

SPAIN A LAND APART FROM OUR MECHANICAL AGE WHERE LIFE MOVES ON TRANQUILLY

Cadiz, Spain, Feb. 12—Spain is not Europe. Napoleon said that. And he said it very bitterly. Europe he said, should stop at the Pyrenees. And he Spain to the empire that the Little Corporal dropped his watermelon.

The Pyrenees are a wall, a jagged barricade of 265 miles of snow capped rocky mountains that isolate Spain from Europe geographically, politically—and mentally. Cross the Pyrenees and Europe lies behind you. You are half way to Africa. It is only because we accept water barriers so unquestioningly that we fail to grasp how infinitely more divorcing are these stupendous mountains of the north than that puny eight miles of salt water which cuts Spain off from Morocco at Putna Marroqui on the south.

The Pyrenees—so far as modern history is concerned—have made Spain a "country by the road" She is off the main track of Europe. She is neither included in its ambitions nor entangled in its politics.

And there she rests—an aloof country, neither Europe nor Africa—blessed by her isolation from the troubled path of Europe blessed by the fact that no other country wishes to take her and by the ever more blessed fact that she no longer has any such desires of her own and assured so it seems of a happy and peaceful future by the very fact of her own political impotence.

A Serene Land

This isolation with its attendant security has had a peculiar effect upon Spain. It has in short, permitted her to remain out of the mechanical age. It has allowed her to be "backward," to take her own time. Most of the nations of Europe would be happy if it weren't for the other nations. But they will not let each other rest. They are in constant battle, politically and commercially. Spain however, serene behind the Pyrenees, rich in olive groves and vineyards, can remain what she has been for centuries—a great farm.

You see this as you travel through Spain today. Life in the pueblos has not changed much in the past 100 years. Water is still drawn from the well. Clothes are still washed in the stream. The wistful eyed mule still carries most of Spain on his back.

And why should it change? There are many intelligent Spaniards who say that it should not. They do not want Spain to "progress" to build factories and enter the mechanical age. That would bring liabilities. What is all the hurry? they ask. What's the matter with life in Spain today? Why shouldn't a man if he wants to sit in a cafe and drink coffee for three or four hours each day?

Length and Breadth

I tried to answer these questions as I wandered across that mountainous yellow desert they call Spain. A bare parched land where the cities rode like ships on the vast, lonely plains, white hulled, glistening in the sunlight, the great bulk of the church towering over them, the green bells turning over and over.

I rode on mules, I rode on the tops of charging buses, I rode by railroad. I slept in tiny mountain pueblos, where the cases were clustered like sheep and my mules and their mozo slept in the room below mine. I rode up green rivers, past the red castles that hold the high roads of Navarre, into the dark forests of pine and peech where the wild boar roams the thickets—up to the snow line off the Pyrenees. I rode to the head waters of the Aragon, where the mountains spouted water, in falling silver veils and the Basques rode their log rafts down the rapids. I traversed the raw yellow deserts of La Mancha where thousands of Spaniards live and die without ever seeing a tree where the sky is high and the world a flat line with only the wild geese overhead.

Pueblo and castle, hacienda and hovel. I wondered—but I never answered my questions. Water drawn from the well, clothes washed in the stream, food cooked on a hearth fire that silver tinkle of the mule bells of Spain. Would factory chimneys better this.

I traveled more than 1,000 miles third class in Spain. For diversity I knew nothing that can beat it. I traveled all one night with a nun, a Spanish traveling salesman and a guardia civil. The salesman told stories.

"Did you ever hear this one?" he said to the nun.

The nun eyed him with her demure steady eyes. But it must have been a funny story, for the nun choked and then laughed.

GOOD WORK ACCOMPLISHED IN SPARE TIME

Albert Payson Terhune
Relates Some Notice-
able Instances.

Most of the world's great men have achieved their true life work, not in the course of their needful daily occupations, but—in their spare time. Think it over, and you will see how true it is.

A tired out rail splitter crouched over his tattered books, by candle light or by fireglow, at the day's end preparing for his future, instead of snoring or skylarking like his co-laborers. Those laborers are forgotten. Lincoln is not. He cut out his path to later immortality—in his spare time.

An over worked and underpaid telegraph clerk stole hours from sleep or from play, at night; trying to crystallize into realities certain fantastic dreams in which he had faith. Today the whole world is benefitting by what Edison did—in his spare time.

A down-at-heel instructor in an obscure college varied his drudgery he hated by spending his evenings and his holidays by tinkering on a queer device of his, at which his fellow teachers laughed. I don't recall the names of any of those teachers. Neither do you. But we have not forgotten who invented the telephone—in his spare time.

Then there was a case which came under my own close observation and which is not mere history nor hearsay: the case of a woman—a clergyman's wife—who tackled the following none too easy job.

She had six children; and not only brought them up, but took sole charge of their education until they were 9 or 10 years old. Also she was an inspired housekeeper, conducting the management of her large home and doing much entertaining. In addition to this, she was supremely active in church work and in missions; and was in fact the ideal helpmate for her ever-busy clergyman husband.

She had the further handicap of years of ill health. But she performed her million duties brilliantly shirking none of them.

That is a fairly large daily job, I think. Yet, "in her spare time" she was able to win fame as a novelist and household writer, under the pen name of "Marion Harland." (She was, incidentally, my mother.)

The list could be stretched out to infinity. It could be made to include nearly every successful writer, for instance. For almost all these writers mastered their chosen profession while they were slaving all day and every day at other forms of livelihood. They qualified for success and for fame—in their spare time.

The man who says "I'd do such-and-such a big thing if only I had time!" would do nothing great if he had all the time on the calendar. There always is time—spare time—at the disposal of every human who has the energy to use it.



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"We have a great work helping our own distressed white collar kin." Miss Jane Addams continued her Hull House ministrations.

GOOD PROGRAM ON THE AIR FOR WEDNESDAY

The radio program for Wednesday night as follows, Atlantic Standard time being used:

- Wednesday's Best Features.**
The Continentals—WJZ network.
Palmolive Hour—WEAF Network.
Kolster Hour—WOR Network.
Night Club Romance—WOR.
WPG, ATLANTIC CITY.
9.00—Dance music; Song due.
10.00—Songs; Traymore Orchestra.
11.00—Dance orchestra.
11.40—Dance music.
WJZ, BOSTON.
7.00—Big Brother; Oh, Boy!
8.30—Programs from WEAF.
11.30—Reports; Organ recital.
WLW, CINCINNATI.
7.15—Markets; Dinner music.
8.45—Talk; History highlights.
9.30—Programs from WJZ.
10.00—Franklin Hour.
11.00—Musical Program.
12.00—Popular variety music.
WOR, NEWARK.
7.00—Dinner music; Solos.
8.30—Reid's Features.
9.00—Crystal Gazer.
9.30—Thirty Minute Men.
10.00—Daguerrotypes; Smoker.
11.00—Kolster Hour.
11.30—Night Club Romances.
12.00—Dance music; Organ.
WEAF, NEW YORK.
7.00—Waldorf dinner music.
8.00—Synagogue services.
8.30—La Touraine Tableaux.
9.00—Pan-American.
9.30—Intimate Musicals.
10.00—Ipana Troubadours.
10.30—Palmolive Hour.
11.30—Gold Strand Group.
WJZ, NEW YORK.
7.00—Park Central Orchestra.
8.00—Jeddo Highlanders.
8.30—Talk; Piano recital.
8.45—Talk, F. W. Wile.
9.00—Mobil Oil Orchestra.
9.30—Sylvania Foresters.
10.00—Smith Brothers.
10.30—The Cabin Door.
11.00—The Continentals.
12.00—Slumber music.
KDKA, PITTSBURGH.
7.00—Reports; Song recitals.
8.45—Programs from WJZ.
11.00—Continental from WJZ.

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- 12.00—Wm. Penn Orchestra.
WGY, SCHENECTADY.
7.00—Reports; Dinner music.
8.00—Musical Program.
8.30—Programs from WEAF.
9.00—General Electric Hour.
10.00—Programs from WEAF.
- First Woman—My husband is so nervous. If the slightest thing goes wrong he loses control of himself. I hope yours isn't like that.
- Second Woman—Mercy, no! Bob is as hard to rattle as a feather pillow.

JANE ADDAMS GETS FEW NEW UPLIFT SUGGESTIONS

New York, Feb. 12—Miss Jane Addams has a little food for reflection provided her, by a sort of "in-law" economic relative, Miss Josephine Starr, a niece of Ellen Gates Starr, who worked with rich Miss Addams in her pet charity, Hull House, of Chicago.

Helping the Natives

Miss Addams devoted years to the uplift of the downtrodden alien in the midst of us; preached her doctrine of internationalism and a sweet attitude generally to every one, whether they deserved it or not. Ellen Gates Starr had enough of it, and now Josephine Starr turns to lending a hand to our natives, in a sense the victims of too much alienism in the way of applied economics. She is the executive secretary of the Charity Organization Society, and her work actually is among the white-collar hard-ups in the fashionable Riverside drive area!

"Recently we helped a woman, her six children, destitute" she says "and the husband and father, for long an \$8000 a year white collar man, lost his job because of his drinking the stuff these largely alien moonshiners and bootleggers provided.

"We find plenty to do among the white collars, too. Hosts of them are hard up and in distress. But we have a new method. The old fashioned corrective charity so called is giving way to preventive charity, as it is termed. We try to help people in distress and save them from going on the rocks. It is our job to get at the bottom of their difficulties help them overcome

them, and save our imperilled American families. Of course, we draw no lines, but we find our own people in greatest need. We find fine young married couples with inadequate incomes; fine middle-aged single women, oppressed by fear of the financial future; wives who worry themselves sick because their husbands are unable to provide for their families. We are having plenty of applications, and all are welcome, from clerks stenographers, salesmen and saleswomen, teachers—men and women, to help them solve their financial problems.

Finds Distress Real

"The distress is real. Personally, I believe that our first and highest duty is to our own people. If our own are cared for and helped to become sturdy and economically independent they, in their turn, will feel more like helping the aliens and newcomers most of whom seem able to help themselves, and whose own people here usually give splendid help to them.

"It is our business to unravel the psychological tangle behind the failures, show them ways to increase income and reduce expenses and give them real aid.

"For instance, one young couple broke up. The husband had quit; couldn't stand the expense of delicatessen—and the bride couldn't cook. We showed her how to cook. She wanted to learn and did. The husband returned and now they are happy again.

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