

THE ST. LOUIS STAR

HONEYMOON IN THE ARCTIC

Mrs. Fleischman Declares the Trip Ideal. Shot Polar Bears in a Temperature of 25° Below Zero



Mrs. Max Fleischman, the Arctic Bride.

Col. Max Fleischman

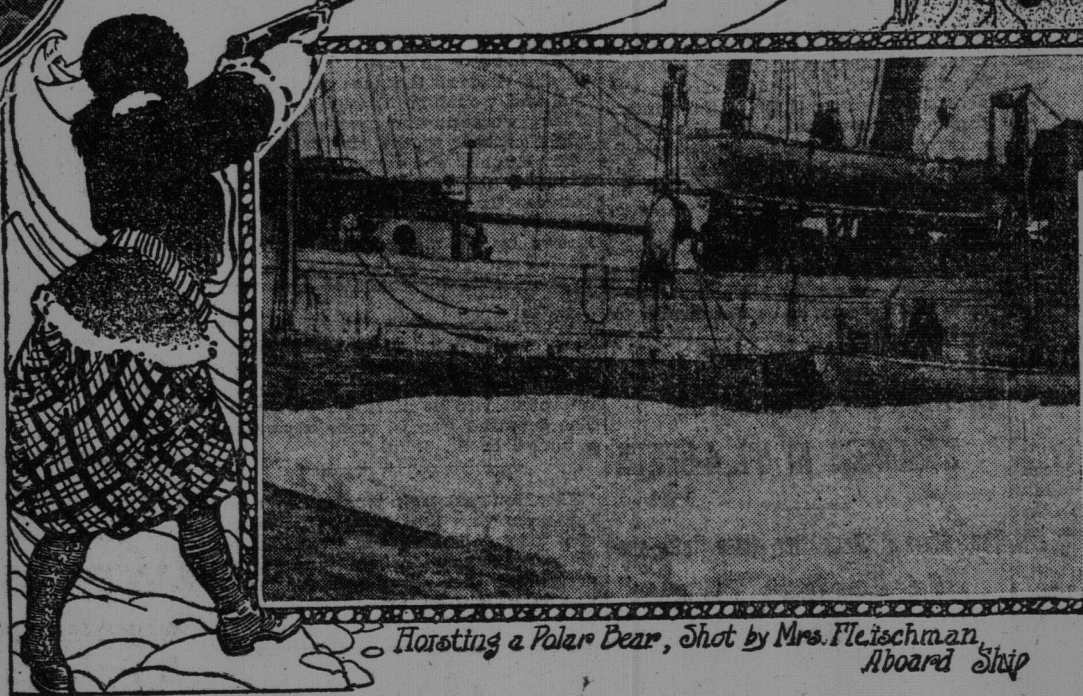
OF ALL the honeymoon trips, perhaps that which Colonel and Mrs. Max Fleischman, of Cincinnati, have just completed was the most unique. It included no Niagara Falls, no Rocky Mountain tour, no "Seeing New York" in a big automobile, no commonplace visit to Florida, the lakes or the seashore.

Instead, these hardy young people chartered a Norwegian whaling ship and crushed their way through ice fields far into the Arctic regions on their bridal voyage.

There they encountered many of the troubles and experiences of regular Polar expeditions. For eleven weeks the party was out of reach of communication with civilization. No bride, perhaps, ever chose a more remarkable honeymoon.

Mrs. Fleischman shot and killed two Polar bears, 104 seals, 30 reindeer, 4 blue foxes and 90 specimens of birds, including the rare king eider.

"There are not many hardships in that climate," said Mrs. Fleischman in telling of her trip. "The only real hardships were having to sleep in a room five and a half by six feet and going several weeks without access to a bathtub. But I enjoyed every minute. One cannot expect to have breakfast served in bed in the Arctic regions."



Horsting a Polar Bear, shot by Mrs. Fleischman, Aboard Ship

turned to the approaching wedding, which was to be a brilliant event, and to plans for the honeymoon trip. Every one thought the idea of a yachting cruise among the West Indies just ideal, but when it was announced that a journey to the far North would follow, there was general amazement.

An Arctic trip! Horrified! And would the bride be willing to be dragged into the discomforts and perils of such a journey?

Be dragged? The truth was soon made known. She would not only consent to be dragged, but she was wild with delight at the thought and impatient to be off.

CHARTERED A STEAM WHALER

So when summer came again Colonel Fleischman and his eager bride set sail for far-away Tromsø, Norway, where their chartered ship was awaiting them. She was the Norwegian whaling steamer Laura, a sister ship to the Friedhof, of Arctic fame. On June 11 last the Laura steamed out of Tromsø, headed for distant, bleak Spitzbergen.

Besides Colonel and Mrs. Fleischman, the party included the former's sister, Mrs. Christian R. Holmes; her husband, Dr. Holmes, and their 12-year-old son; N. C. L. Lermouth, of England, and Magnus K. Glo, very member of an Arctic ship-fitting firm. The vessel was commanded by Captain Oyen, an Arctic navigator of experience, and carried a crew of twenty.

Shortly after the vessel left port when adventures and real Arctic experiences began to lend zest to the trip. Within two days the Laura jammed her nose into a field of ice, and fought this steadily for forty-seven days in an effort to reach the northeast coast of Greenland, where a call was to be made on the way to Spitzbergen.

The earlier part of the trip was more pleasant than the rest of the voyage, as the party enjoyed excellent shooting. For two weeks Messrs. Fleischman, Lermouth and Holmes hunted bear and seal over the ice. Mouth and Holmes hunted bear and seal over the ice. Mouth and Holmes hunted bear and seal over the ice.

Especially beautiful and valuable were the bearskins secured. Two young Polar bears were captured alive. When the ship returned to Norway Colonel Fleischman had one of those famous Arctic ship-fitting firms. It is about 20 months old and weighs 125 pounds. The other was left in England.

By no means timid were the ladies of the party in engaging in hunting expeditions. Mrs. Fleischman was always ready to ally forth in search of bears, reindeer, seal or blue fox.

Mrs. Holmes and her young son were as sturdy hunters as Mrs. Fleischman, but the real achievement of the trip was the bringing down of a Polar bear by the bride.

It seems that all the men of the party had left the ship one day while she was lying within sight of the shore of Greenland, and had gone out on the ice to shoot. Suddenly Mrs. Fleischman saw an immense white bear approaching the vessel.

She immediately seized her rifle and shot Bruin dead as he approached. Some of the crew dragged the carcass to the ship's deck, and when the men returned from the ice, empty-handed, they were surprised beyond words at what had happened during their absence.

Of especial beauty were the birds of that region. They are of a species never seen in other parts of the world, and consequently of particular value as curiosities, as well as for their loveliness.

The heavy mists during the latter part of the voyage and the magnitude of the ice mountains made hunting impossible, as it prevented the party from making landings. The "outer ice barrier" prevented them from reaching King William's Land, where they had intended to disembark.

They not only experienced the long Arctic day, but had a taste of the six months' Polar night, which began two days before they left the Arctic region.

Colonel and Mrs. Fleischman lived in a stateroom about 6 ft. by 6 feet, and subsisted mainly on canned goods and fresh fish. They experienced no inconvenience on account of the cold, as they were dressed to meet the weather.

Mrs. Fleischman and Mrs. Holmes were shepherds dressed in leather, while the men, in addition to their furs, had waterproof suits. All said that frequently they found the abundance of the clothes they wore very irksome, but hesitated to remove any, for fear of taking cold.

No one experienced the slightest illness during the entire voyage. Mrs. Fleischman, who is neither a sturdy-looking woman nor a particularly strong one, was in the best of health constantly, and grew more robust and hardy.

NO ACTUAL HARDSHIPS

"The only terror of the voyage," she said, "to my mind, was the lack of a bathtub. The air was delicious, the scenery magnificent and the novelty of the thing of constant interest."

"Of course, one cannot expect to have breakfast served in bed in the Arctic regions. We were prepared for a lot of hard usage, and while we got it, it did not bother us. But there was no actual hardship."

That the vessel was able to get no further north was due to constant fights with ice barriers across her path. The first forty-seven days of battling with ice was but a foretaste of what was to come.

Off Shannon Island, on the Greenland coast, the vessel became so tightly wedged as to require twelve days for cutting her out.

All who took the trip," said Colonel Fleischman upon his return, "were so fascinated that they will not be satisfied until it is made again. We shall either take the Arctic trip again in a few months, or shall go hunting in South Africa. My wife is as fond of hunting as I am, and she has all



The Polar Bear, Brought Home by the Party, Swimming Alongside the Ship.



Mrs. Fleischman's Morning Dog, a Water Fowl.

the nerve and endurance of a sportsman of many years' standing.

"I am especially fond of studying the habits of wild animals, and this can be done in no better way than by tracking them in their own lands. It is rare sport, and instructive at the same time."

"While I do it because I love it, and am able to afford it, I do not wish to be selfish, and will always make a present to a historical society or to a zoological garden of anything which I find worth while."

YEARS FOR A FACILE PEN

"It is a pleasure to do this, and I regret that I have not the gift of a ready pen, that I might chronicle all of the wonders we saw."

"I am anxious to secure the skin and horns of a Norwegian musk ox. We were unable to find one of these animals on our trip, so we stationed the second officer of the Laura, a sailor and a fur skinner on Janmay Island to get one if possible. If we do not go back to the Arctic next summer we will send for the men."

"There was plenty of excitement to make the hours of the long days fly. More than once the outer skin of the ship was punctured by ice, and all hands had to take to a foe while repairs were being made."

"We were up there during the long Arctic day, with daylight twenty-four hours in and out. I found it difficult to sleep. Once I stayed on deck thirty-six hours on a stretch until tired nature drove me below."

At the latter end of August candle light was necessary for a few hours.

The party reached Tromsø, on the return, August 23, and Colonel and Mrs. Fleischman returned to America. They are now in Cincinnati awaiting the completion of their new home, which will be stocked with bear rugs, sealskins, bird plumage and other trophies of a wonderful honeymoon spent in the regions of the midnight sun.

Mrs. Fleischman, who is but 24 years old, has a bevy of girl friends, who are wild with delight at the thought of the arrival of the opulent Mrs. Fleischman to the city, and to them the pleasing information that she has brought them all souvenirs.

The gem of the entire collection, however—the coat of the mighty Polar bear which fell at the point of the rifle aimed by the bride—is to be the centerpiece of all the home decorations, and the first object in the new household which will be pointed out to the visitor.

London's Pitiful "Derelicts"

THE most pitiful of all London sights is its derelict old women," said a traveler recently.

"They include the street hawkers, dustbin rakers and the pathetic bundles of unsavory rags that cover on the steps of churches and silently appeal for alms."

"It is estimated that in the main or old section of the city there are 300 or more old women of from 60 to 80 years, who are absolutely friendless and entirely dependent on their own efforts for support."

"These poor old creatures have, so far as wage-earning is concerned, reached the lowest possible grade in the ranks of the workers. When they get past working they begin to beg, and that, with all its risks, is often a more remunerative employment. Their different 'trades' include washing, house-cleaning, shop scrubbing and rag picking from the dustbins of the city."

"In the seasons, some go pea-shelling or walnut picking at Covent Garden, and, perhaps, are able to make 20 or 25 cents a day. To earn this pittance the old women turn out of bed at 3 o'clock in the morning and drag their feeble bodies across London to Covent Garden, there to sit and shell until half-past eleven or twelve."

"A clean and thorough washer can get 50 cents a day—that is, for doing what is known as a 'day's wash.' She must be at her employer's house by 7 o'clock in the morning, and immediately on her arrival she is faced by the accumulated dirty linen of a family, which has been saved up for a month."

"To pay 50 cents for washing more than once a month would be wicked waste, and as the linen when it goes into the copper 'is the color of your coat, sir,' as one old woman remarked, the amount of strenuous labor entailed may be imagined."

"The day's washing finishes at 9 in the evening, but the washer is expected to return next morning for a couple of hours to finish off the 'coloreds' left over from the previous day."

"Of course, this makes it impossible for her to get any further employment that day, so that the 50 cents a day really becomes only 25 cents when the matter is looked at from the washer's point of view."

"Fifty cents is the top rate; but when the 'casual washer' is taken in to do the washing she is frequently engaged at from 15 to 25 cents a day. Of course, the washing is by no means so well done by a casual as by a regular woman."

"About 9 o'clock in the morning old women hobble down the various streets of Whitechapel, and residents may be seen at their doors calling to them: 'You pass! You come clean my house! You clean my window!' 'I want my shop done,' and in reply to the question of 'How much?' the careful one will offer 10 or 12 cents, according to the size of the place to be scrubbed, whether four, six, or eight rooms. Here, again, the stronger woman gets a bigger price than the decrepit old soul."

"Picking over the dustbins which are placed outside city warehouses is the lowest form of occupation. An industrious woman can thus earn from 12 to 15 cents a day; but an old woman who is reduced to this employment can rarely carry enough of the refuse (cups, cards, bits of string, etc.) to bring in more than 8 cents a day."

"There is one other trade, the costermongering business. A cheerful old dame of 70 years said that she was at the market at 5 o'clock, and picked up a few greens and lettuce cheap. These she sold to the poorer folks on the south side of the river at a profit. She said that she always had enough by her to pay for her bed and a cup of tea. She had rarely made more than 25 cents a day, and frequently nothing!"

"Many of these old folks exist on their 8 or 10 cents a day—4 cents for bed, 2 cents for tea and bread, and 2 cents for soap at night and 1 cent for luxuries. The street hawkers seldom buy anything away from the lodging-house."

"There are in various parts of London common lodging-houses for women solely, but only in one or two instances have charitable organizations lent themselves out to specialize for these poor old creatures."

Linen From a Weed

DISCOVERY and development of a new linen plant in Brazil promises to revolutionize the linen industry of the world. The plant is known as Brazilian linen.

This plant is virtually a weed, which grows from twelve to eighteen feet high in four or five months, and resembles hemp in general appearance.

Special advantages are claimed for it over European linen and other similar fibre plants. It is absolutely hardy, resisting alike the dry or the rainy season, bearing equally well in dry or wet soil, and not being a prey to insects or mildew. It requires no care or special attention after planting, and matures so rapidly that a crop can be gathered three months after sowing, which means that three crops a year can be had.

It can be grown upon what are now vast tracts of practically waste land with comparatively little outlay of capital. The fibre has all the necessary qualities required for high-class use—strength, fineness, flexibility and adaptability for bleaching or dyeing—and every portion of the plant can be used for some industrial purpose.

The wild plant furnishes fibre which is excellent, but the cultivated plant shows a finer one, with strands of greater length, being, in fact, it is so long that it must be cut before being used for weaving purposes.

Experiments to test its strength show that linen broke when the weight attached reached 154 pounds, European hemp broke under a strain of 12 pounds, and Brazilian fibre "A" broke under 123 pounds, "B" under 22 pounds and "C" under 14 pounds.

The demand for the waste material of the plant for paper has been met, it is believed, by the Brazilian plant. The plant is now being grown in the Southern and Pacific coast region of America free from the danger of frost. Investigation is being made, however, and if conditions seem favorable a new agricultural industry will probably be established in the United States.

Schoolboys to Throw the Discus Like Old Greeks

SPORT of the boys in the public schools of New York is to be given a classic twist. They are to learn the Greek method of throwing the discus. Hereafter discus throwing will be governed by the games committee of the Public Schools Athletic League.

The sport itself is not new to the schoolboys, nor to older American athletes, but American rules, so far, have not been those prevailing in the contests at Athens.

It is believed that the Olympic games at Athens will be continued every four years for generations to come, and that American athletes will continue to take part in them in competition with those of other nations. Expertness in discus throwing entitles one to great consideration at these games.

Besides, when practiced after the original Greek style, discus throwing is a distinct sport. It is surrounded by historic sentiment, and is regarded as being simple, artistic and harmless to the growing athlete.

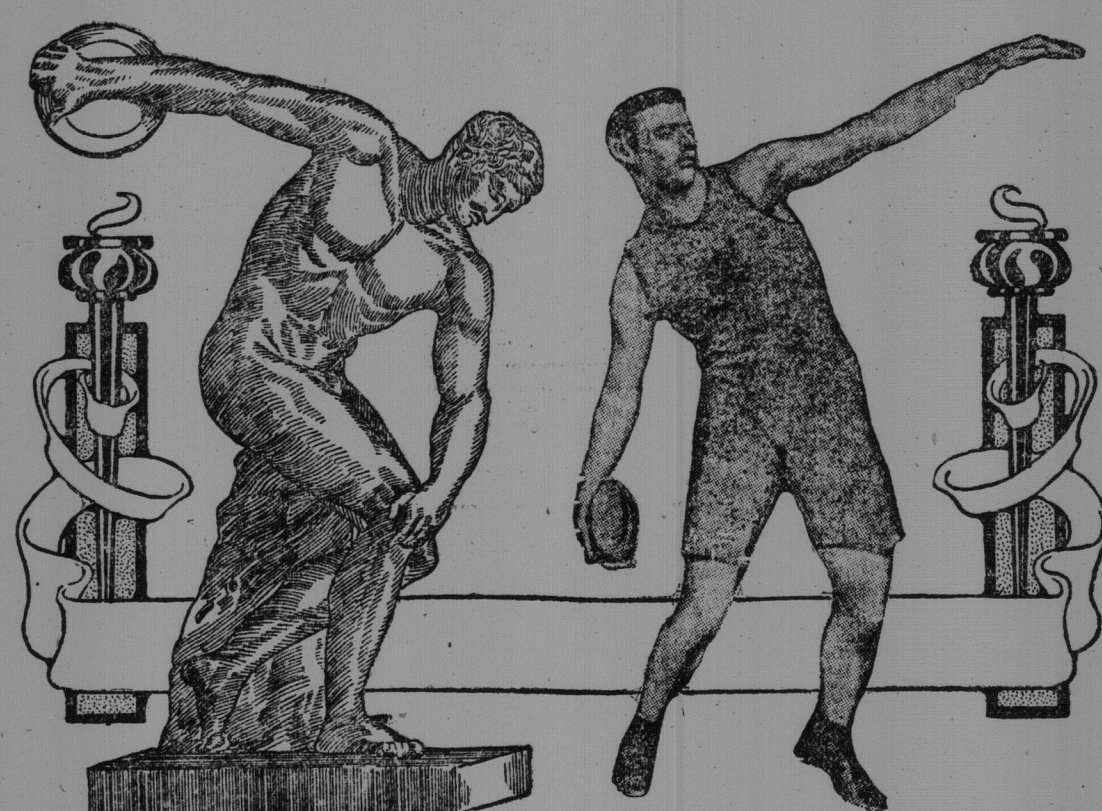
DURING the last Olympic games at Athens, Martin J. Sheridan, of New York, won the championship, and now holds the world's record for throwing the discus, free style, or from a circle with a turn.

Some years ago a similar championship was won at Athens by Robert Garrett, of Baltimore, grandson and nephew of former presidents of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

So it is seen that modern Greek athletes meet defeat in the historic sport at which their hardy forefathers played while the gods looked down in approval from the heights of Mount Olympus.

Whether the historic and sentimental side of discus throwing under the Greek rules will appeal to the youth of America is yet to be determined, but the sport itself seems to be popular with youthful New Yorkers.

A boy likes to throw anything; to be permitted to indulge his fancy in the way of a game with rules and competition may make it more attractive for him.



The Famous Statue of a Greek Discus Thrower, a Model for School Boys

How Martin Sheridan, Champion of the World, Throws the Discus

Boys of all ages and various grades of muscular development can take part in throwing the discus, but, of course, the regulation size cannot be used. For them a smaller and lighter discus is made, measuring seven inches in diameter and weighing two and a quarter pounds.

First thing to be taught is how to grasp the discus, as it is all-important that a good hold should be had

without cramping any of the muscles of the hand or arm.

Beginners are told to hold the discus flat against the palm of the hand, with the thumb and fingers spread out. The edges of the metal should rest against the tips of the forefingers, and no effort should be made to grasp the edges, as this would tend to cramp the wrist and hinder the free swing of the arm.

The thrower stands upon a pedestal or dirt box when starting, and the weight thrown is about 15 pounds. Any one can construct a pedestal by obtaining a rough deal box, 30 inches long, 27 inches wide, 8 inches high behind and 2 inches high in front.

When this is filled with cinders mixed with yellow clay, and then wet and pounded, the user finds a pedestal that is just what is needed.

The discus will be held at its lowest point and the leap forward will impart extra force to the throw.

The crouching position is not assumed by the American athlete, who ignores the Greek method of hurling the metal. He stands erect, with the right arm, holding the metal, straight down by his side and the other extended upward and forward. Power in the arms and shoulders aids him in the throw.

When the final sweep of the arm is made the thrower jumps forward out of the pedestal or box.

If he does this when the arm is about even with the thick, the discus will be at its lowest point and the leap forward will impart extra force to the throw.

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Perhaps the adoption of Greek rules for discus throwing may lead to a revival of other ancient Olympic games, or, rather, to their importation into this country.

While the boys are being entertained and benefited physically by this classic game, the girls of the public schools are not being overlooked. Under direction of the Girls' Branch of the Public School Athletic League the larger schoolgirls are being taught to play games appropriate to their age and sex.

All the games are played according to strict rules, so that haphazard medley is not permitted. The girls are deeply interested in the folk dances of various European countries. Not only do they undertake new sports with zest, but beneficial physical results are apparent.