

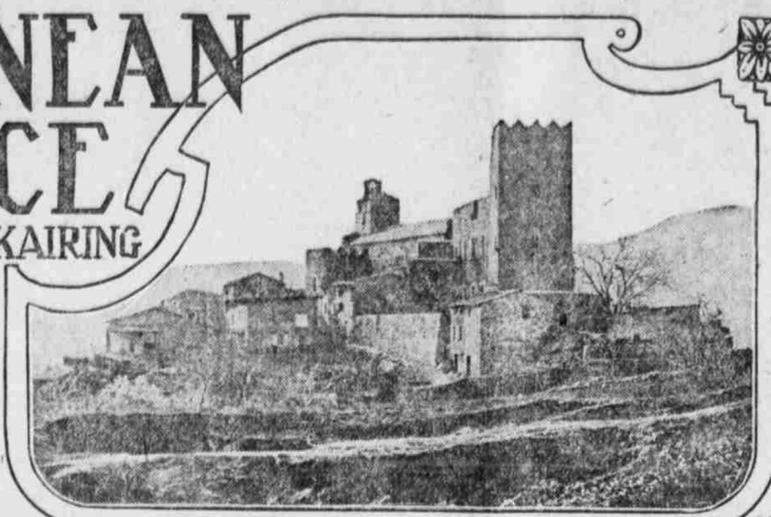
# A PYRENEAN PROVINCE

By FREDERICK PICKAIRING

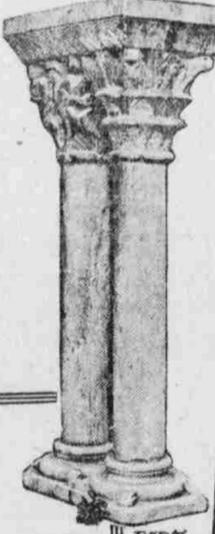
**T**WO sentiments, says the "little history of the province, which a wise educational committee has provided for the children's use in old French Catalonia, two sentiments are native to the heart of every good Catalan—love of his country and the love of liberty. An ardent independence, as the same authority explains, and a distinguishing capacity for pursuing serenely their self-appointed way have always marked this hardy people. Hence it is that to this day the Catalan retains his racial characteristics, cherishes his old traditions and—Catalan to Catalan—speaks in the ancient tongue.

Again and again his country has changed hands. The seaboard plains and the lofty highlands upon the eastern Spanish frontier known to the mediaeval world as Catalonia, have shared the usual fate of border territories. Peoples from the north and peoples from the south—Romans, Visigoths, Moors, Franks, counts of Roussillon, kings of Arragon and of Majorca, rulers of France, rulers of Spain—in turn have conquered or possessed the land. But the Catalan has never ceased to feel himself a Catalan or lost his mastering sense of race.

The name Catalonia is usually taken to imply merely the Spanish province, and to mention the Catalans is to call up disturbing visions of industrial strikes, evoking memories of anarchistic activity and desperate Barcelona riots. The picture, it may, par parenthese, be said, is perhaps hardly fair to the men whose energy has created the largest, most flourishing seaport of Spain, who, all said and done are certainly the most progressive, most intelligent, most resourceful of King Alfonso's subjects. In any case, the Catalans on the French side of the border are un-



CHURCH AND CHATEAU  
OLD VERNET VILLAGE



PART  
OF THE  
ARCADÉ



CATALANS AT HOME



A HOUSE IN OLD VERNET

known to newspaper fame, nor does the traveling public know very much as yet of the beautiful and varied land which they are so proud to inhabit.

It is the Frenchman's boast that samples of the world's best scenery and the range of all its desirable climates are found within the boundaries of his native country. In these respects French Catalonia—which (with a portion of old Langue-doc) is defined upon the modern map as the department Pyrenees Orientales—may be described as France in miniature. Mont Canigou, admittedly one of the most majestic, most impressive of the Pyrenean peaks, is 9,500 feet high; Puig Mal, a less conspicuous neighbor, stands a trifle higher; and, clustered close, are other splendid heights. The scenery among these giants is of the kind we usually term "Alpine," but from the snow-slopes of the Canigou you may look down upon the sun-burnt shores of Spain and the blue, gleaming furl of the far-stretched Mediterranean. Or, deserting the heights, and starting, say, from Mont Louis, loftiest of the fortified towns of France, and a new center for winter sports, you descend the winding valley of the Tet, and in an hour or so you find yourself among the olive orchards. Soon magnolias, the pointed aloe, even palms, are seen among the vineyards and in the roadside gardens, while if it be springtime, mimosa flaunt their feathery plumes, and near and far under the sunny sky stretch fields of pink peach blossom.

"To this favored land," said "Dagonet," writing in the Referee, "Nature has been more than kind; she has been effusive." But a sun-drenched, sparkling air and the striking contrasts of the natural scene are not the only charms of Catalonia. For the historian, the antiquarian or the archaeologist the country abounds in interest. Its successive conquerors failed appreciably to mold the temper or to change the habits of its people; inevitably they left behind them concrete vestiges of occupation. Local tradition makes much of the Arabes and the curious tall towers upon the mountain spurs, of which the Tour de Goa, near Vernet-les-Bains, is a conspicuous example, are popularly ascribed to the vigilance of the Saracen rulers. Obviously, however, these watch towers are of far later construction, and, like many other so-called Moorish remains, date from the Aragon dominion, or—more probably—from the tenancy of the Majorcan kings. It was the kings of Majorca who made Perpignan, now the chief town of the department, a royal capital. The architecture of Perpignan cathedral—as, indeed,

of most Catalan churches—shows marked traces of Spanish influence.

A little below Perpignan is the small town of Elne with the ruins of an abbey and some beautiful, richly-ornamented cloisters. The Visigoths made Elne the seat of an important bishopric. In Roman times the little town, which then stood actually upon the coast, was known as Helens, so called in compliment to the mother of the "good" Emperor Constantine. Collioure, tiny but extremely picturesque, also owes its name to the Romans. Port Vendres, another fishing port, still nearer the frontier, was built upon the site of a temple dedicated to the goddess Venus, and was originally "Portus Venerus."

The Romans were 500 years in Catalonia, and besides the building of numerous roads, they naturally found time to exploit some of the many mineral springs. The insignificant townlet, Prades, still possesses the remains of baths which were constructed by the Romans; local chroniclers assert that they also discovered the healing waters at Vernet-les-Bains. Vernet, which stands among the foothills of Mont Canigou, is a veritable "beauty spot" of the Pyrenees. For centuries it has been frequented by Frenchmen and Spaniards; latterly it has leaped into

favor with the English as a winter spa. The old village of Vernet, which faces the luxurious grounds of the modern establishment, is a typical Catalan village, and, owing to its situation, is strangely picturesque. The red roofs of the crumbling houses cover both man and beast, and the narrow, twisting streets follow the outline of the hillside in the manner usual with southern mountain hamlets, but they are crowned by a mediaeval church and chateau, and framed by distant blue and purple heights. Near at hand Mont Canigou erects his snowy head. For the Catalans Mont Canigou is the "delectable mountain," an object of admiring wonder, almost a legendary god.

Another spa, made fashionable by the Romans, is Amelies-Bains, a trim, Spanish-looking town close on the frontier, whose warm climate attracts the French consumptive. Not far from Amelies is the pass across which Hannibal led his legions on the historic march to Italy. The Romans had previously sent ambassadors to beg the Catalans not to allow the Carthaginian mercenaries to traverse their territory, but to turn them back. Hannibal, however, contrived to flatter the owners of the soil; Catalans and Carthaginians made friends, and the soldiers were allowed free passage. The Col de Perthus—Hannibal's route—and another Catalonian col are the only two passes across the Pyrenees which are practicable throughout the year; they offered a convenient means of egress or retreat to Moorish and Spanish invaders. Had there been no good passage through the great chain the history of the Catalans must have been less chequered and the Catalonian seaboard might not have formed a fairway for the restless warrior peoples of mediaeval Europe.

## SHIPS WHICH WILL NOT SINK

Once more we hear talk of an unsinkable ship, remarks the New York Commercial. An English inventor claims to have solved the problem, but his experiments have been confined to a small model only four feet in length and nine inches wide, so the problem of applying his system to a vessel 500 or 1,000 feet in length is by no means solved.

Few people outside of practical shipbuilders and navigators understand the difference between a large vessel and a small one in point of structural strength. The strongest vessel that floats in the water is a common rowboat. One can take an ordinary rowboat and carry it by the ends or it can rest on cleats under each end without breaking in the middle, but the strongest man-of-war or ocean liner that floats today would break in two if subjected to a similar strain. The larger a vessel the weaker it becomes in this respect, and for this reason many apparently good ideas which work out well in model form have failed utterly when applied to large vessels.

It is doubtful if any real progress in building ships has been made since the days of the Great Eastern, as far as the use of water-tight compartments and bulkheads is concerned. The designer of the Great Eastern divided that vessel into cellular compartments, and no improvement on this plan has as yet been made, although it is not used extensively because it requires too many hatches for the loading and unloading of cargo. The invention to which reference has been made consists of surrounding the vessel with a water-tight belt divided into cells for the purpose

of giving the vessel greater buoyancy as it sinks in the water. There is really nothing new in this idea and it has been applied successfully in building lifeboats and other small vessels. It adds to the width of the vessel above the water line and the inventor is wrong in claiming that it would not interfere with its cargo-carrying capacity.

Modern steamships are safe enough when at sea, so far as the storms and lashing of the waves are concerned. The dangers that threaten them are collisions with other vessels, with derelicts or with icebergs, and, of course, running ashore or on a rock in a dense fog. Take two vessels of equal size crossing each other's path, let one strike the other amidships and the vessel struck would be cut in two if the other were going at full speed. The tremendous force of the blow is almost beyond calculation. In the case of a vessel the size of the new Emperor, it would probably be equal to a striking force of 8,000,000 foot tons. No cellular belt or any other conceivable construction would save a ship under such conditions. The thing to do is to avoid all such risks as far as possible. The Titanic was lost because its captain had too much confidence in its unsinkable construction.

### THEN TROUBLE BEGAN.

"These who are unlucky in love are said to be lucky at cards," remarked Mrs. Gnagg. "If that's the case" responded Mr. Gnagg, "I bet I could break the bank at Monte Carlo."

## POULTRY

PROFITABLE AS EGG LAYER

Brown Leghorn Hen, Six Years Old Stops Laying Just Long Enough to Hatch Out Brood.

As to the age limit of profitable egg production there are many exceptions to this rule. Some hens are never profitable egg producers, while others may be profitable for years. I have a three-fourths grade Brown Leghorn that is nearly six years old and she has not stopped laying since early last spring long enough to hatch a brood of chickens, says a writer in an exchange. She got broody last April and was given eggs, but she sat but a few days until she quit her nest and was laying again in a short time. She has been almost a continual layer up to this date, and is still laying. Much of the time she laid an egg every day.

The regular profit of \$1 per fowl seems to satisfy the average poultryman. This is wrong, for no one should be satisfied in any line of work,



Rose Comb Brown Leghorn.

but constantly striving for better results and larger profits. Two and three dollars per fowl is a possible profit and is being attained by some men in the poultry business today.

The secret does not lie in the fowl or the variety, but in the human brain. Let us all study more carefully the rules and principles that govern poultry culture. Let us strive to increase the profit in our flocks, and thus each year set up a new standard for the succeeding year. By thought, perseverance and persistence great things can be accomplished with poultry.

### INJURIOUS HABITS OF HENS

Pulling and Eating of Each Other's Feathers May Be Cured by Allowing Them Free Range.

Sometimes a flock of hens acquire the habit of pulling and eating each other's feathers. In some cases they are so bad that the flesh of the fowls become torn and sore, and the whole flock is nearly naked. When they first show the signs of this vice measures should promptly be taken to cure them.

The trouble is caused by too closely confining the fowls and allowing them to be idle. Where possible they should be turned on the range where the fascination of chasing bugs and eating the green stuff will make them forget the bad habit.

When they cannot be turned out they should be made to scratch for their grain in deep litter. Bundles of wheat or oats, or sunflower heads may be hung up just high enough that they will have to work to get the seeds. Give them some turnips or mangle beets or cabbage heads to work at—anything to keep them in exercise and busy. Feed them plenty of green food, meat, meal, beef scraps and green cut bone.

Rub carbolated vaseline on the plucked fowls where the feathers have been pulled out.

## POULTRY NOTES

Cleanliness is more important than medicine for poultry.

Plenty of buttermilk and clabber saves buying meat scraps.

Sanitation is the great chick remedy. In other words, prevention.

Patient attention to the little things is what makes success with poultry.

Cull all your young chickens, keeping those nearest to the standard of perfection.

Late hatched chickens need as much care as early ones; don't think they can rustle a living.

The goose is a grazing bird, while the duck thrives with a limited amount of green food.

For table it pays to hatch chicks from February to November, but the number should be limited.

If duck eggs are set under the hens from this time on, it will be best to make the nest on the ground.

Remember that fowls that "look alike" will attract better attention and sell better than the hit and miss kind.

About the best remedy for scaly legs, which is the work of parasites, is an application of melted lard and sulphur once a week.

## The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

### The GIRLS WHO NEVER QUIT



The laundry girls go striking; they oft leave us in the lurch; The Choir Ladies' Union wants a higher scale in church; The sewing girls are striking, and decline to arbitrate; The waitresses, assembled in their lodge, refuse to wait; As the days go rolling on Girls keep striking pro and con—Oh, cursed spite, that matters should have come to such a state.

The lady cooks are putting down their ladles, and, alas! The lady clerks may strike before another week shall pass; Posterity will look upon this as a striking age— The chorus girls are unionized, they're marching from the stage— As the days go rolling on Girls keep striking pro and con; The time is sadly out of joint, and striking is the rage.

The chambermaids are striking; the stenographers, no doubt, Will next be forming unions so that they, too, may walk out; But the summer girls are loyal, they are charming still and gay; They are flirting on the beaches, they are splashing in the spray!— As the days go rolling on Girls keep striking pro and con— But the summer girls are busy in the same old way.

How He Spunked Up. "Josiah," exclaimed Mrs. Henpeck, who had endeavored without success to convince the conductor that their Charley, who has been shaving regularly twice a week since last April, was only six years old. "Josiah," she exclaimed, "are you going to set there and let this man talk back to me this way? Why don't you spunk up?"

Suddenly arousing himself as if from a trance, Mr. Henpeck said: "Stop addressing your insulting remarks to my wife, sir. I want you to understand, sir, that if any member of this family is to be talked down it is me, sir—do you understand? Me! There, Maria, how do you like that for spunkin' up, eh?"

Too Late. A boy, five years of age, who had recently become the brother of another little boy, was sent to the grocery the other day to get some loaf sugar. By mistake the grocer gave him granulated, and the boy was sent back to have it changed.

"How do you like your new brother?" asked the grocer, as he was weighing out the right kind of sugar. "Oh, I don't like him very much," the little fellow answered. "He cries all the time."

"Why don't you change him, then, as you do the sugar?" "We can't change him now, 'cause we've used him three days."

The Pearl Fisher. Smith dug up mussels from the stream; "Some day, perhaps," said he, "I'll find a pearl inside of one."

That shall bring wealth to me." Jones worked away year after year And added to his store, And people envied him who saw The happy smile he wore.

One day Smith, who was old and poor, Cried out, "Behold! Behold!" The pearl that he had found was worth Ten times its weight in gold.

Jones looked, and envied Smith his luck, And Smith, with head a-whirl, Forgot that Jones' store was worth A thousand times the pearl.

Kind Girl. "I often hear people say they have to go away by themselves to think, don't you know. It's so funny, I can think just as well right in a crowd as I can anywhere else."

"Yes," she answered after deciding not to say it, "but you must remember that you are so different from ordinary men."

Important Advantage. The man who is a stepfather has one important advantage. His wife can't set up the claim that the children inherited all their disagreeable traits from him.

Unappreciated Genius. "She has married a wonderful chess player." "Um. Does she expect to support him, or has he inherited money?"