

IN SWITZERLAND'S FAIR DOMAIN.

By Susa Young Gates Before Sailing from Europe.

Special Correspondence.
By Susa Young Gates before sailing from Europe—The two ladies who sat on the small steamer puffing out of Copenhagen harbor, on a mid-July afternoon were bound for Switzerland. The one from the United States you know pretty well; and now therefore, let me introduce you to the other one, who is a very strong type of the best womanhood of the small European republic.

Mme. Chappinier-Chaix comes from one of the oldest French-Swiss families. She is dark, with the quick alert motions of a bird, her black eyes having the same bright, frank, fearless characteristic. Of medium height, her figure is trim and round, her great activity having preserved her in the middle of life the suppleness and comeliness of youth. Frank in speech, and thoughtful and kind in act, she wastes no words nor time in useless endeavor. Prof. Paul Chaux, the famous philosopher and student, who was the father of my friend, should not be introduced to an American public. He died but one year ago at the advanced age of 72. His fame as a geographer was world-wide, while his noble and sincere character won him the reverence and respect of all Europe. He was a tutor to royal pupils both in England and on the continent. Among his daughter's jewels is a brooch which was the wedding gift from a princess to the young tutor.

The daughter has inherited the independence and strength of her father, but her gifts have been exercised in practical lines rather than in intellectual pursuits. The widow of a banker and childless, Mrs. Chappinier-Chaix spends her time in doing good wherever she goes. The story of her life, the short but happy wedded years, her grief and loneliness at the death of her husband, her removal to Paris, where for years she worked under the purest of one of the greatest and purest of women, Mme. Dumas, as a deaconess in one of the most famous French Deaconess' homes situated in Paris; her subsequent illness from overwork, and retirement to her lovely summer home in Chaux, near Geneva, on a hillside overlooking the lake Geneva; her long acquaintance with that remarkable English-American cosmopolitan, Dr. Clisby, who brought to my friend and many of her friends not only her refined spiritual ethics of Swedenborg, but also an inspiration and uplift into the large field of woman's special activities for women; all this is interesting enough for a story by itself. But just now, we are all hurrying down through the Baltic sea to the coast of Germany, and time and steamers wait for very few people.

Such a trim little steamer, with pots of brilliant flowers in the tiny saloon, with a luxuriant waiting maid who couldn't understand what strawberries were in German, English or French. So, at last, my dear "Switzerland" went below and took the fruit herself from the dining table and brought it to me, who had been ill already before leaving Denmark.

Our tiny double sleeping cabin had a tiny window, and the next morning at breakfast, and that was barely 4 o'clock, my friend called out to me that we were hearing "land." Yes, there we were, steaming straight up to the mouth of the slow, silent river leading to Hamburg, and the cool morning hours were a picturesque delight floating by green shores, dotted with quaint houses and small farms, with windmills and villages varying the landscape continually. While the pointed spires or occasional roadside crosses gave evidence of the strictly rule which softened and made bearable to some degree the hard life of toll. Better a false religion than no religion at all; better a false hope than no hope but final despair and annihilation.

The trains speed fast through Germany, and the express corridor trains are very comfortable indeed. It is an all saying in Europe that only those of old Americans travel first-class there. Second-class is good, third-class is endurable for short journeys and in some countries there is even fourth-class where women stand up, and are packed in like cattle.

When we began to get down towards the middle and south of Germany the scene from the car windows was delightful indeed. We were leaving the semi-barren lands to the north, and the hills began to arise on either side, black with woods and heavy with cascaded tradition.

At last we were nearing Göttingen, the quaint old university town, and the hills grew more frequent, the towns more and more picturesque; and, oh, it was the dear old town which had sheltered three of my children for two years, and where my first grandchild was born, and where a large party of what were two weeks of the happiest and most delightful foreign experiences ever vouchsafed to mortals.

There, don't you see the fields of milk, brilliant with red poppies or flowers; and these quaint, picturesque, with the barn on one side and the dwellings on the other, all under the blessed roof with the pile of manure always declared the natives "ripened" their cheese and bread under the ever-present front yard manure pile. How many I observed that Dr. John ate as much of the rich cheese or yellow slimy stuff which is called cheese there, as mother or Kate or I, and far more than the German cheese and kraut, meat and all!

And look! Do you see that highest hill, just coming into view, on the left, crowned it is, you can see even here with a tower and turret. It is called here, Heldenburg, that glorious old ruin, to which Dr. John escorted us, and where we wandered for hours over

the moated and towered ruin. Do you remember it, girls? How we climbed to the top of the richest old tower, just as a party of German students came in to the beautiful ruined courtyard below, so far below. And Kate was speechless with romantic and beautiful sentiment, while Lule was all speech and chatter and laughter from the same cause; and then how Leah sang in her sweet young voice, "My Lady's Bower," to her wedded lover who looked at the singer with happy eyes; and then, the students below bearing the faint echo of the music, began singing one of their own rollicking love songs, while their band thundered out an accompaniment, and one of them jumped to the table under the tree and made a speech to the half-amused, half-shocked girls in the turret windows above, with much gesticulation, bowing, blowing kisses, and trying to coax some notice from the pretty faces so quickly withdrawn from his gaze.

Ah, here it is while we are talking about it, and I have hung myself half way out the window to catch every glimpse of its dark and rugged, ruined beauty, until at last, under a Göttingen itself, and I want to shake hands with all the idlers on the platform and ask them if they knew Dr. John or my other dear children.

Then away, and I am still hanging out the window against all law and common sense, but to the intense delight of a crowd of small boys who set up a roar as I whizz by them. And then it has all passed, and we are flying away in the calm, sunny, lovely afternoon; and the road is positively lined with villages, and castle-crowned hills. They rise up these hills, rocky and precipitous, many of them, and just large enough to accommodate a comfortably sized castle, as if nature knew the needs of the feudal barons of those terrible middle ages, and had provided for them safe retreats from whence they could sally out and rob and plunder to their hearts' content.

And now we have reached Frankfurt, that wealthy city of wealthy bankers. And here we tarry for the night to rest and sleep. It is only a glimpse of the historical old freedom that we get, but it proves how beautiful a city wealth and art can fashion.

At noon we are again on our journey; and now we get glimpses of the Rhine, and again we pass the wooded hills and pretty villages; late the afternoon before we began to pass the vineyards of this lower Germany, and remembered how famous are the wines made upon the slopes of the Rhine river. So the vineyards follow us on the right and the left. And at last we are at Basle, the frontier of Switzerland.

Not much trouble with the custom house here, for we are simply asked if we have any spirits or tobacco, and we answer "No." There is a chalk mark put on our valises, and away we go. Then he for Switzerland! And lo, here are the mountains. Real, genuine, sky-piercing mountains. None of your European hills which are dignified by courtesy into mountains, but regular Wasatch-looking giants they were rising one behind another, and blue and hazy with distance and their own height. I cried out in my soul for my dear old Utah mountains.

And then here were the Swiss chalets, with the overhanging roofs, and somebody on the platform of a station is singing a yodel. And do look! There is a yodel with his cowl and gown, circling the mountains all beautiful and entrancing! But keep a good share of your enthusiasm, don't expect it all on these inanimate things, for I want to introduce two of the most interesting women to you that you have ever met.

Mlle. de Mülhausen, the daughter of a long line of distinguished and cultured Swiss progenitors, herself one of the most influential and striking characters at present engaged in the sociological history of her country. Of the most exquisite refinement, yet there is great strength in the rugged features of this Swiss gentlewoman. If only she had the physical strength as well as the mental, her nation would have immortalized, and that may well happen yet.

Here she comes to the door of her quaint mansion, hundreds of years old, and embedded in vines and trees, and just behind her is her adored friend, Mme. Tachineta, one of the most magnetic and charming women it has been my lot to meet.

With exquisite courtesy, that of the simplest and most elegant, they draw us within and usher us into the bright and airy drawing room, and the whole atmosphere is so charged with the unusual and is so distinctly of the old world that I am transported from this mundane sphere and live in the pages of some historical novel.

Of course they all talk the best of English, and at once we plunge into council talk, and the recent session of the international executive at Copenhagen. The hours fly; and after tea, and more talk, in the which I watch the speaking dark eyes of Mme. Tachineta with fascinated gaze, our carriage is announced, and we must perforce depart.

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As one of the trio, my own friend, and myself, turned from the vine and piazza, there the other two stood, with their arms about each other, waving to us their last farewells, and it is thus I have them framed in memory's halls, those devoted friends and most devoted workers in the cause of woman.

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Apoplexy

caused more deaths in New York City in 1901 than were occasioned by Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Malarial Fever, and Scarlet Fever combined. The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York will not insure those who have apoplectic symptoms. This suggests the advisability of insuring your life while in good health.

The Assets of The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York exceed those of any other life insurance company in existence. They are over

\$352,000,000

It has paid Policy-holders over

\$569,000,000

which is more than any other life insurance company in the world has disbursed.

A young man, ambitious of success, should consider these points:

Write for "What Shall I Insure?"

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK

RICHARD A. MCCORDY, President.

RULON S. WELLS, Manager, Salt Lake City, Utah.

you suppose was there from America?

I sent up my card, after viewing things during one session from the gallery, to one of the American delegates; by-the-way you could tell the Americans almost at a glance.

The young man came to me, and I asked at once a dozen leading newspaper questions for use in future copy.

"Well, Mrs. Gates," confessed the handsome, wide-awake, young fellow, "really I don't know a thing about the business. I am not a newspaper man myself; I just came over here to work for the St. Louis Exhibition."

"What about your friend, the gentleman who has been given the seat of honor on the platform, and who is to preside over this afternoon's session? Isn't he a newspaper man either?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so. He's a member of the New York Press club all right, but he knows no more about this show than I do. He came over for the same purpose, simply to pull for the St. Louis Exposition."

How does that strike you for pure Americanism? These two men without any knowledge or interest in the serious business of that body of earnest workers, went over there solely to boom the St. Louis Exposition. And they did it. They managed their cards so well, that the congress, at the end of its week's session, received the invitation to meet two years' hence at St. Louis with enthusiasm, and accepted with a rising voice of the whole body.

You can't but smile at the consummate cheek, but your own cheek tingles a little with shame at the morale which we all accepted more or less willingly as a part of our Americanism.

However, I suggest, all newspaper workers to watch out for this congress in 1904 at St. Louis, and to make it in their way to attend, if they would like to meet with some of the great newspapers of Europe.

And now there is just room for you in our carriage, so join us in our six-mile ride into the lovely suburb of this capital city for we are going to spend the afternoon with one of Switzerland's best known and most capable women, Mlle. de Mülhausen, the president of the Swiss National Council of Women.

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Of course they all talk the best of English, and at once we plunge into council talk, and the recent session of the international executive at Copenhagen. The hours fly; and after tea, and more talk, in the which I watch the speaking dark eyes of Mme. Tachineta with fascinated gaze, our carriage is announced, and we must perforce depart.

How much I have gleaned and gathered from these three Swiss women. And as one topic after another would rise up, how I longed to dwell on this or that, for these lovely women could give and take with such delightful rapidity.

I told them some things and conditions of my own loved home and people, and how tenderly they listened. It made me think of that saying of Beecher's, "God might have made a creature as noble and beautiful as a woman, but He never did." Never was an afternoon more delightfully spent, or its memory more lovingly cherished.

As one of the trio, my own friend, and myself, turned from the vine and piazza, there the other two stood, with their arms about each other, waving to us their last farewells, and it is thus I have them framed in memory's halls, those devoted friends and most devoted workers in the cause of woman.

The next day was to take us to the summer home of my dear friend, on the lake of Geneva.

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R. K. THOMAS DRY GOODS CO.

MONDAY, = SEPT. 15, AND WEEK.

500 Silk Shirt Waists

BLACK AND COLORS.

Regular Prices, \$5.75 to \$8.75, This Week, Choice, \$3.75 and \$4.75 Each.

Mercerised and Wash Silk Shirt Waists,

Regular Prices, \$2.00 to \$3.50, This Week, Choice, \$1.75 Each.

Dark Percalé Waists,

Regular Prices, \$1.00 and \$1.25 Each, This Week, Choice, 50c

TEN DOZEN PERCALE WAISTS, to Close, 25c each. FIFTY PER CENT OFF WHITE LAWN WAISTS.

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