

# FINLAND'S ISLANDS



Making Hay in the Alands.

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IN THE north of the Baltic sea, where the breast of Finland swells toward the Swedish coast, there are 6,000 islands, to which belong all the surviving big sailing ships in the world; or, to be more exact, there are 6,554 islands, rock islets, tree-spattered specks of sea-encircled territory whose name is Aland and in whose small ports are registered 26 of the surviving square-rigged ships in commission in the world. Altogether there may be 31 now, counting a German, two Swedes, an American, and a Dane.

Aland is Finnish; but its people are Swedes, speaking Swedish. Their colors are the blue and gold of Sweden, though the white and blue flag of Finland floats officially from the Government House. The strange cadences of the Finnish tongue are little heard here, though by law Finnish is taught in the schools are in the nautical academy.

The Finns have their own name for the islands, in their own language; to them they are Ahvenanmaa, and their capital is Mariehamn (which is Maryport in English) becomes Mariahaminna.

Sailing into Mariehamn one sees first a low island, and on it a lighthouse—nothing else. It is so low it looks as if an angry sea might sweep right over it and obliterate it from sight. Were the lighthouse not there, by night it would be invisible. It bears no trees, no habitation. Beyond are more islands, low and rocky; then pine-clad ones ahead, astern, abeam, all around. Still one can see no houses. The islands are low, the highest not a hundred feet above the sea. The pines come down to the water's edge. This is Aland.

### What Mariehamn Is Like.

Around a point between two islands is Mariehamn quay. On the slope above it are houses and a wood; then some more houses and a great wood, down each side of which a road has been made. This parklike forest with lanes is the Esplanade, main street of Mariehamn. There one may walk in the cool shade of the trees, past rows of clean spacious houses. It is all ships, this street, with shipowners living there and sailors walking up and down, and at the bottom of the harbor, on both sides (for Mariehamn crosses a narrow peninsula), with the masts and yards of the barks growing there above the pines, as if they, like the pines, had begun there and grown there and always belonged there.

At one end of the Esplanade is the town's hotel, Societetshuset, where the visitors live when they come from Sweden. The summer business is good, and at week-ends a special excursion steamer from Stockholm brings hundreds more visitors to the little town. The tourists dance, eat, swim, and bathe, and the Alanders, bent over their tasks in the fields, pay them no attention at all.

These Alanders might be the original sailors, descendants of Vikings—there are Viking graves at Godby, on the main island, and elsewhere—who stayed there on raiding trips to Finland because they liked the place, with its peace and its woods, its good earth and its good fish that teemed in the waters. Viking blood still predominates here.

In a group of 6,000 islands even a small farm, away from the principal large island, would ordinarily include several islets. The plowman, if he would not swim, must boat to his fields; the farmer's wife going to market must go by sea. It was natural in these surroundings that a race of mariners should arise. Taking so much of their food from the sea, finding the materials for shipbuilding so close at hand, they early built fine vessels.

### Built Up a Merchant Marine.

There were always timber and fish in Aland, and these, with the surplus products of the farms, were the first cargoes. After a while, when the restrictions imposed by rival ports had been broken down, the Alanders were allowed to send their vessels out into the Baltic. Now they built larger ships, schooners, and brigs. They carried their own goods so successfully that soon they began to carry other people's; and so the beginnings of their merchant service grew. For a long

time it was only in the Baltic and the Gulf of Bothnia. Politics still kept world trade the monopoly of a few nations, and no Aland ship was seen beyond the Danish sound.

In 1854 the British sacked Bomarsund; for Aland, like Finland, was Russian then, and the British were at war with Russia. That was a sad blow. But the Alanders, many of their vessels burned and their port destroyed, soon began again. They founded the town of Mariehamn where there had been two fields, stretched across a narrow peninsula, with harbors at both ends. With their new port, the Alanders began to build their feet again. They built better vessels and found more trade. Gradually the hated steamship was rising. Suez was opened in 1869, and the clippers passed.

In the great discard of sail the Alanders, unworried by steam, bought up such vessels as appeared to be good bargains. They acquired Nova Scotian barks, Bluenose barkentines. Down East full-riggers. They bought ships cheaply, and they bought good ships. One of their principles was that a ship should return her cost in three years.

Through the World war Aland ships suffered heavily. Eight were lost in one month. After the war some of the older ship owners had had enough and bought no more ships. But new ones arose; and one of these was Gustaf Erikson. In 1920 he began building up what now has become the last great fleet of sail in the world.

### Erikson's Fine Ships.

Erikson bought up the beautiful German training ship Herzogin Cecilie, paying some \$20,000 for her as she lay in a French port. He sent her to Australia for grain and to Chile for nitrates, and in two years she had returned her purchase price and more besides. He bought the big Lawhill, and with one lucky freight from Buenos Aires cleared \$200,000. Now he has a corner on all the commissioned sailing ships of the world, and those Cape Horners which do not fly his house flag may be counted upon the fingers of one hand.

His ships carry crews of boys; even the officers are very young, and many of the masters are younger than thirty years. Some of the ships are schoolships, carrying premium-paying apprentices as crew. So many people wrote from all over the world asking to sail in his vessels that he equipped two of them especially to take passengers—the Viking and Herzogin Cecilie; and, not content with that, bought L'Avenir from the Belgians. He fitted her to take 80 passengers, of three classes, and in the summer now she makes Baltic cruises with the Erikson tug fussing along behind in case of need.

Ordinarily a small Aland boy can pull a boat almost as soon as he can walk, and sail one not long afterwards. At the age of ten or so he makes a Baltic voyage, helping in a "sloop" taking firewood and fish to Stockholm or to Turku. From these he graduates to the Baltic schooners, and so to the North sea barks; thereafter it is an easy step to deep water, Cape Horn, and the grain trade from Australia.

A Finnish law restricts berths before the mast to Finnish nationals, and the forecastles of the ships are ordinarily filled with Alanders. But the half-decks, where the apprentices live, contain all the nationalities of the world. He who wishes to become a sail-trained sailor now must sail in Aland ships—and pay \$250 to the owner for that privilege.

To the Alanders deserved promotion is comparatively easy. A nautical academy is provided free through the winters in Mariehamn; here, after two years of service, candidates may sit for their second mate's papers, first spending six months at school. Tuition and books cost nothing; the boy must provide only his board, and in Aland that costs little.

They are quiet, these Alanders. It takes a long time to know them. They are not given to the utterance of long dissertations upon the burning problems of the day. They are a quiet and careful race, hard-bitten, hard raised. To them waste is shameful and a loud mouth an abomination. They have little time for progress that means only change.

## BORROWED

By ETTA WEBB  
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RUTH stared at the invitation, red lips curving, blue eyes sparkling with joy.

She had known Irene Howell so slightly that she had not dreamed of being asked to the great Howell-Twining wedding. Probably Andrew wouldn't feel he could go. But she must go. With somebody. With Mr. Fink. Mrs. Fink was sure to be asked. She and Irene had belonged to the same bridge club.

It seemed to Ruth that she was really getting into the swim at last. Five months before she and Andrew were strangers to everybody here. Then she had chanced upon Mrs. Fink. Andrew and Mr. Fink worked at the same place. Andrew said Tom Fink was a good fellow.

Just at first Ruth thought she didn't like Inez Fink, but after a while she got used to the sharp-tongued woman. From this acquaintance had come Irene Howell's invitation.

"It means a lot to us, in a way," she told Andrew at dinner.

"A man is known by the company his wife keeps. The Howells are way up. So you see. Mrs. Fink says—"

"Never mind Mrs. Fink. What I want to know is how much this wedding is going to set me back." Andrew said briskly. "For a present, I mean."

"No present. We're only invited to the church."

"I see. Well, I can't make it, possibly. Fink isn't going either. I suppose you and she can trail off together. Got enough to wear?"

"Sure," Ruth smiled. "Except a hat."

"I knew there'd be a something short," Andrew pretended to groan. "Remember my insurance premium comes due the first of the month. I've got to meet it if it takes a leg. Every cent will count till that is seen to."

Ruth saw no prospect of getting a new hat.

Mrs. Fink ran in.

No, Tom wasn't going to the wedding either.

"You and I can trot along together," she said. "I've just finished cross-stitching my new white silk with orange and black. It's swell. Now show me what you are going to wear."

Ruth brought out her blue crepe. Mrs. Fink inspected it with a careless glance.

"It'll do if you get a smart hat to wear with it. Folks always look at your hat first. If you've got a snappy chapeau you can get away with any old rag for a dress."

Ruth flushed hotly.

The blue dress didn't look the same to her after Mrs. Fink got through with it.

Ruth tried it on three times.

Each time she felt more keenly the need of that new hat. She tried to change the trimming on her best hat, but it had faded underneath.

Mrs. Fink made her go over and see the white silk cross-stitched with black and orange. It was charming. But the hat Mrs. Fink had got to go with the dress took Ruth's breath away. It was the hat of her dreams. She bit her lip, trying to keep down a pang of envy as Mrs. Fink carelessly twirled the hat on her hand.

She let Ruth try on the hat. And the way Ruth looked in it! It made her blue eyes bluer, her cheeks pinker, her hair brighter.

That night she dreamed about the black hat.

Next morning Ruth was all excitement. She hurried with the dish-washing. She put the tiny home to rights with deft, swift motions.

The wedding was at noon.

At ten minutes to eleven when she was all dressed ready to go the telephone bell rang. Mrs. Fink had called up to say hoarsely that her throat was getting worse every minute—she couldn't go.

"I'm so sorry! It's too bad! That lovely dress! That elegant hat! Is there anything I can do for you, Mrs. Fink?" Ruth's voice was full of honest concern.

"Oh, I've got everything to doctor with. Say, Ruth! You can wear the hat if you want to."

"Oh, Mrs. Fink! Do you really mean so? You aren't joking, are you?"

"I should say not! Stop in on your way past and get it."

Ruth had always made it a rule not to borrow or lend unless there was real necessity for doing so. Andrew was dead set against the practice himself.

They had started out in their married life to be independent, square and conservative. Up to this moment they had both fulfilled the conditions of their little informal contract.

But now Ruth yielded to the lure of the hat.

She saw no harm in wearing it, especially as her friend had so kindly offered to loan it.

She was very happy when she put the hat on her bright head. She failed to notice Mrs. Fink's rather odd little smile.

The hat made her brave enough to go to the church alone.

More than one person looked ad-

mirringly at her slender young figure as she passed.

When she entered in at the portal of the stately church she had an air of having just stepped from one of the stately automobiles that were constantly gliding up to the curb. In fact, she seemed to belong to that particular automobile which had a silver ornament on its radiator cap, rather than the stout old lady who had to be assisted down the step.

It was a wonderful wedding, all that a wedding should be—lovely flowers, music, perfume, pretty clothes, exquisite bride and six bridesmaids looking like a bouquet of spring blossoms. Ruth herself had been married in the front parlor of her parents' small house far away, and her mother had made the wedding cake. But she knew nevertheless what it was to take the vows of wifehood. Her heart beat fast and tears dimmed her blue eyes as she listened. She wished Andrew was with her. And she forgot her borrowed hat.

The sunshine was gone by the time she left the church. She hadn't gone two blocks before the first raindrop splattered down. Automobiles dashed past. But Ruth had no money for taxi hire even if there had been a taxi in sight.

Faster and faster fell the raindrops.

Faster and faster sped Ruth toward the safe shelter of Mrs. Fink's.

Folks on the sidewalks, at windows became aware of a flying figure in drenched blue crepe, bare-headed, holding a too large hat under a fluttering rag which had been a chiffon flounce.

White, wet to the skin, breathless between haste and anxiety, Ruth at last came to Mrs. Fink's. Mrs. Fink was lying down, but she sat up quickly enough as Ruth burst in.

"Good gracious. Ain't raining?" exclaimed Mrs. Fink. Then she began to laugh. "I got that hat on trial, girls at Hawtry's. I told them I wanted to keep it until my husband could see it. Tom couldn't tell a French hat from one I'd made myself. I was going to wear it to the wedding and take it back. And now—" she paused significantly.

"Of course I'll pay for it," said Ruth.

Her call was not pleasant.

She was obliged to stay at Mrs. Fink's until the storm ceased.

Then she stole home—to count up her available cash. Meanwhile Mrs. Fink promised to telephone to Hawtry's.

The hat was more expensive than Ruth had dreamed. She had to appeal to Andrew. Andrew had to borrow from Fink, who said shortly that he didn't see how women showed so little judgment in buying clothes—he was sure his wife was always beautifully dressed on very moderate cost. Andrew knew what Ruth had just told him. But he kept silent.

Mrs. Fink was ever after extremely cold to Ruth.

Not long after the Finks got into a little difficulty through Mrs. Fink's methods of buying. They left town. Andrew got Fink's job, which brought in more money than his own. But in spite of this added good fortune Ruth was even more conservative and thrifty than she had been before. That much she had learned from Inez Fink.

Good Salesman

"Yes, Jones is the most successful salesman I know."

"What's his latest success?"

"Yesterday he sold Mrs. Brown two dozen stair carpet rods."

"I don't see anything very wonderful in that."

"Neither did I until I realized that the Browns lived in a bungalow."—Pearson's Weekly.

## Why Permit Men Monopoly of Fun?

"In this corner (we are describing a boxing bout) is Myron Emory, weight 132 pounds. And in this corner Charlie Young, weight 114. The boys are known as the Cuban Flash and the New Hampshire Wildcat. They will now fight four rounds for the world's lightweight championship of the world."

The reporter, in a popular magazine, goes on to describe the fight; how the boxers, lean, tanned, eager, advanced to the center of the ring; how the crowd applauded wildly; how they battled, now boxing cleverly, now slugging hard, the crowd shrieking encouragement. Twice one of the fighters was knocked to the canvas, but twice he arose and earned himself the decision of a draw.

And now, says a woman writer, whose widely read articles are not usually devoted to prize-ring activities, the point of this boxing report in this space. It was really a very strange contest. For the fighters, Emory and Young, were seventy-nine and seventy-eight years old! The referee was a hundred and three.

The bout took place in St. Petersburg, Fla., a popular haven for old people. It was managed by the Three Quarter Century club, all of whose members are over seventy-five, all active in some sport.

And no old-time athletes are these men. Just elderly people who when they retired to that city in the sun found all sorts of diversions—for young people. They realized that if they were to have any fun there they would have to organize activities for themselves. So they founded the Three Quarter Century club—not to turn back the years, but to utilize fully the years they have left." It appears they are adding to them.

But—the Three Quarter Centurians are all men. My thought is, what about the women? They don't have to box, or join the baseball team, but there are goodly activities in that city of the sun that would give them no less fun. Have they been so preoccupied all those years before that they can't learn how to take fun like their men? That's an idea for the generation to follow them. Let this July 4th be remembered as an Independence day for a Woman's Three Quarter Century club!

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**HERE'S A TIP**

**ON A PIP**

**IT'S A FAVORITE**

**HOW THEY CRAVE FOR IT**

**SWEET AS HONEY IT'S THE MONEY**

**GRAPE-NUTS FLAKES!**

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## CARL MAKES A COME-BACK

**CARL, YOUR DISPLAY OF TEMPER CONVINCED ME I CAN'T USE YOU IN THE TOURNAMENT! YOU'RE ALWAYS BLOWING UP!**

**AW—TELL HIM TO GO STRING HIS RACKET—HE'S A LOUSY COACH ANYWAY!**

**HELLO, CARL! I HEAR YOU'RE GOING TO PLAY IN THE INTER-STATE TENNIS TOURNAMENT!**

**WELL, I'M NOT! THE COACH KICKED ME OUT! SAID I LOSE MY TEMPER TOO EASILY!**

**I NEVER DID LIKE THIS DOCTOR! HE'S TOO SMART... HE'LL MAKE TROUBLE FOR ME YET!**

**AS I'VE TOLD YOU CARL, YOU HAVE COFFEE-NERVES. THAT'S WHAT CAUSES YOUR HEADACHES AND INDIGESTION — AND BAD TEMPER!**

**SHUCKS, DOCTOR... COFFEE DOESN'T HURT ME!**

**IF I HAD MY WAY, I'D TAKE ALL THE DOCTORS IN THE WORLD AND DROWN 'EM!**

**MY ADVICE IS CUT OUT COFFEE AND SWITCH TO POSTUM. YOU'LL SEE THE DIFFERENCE!**

**WELL—ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR—IF YOU SAY SO!**

**CURSES! THAT BLASTED MEDICO KNOWS THAT POSTUM ALWAYS DRIVES ME OUT!**

**CARL IS PLAYING A MARVELOUS GAME ... BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL BLOW UP?**

**NOT A CHANCE! SINCE CARL SWITCHED TO POSTUM, HE'S FELT SO GOOD THAT NOTHING UPSETS HIM!**

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