

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

DAS ALTE VATERLAND.

LOBERSGASSE, No. 54, BORNHEIM, Frankfurt-A-Main, Germany, Sept. 1st, 1894.

SOME six months have passed away since leaving home and friends to fulfill a mission in Switzerland and Germany. We did not lose much time buzzing across from Utah to New York, only making short stops in Denver, Kansas City and Chicago. On reaching New York we spent a week looking over the great city, which was made doubly pleasant by the company of my brother, A. H. Woodruff, and Robert Patrick, Z. C. M. I. agents, who were very kind in assisting us to see the sights.

Bidding mother America farewell, we set out for the port of Rotterdam on board the *Dubbedam*. Twelve long days and nights were spent upon the angry waves in the stormy month of February. Several of us were awfully sick the entire journey—I will not say who of our party was in the worst condition, as we all seemed to think our own case was the most serious. From Rotterdam we passed through Antwerp and Brussels and on to the gay city of Paris, where five days were spent in the galleries and seeing some of the principal sights. Leaving the French capital we next made a short stop at Bern, Switzerland, where we got a fine view of a number of the snow-crowned peaks of the Alps, and an excellent view of the range, it being a clear day. Here we were assigned to our fields of labor, and our pleasant little party from Salt Lake, consisting of President George C. Nagle and wife, J. M. Weller, C. D. Hahn, William McEwan, C. D. Schettler, Rudolph Gigi and myself, was broken up and we continued our journey to the different places assigned us to labor in.

I was first sent to Mannheim and after a few days was appointed to labor in Frankfort-on-the-Main, a very beautiful and interesting city, though smaller than some five or six of her sister cities in Germany, having a population of about 200,000. In this place Elder J. H. Schleckmann had baptized some thirteen members and had occasionally paid visits to this city, though there had been no Elder stationed here. In April J. H. Schleckmann and C. J. Maag came here from Mannheim and we organized a branch of about eighteen souls, which now numbers twenty-three. I have been entirely alone until about two months ago when Elder Albert Bryner was appointed to labor with me.

I find the German people kind, polite and as a rule a pleasant people to labor amongst. As for the land, no one can deny the many beauties of Deutschland. I have had the pleasure of making a trip down the grand old Rhine which is a very beautiful trip and can only be fully appreciated when seen, and once seen can not help but be loved and admired by all who delight in the beauties of nature. The beautiful scenes which the old castles present on the rocky cliffs, covered with ivys and surrounded by a most

luxuriant growth of shrubbery, and the immense forest spreading in every direction as far as the eye can see, the grand old river wending its way through such scenes of beauty in its race to the ocean and bearing the burdens of commerce—all makes a scene that once gazed upon can never be forgotten, and when long years have passed sweet recollections will awaken in the hearts of those who have seen the river Rhine.

A few days ago Brother Bryner and I were taking a trip through the neighboring villages for the purpose of distributing tracts and preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ wherever we could find a listener. It is harvest time here and the farmers are real busy. The grain is almost entirely threshed with a flail and wind-mill, the same process which existed in Utah some thirty years ago. As we were going from one village to another we were attracted to a large farm house which stood off some distance from the road, by the sound of a steam thrasher. Our American curiosity was aroused to see the difference between the German and American mode of threshing by steam; this being the first opportunity we have had in this country. On entering the farmyard, surrounded with a wall about ten feet high, we were met by the manager of the farm and his son. We informed them that we were Americans and desired to watch the process of threshing, stating we were farmers ourselves. They were exceedingly kind; the gentleman going into the house and getting us each a chair, which he placed where we could get a good view of the machine and the workers. As the straw comes from the machine it is all bound into bundles by about four men and pitched into a barn loft where it is received by about three buxom maidens and piled away neatly for winter use. The chaff is carried away in baskets into a portion of the barn reserved for that special purpose and the grain itself is carried into bins in the same building. There is not a handful of chaff or straw wasted, and every bit goes under cover, where it is kept dry and clean that it may be utilized. The force employed to run the farm is about twenty men and women out doors and about six girls in the farm house to do the cooking and general house work. In answer to my questions the foreman was very kind and obliging. When asked what wages he paid his harvest hands, he said one mark (25 cents) per day and board, which he informed me was considered first-class wages for such work. The German farmer is to be admired for the cleanliness and orderly appearance of his barnyard and farm, and I think he is a worthy example to the American farmer in this respect. We answered a great many questions, and when our friends found we were Mormons, they were doubly interested in us. We preached the Gospel to them and left some of our literature. One of the gentlemen left his work to walk with us to the road, some distance away, to direct us our best way back to Frankfort. After thanking our kind friend for his hospitality, and receiving a

warm invitation to return some Sunday when they had more time to converse, we bid each other adieu and were soon on our way through shady country lanes.

We have had the privilege of bearing our testimony to the truth of the work of God established in these the last days, and to preach repentance and baptism to a great many people; and I have hopes that some of the seed sown through the help of the Lord has fallen upon good ground and will bring forth good fruit.

Respectfully,
A. OWEN WOODRUFF.

SUNDAY OPENING.

Dear Sir—Knowing the respect of your paper for the Sabbath day, it is with some timidity that I ask space for the following request. Your columns announce the holding of our annual Fair on October 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. These are all working days, when it will be almost an impossibility for a large portion of our community to visit it. Fair and conference week come together, with the result that the city's business is increased, our merchants are crowded with customers, and our hospitable people in providing for their country cousins. These causes, with many others, prevent large numbers from witnessing the varied fruits of Utah's industry, of enjoying the grand exhibitions of Utah's artistic and mechanical talent. A great many of our young men are engaged in occupations that necessitate their application from Monday morning until Saturday evening. Is it not a pity that circumstances thus prevent them from studying the arts and sciences as they will be exhibited at Utah's Fair? Not only young men, but hundreds of young women, as well as a large number of maturer years, are thus handicapped. The object of the Fair is purely educational. It is to inspire our people to greater things that prizes are offered for the exhibits, and the beneficial effects of these expositions are widespread. Wages at the present time are not as high as they were two years ago, neither is money as plentiful; and those who are in employment can ill afford the luxury of a half-holiday to spend within the Exposition grounds.

Why, then, not let us have it open on Sunday, the 7th of October? It may be objected by the church-going portion of our community that it would tend to empty the churches. But I think not. There are hundreds of people in the city and surrounding neighborhood who seldom attend church, but who occupy their time in some material way; and it would surely be a blessing to open up some avenue to them where their ideas would be enlarged and they be brought in touch with Utah's vast army of useful citizens. Would this not be in the interest of humanity? There need not be any baby shows, bicycle races or contests of any kind. A sacred concert would be in harmony with the day, and sometimes people learn more pure religion from an inspired composition than from the labored exposition of the divine. How many mothers there are who would like to see the children's department of the Fair, but who cannot take the little ones without