

## TOUR OF THE WORLD

Interesting Descriptive Letters by  
Mr. and Mrs. H. Montague  
Porter of Los Angeles.

### TO RELATIVES IN AMERICA

Mr. and Mrs. H. Montague Porter of Los Angeles are making a three years' world tour. Mr. Porter is a cousin of Mrs. Wayne D. Zediker of Alliance, and through her courtesy The Herald has the privilege of publishing a most interesting descriptive letter from the two tourists. They are representing the Howard Sevens Publishing Company of Chicago, publishers of the Student's Reference Library, and in their work they come in touch with the educators and other leading people of the countries which they visit.

A unique plan has been adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Porter to give their relatives in America the benefit of a description of the people and places of greatest interest. General letters are written. These are sent to Mr. Porter's mother, at Los Angeles; after she has read them she sends them to a relative, who in turn sends to another relative. In this way the letters travel over the United States all the way from California to Connecticut.

Letter No. 16, written last summer at Sydney, Australia, contains so much that will interest Herald readers that we are pleased to publish it:

"Rothessay," Lower Wycombe Rd.,  
Neutral Bay, Sydney, Aus.

My dear family and friends:

This cordial, hospitable people in making us feel welcome in "Sunny Australia" keep us so much occupied accepting invitations, or better planning how not to accept them, that our home friends are not receiving the individual attention they deserve in letters, perhaps, and yet it is all making our sojourn here an unusually pleasant one and there seems such a genuine ring in every courtesy.

Crossing the North Atlantic were two most interesting Sydney women, and they told us of the beauty of Sydney.

From the people of Melbourne, her rival city, again we heard, "Oh, you will love Sydney." "Have you been to Sydney?" and "Sydney's harbour is glorious!" Naturally, we were quite prepared to think Sydney a "place beautiful" but, do you know that despite all this preparation, and seeing the books of views and post cards as well, and an occasional painting; word or picture had not given us the least conception of what a marvelous setting Nature's handwork had given to these people for the building of the City Beautiful.

There seems to have been a great upheaval; volcanic rocks and boulders rising often many feet above the waters of the bay, and on entering this harbour the north and south heads are two massive dangerous looking promontories standing as huge sentinels of warning to those who enter here. This rocky formation is piled up on either side, and the harbour is so deep that ocean liners come within a two to five minute walk of the business center.

These myriads of arms terminating in most irregular finger lengths, all of rocks, simply keep the grasping water at bay, it tries year after year its ceaseless lapping to make further incursions, but the homes nestle around, with the terraced gardens reaching to the water's edge, wherever there is soil enough to permit a blade of grass to grow, knowing their rocky foundation is a safe one, and each home is built with the windows and verandas with the one idea of securing the best view point, and being such a hilly city and with the one hundred sixty miles of shore line, you cannot conceive how lovely it is to come by ferry from The Heads up to the Circular Quay. Thousands of red-tiled roofs, or slate, with their splendid setting of green, because the Magnolias, Pepper, Norfolk Pines, Blue Gum, Eucalyptus, Green Bay Fig, and many of the tropical trees luxuriate in this climate.

Well! you cannot yet understand this one of the world's beauty centers until you see it.

I think the Panama canal will be the medium of bridging America and Australia much nearer together, larger ocean liners, quicker communication; and I believe commercially they can be most useful to each other.

You cannot flatter these people more highly than to liken them to Americans, and they perhaps are more so than like the English; but a Mrs. Montefiore, lecturer and most traveled woman, who has just returned from one or two years in

U. S. A., was present where I made a "Travelogue" talk for an evening Salon, as the hostess was pleased to call it, and afterward I asked her if she found the Australians (she is not Australian born) were like the Americans. "No, not at all, Mrs. Porter, the Australians are aping and working along England's traditional lines, while Americans have stepped absolutely away, and developed an individuality all their own."

H. Mont wrote me this week from Melbourne, asking me to write of our social affairs, and as much more as I could to help in this general letter writing. I rather wish he had done the social part, as I feel a little modest about telling of my particular part; but Mamie Bunch and I have each made three addresses here since the first of May, telling them of different phases of American life, my part especially what our women are doing in club life along philanthropic lines, the child welfare movement and helping them see what great possibilities and great responsibilities rest with the women here. The listeners have seemed to find pleasure, and the newspapers have given pleasant notice of these evenings.

We are sojourning long enough to make a proper study of the place, the people and their ideals, and our particular form of interest brings us into such close touch that it is proving a decidedly educational trip. To visit a public school here, a permission card of entrance is essential, and if you go on a certain day, say when examinations are being carried on, or if "Inspectors" (what we call City or County Superintendents) are present, we are simply requested to return on another day. (This happened to Mamie and me in visiting a training school for teachers.) No offense intended or felt either, as you must simply understand in travel that customs so vary in different countries that visitors to be happy and to be properly understood must fall in with said customs, because our practices are just as unusual to them.

We were recently invited to hear a lecture by the Mrs. Montefiore of whom I spoke in an earlier part of this letter on her "Impressions gleaned from a year's sojourn in America." By the by, she is London born, and a writer of some ability, and widely travelled. Her especial study of us was through philanthropic avenues, the settlement and community problems, child welfare movement, and a study of our school system, from the Kindergarten through to the University. She began with Columbia University, before Revolutionary days known as King's College, and her observations were most interesting, indeed; in visiting our many institutions she went observing the things worth while. In visiting the Chicago University she was interested to find two buildings the exact duplicates of "Mandlin Tower" and "Old Christ Church" from Oxford University in England. The very vines seemed to be growing over these copies that she had seen at Oxford, and immediately she seemed transported to the originals. Then it was her desire to enter the place of worship a few minutes, and the request was granted. On entering, to her amazement, a group of students were rehearsing a play with much levity mingled with the duty in hand, and her guide watched her astonishment and somewhat shocked air, over to the "proper" English mind a serious impropriety. Instead of leaving her listeners with that thought in mind, she finished the picture with: "You see the American idea is ever present, to find the utility for everything, there is no waste due to sentimentality. Here was a need, and a place to meet the need."

You came away from her lecture with such a comfortable feeling over her kindness, in weak places, and an appreciation of her looking for the worth while rather than for the weak points. So in writing to you now or talking to you in the future, I hope I may have her happy way of not being unkindly critical, and to remember the modifying clauses, otherwise look to the reason why.

Recently, a Mr. Ramsay, a very democratic Australian who has shown us many courtesies, rather carefully introduced the subject of the Japanese question and our California point of view, feeling that we probably had a keen hatred, etc., as the yellow journalism might indicate, or does, to these people. After finding our real point of view, he invited Montague and me to go to Watson's Bay, the South Head, for the magnificent view, from a high point; and later to the ostrich farm near by. The owner should visit the Cavston farm near Los Angeles to gain some commercialism and to know a beautiful show room's attractiveness. To us it seemed a most crude, indifferent sort of place, although there were ninety-seven birds.

Reverting to the above conversation about the Japs, Mr. Ramsay said since finding we did not have the prejudice for Japanese, even though from the west coast of U. S. A.; he would be so pleased to have us meet the members of the Japanese Antarctic exploring expedition, encamped not far away, through his special introduction from the Japanese Consul. This pleased us greatly, and crossing over on the ferry to their camp, he told us their story. Firstly, isn't it amazing that that nation having lived five hundred years, in the last fifty have some fourteen stalwart men who have pledged themselves by oath to never return to Japan alive without having accomplished their mission. This party had not reached the south magnetic pole when they found they were not properly equipped, and also had the misfortune of losing most of their dogs. They returned to Australia and are waiting for their new and properly fitted vessel to arrive from Japan in September. We were invited into their private and official quarters, and sitting around their little, roughly made table (no lacquer ware in this tent) we were shown charts and magazines, the latter were printed in both their own language and the English. They gave me a Japanese paper with the pictures and account of their expedition, and a gift of some of their candles (here called "lollies"). One showed me the "hara-kari" sword, with which as a punishment for any treasonable offense, they disembowel themselves, one way of committing suicide, in the presence of officials and the ones offended. Also, we found the sledges, the snowshoes, the mittens, dog skin lined with wool, as were the hoods, the trussers and the coats, and the great slumber robe, shaped like a night or bed slipper, calling it a "sleeping bag." This they cover up in, or rather get into it, and fasten till no air can enter, otherwise their faces would freeze.

Professor David of the University of Sydney was the scientist in the Shackleton expedition to the south pole. We met Mrs. David, his wife, at Challis House the night Mamie and I made a joint address or talk to the University Club. She invited our whole party of seven to their home for tea on Sunday afternoon the following week, to meet her husband and son, and to see some of the original photographs and his varied collection of clothing, his field glasses, fur gloves, hood, etc., also the sleeping bag; long, slender looking sledge, but the British flag made by Prof. David and the doctor on the expedition, of some blue cotton cloth, properly striped with the red and white, the red having had white dots, which they obliterated with red ink, this all stitched with a little hand sewing machine. This was all crudely done, but it was the one placed on the south magnetic pole, as they discovered it, and left there for a time. Prof. David told us one incident about these particular field glasses (the Zeiss glass). He and a companion went away from camp and lost their way, could not locate their camp and were about to despair of return, when suddenly a mirage lasting but a moment, as they were using these glasses, reflected the camp, only a moment, and saved the day for them.

We are most pleased to have been in British territory at the coronation period and were most fortunate in being presented with tickets of admission to the St. Andrew's Cathedral (Church of England) where the entire coronation service was enacted, as well as could be without the presence of the King and queen and attending splendor.

The Rt. Rev. Arch Bishop Wright, Arch Bishop for New South Wales, in elaborate appropriate robes, white lace and linen, over brilliant scarlet, preceded by two heralds, followed by several other priests, then the choir boys formed a procession most imposing. All the prominent officials in the city, Lord Mayor, then the Judges of the Supreme Court, in robes and the inevitable wigs worn by all court room dignitaries in all British territory. The military officials were present in their attractive looking uniforms. The military families hold very high social positions in all these cities. Flags and flowers and a well dressed audience made a most interesting, brilliant spectacle. The service you have perhaps read, as we see in the American papers that still come to Cleveland's family from Chicago the full accounts of the coronation week. Because we were strangers and had special tickets of admission we had most excellent positions. The special heralding of the king by the bugler or trumpeter was most impressive, and we were quite transported to Westminster Abbey in our thoughts as we knew from our visit to the

Abbey just what was happening, as the local papers gave most exact details. I indulged in an exact reproduction of the "anointing spoon" as my souvenir spoon from Sydney, secured the last one to be purchased; was I not fortunate?

The Australian people have the artistic temperament, as manifested in two ways. First, every home is built with the idea of a "view". The entrance to many of the houses from the "foot paths" or sidewalks, we say, will be from the rear so the terraced gardens may slope down to the water's edge, thus avoiding a public footpath in front. Thus, you can scarcely tell which is the kitchen side of the house because it is all made so attractive.

The people do take so much pride in their gardens (not vegetables, as we speak of a garden, but just flowers). Then, too, the ladies without exception are always so tidy—never appear unless in perfect toilet. The second phase of the artistic temperament is evidenced in the great numbers of musical people, both vocal and instrumental talent in such great numbers of persons.

This has been a musical year, too, opening with Sousa's sixty pieces. He was most popularly received. We met a Captain Brownlow's wife, who planned a motor launch trip to include us, to meet the ladies of the Sousa family, but that last week it only rained and rained, so we were disappointed. Sousa was most popular, although some musical people are super-critical, as we find in any community. We were all interested in the Sheffield Choir of two hundred voices. It certainly was a magnificent chorus. We were pleased over the warm reception they had en route from England as they passed through U. S. A.

Madame Melba arrives on Monday with her grand opera company, and she has a very choice repertoire. Tickets are a guinea each. It will be no difficulty to have a full house the entire time, we are told, because people will go to hear music. I heard her in Philadelphia the last winter we lived there, so will let that suffice, unless a good fairy comes along.

We were invited to spend an evening in Mr. Newland's home (a bed manufacturer), a man whose aim is to simplify domestic life by an electrically equipped house. He has installed his own plant as the city supply does not reach his suburb, and has the electric iron; toaster; heaters in the grates; range for cooking; connection for running the Singer sewing machine, the washing machine, vacuum sweeper, and also for running the phonograph. They have no trouble keeping maids. In fact, where there was a need of three before, now there is but one.

The following Saturday afternoon he invited us to join a party of thirty to go in his motor launch, a ten mile trip on the harbor, thence up the Paramatta river to see a sculling race between Pearce and Arnst, the latter the champion of the world, whom we met when en route from Cape Town last year. Pearce is an Australian and Arnst from New Zealand, and naturally we were interested in the one whom we knew.

Thousands of people were spectators, and people own motor launches here as much as Californians use motor cars. Some are most elaborate, and it is marvelous to be having these trips, with the great city all along the shores. We started at 2 p. m., then anchored in good positions among other launches—hundreds of them of every different style and capacity, also row boats, ferry boats, etc., making a most picturesque, fascinating sight. While awaiting the coming of the two champions, the leaves of a stationary tables were raised at one end of the long launch and baskets were opened. The tea "Billy" (just a tall bucket, holding more water than the usual kettle) was set upon a methylated spirit lamp or stove. From a next cupboard underneath the seat was taken a complete outfit: plates, cups and saucers, silver, etc., belonging to the launch, and we had a delightful picnic on the water: flags flying, bands playing and an expectant, happy throng.

Continued blowing of whistles all along the three mile race course announced the coming of the scullers. I think the excitement was of just the type that we had over seeing the motor races that day our three auto loads watched the racing cars round the two points in the eight mile course from our point of vantage, when we went to secure some in the wee sma' hours of early morning.

If I were living in Sydney I am sure I should be as interested in owning a motor launch as a motor car in California. No dust—just

comfort and beauty as you traverse miles of calm, quiet water.

Our custom here would seem most inconvenient to our postmen and for all practical purposes in our American ways of thinking. Very few houses are numbered, in fact, only the new ones built as double houses, or flats for rental purposes. The named houses are quite impossible to remember very often, as the aboriginal names are used, Kallista, Coomaigh, Corinna, Hoonham, Weeroona, Myoora, Willyama, Kuriggai, Oonah, Kooramil, Rangattira, Wavatah, Lamellah, Nada, Goumea, Atami, Lugano, Uloom, Gascorgie, etc. The major part of the names are of this type, and in brass or metal plates on every gate, also the doors or door mats in front. Every house has a fence about it and great pride is taken in the gardens. People more recently from England or other countries have used names indicating same as Westminster, Kenilworth, The Bungalow, Dartmouth, Arizona, San Diego, The Sands, The Nook, etc. Really, it is rather a pretty idea. I shall almost feel like adopting it. And one other custom is the "afternoon tea." At four o'clock we have it every day, with thin slices of bread, buttered toast or tea cakes, or scones. They use bakery cakes almost wholly—never could keep enough of the other kind in the cake box, I presume. So when I come home and am calling on you at 4 o'clock, just remember my lately acquired habit. Tea is served in every home as an "eye opener" at 7 a. m. A friend in this house (sixty paying guests) wishes breakfast at 7:15 or 7:30 a. m. to secure a 7:37 boat, or the next ferry at 7:57, and after a twenty minute ferry trip across the bay and a six minute "tram" ride to place of business, you see he cannot reach business center before 8:05 or 8:25. But not in this city, as a boarder anywhere, hotel or boarding house of any sort that we would consider a home is a breakfast served before 8 o'clock, only in homes can that be managed. Thus the 8:37 ferry or the 8:57, both making business arrival after 9 o'clock. Business practically opens at 10 o'clock.

It is very interesting to hear what other people think of us and our customs. They are quite horrified over "ladies" chewing gum. Then, the looseness of divorce laws, and the number of divorces amazes and horrifies them, as they do us. Universally, they speak of us as a nation of dyspeptics. In our party of seven, we grown-ups carefully thought through every acquaintance in our large and varied circle scattered over the United States, and not a dyspeptic is on the list. The only one we knew of is John D. Rockefeller, and he, you know, we are not so well acquainted with personally. They think, too, as we do that legal matters in the U. S. are strangely handled, not the proper respect for decisions; the cartoonist; the journalist take away the dignity that should belong to any such high authority.

The state statistician, a most charming, well informed man, was speaking of this recently, and gave an illustration in point. There was a certain case in the courts pertaining to land grants, which in his judgment should have been decided a certain way, as it was a subject on which he was well informed. However, that morning his paper stated the Judge's decision was the reverse of his opinion, as well as numerous other thoughtful men. But as several others who thought with him, in meeting that day, he said not one word of criticism was uttered. The Judge was honorable, he was cognizant of every phase of the situation, a man whom they trusted in that high position, and his decision was not to be questioned.

They cannot understand, for instance, why the fine of \$29,000,000 has not been collected from the Standard Oil Company in U. S. A., the second trial of Renf of San Francisco, the ever feeling and action that a decision in court is not a decision, and such delay in executing final court decisions.

Labor people here have most easy times. They are so prosperous that they are absurdly independent, and so often no sense of honor. They are a most different type than the corresponding party in U. S. A. I am greatly interested in an ambitious little dressmaker, a bright, well educated, nice girl starting a new business place near by and doing some sewing for me. For two weeks she has had an "ad" in the paper for two assistant dressmakers. Not one response has she had, and she has to turn away work, not sure she can continue the shop as rent is high, otherwise a fine business opening but no one needy enough to assist her.

One Saturday afternoon, not long since, Commander and Mrs. Brown-

low secured seats for us to observe a very interesting military review. It seems that King Edward had made a gift of beautiful silk flags to each Company that had shown service in the Boer war, and only just at this time have these flags come to Australia—(They move rapidly in British territory!)

There was room for about fifty people in this special section of the Amphitheater, and Commander Brownlow's guests were to the right of the central semi-circle, where Chief Justice Cullen and Lord Dudley were received, with the ladies of their party. Every head was bared as they left the carriage, and simultaneously people arose and the ladies bent the knee as they shook hands with these important personages. Lord Dudley is the retiring Governor General of Australia, this his last public appearance before sailing.

All the military men were resplendent in the matter of uniform, medals, etc., and high officials were mounted on the most beautiful steeds.

The Scotch Volunteers were in Highland Kilts—such picturesque addition to the lively scene—but the Khaki suits were most in evidence. There were hundreds of soldiers and their maneuvers and drills were most splendidly executed. All details are most formally and punctiliously carried out. There were flags to be presented to nine companies, and the flag bearer presented the flag to Lord Dudley, who was mounted on a beautiful black horse, and each company came forward in turn, and the presentation followed.

One evening we were invited to attend a session of Parliament, and our host gave us most interesting accounts of their procedures. One item was that frequently they sit for forty consecutive hours. The Labour and Liberal party are in very antagonistic relations just now, and in these long sessions the papers will report the most astonishing uncomplimentary epithets, things the speaker would not dare say, our informant stated, if the one he were addressing were not sound asleep.

There are semi-circles of seats, upholstered in leather, but do not seem too comfortable for forty hour sessions.

Another time we visited the mint where only sovereigns and half sovereigns are coined. A special permit has to be requested. This is sent you by mail the day you may go. A gentleman must be in your party. A most noisy, unfinished place as compared with Philadelphia's beautiful mint.

How I have chatted on! This would be more acceptable sent in sections I presume, but have written along at odd moments, as I see the beginning page says July 10 and it is now August 21, sister Louise's birthday.

With very best wishes and kindest regards to one and all with the hope that our general letters are considered personal to each one on the list, as well as to those who hear them. Yours,

H. Mont and Grace R. Porter.

### INJURED BOY IMPROVING

Franklin Hemingway Recovering from Injury Received at School

We are pleased to inform the many Alliance and Box Butte county friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Hemingway that their little boy Franklin is recovering from the injury he received at school in Kansas City, Monday, April 27th, mention of which was made in this paper last week. A letter to A. P. Lee from Mr. Hemingway gives the following information concerning the accident:

The principal of the school was coaching some of the older boys in putting the shot. Unfortunately, the ground which they were using was not fenced off from the general play ground. Franklin was playing tag with some other small boys and ran across the ground that was being used by the larger boys just as the principal was putting the eight pound shot. It struck him squarely on the side of the head, back of and a little above the left ear.

This was at 10:30 a. m. He was rendered unconscious and did not regain consciousness until 4:50 p. m. and then only for a moment, but he recognized his mother. From that time on he was conscious at frequent intervals during the night, and has continued to improve since, much to the delight of his parents and their many friends.

### WANTED, STOCK TO PASTURE

Good pasture on Snake creek twelve miles west of Alliance. Good water. A. W. JAY, Alliance. 21-2\*-1229