

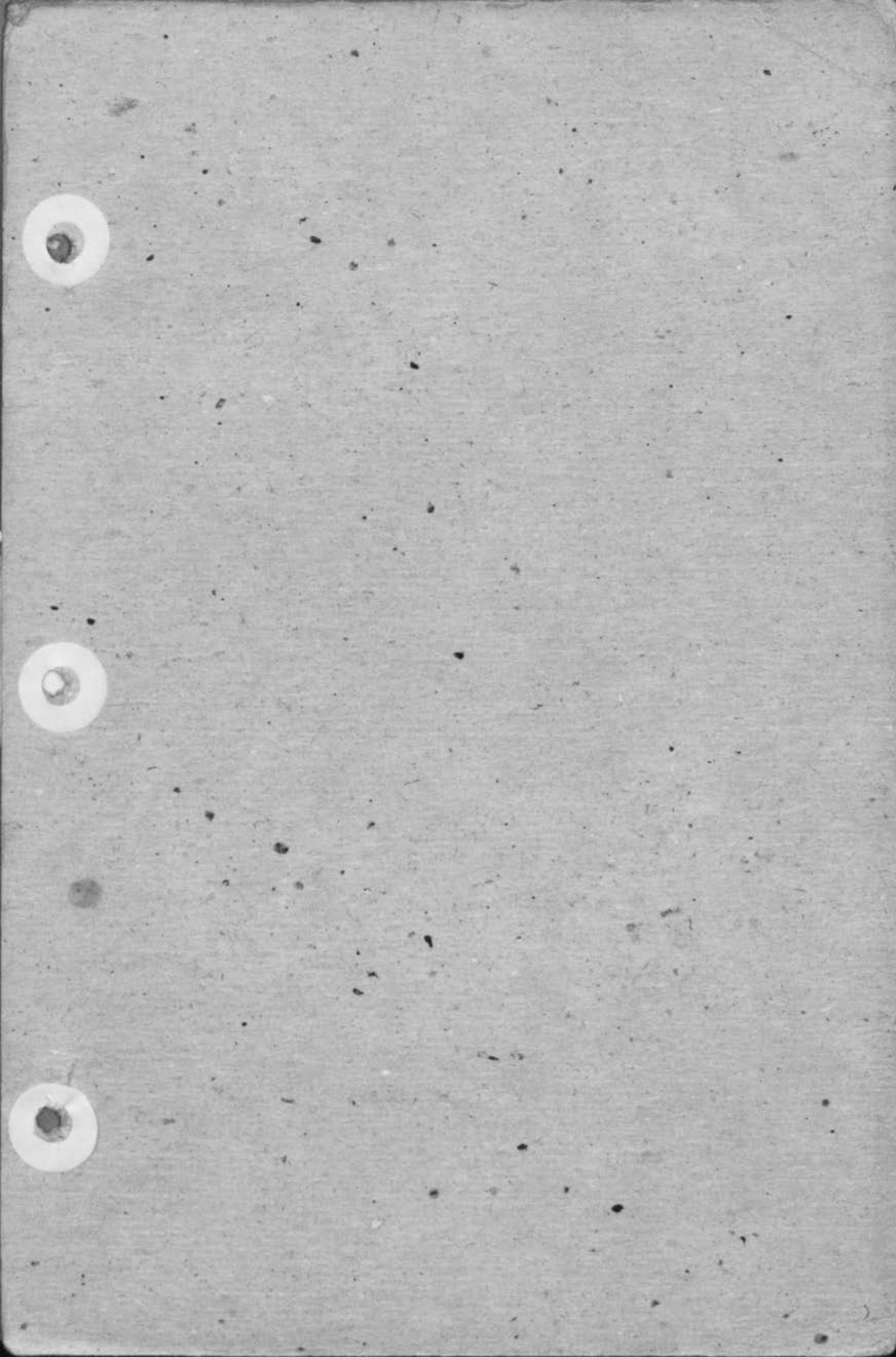
# DIARY

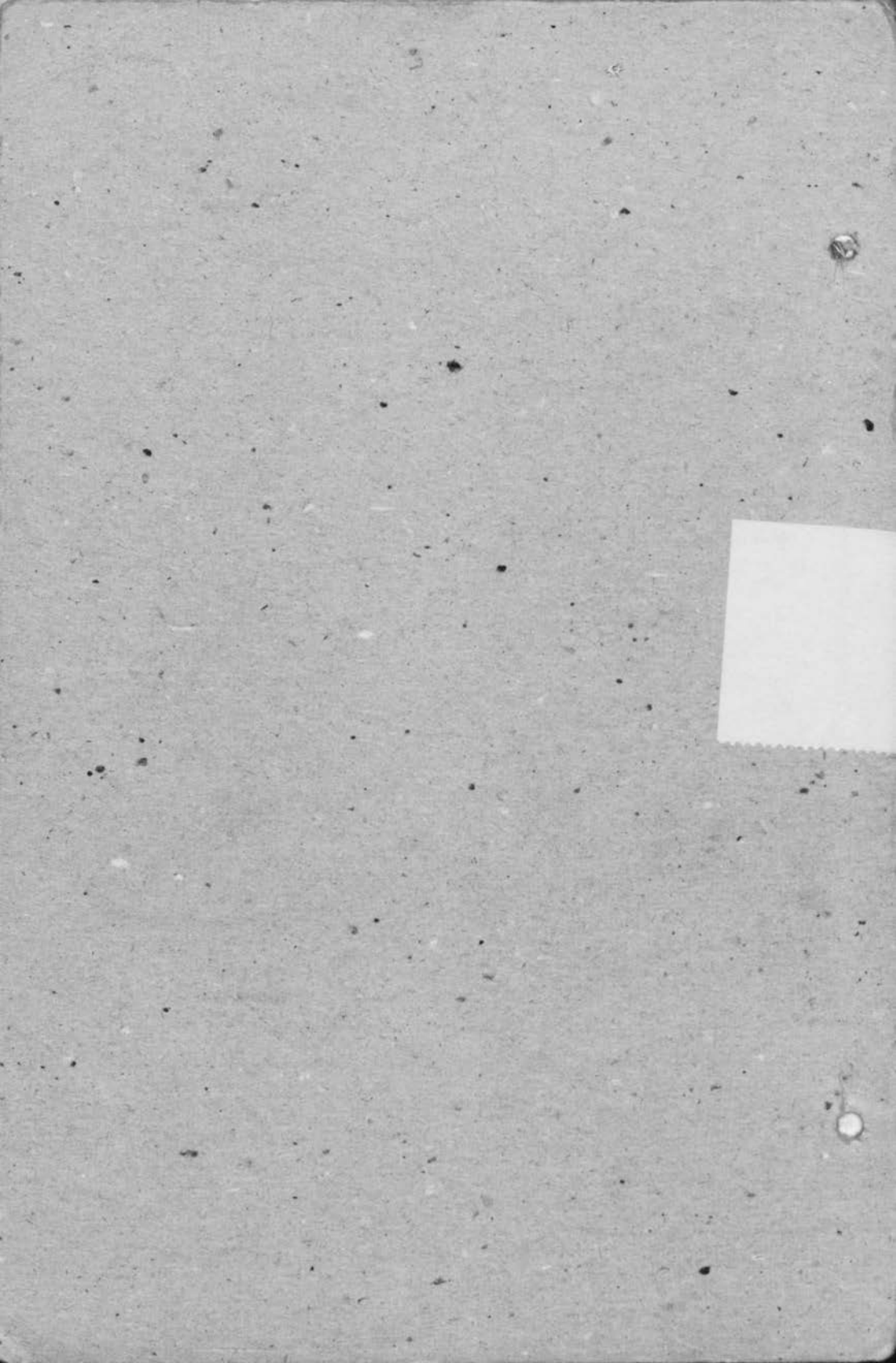
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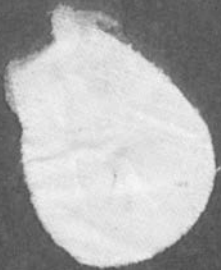
1930













**ROBERT PYLE**, of West Grove, one of the leaders in America's rose growing industry, who has been fraternizing with royalty overseas.

**VIEWING ROSES IN MANY LANDS**

**Robert Pyle Meets Spanish, French and Germans at Homes.**

**West Grove Leader Mentions Odd Experiences While Acting as Judge of Flower Shows Abroad.**

Barton-on-Sea, New Milton, Hants, England, August 4, 1930.

Dear Folks at Home:—At the moment, I'm sitting in the sun room of a very select little hotel we've found near Bournemouth. I've been looking far out over the route which the big steamers follow into Southampton. They skirt round the Isle of Wight on our left (we see them sometimes). I've been watching the gulls with steady outstretched wings go gliding by up and down the coast, faster with the wind, but just as surely and almost as steadily against it. What grace, and how they appear to enjoy it! which reminds me that not far south of here, Lindbergh also flew on his way from obscurity to fame.

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**WITH ROSE GROWERS.**

My first errand was to carry out a

**Ready?**

Acute indigestion is one thing perhaps you don't like to think about. Naturally it's treacherous. It strikes without warning—All right then, Forget about it! You can, and safely, if Bell-ans is in your medicine chest. Six Bell-ans. Hot water. Sure Relief! Ask your druggist for the 25c. or 75c. size to-day.



**BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION**

commission for The American Rose Society, which I did by calling a first of all upon the Count of Guell, a true Spanish grandee, who, besides being the Marquis of Camillas, is also "Alcalde" or Mayor of Barcelona. He was most gracious, quite promptly agreed to my request and accordingly the next day at noon, in the Royal room of the State House with the aid of America's capable Consul, Mr. Stewart, and before a small audience, His Excellency after responding in fluent English to a little speech of mine turned to Spain's leading rose grower, Pedro Dot. To him, in Spanish, he then presented the gold medal of the American Rose Society bestowed in honor of his new rose, "Mme. Gregoire Staechelin." (It is pleasant to have a good photograph of the event as well as the newspaper reports, including that of the Paris edition of the New York Herald).

Of course this paved the way for my business with Mr. Dot, whom I'd never before seen. He treated me royally, providing three different interpreters for different half days. We visited besides (of course) his own extensive trials and nurseries, both a private rose garden, and (that where I could not photograph) the gardens of the King, to which each year are sent the best of the new roses from seven nations. The last afternoon and evening we drove from the great central open plaza of the city out past the famous university buildings, past the bull fight arena, which Pedro Dot had never attended, to the widely advertised Barcelona Exposition. Our guide was Mr. Aldrueu, the superintendent of the grounds. His car made the visit easier. Outstanding in my memory are two things—first, the setting on the side of a mountain, which originally was a great stone quarry from which much of the city was built; later a haven allowed the much abused Jews, from which it takes its name, Montjuich (meaning Mt. of the Jews), and at least ten years ago dedicated and designed by J. C. N. Forestier, of Paris, as a most beautiful park. Great avenues, terraces, mounting one above the other, from each of which as one went higher and higher could be seen the city, its important objects, including the huge column to "Columbus" and beyond it the harbor on one side and mountains on the other. Open air theater, Municipal Rose Garden, round which was a wall of arborvitae, against which were trained blooming roses as tender as Marechal Niel.

**FOUNTAIN SPRAYS.**

By 9 P. M. I was weary in my legs only, hence accepted with agility the invitation to use the escalator, for we had descended to see playing near the Royal entrance the wonderful fountain made up of a myriad of separate fountains which vary in form and height from flat spread sprays to separate 100 feet high towers of water like slim Italian cypress trees. So again we climbed. Each escalator seemed a three-story length and each one above the last. We took three successive ups, there to command the grand view of the series of Niagara like water falls and fountains, tumbling and rushing headlong down to the distant plaza where the marvel fountains played. This formed the central and main avenue framed on either side by various important buildings of the Exposition. Our arrival before the main top building and still above all the water display had been carefully timed. After enjoying the symmetry and beauty of it all in the fading light, there began and almost imperceptibly grew finer and yet more magnificent such an electrical display of color from the heavens above and through the waters beneath, as literally, I had never conceived as possible on earth. Perhaps I'd not have marveled so had I seen the display of the electrical fountains at Longwood, where I'm told the artistic effect leaves nothing to be desired. What pleased me much was not only the constant slowly, quickly changing on buildings, on water and on sky of shade after shade of color, but the softness and ease on the eyes, the harmony and appeal to the one as of fairy-lands passing through first a great sunrise and again through all the colors of the finest sunset glow. From the top of the State House building from powerful searchlights were thrown against the sky in radiating rays like huge flat open fan-shape, the National colors of Spain. What I had seen in Spain made me eager to know the history of that remarkable people.

**TO STRASSBURG AND JARIS.**

The return trip from Spain was made in company with Mr. and Mrs. Dot on the express for Strassburg, Germany. They could understand the photographs I had of Rose Gardens and fields at West Grove, not my English, nor I their Spanish. On this train were most meager sleeping car accommodations, called "cochets" (one above the other) without covering of any kind. Together, we went to Grenoble and then by a Toonerville trolley right into the foothills, though snow covered, of the French Alps and visited the home and gardens of the originator of the rose, "Mrs. Pierre S. duPont." He had expected a two-day visit from the entire party and was disappointed to learn that I was due in Paris the next morning. But we all met again the following Monday in the great Municipal Rose Garden of Paris—the Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, where 70 new varieties of roses were in the contest from ten nations and 30 judges there to pick the winners. This took from 9 to 12 for inspections and voting and from 12 to 3 for a State luncheon provided by the city of Paris at one of the park's most fashionable restaurants. To leave a French visit or call without sitting down to a glass together is something a Frenchman cannot easily understand and may not forgive. I was told that to express certain ideas on prohibition in grape-growing sections of France might result in the speaker being "hung." It seemed to me that in Germany there was less drinking of beer than I had before noticed and more of unfermented fruit juices, coffee and tea. Smoking among women in interior Germany I noticed took place much less, also in France, less than in England. But, of course, one cannot safely generalize on a two-months' experience.

**FAMILIAR FACES.**

During this week-end in Paris, we enjoyed meeting Mary and Edith Maule, of Coatesville, faring famously from their continental trip and keen to see England. Mrs. Pyle enjoyed a day with them at Versailles and Malmalson. Folks from home are good to see. Quaker Meeting in Paris, London and Geneva have each time we could attend revealed some one from home. Mrs. Dr. Joseph Price, of Cape Cod and West Chester;

Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford, each greeted us at Friends' House in the great English Center. Mr. and Mrs. Clement M. Biddle, Mrs. Pyle met at the Geneva Center, where she spent her time while I was careening through Germany.

Never have I spent much time in cross-word puzzles that appear in the newspapers, but I've had one to work out a schedule whereby I might not miss consecutive events occurring with little relation to each other in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland and twice in England, added to this have been personal visits to firms and, where possible, to relatives here of friends we have at home.

**GOOD FOR LAZY LIVER.**

It's been a great life doing one's visiting or business as early in the day as possible and then traveling before midnight. The railroads are rough enough to make writing on them to impossible and to make traveling on them good for any one who has a lethargic liver. On the trains have been people begrudging the time so spent and regretting they did not go by air. On ground have been those here who vigorously warned against the risk of flying. We did not try it, though we had expected to do so.

My trips from Paris out and back when traced on a map look like a poorly drawn five-pointed star with the ins and outs jaggedly zig-zaged; first, to Spain; second, into the southeastern section of France; next to Belgium for the Centenary at Ghent; again into Luxembourg and Trier; and fifth, to London and back. All roads lead to Paris and from most of these a 5 P. M. train would reach Paris by midnight, a much less expense than taking a sleeper, the memory of which is apt to linger. Most roses have a few thorns "but ain't the roses sweet?" The chance to meet men in all walks of life and often in the rural districts has given me little insight into the real heart of the people of these nations. How much better we can sympathize with them when we understand them and what they face.

**HEAVY WEIGHTS.**

A grandmother in Germany described to me the present condition of her family by explaining how their savings of a lifetime had been wiped out by the deflation in the nation's currency. She and her husband, having worked hard all their lives, had expected in old age something other than to keep on working as now they are compelled to do. The idea that one gets there of Germany being a burden bearing people is not made less by seeing at the railroad stations and on street cars all ages with great loads strapped on their backs and resting on their hips. Of course, this is the transport method used in vineyard harvest on the steep hillsides. But imagine the cost to the people of having to pay for wheat four times the world market price in order to stimulate the wheat growing industry in the Fatherland. And how long can the taxpayers continue to support a proposition fixed by the law of the land providing for unemployment insurance. The Vice President of one "Landrat" (a kind of County Council) told me that in his district where their copper mines had to shut down from American competition, their own rich deposits being exhausted, 5000 men were being thrown out. The insurance would carry them but six months and after that the State must pay them in idleness about 30 per cent. of what they had been paid. Where will the money come from? That is the problem now vexing England. They wince at the economic question mark of taxing incomes to pay them in idleness. The political party in power were elected to correct a situation which continues to grow steadily worse. France on the other hand is short of men and is importing labor from Poland. Little Belgium and Holland with rich soil and a high water table and cheap water transport is underselling the agriculturist of free trade England in his own markets. The politicians are beginning to realize more fully the economic importance of this basic industry of all civilization.

**AT PASSION PLAY.**

But returning from London, where I'd gone alone for the big National Rose Shows and a visit to the Trial Gardens at Hayward Heath and reaching Paris 9 Saturday night, I was away again by the 8 train next morning, planning to visit clients in Besancon and Stuttgart, which I did, and then had Mrs. Pyle, coming later directly from Paris, meet me for one of the high water mark events of our trip. The Passion Play at Oberammergau. This letter is already far too long and the Passion Play deserves to be written of or told about apart from anything else. We went together from Munich and were immeasurably impressed. We spent the night before and night after in the home of Andreas Lang, who, in 1910 and 1922 took the part of Peter, and this year, the part of Simon of Bethany. But, of the play, let us write or tell separately.

**FLOWERS IN THREE LANDS.**

From Munich, again Mrs. Pyle went alone via Luzern to Geneva, where she enjoyed getting in touch with the Quaker Hostel with the wonderful well equipped International Labor Bureau and saw something of the setting from the League of Nations, until she left to join me in London on the 20th. In the meanwhile, I traveled north into Germany and to Gotha, a thousand year old town, where I renewed acquaintances made in 1925 with members and officers of the "Verein Deutsche Rosen Freunde" who were holding their annual meeting and rose show. Wives and daughters participate freely in these events, the latter presenting in the evening a most appropriate and well done drama. Here, I acted as one of the judges as in Paris on the 16th of July and again in The Hague in Holland a week later. It was interesting to compare their different methods and all three with American ways. Germany was the only place where the prizes—not medals or cups—were useful articles for the household, offered by prominent tradesmen, including tableware, household goods and bed comforts, tokens of the times and thrift in Germany.

**WONDERFUL GARDENS.**

After Gotha, where I enjoyed meeting the father of George Ohlhus, one of the promising men with us at West Grove, I came to Sangerhausen, arriving on the train on a Sunday noon with a singing club of a half hundred men in uniform and with banners. After dinner as I walked toward the center of town, my way was crossed for a full twenty minutes with dozens of singing clubs marching to the town square in preparation for the afternoon's competitive singing. Though I found at my hotel (the only thing there in English) an urgent invitation from the head official of the town who was to make the

address of welcome, I recalled already having enjoyed the singing Sangerbund over 2000 strong joining together in the great auditorium in Cleveland, O., so I pressed on, comparing the ways of men in different countries and the purposes for which they organize and march. A school boy, whom I thought might know English, left his mother and guided me to my objective. Of course, I wanted to hear the music, but there was left but five hours daylight in which to study the most extensive collection of roses that I've found in any one place on earth, 9000 varieties and 350,000 plants. As usual, the photo I had seen failed utterly to convey a tithe of its completeness and extent. And I prized the opportunity to see and be guided by the very men who had been the principal in its construction and care. Best of all, they, too, are using this wonderful collection for the benefit of the people as well as the industry and if a special rose be lost, here is where it can be found. A small admission is charged beyond which the city seems happy to cover all maintenance cost.

Holland, to my friends or to those who read this far, will seem but a repetition of much that has gone before. It was good after Venlo, Naarden and Amsterdam to reach The Hague a day ahead of the show, to catch my breath, to get some mail, and then on an evening stroll to find the Peace Palace given by Andrew Carnegie, but not at this season open except by special arrangement. Here in Holland was another language, a new set of men, of money and of roses, though, of course, some of each had come over the borders from adjoining nations. My fellow judges of novelty roses were German, and Belgium, beside Dutchmen. I was indebted again to a friend who knew English as well. Business here detained me an extra day, after which I was able to catch the 7 o'clock night boat from Rotterdam to Grave-send, half-way to London on the Thames. I found Mrs. Pyle duly arrived from Geneva after an upsetting crossing of the channel. By 11 o'clock we were giving thanks for many blessings in London Quaker Meeting aforesaid.

**HIS OWN TOWN.**

To-morrow, Mrs. Pyle will join relatives in West England, while I return to London to complete the intended visits. Among them I had hoped to include (though not this time) a visit to the town of Pyle of 400 people in Southern Wales.

We shall remember the sea view from this spot as over the same water that Lord Tennyson looked from his home on the Isle of Wight and from where he wrote "Crossing the Bar." To-night there was the same peaceful "Twilight and Evening Star."

In two weeks we hope to cross the same bar again home to America, with more of happy memories than can ever be written or told. "East, West, Home's best." Truly your friend.

**ROBERT PYLE.**

**WHAT THEY SAY**

**Expressions of People Picked Up by Our Diligent Reporters.**

"During our trip to Baltimore the other day we passed over the Conowingo dam on the Susquehanna. It is certainly an immense structure and affords an excellent view of the country in that section."—Alfred B. Nesbitt, of this borough.

"There is every indication at the present time that the freshman class which will register in September at the Teachers College will be the largest in the history of the institution."—Dr. Norman W. Cameron, President of the State Teachers College.

**LEGIONNAIRES READY FOR BIG CONVENTION**

**Final Preparations Made for Schlegel Post Delegation of Thirty to Attend the Annual Affair at Harrisburg.**

At a special meeting of Bernhard F. Schlegel Post, No. 134, American Legion, held at the Post home last evening, a final check-up was made on the registration for the trip to Harrisburg on Friday afternoon, where the Post will be represented at the annual State Convention of the American Legion, held in the Pennsylvania capital city this year, August 21, 22 and 23.

Captain Walter Kerwin, in charge of the Schlegel Post drill team, has mustered 25 men for the trip, and confidently expects to swell that number to 30 between this time and the date set for the convention. This will make a group almost identical in size with that which represented West Chester last year at the convention which was held in Scranton.

Due to the fact that Harrisburg is within easy distance of West Chester, no bus will be chartered this year. Instead, the Legionnaires will be called upon to donate their own private cars for transportation, and in this way the entire group will be accommodated with less expense and less trouble than is usually possible. Several of the men, among them Commander Charles W. Frame and ex-Commander John H. Speer, Jr., will leave to-morrow to attend some of the early sessions of the convention, although the main body of Schlegel Post will not embark until 6 o'clock on Friday evening. Official delegates to the convention are John A. Farrell and John H. Speer, Jr.; the alternates are Captain Walter Kerwin and Raymond Heald.

Only limited information with regard to plans for the parade and drill at Harrisburg have been received here, except that all men of the Eighth District, comprising Chester and Delaware counties, will form in line for the procession at 1700 North Third street, in the capital city. Overnight accommodations are being provided in private homes, and the Post

ble outcome of a peace offer reported to have been made to the Government by Manhatma Gandhi, imprisoned leader of the Nationalist civil-disobedience movement in India.

Gandhi is said to have offered to call off his campaign if the Labor Government and the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, will pledge to work for dominion status at the forthcoming round-table conference and grant amnesty to political prisoners.

The Nationalist chieftain wrote a letter to the Viceroy following conferences last week with four fellow prisoners—Pandit Motilal Nehru, Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Mrs. Sarojini, Naidu and Valla-Bhai Patel—and two emissaries of peace, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar.

That letter was due to be delivered to Lord Irwin to-day, so the purported contents evidently came from a leak on the part of some participant.



**THE Yearly Struggle**

Each year sees the renewal of the age-old battle between man and the elements. Old Man Winter is a pretty tough customer and you'll find it lots easier to whip him with the aid of Lineinger Coal.

If you are not already one of our many satisfied customers, we'd like you to give us a trial.

<b>Pea</b> \$9.00	<b>Egg</b> \$12.50
<b>Stove</b> \$13.00	<b>Ches'n't</b> \$12.50
<b>Buckwheat, \$7.35</b>	

2,000 lbs. to Ton  
Prices Include Delivery  
In Cellar  
All Sales Cash

**LINEINGER'S**  
WHITFORD  
Phone Exton 751  
"WE SELL SIZZLING HEAT"

**Accepts New Position.**

Jesse T. Potts, of this borough, has resigned his position with the Philadelphia Electric Company, and accepted one with the Chester County Electric Company, a subsidiary of the Delaware Power and Light Company, as salesman of electrical appliances, with headquarters at Kennett Square.

He will be associated with Lloyd Leslie, formerly of this place, who is Merchandise Manager for the Delaware Company.

**Alfalfa Fertilizer**

"Quick and lasting." "very efficient." "grows large crops for several years." That is the testimony of many farmers who have used it. A complete fertilizer and it also contains coarse bone meal. It is the "Champion Fertilizer."

MANUFACTURED BY  
**Joseph R. Gawthrop**  
Kennett Square, Pa.

When You Need Advice Concerning Glasses. See

Our 40 years' experience will assure you the desired results.

We Duplicate Keys While You Wait  
**WEST CHESTER HARDWARE CO.**  
11 North Church Street

**PLATES THAT FIT AT LOW PRICES**  
Guaranteed Bridge Work  
"NO PAIN" EXTRACTION  
**Dr. KATCHEN** 134 E. Main St.  
Coatesville Phone 1380  
Open Every Evening Until 9 o'clock

Pyle's, West Grove

**Special August SALE of BLANKETS**

We offer Exceptional Blanket Prices this month. If desired, a small cash payment will reserve your selection for later delivery.

Single Blankets 66x76, solid colors Striped borders	<b>90¢</b>	Double Blankets 66x76, plaids, colored borders	<b>\$2</b>
Part-Wool—Plaids, Assorted Colors 1½ inch Sateen binding; 66x80. Never sold for less than \$3.50; now at		<b>\$2.85</b>	
All-Wool—Single Blankets Solid colors, 6 different shades; 1½ inch Sateen binding; 66x80. Never less than \$5.00; at		<b>\$4.50</b>	
GRAY BLANKETS, 66x80, colored borders, ideal for camping. Reg. \$1.95... at		<b>\$1.65</b>	

Other qualities, white and colored, up to \$10 pr.

**AUGUST REDUCTION SALE**  
ON FOOTWEAR, MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, BATHING SUITS, ETC.  
CLOSES SATURDAY EVENING

**R.L. Pyle & Co., West Grove**  
PHONE 59

**Final Reductions**

- ON
- All Men's Fancy Summer Suits
- All Young Men's Fancy Suits
- All Boys' Summer Suits

a regular August Housecleaning of all Summer Clothing, nearly all is suitable for all-year-round wear. The weights of many of these Young Men's suits are identical with the Fall weights that are now on hand.

- You can save \$12.50 on a \$50.00 Suit
- You can save \$10.00 on a \$40.00 Suit
- You can save \$8.75 on a \$35.00 Suit
- You can save \$7.50 on a \$30.00 Suit
- You can save \$6.25 on a \$25.00 Suit

... put it this way: Deduct 25% from our regular prices.

... our own selections from our large assortment of THIS SEASON'S goods, and do your own figuring.

... positively the Largest and Best Assortment of Men's and Young Men's suits we have ever had to offer you in a Reduction Sale. Not a Punk Suit in the whole lot. You can purchase with your eyes shut, and be sure to get real bargains.

... Cleaning out Men's Shirts too, 25 to 50% less than our regular prices on all fancy dress shirts, and a big line to choose from.

*J. J. Harwood*  
Vest Gay Street West Chester, Pa.



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Barton-on-Sea, New Milton, Hants, England, August 4, 1930.

Dear Folks at Home:—At the moment, I'm sitting in the sun room of a very select little hotel we've found near Bournemouth. I've been looking far out over the route which the big steamers follow into Southampton. They skirt round the Isle of Wight on our left (we see them sometimes). I've been watching the gulls with steadily outstretched wings gliding by up and down the coast, faster with the wind, but just as surely and almost as steadily against it. What grace, and how they appear to enjoy it! which reminds me that not far south of here, Lindbergh also flew on his way from obscurity to fame.

It is bank holiday here. The banks may have started the style, but every one else has followed. Like our 4th of July and Labor Day rolled into one. The only shops open, or wheels to turn are those to "accommodate the traveling public." Business is taboo, so Mrs. Pyle and I have come for a few days to this gem of a spot where sea and sky form 75 per cent. of the outlook and on the land side, the cottage gardens glow and blaze with the gamut of such colors as only this climate can give. So it is easy here to be lighthearted and gay, to rest, to recollect and to think of our friends whom we've not seen since May.

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My first errand was to carry out a

commission for The American Rose Society, which I did by calling first of all upon the Count of Guell, a true Spanish grandee, who, besides being the Marquise of Camillas, is also "Alcalde" or Mayor of Barcelona. He was most gracious, quite promptly agreed to my request and accordingly the next day at noon, in the Royal room of the State House with the aid of America's capable Consul, Mr. Stewart, and before a small audience, His Excellency after responding in fluent English to a little speech of mine turned to Spain's leading rose grower, Pedro Dot. To him, in Spanish, he then presented the gold medal of the American Rose Society bestowed in honor of his new rose, "Mme. Gregoire Staechelin." (It is pleasant to have a good photograph of the event as well as the newspaper reports, including that of the Paris edition of the New York Herald.)

Of course this paved the way for my business with Mr. Dot, whom I'd never before seen. He treated me royally, providing three different interpreters for different half days. We visited besides (of course) his own extensive trials and nurseries, both a private rose garden, and (that where I could not photograph) the gardens of the King, to which each year are sent the best of the new roses from seven nations. The last afternoon and evening we drove from the great central open plaza of the city out past the famous university buildings, past the bull fight arena, which Pedro Dot had never attended to the widely used Barcelona Exposition. Our guide was Mr. Aldrufeu, the superintendent of the grounds. His car made the visit easier. Outstanding in my memory are two things—first, the setting on the side of a mountain, which originally was a great stone quarry from which much of the city was built; later a haven allowed the much abused Jews, from which it takes its name, Montjuich (meaning Mt. of the Jews), and at least ten years ago dedicated and designed by J. C. N. Forestier, of Paris, as a most beautiful park. Great avenues, terraces, mounting one above the other, from each of which as one went higher and higher could be seen the city, its important objects, including the huge column to "Columbus" and beyond it the harbor on one side and mountains on the other. Open air theater, Municipal Rose Garden, round which was a wall of arborvitae, against which were trained blooming roses as tender as Marechal Niel.

**FOUNTAIN SPRAYS.**

By 9 P. M., I was weary in my legs, only, hence accepted with agility the invitation to use the escalator, for we had descended to see playing near the Royal entrance the wonderful fountain made up of a myriad of separate fountains which vary in form and height from flat spread sprays to separate 100 feet high towers of water like slim Italian cypress trees. So again we climbed. Each escalator seemed a three-story length and each one above the last. We took three successive ups, there to command the grand view of the series of Niagara like water falls and fountains, tumbling and rushing headlong down to the distant plaza where the marvel fountains played. This formed the central and main avenue framed on either side by various important buildings of the Exposition. Our arrival before the main top building and still above all the water display had been carefully timed. After enjoying the symmetry and beauty of it all in the fading light, there began and almost imperceptibly grew finer and yet more magnificent such an electrical display of color from the heavens above and through the waters beneath, as literally, I had never conceived as possible on earth. Perhaps I'd not have marveled so had I seen the display of the electrical fountains at Longwood, where I'm told the artistic effect leaves nothing to be desired. What pleased me much was not only the constant slowly, quickly changing on buildings, on water and on sky of shade after shade of color, but the softness and ease on the eyes, the harmony and appeal to one as of fairy-lands passing through first a great sunrise and again through all the colors of the finest sunset glow. From the top of the State House building from powerful searchlights were thrown against the sky in radiating rays like huge flat open fan-shape, the National colors of Spain. What I had seen in Spain made me eager to know the history of that remarkable people.

**TO STRASSBURG AND JARIS.**

The return trip from Spain was made in company with Mr. and Mrs. Dot on the express for Strassburg, Germany. They could understand the photographs I had of Rose Gardens and fields at West Grove, not my English, nor I their Spanish. On this train were most meager sleeping car accommodations, called "cochets" (one above the other) without covering of any kind. Together, we went to Grenoble and then by a Toonerville trolley right into the foothills, though snow covered, of the French Alps and visited the home and gardens of the originator of the rose, "Mrs. Pierre S. du Pont." He had expected a two-day visit from the entire party and was disappointed to learn that I was due in Paris the next morning. But we all met again the following Monday in the great Municipal Rose Garden of Paris—the Bagatelle in the Bois de Boulogne, where 70 new varieties of roses were in the contest from ten nations and 30 judges there to pick the winners. This took from 9 to 12 for inspections and voting and from 12 to 3 for a State luncheon provided by the city of Paris at one of the park's most fashionable restaurants. To leave a French visit or call without sitting down to a glass together is something a Frenchman cannot easily understand and may not forgive. I was told that to express certain ideas on prohibition in grape-growing sections of France might result in the speaker being "hung." It seemed to me that in Germany there was less drinking of beer than I had before noticed and more of unfermented fruit juices, coffee and tea. Smoking among women in interior Germany I noticed took place much less, also in France, less than in England. But, of course, one cannot safely generalize on a two-months' experience.

**FAMILIAR FACES.**

During this week-end in Paris, we enjoyed meeting Mary and Edith Maule, of Coatesville, faring famously from their continental trip and keen to see England. Mrs. Pyle enjoyed a day with them at Versailles and Malmaison. Folks from home are good to see. Quaker Meeting in Paris, London and Geneva have each time we could attend revealed some one from home. Mrs. Dr. Joseph Price, of Cape Cod and West Chester;

Dr. Stubbs, of Oxford, each greeted us at Friends' House in the great English Center. Mr. and Mrs. Clement M. Middle, Mrs. Pyle met at the Geneva Center, where she spent her time while I was careening through Germany.

Never have I spent much time in cross-word puzzles that appear in the newspapers, but I've had one to work out a schedule whereby I might not miss consecutive events occurring with little relation to each other in France, Belgium, Germany, Holland and twice in England, added to this have been personal visits to firms and, where possible, to relatives here of friends we have at home.

**GOOD FOR LAZY LIVER.**

It's been a great life doing one's visiting or business as early in the day as possible and then traveling before midnight. The railroads are rough enough to make writing on them to impossible and to make traveling on them good for any one who has a lethargic liver. On the trains have been people begrudging the time so spent and regretting they did not go by air. On ground have been those here who vigorously warned against the risk of flying. We did not try it, though we had expected to do so.

My trips from Paris out and back when traced on a map look like a poorly drawn five-pointed star with the ins and outs jaggedly zig-zaged; first, to Spain; second, into the southeastern section of France; next to Belgium for the Centenary at Ghent; again into Luxembourg and Trier; and fifth, to London and back. All roads lead to Paris and from most of these a 5 P. M. train would reach Paris by midnight, a much less expense than taking a sleeper, the memory of which is apt to linger. Most roses have a few thorns "but ain't the roses sweet?" The chance to meet men in all walks of life and often in the rural districts has given me little insight into the real heart of the people of these nations. How much better we can sympathize with them when we understand them and what they face.

**HEAVY WEIGHTS.**

A grandmother in Germany described to me the present condition of her family by explaining how their savings of a lifetime had been wiped out by the deflation in the nation's currency. She and her husband, having worked hard all their lives, had expected in old age something other than to keep on working as now they are compelled to do. The idea that one gets there of Germany being a burden bearing people is not made less by seeing at the railroad stations and on street cars all ages with great loads strapped on their backs and resting on their hips. Of course, this is the transport method used in vineyard harvest on the steep hillsides. But imagine the cost to the people of having to pay for wheat four times the world market price in order to stimulate the wheat growing industry in the Fatherland. And how long can the taxpayers continue to support a proposition fixed by the law of the land providing for unemployment insurance. The Vice President of one "Landrat" (a kind of County Council) told me that in his district where their copper mines had to shut down from American competition, their own rich deposits, being exhausted, 5000 men were being thrown out. The insurance would carry them but six months and after that the State must pay them in idleness about 30 per cent. of what they had come from? That is the problem now vexing England. They win at the economic question mark of taxing incomes to pay them in idleness. The political party in power were elected to correct a situation which continues to grow steadily worse. France on the other hand is short of men and is importing labor from Poland, Little Belgium and Holland with rich soil and a high water table and cheap water transport is underselling the agriculturist of free trade England in his own markets. The politicians are beginning to realize more fully the economic importance of this basic industry of all civilization.

**AT PASSION PLAY.**

But returning from London, where I'd gone alone for the big National Rose Shows and a visit to the Trial Gardens at Hayward Heath and reaching Paris 9 Saturday night, I was away again by the 8 train next morning, planning to visit clients in Besancon and Stuttgart, which I did, and then had Mrs. Pyle, coming later directly from Paris, meet me for one of the high water mark events of our trip. The Passion Play at Oberammergau. This letter is already far too long and the Passion Play deserves to be written of or told about apart from anything else. We went together from Munich and were immeasurably impressed. We spent the night before and night after in the home of Andreas Lang, who, in 1910 and 1922 took the part of Peter, and this year, the part of Simon of Bethany. But, of the play, let us write or tell separately.

**FLOWERS IN THREE LANDS.**

From Munich, again Mrs. Pyle went alone via Luzern to Geneva, where she enjoyed getting in touch with the Quaker Hostel with the wonderfully well equipped International Labor Bureau and saw something of the setting from the League of Nations, until she left to join me in London on the 20th. In the meanwhile, I traveled north into Germany and to Gotha, a thousand year old town, where I renewed acquaintances made in 1925 with members and officers of the "Verein Deutsche Rosen Freunde" who were holding their annual meeting and rose show. Wives and daughters participate freely in these events, the latter presenting in the evening a most appropriate and well done drama. Here, I acted as one of the judges as in Paris on the 16th of July and again in The Hague in Holland a week later. It was interesting to compare their different methods and all three with American ways. Germany was the only place where the prizes—not medals or cups—were useful articles for the household, offered by prominent tradesmen, including tableware, household goods and bed comforts, tokens of the times and thrift in Germany.

**WONDERFUL GARDENS.**

After Gotha, where I enjoyed meeting the father of George Ohlhus, one of the promising men with us at West Grove, I came to Sangerhausen, arriving on the train on a Sunday noon with a singing club of a half hundred men in uniform and with banners. After dinner as I walked toward the center of town, my way was crossed for a full twenty minutes with dozens of singing clubs marching to the town square in preparation for the afternoon's competitive sing. Though I found at my hotel (the only thing there in English) an urgent invitation from the head official of the town who was to make the

address of welcome, I recalled already having enjoyed the American Sangerbund over 2000 strong singing together in the great auditorium in Cleveland, O., so I pressed on, comparing the ways of men in different countries and the purposes for which they organize and march. A school boy, whom I thought might know English, left his mother and guided me to my objective. Of course, I wanted to hear the music, but there was left but five hours daylight in which to study the most extensive collection of roses that I've found in any one place on earth, 9000 varieties and 350,000 plants. As usual, the photo I had seen failed utterly to convey a tithe of its completeness and extent. And I prized the opportunity to see and be guided by the very men who had been the principal in its construction and care. Best of all, they, too, are using this wonderful collection for the benefit of the people as well as the industry and if a special rose be lost, here is where it can be found. A small admission is charged beyond which the city seems happy to cover all maintenance cost.

Holland, to my friends or to those who read this far, will seem but a repetition of much that has gone before. It was good after Venlo, Naarden and Amsterdam to reach The Hague a day ahead of the show, to catch my breath, to get some mail, and then on an evening stroll to find the Peace Palace given by Andrew Carnegie, but not at this season open except by special arrangement. Here in Holland was another language, a new set of men, of money and of roses, though, of course, some of each had come over the borders from adjoining nations. My fellow judges of novelty roses were German, and Belgium, beside Dutchmen. I was indebted again to a friend who knew English as well. Business here detained me an extra day, after which I was able to catch the 7 o'clock night boat from Rotterdam to Gravesend, half-way to London on the Thames. I found Mrs. Pyle duly arrived from Genet after an upsetting crossing of the channel. By 11 o'clock we were giving thanks for many blessings in London Quaker Meeting aforesaid.

**HIS OWN TOWN.**

To-morrow, Mrs. Pyle will join relatives in West England, while I return to London to complete the intended visits. Among them I had hoped to include (though not this time) a visit to the town of Pyle of 4400 people in Southern Wales.

We shall remember the sea view from this spot as over the same water that Lord Tennyson looked from his home on the Isle of Wight and from where he wrote "Crossing the Bar." To-night there was the same peaceful "Twilight and Evening Star."

In two weeks we hope to cross the same bar again home to America, with more of happy memories than can ever be written or told. "East, West, Home's best." Truly your friend.

**ROBERT PYLE.**

7-30—Phil Cook.  
8-30—Associated P.  
9-30—Old P.

**Ready?**  
Acute indigestion is one thing perhaps you don't like to think about. Naturally it's treacherous. It strikes without warning—All right then, Forget about it! You can, and safely, if Bell-ans is in your medicine chest. Six Bell-ans, Hot water, Sure Relief! Ask your druggist for the 25c. or 75c. size to-day.

**BELL-ANS**  
FOR INDIGESTION

**WHAT THEY SAY**

**Expressions of People Picked Up by Our Diligent Reporters.**

"During our trip to Baltimore the other day we passed over the Conowingo dam on the Susquehanna. It is certainly an immense structure and affords an excellent view of the country in that section."—Alfred B. Nesbitt, of this borough.

"There is every indication at the present time that the freshman class which will register in September at the Teachers College will be the largest in the history of the institution."—Dr. Norman W. Cameron, President of the State Teachers College.

**LEGIONNAIRES READY FOR BIG CONVENTION**

**Final Preparations Made for Schlegel Post Delegation of Thirty to Attend the Annual Affair at Harrisburg.**

At a special meeting of Bernhard F. Schlegel Post, No. 134, American Legion, held at the Post home last evening, a final check-up was made on the registration for the trip to Harrisburg on Friday afternoon, where the Post will be represented at the annual State Convention of the American Legion, held in the Pennsylvania capital city this year, August 21, 22 and 23.

Captain Walter Kerwin, in charge of the Schlegel Post drill team, has mustered 25 men for the trip, and confidently expects to swell that number to 30 between this time and the date set for the convention. This will make a group almost identical in size with that which represented West Chester last year at the convention which was held in Scranton.

Due to the fact that Harrisburg is within easy distance of West Chester, no bus will be chartered this year. Instead, the Legionnaires will be called upon to donate their own private cars for transportation, and in this way the entire group will be accommodated with less expense and less trouble than is usually possible. Several of the men, among them Commander Charles W. Frame and ex-Commander John H. Speer, Jr., will leave to-morrow to attend some of the early sessions of the convention, although the main body of Schlegel Post will not embark until 6 o'clock on Friday evening. Official delegates to the convention are John A. Farrell and John H. Speer, Jr.; the alternates are Captain Walter Kerwin and Raymond Heald.

Only limited information with regard to plans for the parade and drill at Harrisburg have been received here, except that all men of the Eighth District, comprising Chester and Delaware counties, will form in line for the procession at 1700 North Third street, in the capital city. Overnight accommodations are being provided in private homes, and the Post

ble outcome of a peace offer reported to have been made to the Government by Manhatma Gandhi, imprisoned leader of the Nationalist civil-disobedience movement in India. Gandhi is said to have offered to call off his campaign if the Labor Government and the Viceroy of India, Lord Irwin, will pledge to work for dominion status at the forthcoming round-table conference and grant amnesty to political prisoners.

The Nationalist chieftain wrote a letter to the Viceroy following conferences last week with four fellow prisoners—Pandit Motilal Nehru, Pandit Jawaharial Nehru, Mrs. Sarojini, Naidu and Valla-Bhal Patel—and two emissaries of peace, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru and Mr. Jayakar.

That letter was due to be delivered to Lord Irwin to-day, so the purported contents evidently came from a leak on the part of some participant.

**Accepts New Position.**

Jesse T. Potts, of this borough, has resigned his position with the Philadelphia Electric Company, and accepted one with the Chester County Electric Company, a subsidiary of the Delaware Power and Light Company, as salesman of electrical appliances, with headquarters at Kennett Square.

He will be associated with Lloyd Leslie, formerly of this place, who is Merchandise Manager for the Delaware Company.

**Alfalfa Fertilizer**

"Quick and lasting." "very efficient." "grows large crops for several years." That is the testimony of many farmers who have used it. A complete fertilizer and it also contains coarse bone meal. It is the "Champion Fertilizer."

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Each year sees the renewal of the age-old battle between man and the elements. Old Man Winter is a pretty tough customer and you'll find it lots easier to whip him with the aid of Lineinger Coal.

If you are not already one of our many satisfied customers, we'd like you to give us a trial.

Pea \$9.00	Egg \$12.50
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**Buckwheat, \$7.35**

2,000 lbs. to Ton  
Prices Include Delivery In Cellar  
All Sales Cash

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Pyle's, West Grove

**Special August SALE of BLANKETS**

We offer Exceptional Blanket Prices this month. If desired, a small cash payment will reserve your selection for later delivery.

Single Blankets 66x76, solid colors Striped borders	90c	Double Blankets 66x76, plaids, colored borders	\$2
Part-Wool—Plaids, Assorted Colors 1 1/2 inch Sateen binding; 66x80. Never sold for less than \$3.50; now at			\$2.85
All-Wool—Single Blankets Solid colors, 6 different shades; 1 1/2 inch Sateen binding; 66x80. Never less than \$3.00; at			\$4.50
GRAY BLANKETS, 66x80, colored borders, ideal for camping. Reg. \$1.95... at			\$1.65

Other qualities, white and colored, up to \$10 pr.

**AUGUST REDUCTION SALE ON FOOTWEAR, MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING, BATHING SUITS, ETC.**  
CLOSES SATURDAY EVENING

**R. L. Pyle & Co., West Grove**  
PHONE 55

**Final Reductions**

ON

**All Men's Fancy Summer Suits**  
**All Young Men's Fancy Suits**  
**All Boys' Summer Suits**

a regular August Housecleaning of all Summer Clothing, nearly all is suitable for all-year-round wear. The weights of many of these Young Men's suits are identical with the Fall weights that are now

**You can save \$12.50 on a \$50.00 Suit**  
**You can save \$10.00 on a \$40.00 Suit**  
**You can save \$8.75 on a \$35.00 Suit**  
**You can save \$7.50 on a \$30.00 Suit**  
**You can save \$6.25 on a \$25.00 Suit**

er, put it this way: **Deduct 25% from our regular prices.**

ur own selections from our large assortment of THIS SEASON'S S, and do your own figuring.

ositively the Largest and Best Assortment of Men's and Young Men's we have ever had to offer you in a Reduction Sale. Not a Punk Suit n in the whole lot. You can purchase with your eyes shut, and be t real bargains.

Cleaning out Men's Shirts too, 25 to 50% less than our regular prices on all fancy dress shirts, and a big line to choose from.

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