where it does the "cause" the most good, it goes hard with the foreigner. The people are beginning to feel the effects of raising the wages of unskilled workmen to the level of those with skill.

Will the people shake themselves out of their sleep? I think so. They get excited sometimes. Automobiles are things to the Swiss like the "abomination of desolation" to the Jews. In some cantons these vehicles are absolutely fobidden. It happens that these are the places particularly dear to the tourist host because of their beauty. Attempt after attempt has been made to modify the law, but the people always vote "No" in the majority. The hotel men and others feel this, but the peasant is obdurate. They may get awake some time and do more important things at the polls. They may see to it that the policeman and his chum from the socialist camp do not impose fines on innocent persons in order that the policeman, the judge and the "machine" may all have money in pocket.

The canton prohibiting automobiles is that where the Engadine country is, and the roads are steep and narrow and the machines dangerous. But besides that it is the place most sought by tourists, and the Swiss make all their living out of these in that part of the country. Much money comes from the rent of the coaches with four or six horses carrying tourists, and the tariff is $5 a day each, or $40 for the coach. No wonder the automobile is not a pleasant sight to the people!

When the Hoppers Hopped

They Swarmed on Railroad Tracks and Stopped the Trains in Missouri Years Ago.

Kansas has sometimes wished that some of the other rightful heirs to unpleasant legacies would come forward and claim their share of the inheritance. Grasshoppers, for instance, do not belong solely to Kansas. J. W. Wood recalls the year that grasshoppers were distinctly a Missouri pest. It was in 1875, the year following the blight Kansas suffered from the all-devouring hordes.

Mr. Wood went to Warrensburg that year. The track, laid on the surface, as the early engineering placed it, met many grades. Grasshoppers had taken the land. Every time the train came to a slight grade it was necessary for the passengers and train crew to get out of the train and drive the insects from the right of way; crushed on the rails the track became too slick for the locomotive's progress. There was a cut through which the track passed near Warrensburg, and there, Mr. Wood recalls, was stationed a section gang with shovels scooping out the windrifts of insects.

There was more or less bravado in the offer a bank in Warrensburg made of one dollar for every bushel of grasshoppers brought to the bank. Next day the bounty was reduced to 50 cents a bushel, the following day to 25 cents, and the day after the bank announced that it was out of the market for grasshoppers.

The woolen goods house for which Mr. Wood traveled at the time was dissatisfied with the business he was doing in the west, and was prone to discredit his account of the adverse conditions in Missouri and Kansas. Mr. Wood filed a large packing box with dead grasshoppers and expressed it to his firm in the east. His house said nothing more about the lack of trade in the west.—Kansas City Star.

McNAMARAS SENTENCED

Jas. B. Sentenced for Life; John J. Gets 15 Years.

The full text of the confession by James B. McNamara, given to District Attorney Fredericks, was made public by Mr. Fredericks, as follows:

"I, James B. McNamara, defendant in the case of the people, having heretofore pleaded guilty to the crime of murder, desire to make this statement of facts:

"And this is the truth. On the night of Sept. 24, 1910, at 5:45 p. m., I placed in Ink Alley, a portion of the Times building, a suitcase containing 16 sticks of 50 per cent dynamite, set to exlode at 1 o'clock the next morning.

"It was my intention to injure the building and scare the owners. I did not intend to take the life of anyone. I sincerely regret that these unfortunate men lost their lives. If the giving of my life would bring them back, I would gladsdy give it. In fact, in pleading guilty to murder in the first degree, I have placed my life in the hands of the state.

(Signed.) "JAMES B. McNAMARA."

The confession covers one side of an ordinary sheet of paper and was written with a fountain pen supplied by one of the attorneys. It is probably the only written statement of the case that will ever be made by the writer or his brother, John J. McNamara, who pleaded guilty to dynamiting the Llewellyn Iron Works.

John Joseph McNamara, secretary of the bridge and structural iron workers, a confessed and sentenced felon, is now with his younger brother, James Batuna McNamara, in San Quentin prison.

For 13 years John J. will serve within the same walls for his confessed part in dynamiting plots that have reached from ocean to ocean.

James B. McNamara, the brother who confessed he did the "job" his elder brother planned, and who said he set the bomb that destroyed the building of the Los Angeles Times, when 21 lives were lost, will spend the rest fo his life in confinement.

The two men were sentenced by Judge Walter N. Bordwell. Led into court by sheriffs, the two men waited while a clerk was sent scurrying out to get chairs for them. The prison pallor on the face of the younger man had been displaced by a nervous flush. Nervously chewing the gum between his teeth he looked around the court room with quick cailke glances, his head drooping forward. Outside the nervous toying with his hands at a watch chain that dangled from his waistcoat, he displayed no sign of nervousness.

A striking figure was John Joseph McNamara the elder brother, big, strong and distinguished, as he stood waiting for the day's events. Both men were dressed with extreme care. Both wore black. J. J. might have been an attorney, to judge by his appearance. He wore a high collar around which was draped a black tie. Presently the chairs were procured and the men sank into them.

Elaborate precautions were taken to prevent any demonstration, or attack on any of the actors in the closing scene of the great drama. The sentence was passed in a small court room, near the jail, so that the men could be brought across a "Bridge of Sighs," and not have to be escorted through the streets. There were over a hundred deputies, bailiffs and policemen guarding the room and the corridors. At one time the room was cleared, and all who afterwards entered it, who might in any way be suspected, were searched. A heavy bar was laid across the door, so that there might be no "rushing" of the guards there.

Soo Gets Bulk of Michigan Appropriations.

Outside of the new lock at the Soo the administration does not propose to spend much money in Michigan during the next fiscal year, ending July 1, 1912.

The estimates sent to congress by the secretary of the treasury ask for $1,950,000 for the new lock. The other Michigan appropriations requested are as follows: Mackinac harbor, $15,000; Ludington harbor, $51,500; Manistee harbor, $6,000; Portage Lake harbor of refuge, $3,000; Saugatuck harbor and Kalamazoo river, $9,000; St. Joseph harbor and river, $15,500; South Haven harbor, $3,000; Black River, $1,500; Clinton river, $2,000; Menominee river, $9,000; remodeling Lansing postoffice, $35,000; remodeling Traverse City postoffice, $20,000.

Mexico Wants Reciprocity.

Reciprocity with the United States will be one of the first important problems considered by Mexico as soon as conditions in that country are more settled, according to Crespo y Martinez, the Mexican ambassador to the United States.

In an interview Senor Martinez expresses the opinion that the commercial relations of the two countries will naturally expand within a few years without the aid of a special reciprocity treaty because of their geographical situation and their fundamentally different products. He says, however, that sentiment is in favor of closer trade relations with the United States is general in Mexico and that he believes reciprocity will be considered as soon as his country is "a little more pacified."

The Saginaw Wood Products Co. to employ 100 men and backed by the Farmers' Handy Wagon interests, was announced for Saginaw, the factory to start operations the first of the year. Woodenware will be manufactured.

A final decree of divorce was granted in New York by Supreme Court Justice Stapleton in Brooklyn to Capt. Peter C. Hains, the slayer of Wm. E. Annis. Capt. Hains brought action several months ago, in which Annis was named as co-respondent.

Joseph Cassidy, Democratic leader of Queens county, New York, Louis F. Walter, his lieutenant, and William Willett, Jr., pleaded not guilty Monday to indictments charging that they conspired to buy Willett's nomination to the supreme court. Each was admitted to $5,000 bail and the case was adjourned until December 3.

The Democratic state central committee met in Indianapolis and arranged the details of reorganization and adopted a resolution eulogizing Governor Marshall and pledging him the delegation from Indiana to the national Democratic convention.

At the opening of the Alberta legislature it was announced that the government would proceed with the construction of two railways from Edmonton to the McKenzie river, through the Peace River country. One road will extend from Athabasca landing to Peace river crossing and the other from Edmonton to Fort McMurray.

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Go to the nearest drug-store at once, get Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills—you'll thank your stars for having done so. It's the one sure, safe, scientific remedy. No bad after effects. Sold in 25c and 50c packages. If you want to try them first, ask for the free sample. If druggist can't supply you, send direct to Derby Medicine Co., Eaton Rapids, Mich.

WISE WORDS.

The Agent—Do you believe in advertising?

The Merchant—Yes, sir. It's better to be a live man in a dead town than a dead man in a live town.

No Insomnia Here.

Mrs. Eastside—Now that you've got so rich I should think you'd be afraid o' burglars.

Mrs. McSwimm—Sure, I'm not afeared at all, at all. I've 15 alarm clocks set so that one will go off every half-hour during th' night. Whin a burglar hears one o' them he niver sthops to take anything wid him.

Mrs. Eastside—But don't they keep you awake?

Mrs. McSwimm—No, indade. It's not us would be waked up by a little thing like that. Before John got the pipe contract I used to be a kitchen leddy, and John was a policeman in Philadelphia.—New York Weekly.

CUTICURA OINTMENT HEALED BAD SORE ON LIMB

"Some time ago I was coming up some steps when the board crushed under me like an egg shell, and my right limb went through to the knee, and scraped the flesh off the bone just inside and below the knee. I neglected it for a day or two, then it began to hurt me pretty badly. I put balsam fir on to draw out the poison, but when I had used it a week, it hurt so badly that I changed to ——— ointment. That made it smart and burn so badly that I couldn't use it any more, and that was the fourth week after I was hurt.

"Then I began to use Cuticura Ointment for the sore. It stopped hurting immediately and began healing right away. It was a bad-looking sore before Cuticura Ointment healed it, and I suffered so I couldn't sleep from two days after I fell until I began using Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Soap is the best soap I ever saw. I have used all kinds of soap for washing my face, and always it would leave my face smarting. I had to keep a lotion to stop the smart, no matter how expensive a soap I used. I find at last in Cuticura Soap a soap that will clean my face and leave no smarting, and I do not have to use any lotion or anything else to ease it. I believe Cuticura Soap is the best soap made." (Signed) Mrs. M. E. Fairchild, 905 Lafayette St., Wichita, Kan., May 9, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 22 K, Boston.

I am more and more impressed with the benevolence of the poor who out of their bounteous penury give the rich their opportunity.

WHO WANTS "SISSY" MAN

Since Bishop Hendrix Would Drive Him From the Church Whither Will He Flee?

Bishop E. R. Hendrix, in a church council at Kansas City, asked why the church was not reaching more men. "Is it because we are adapting our work more to the women?" he demanded.

Another prominent clergyman, Rev. S. M. Neel, M. D., opined that "was somewhere near the reason. "We want no more sissy men in the pulpit," he declared. A "sissy" man, in this definition, is one who adapts his preaching and his teaching and his general conduct of parish affairs more to the women—bless them—than to the men.

Dr. Neel is heartily applauded by a large number of his pulpit brethren and the spirit of the times in the church, as manifested in such enterprises as the "Men and Religion Forward Movement" seems to emphasize what he says—the call and need for the strong, virile man in the pulpit who appeals to the man in the pew and in the street, for making the gospel a man's appeal, not, of course, depreciating the indispensable value of the women.

That is all very well, but where, may we ask, is the typically "sissy" man wanted? What calling or business needs him? Business and other professions besides the ministry can use him no better than can the church.—Omaha Bee.

One of the Boones.

From San Antonio, Tex., comes Harry Boone, itinerant scribe. Harry drifted into town a couple of days ago. Introduced as "Mr. Boone," he said: "Yes, call me Daniel Boone. It isn't my name, but I'm always called it, so I'm getting used to it. Which reminds me; I was introduced to a fellow once and gave him the Daniel part of it so he would remember the name. The next time I met him he said: 'How are you today, Mr. Crockett!'"—San Francisco Chronicle.

Bush Leaguers.

Professor—You know that the lowest type of human beings is found in Australia. What are those natives called, Mr. Fanning?

Student (captain of the ball team)—Bush leaguers.—Puck.

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It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeit is as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good" is a fool or a knave, or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.