

MANY ISLANDS IN SWEDEN ARCHIPELAGO VACATON LAND AND SMUGGLERS' PLAYGROUND

(New York Sun)
Island of Moeja, Sweden.— Thirty thousand islands, more or less, spread in a pattern as intricate as that of the Everglades. A population of frostbitten folk with the agility of mountain goats, the prejudices of Kentucky hillbillies and the patience of fishermen. A bleak winter which lasts from October to May, and a fabulous summer, during which the sky never grows dark. Pine trees, little red houses, smuggled liquor, strawberries and herring.

This is the Stockholm archipelago, Sweden's greatest contribution to the geographical freaks of the world, stronghold of the Swedish Lutheran church playground for smugglers and natural vacation spot for Stockholm's 500,000 citizens.

The island of Moeja lies on the outskirts of the archipelago within sight of the open Baltic. Among its boasts are one handsome little church, two or three general stores, a gang of bootleggers known as the "Carisons" and a population of 700 hard working souls. The only impedimenta of modern society which it lacks are a night club, a golf club and a railway station.

Little White Ships
The only way to reach the outer edge of the archipelago is by taking one of the innumerable small white steamers which lie in front of the Grand Hotel in Stockholm—white because the aesthetically minded city fa-

thers think that white boats look best against blue water and green trees. The Kanholm, which brought us to Moeja, left the Grand Hotel at 3.30 o'clock in the afternoon and for the following five hours picked its way through the islands of the inner archipelago, stopping occasionally to deposit vacationers and mail at the little island wharves along the way.

Scores of large islands and hundreds of small islets covered with pines passed in view as the captain steered his way toward the Baltic, occasionally going through channels so narrow that one could have jumped ashore. Shortly after 8 o'clock in the evening, while the sky was still clear, the islands became more scattered and the Kanholm turned into a narrow channel, where it moored against a sheer wall of rock.

An Inhospitable Greeting
A sulky boy emerged from the Saturday night crowd of dressed-up young folk and agreed to guide us over the slippery rock to the local boarding house operated by one Fru Peterson. Fru Peterson at once belied the Swedish reputation for hospitality and upheld the Swedish reputation for independence.

The bleary-eyed kitchen maid who admitted us to the big kitchen of the "pensionat" shouted news of our arrival to the fru, who sat in the next room. The good fru answered in a series of unpleasant mumbles: "Tell him that we are doing the spring house-

cleaning and are not taking guests. No, of course you can't sleep on the floor."

"Just go around to the other houses and ask," was the maid's bright suggestion.

Herr Henning Peterson, fisherman and gentleman, was putting on a white shirt when we wandered into his modest home. He and his kindly fru temporarily forgot preparations for a family party and ushered us into an attic bedroom meanwhile murmuring against the inhospitable conduct of their cousin.

In the rowboat which Henning put at our disposal we discovered the everglade aspects of the archipelago. Shortly after midnight after we had been rowing aimlessly around among the nearby islands, tantalizing the local pike with a Dowagiac, the glow in the sky was obscured in from over the Baltic. Immediately the glamorous panorama of pine trees and purple waters was reduced to an unpleasant complex of blotches against the gray sky, representing islands and a choppy sea, which made fishing and rowing a hardship.

When we started homeward it was discovered that all of the island looked as much alike as so many herring and that there was not as much as a lamp in a cottage window to mark the way back to Herr Peterson's domicile. During the course of the next hour we visited half a dozen islets or the same islet half a dozen times until our modest craft was driven by the wind into the very channel for which we were looking. Not a light showed in the settlement, although it was Saturday night.

Sunday morning, rather than Saturday night, was the occasion for social

activity on Moeja. When we returned from an early morning fishing tour we found Henning dousing his head in cold water, while his wife fired the stove under a big kettle of oatmeal—traditional breakfast dish of the "skaergaardsbor."

It was announced in explanation of this hubbub that Henning was taking us to confirmation at Moeja church, on the other side of the island. Half an hour later we were chugging away in Henning's big open fishing boat, which he received as dowry from his father-in-law four years ago.

Sunday Morning
The organ loft was shared by a gentleman who solemnly pumped air into the organ, a bespectacled gentleman of obvious importance who played the right music at the right time, and the usual collection of giggling kids in their teens. Down below the newly ordained parish priest stood in a high pulpit at one side of the church, preaching a very unimaginative sermon on the power of prayer. Directly below him sat eight young girls with tatty colored hair and white dresses.

On the farther side of the church, also occupying the front rows, were eight young fishermen's sons, white collars and ties contrasting with their weather-ridden necks. When they rose and knelt before the altar rail to take their first communion it was noticed that one of the boys a pathetic figure was wearing a blue serge suit instead of the traditional black.

Later they resumed their places in the pews and advanced one by one to receive their Bibles from the hands of the embarrassed young pastor in response to the calling of their names: Carlsson, Olsson, Jonsson, Fredricksson.

Later the island elders gathered in the grassy churchyard to discuss the passing of the winter and to exchange family news. The price of herring, the prospects for the coming strawberry season and agreements as to who would help whom with the planting dominated the discussion of the island men.

Boeja had had its big day for the good year 1933.

BATTLE SONG COMPOSED IN PUBLIC HOUSE

"Tipperary," the song which poured from the lips of the "Old Contemptibles" when they first trudged gaily and light of heart through the elm-bordered lanes of Flanders in August, 1914, was written by Jack Judge, the music-hall singer, two years prior to that.

And for 21 years, Jack has been drawing royalties on the sale of copies. He never sold "Tipperary" outright to any publisher.

His Hopes and Tears

In a recent Old Country publication he tells how he came to write the song and his firm belief when it was first put on paper that it was not worth publishing. The only person who had firm faith in him and his musical effort was his mother. Later, when Jack, full of enthusiasm for "Tipperary," told the old lady that "some day he'll fill her apron with money from the song," the woman in her smiled:

"God give ye sense, my boy."

The song, writes its author, was actually written in the Newmarket Inn, Corporation Street, Stalybridge, Manchester, on January 31, 1912, Jack Judge sang it that night in the Grand Theatre. It was an instantaneous hit, securing for him several worth-while engagements and also a number of remunerative contracts for some other artists to whom he had given permission to sing it.

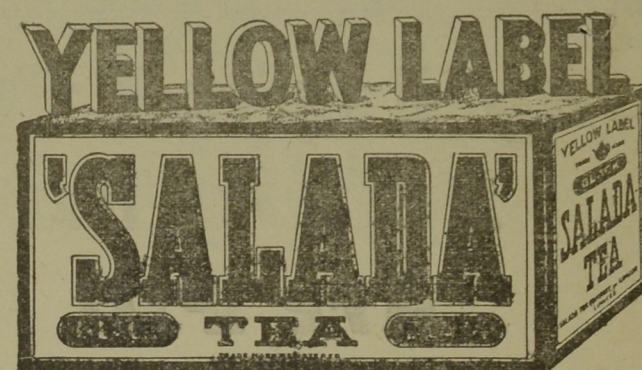
A Song of Sentiment
For a long time he sang "Tipperary" on the music-halls before offering it to Bert Feldman, a music publisher. He has never relinquished the "performing rights."

"Though I was born in Oldburg, Birmingham," he says "my father was a native of County Mayo, Ireland, and the sentiment of 'Tipperary' is perfectly genuine. Only an Irishman can realize that longing for the land he loves when he is in such a colossal city as London and has few friends.

Mrs. Tom—"Are you troubled much in your neighborhood with borrowing?"

Mrs. Daw—"Yes, a good deal. My neighbors never seem to have a thing I want."

Unfailingly ★
Good!



Sold throughout the Maritimes

Baking powder has done so much for the male sex. There isn't a man whited sepulchre, but as he grows older and bolder the paint flakes off. Never quit. The despised freckle is Blessed are the poor. When they just a nice tan that didn't spread far phone rings, it isn't always somebody enough. trying to sell them something.

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