

My Grandmother - Mary Johnston

By RICIGS member Norm Prince, of Denison, IA

My grandmother, Mary Elizabeth Johnston was born 4 Dec 1883 in the family home in the SE 1/4 of Sec 26, Bowling, to two early pioneers of the area. Her father, John W Johnston, was born in Mount Darby townland, County Fermanagh, Ireland in 1827 and came to the US on the ship Walpole which landed at New Orleans in Apr 1845. He traveled up the river with his parents and siblings to Rock Island and settled in Bowling Township.



Mary Johnston Krull (circa 1910)

Mary's mother, Alice Hutchinson, was born in Conckera townland, County Fermanagh, Ireland in 1842 and came to the US on the ship Devnonshire which came to New Orleans in Mar 1947. Her family also heads up river and settled in Bowling Township. John and Alice were married in Davenport in 1882 and had three births with only the first surviving, perhaps the fact that Alice was 40 and John was 54 at their only marriage may have had some effect on the last two early deaths.

Mary graduated from Augustana College in 1904; married William Krull in Rock Island in 1909; had one child, my mother in 1910. The family lived in Rock Island until 1934 when the moved to Palo Alto, California, where my mother went for her masters at Stanford University. In 1937 the three moved to Sacramento where they each remained until their deaths.

Mary died 20 Mar 1972 and is buried with Will in Sacramento, while their daughter and her husband both gave their bodies to Davis, CA Med School and their ashes are in the Pacific Ocean. John and Alice Johnston are buried in Chippiannock Cemetery; John's parents are in Woods Cemetery in southern Bowling and Alice's folks are buried in Preemption Cemetery, Mercer Co.

Mary took a long trip to Europe in 1908 with a group of young women and sent several long letters back to the Reynolds Press. She had been a regular contributor to the Press while living in Bowling and Rock Island and just continued when taking

this trip. I believe her father sent her as gift for graduating from Augustana College several years prior. The following are the articles printed in the newspaper in 1908.

Trip to Europe, The Reynolds Press, Mary Elizabeth Johnston

Miss Mary E Johnston of Rock Island left that city on Monday for Chicago where she joined a party of young ladies to make a tour of Europe. They are under the chaperonage of the instructor in English at the North Western school of Oratory. From Chicago the party went via Niagara Falls and Montreal to Quebec from which place they will sail today on their trip across the Atlantic. Among the countries to be visited are England, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Scotland and Ireland. The party expects to return before Sep 1. Miss Johnston has more than half promised to send us a letter or so during her journey.

The Reynolds Press, Friday, June 12, 1908, ADDITIONAL LOCAL

A TRIP TO EUROPE

Miss Mary Johnston Cross the Atlantic Without Seasickness and Begins Sightseeing in the Old World

THE HAGUE, HOLLAND, June 24, 06

To the Editor: So many of my friends have asked me to write to them but my time has been so occupied seeing the strange things of these foreign countries that it seems impossible for me to write at all but I'll write now to one and all.

Our party, numbering fourteen including our chaperone, left Chicago June 9 and arrived in Montreal, Canada, the next evening. This trip was very pleasant, as many of you know the beauties of Canada. The woods full of ferns and the small lakes in the famous hunting district are beauties of nature never to be forgotten.

We found Montreal a very interesting city, altho more French than we had expected. We visited St James cathedral, Notre Dame, Chateau De Ramezay and all the noted memorial monuments. The Chateau De Ramezay is the oldest house in Montreal and it was here that Benjamin Franklin sat in council urging Canada to join the thirteen states in rebellion against Great Britain. From Mount Royal one has a beautiful view of the city and the St Lawrence River.

We left Montreal Friday morning on the steamer "Special" for Quebec arriving at the wharf just in time to go aboard the Empress of Britain which sailed at three

o'clock. When the plank was lifted we were all on deck watching the crowd who stood on the wharf waving handkerchiefs and shedding tears, but as we had no friends there we were not so affected altho we felt we were out to sea for a whole week.

Our first impulse was to investigate our new home and when this curiosity was satisfied we were free to enjoy the picturesque St Lawrence.

Our voyage was a very fine one as the ocean was particularly calm. Only one of our party was seasick. The rest of us were in the dining saloon for every meal and you who have crossed the great pond know what that means.

Our party gave a concert the last evening we were on board. We also attended another program where we listened to Mrs. Humphrey Ward who gave reminiscence of Canada and the States.

Well, it is needless to say we were glad to see Liverpool on Friday, June 19. We were soon thru the custom house and then we went to the hotel. We did not wait to see the sights in Liverpool as we intend going there again.

We left Liverpool the next morning for London. Traveling is very different in England from the States. The cars are narrow and very light in weight. There are first, second and third classes. The engines look like children's toys, but altho the engines and cars are both very little there is the advantage of very quick transit.

The ride from Liverpool to London is thru the most beautiful part of rural England. Of course you know the farms are very small, a seven acre farm is considered large.

There were so many things that amused us, especially a car for carrying freight, live stock excepted, is called a goods car. The electric cars are trams and something that looks like a part of an American circus parade, because of the upper deck is called an omnibus. But you haven't seen London until you have seen a part of the circus. There are electric omnibuses also, but no electric cars are run above ground in London. There is a very fine underground system like the Chicago elevated, only built underground and called tubes.

We spent Saturday afternoon in British Museum where a person could spend years in profitable study. Of course you know we study the history, art and literature of the different nations. In the Museum we studied the Elgin collection of marbles, the

Tomb of Diana, the Frieze for the Parthenon, the Rosetta Stone which is the key to the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the great Magna Charta.

We were very much interested in the old manuscripts and autographs, such as George Washington's letter to Lord Buchan, telling him of the American intention to open the Potomac and lay out the city of Washington. Another interesting one was Anne Boleyn's letter to Cardinal Woolsey, thanking him for his kindness in regard to the marriage to Henry VIII. Just think of the final outcome of both these lives and what their ideas were of the great future!

Sunday morning we attended service in St Paul's Cathedral. This is the Cathedral which was built from the tax on coal and about which there is much history. The most important I think, is that it was here where King John gave England to the Pope and afterwards gave the Magna Charta to the people. On Monday we visited the crypt of this same cathedral where many of the noted dead are buried. Lord Nelson and Wellington are the only two that are buried in the vaults here above ground. All the others are under great marble slabs.

Sunday afternoon we attended the service in Westminster Abbey where, as you know lie many more noted dead. Tuesday we went to the Tower of London and Parliament houses. As my time is limited I'll not give the details.

Wednesday I think was our great day in London and it was a very fortunate one for our party. We went to Buckingham Palace and as it was Miss Jean Reid's wedding day, we decided to see the bridal party and royal family enroute to the wedding. Of course it being our American Ambassador's daughter, we were very much more anxious. Our wait of over an hour near the royal entrance was finally satisfied, as we were given ample time to snap shot the King and Queen, Prince and Princess of Wales and others. Last, but not least, we were given the pleasure of seeing our American bride.

After all this excitement we went to Hyde Park and witnessed the celebrities driving on Rotten Road. Isn't that a name for the most fashionable drive in London? After leaving Hyde Park we returned to the hotel and made preparations to leave for The Hague in the evening. We came here on the steamer Copenhagen via the Hook of Holland and so far think Holland very unique. As you would imagine, the windmills, storks and wooden shoes are the chief characteristics.

We drove over the city in carriages this morning, visiting the Royal Palace, the Art Gallery, the "Woods" and the two houses where the peace conferences of 98 and 1907 were held, also the government houses. We will be here until Friday when we go to Rotterdam and then to Antwerp and Brussels.

As the party is ready for the beach, I'll have to end this very hastily written letter here. I trust you will pardon all errors and accept my best greetings.

Respectfully yours,
Mary E Johnston
The Reynolds Press, Friday, July 10, 1908

IN CONTINENTAL EUROPE

Miss Mary Johnston Travels From The Hague to Rome via Heidelberg, Munich and Venice

Rome, Italy, July 18, 1908

To The Editor: If I remember correctly, my last letter was written you from The Hague, Holland, just before we visited the old prison which was used during the Spanish Inquisition. I recall how I wished I had waited until later and told you of that interesting but gruesome place.

However, I'll do so now. It is still very well preserved and is kept merely for visiting and history-hungry tourists. We visited the room where all the cruel instruments of torture are kept and we saw the torture rooms and dungeon cells. There is a DeWitt room here, where John and Cornelius DeWitt were imprisoned when falsely accused by one of their own people of conspiracy against the life of William II, Prince of Orange, who was their beloved leader. Thru this political jealousy they were finally executed, much to the sorrow of their own people.

In front of the royal Palace there is a fine statue of William of Orange. This is about all I can think of which will perhaps interest your readers concerning The Hague. With pleasant memories of a spotlessly clean city, wooden shoes and mild carts, we left for Rotterdam at 7 a.m., June 26.

You can readily imagine that we went to Rotterdam to see the church where the Pilgrim fathers had their meeting before sailing to America. It is kept up very beautifully and services are still held there.

After seeing this we hurried on to Antwerp in Belgium, where we saw Reuben's masterpiece, "The Descent from the Cross," one of the twelve greatest pictures in the world. Reuben's body is in a fine tomb in St Jacob's church. We also saw the Royal Palace and Parliament Houses. The railway station here is the finest we have seen during our trip.

The next city we visited was Brussels, noted for its laces and carpets. Altho laces and carpets may attract the lady visitors, there is much more than these to interest the traveler. Hotel DeVille, or old house of government known far and wide, with its designs in marble, is a specimen of lace in stone. The palace of Justice here is the largest building of its kind in the world. It is the same as our capitol in Washington, D C. The Royal Palace and gardens are also very fine.

We arrived in Cologne, Germany, June 27. The special interest there is the grand cathedral, the architecture of which is wonderful.

Sunday the 28th we had a never-to-be-forgotten experience, a trip up the River Rhine on the "Kaiser Augusta Victoria." The beautiful mountains on each side, crowned with castles and surrounded with scenes of ancient legends, along with the grand music furnished by a German band, made the eight hours all too soon end and we found ourselves at Mayennce, the great German fort.

After spending a day and night there, we went to Heidelberg, dear old Heidelberg, with its noted university and old castle on the hillside. We were fortunate in being there on the evening of the illumination of the castle by the students, which happens only four times each year. We drove in carriages across the river Neckar and watched the beautiful sight from there.

The students' boats and bands came down the river and after we had listened to their songs, seen the illumination, and noted particularly the scars on each face, we concluded American colleges didn't have much life. But I dare say American boys would prefer to leave out the duels or fighting part in college life. In Germany, foot ball seems rather tame.

Our next visit was to Munich, Bavaria, Germany. There we visited the Rot House (court house), an old palace built by Ludwig the Strong in 1253, the art gallery, which contains some fine pieces of art, and the Temple of Fame.

We left Munich, July 2nd and went to Innsbruck, a gem in the mountains. Here we went up a small incline to view the city and the surrounding snow capped Alps. We visited the church which contains the great Maximilian monument erected by himself before his death. Here is also Andrea Hofer's tomb, the patriot that Napoleon put to death.

The first evening of our visit at Innsbruck I was very much surprised to see a few familiar faces in the hotel. How good a home face looks when you haven't seen one for a month! Mr. and Mrs. Bahnsen and the Misses Montgomery of Rock Island arrived just the same day from Venice, Italy. We exchanged our experiences and our party left them still there on July 4th.

We celebrated our national day by crossing the Tyrolean Alps. We were kept very busy with the grand scenery, but we didn't forget it was July 4th, and celebrated by singing our national airs which were Greek to many of the passengers enroute.

We stopt a few hours at Verona, Italy, and then went to Venice, or dreaisland. We arrived there about 9 p.m. and had a beautiful moonlight gondola ride to our hotel. Here we were glad to listen to a band playing and see President Roosevelt's picture draped with the Italian and American flags.

The next day we visited San Marco Square and the church, the Doge's Palace, the old prison and the art gallery. In this gallery is the largest picture in the world painted by Tintoretta and represents Heaven. We went up on the Rialto and also saw the Bridge of Sighs leading to the court rooms.

After four days of sight seeing and gondoling we were ready for the art of Florence. Florence, as you know, is truly art and you don't see it artistically unless you forget the sanitary conditions of the city itself and the yellow water of the Arno.

Beside the two great art galleries, every other store is an art gallery, especially in sculpture.

We spent several hours in the Uffisi and Pitti galleries, then visited the Duomo, or cathedral, where Savanarola thundered his persuasive religion; the place where he was burned; and also Mrs. Browning's grave in the protestant cemetery.

I must not forget the fruit, because I can assure you that none of our party forgot to test it. Cherries, figs, plums and apricots were so fine that we were detained at every fruit store where time allowed a moment's hesitation. We had all thought of the warm

weather in Italy, but we have been fortunately disappointed. The weather had been fine and we seem real cool until we think of our home friends suffering from the intense heat in the states.

Now we are in ancient, historical and modern Rome. It requires very little imagination to see again the crowds rushing for a seat in the Coliseum and to see the triumphal processions when the same buildings which saw and heard these things are yet before you.

The Tiber rolls on its ceaseless course, as yellow as the Mississippi. There is a mark on a church, away up in the center of the city, showing the point once reached by the river in an overflow, but in his old age Father Tiber is confined to his bed and safely tucked in between walls of cement and concrete.

Before reaching Rome we were absorbed in watching the miles of aqueduct ruins with their broken lines of arches, a monumental evidence with which the old Romans built. These aqueducts were government contracts and are standing yet, after two thousand years have past. No city of the world was ever more abundantly supplied with water. It is estimated that the supply of water in ancient Rome was 333,000,000 gallons daily. Today the city is better supplied with water than any other capital in the world. Four aqueducts bring to it daily 110 gallons per person, while London furnishes only 30 gallons and Paris 70. There are 28 fountains in the squares of Rome.

The most interesting bridge of Rome is the Palatine Bridge built in 350 B C, and is the best preserved ancient landmark here. It had no windows. The light is admitted at the top thru an opening 28 feet across. Its walls are 20 feet thick and were once covered with marble and bronze. The hole in the top admits both sunlight and rain. It is not an uncommon thing to see umbrellas within the walls. The floor is perforated to drain off the water that rains in. Here you see the tomb of Raphael and Emanuel II.

Southward from the Eternal City, stretching across the Roman Campagna, is one of the most interesting thoroughfares in the world, the Appian way. The ancient Romans were certainly miraculous road builders. This great military highway built 212 years before Christ, is as smooth and hard as cement and as firm and dusty as it was 2,000 years ago, when chariots brought victorious generals home. On either side for miles we see the vestige of ruined tombs, for this Appian way was the fashionable burial place of ancient Rome.

Upon this road you pass the Church of Bomine Quo Vadis. This marks the spot where the Savior appeared to St Peter fleeing from Rome and by his rebuke caused him to return to certain martyrdom. We saw a house in which Pontius Pilate lived, later the home of Rienzi. As you go out of the ancient gate of Porto T Paolo, you pass in the shadow of the tomb of Cestus, the same pyramid beneath whose shade Paul stopped on his way from the Maritime prison to the place of his execution outside the walls of the city. A little beyond this is a little chapel where Peter and Paul parted, each to go to his martyrdom.

I find I have left the grand cathedral to the last, but its magnitude of splendor would certainly monopolize all other description. It is rich beyond computation in mosaics, precious marble, etc. There are four columns of malachite, 60 feet high and two feet in diameter, the gift of the Czar of Russia, and there are some alabaster columns almost as large, the gift of the Viceroy of Egypt. Its richness make is one of the grandest churches in the world, as well as the largest.

I find I have forgotten to speak of the Catacombs which were very interesting to us as we each had a very different imagination of what they would be like. They cover 33 acres of ground and are four stories deep, the secret burial place of the Christians. You pass thru corridor after corridor of vacant tombs, the bodies having been removed to modern burial places. There is a monastery nearby and the Monks act as guides thru the dark tombs which are full of old inscriptions, showing us the perseverance of the faithful Christians.

In another church here we visited the crypt where there are bones of 4,000 priests who died in three centuries. The bones are arranged in decorations on the walls in many different designs.

Outside the Palatine, Rome is quite like an American city, with trolleys and wide, well paved and well lighted streets. I have told you of the tombs of the dead priests, now I'll tell you of the living priests. Priests of every order and raiment are here. There are 75,000 Roman Catholic priests and 400,000 inhabitants.

In every place, high and low, rich and poor, the love of flowers, music and art is apparent. No district is too poor for window boxes and even the street arabs whistle snatches of classical compositions an grand opera.

We are going to take a drive over the city this afternoon, but I'll not wait to describe it in this letter, as I fear you are now all tired of my long letter.

With best regards, I am, sincerely yours.
Mary E Johnston

The Reynolds Press, Friday, August 14, 1908

Miss Mary Johnston of Rock Island has returned from her trip to Europe. We publish another fine letter from her pen this week.

The Reynolds Press, Friday, September 4, 1908, REYNOLDS AND VICINITY

HOME FROM EUROPE

Miss Johnston Does Italy, Switzerland, Paris and the British Isles and Starts for Her Native Land

To The Editor - I will snatch a few moments here and there to complete this trip by letter.

After leaving Rome, we went up the coast of Italy to Pisa, catching glimpses of the Mediterranean as we went. Staid just long enough in Pisa to see the leaning tower and arrived in Genoa in the evening.

Next Morning we started out to see the city, accompanied by a competent guide. We all thought of Mark Twain's humorous description of "Our Guide in Genoa." This party knew who Columbus was when the guide pointed out his birthplace and we didn't hide our enthusiasm. He took us to a cathedral where they ashes of John the Baptist are supposed to rest. Then we went to the cemetery called Campo Lanto, meaning camp of the saints. When I saw the cemetery in New Orleans in our own country, I thought surely nothing could surpass it, but I sound Genoa has done so with its long corridors of tombs, each with a wonderful piece of marble symbolizing life and resurrection.

There are two classes of people here. The first stay in these magnificent vaults forever until raised by immortal power but the second lie in simpler tombs for fifteen years after which if their families do not pay more money, they are removed to another cemetery. It is here the body of Mazzini reposes.

Next day we went up an incline to the top of a large hill back of the city from where we had a fine view of the city and also of the Gulf of Genoa. The filigree shops did not lack an interest to our party, there being one street just composed of filigree.

After leaving Genoa we went into Italian lake district. I can't describe to you the beauties of these mountain lakes with their colorings of blue and green and the reflections of the Alpine peaks. We had left history behind and had gone back to nature.

We climbed Mt Generoso from where we could see the Bernese Oberland, also the lakes of Camo and Laganno. After three days at Capo Lago we cross the St Gothard Pass with its noted scenery and many tunnels. Here is the longest tunnel in the world. It took our train just twenty three minutes to pass thru, but I forgot to tell you we were not on a Preemption fast mail. It was more like the Rocky Mountain Limited.

At Fluelen, Switzerland, we went on a steamer across Lake Lucerne, passing Tell's chapel and Schiller monument. We arrived at Lucerne at 3:45 and found we had just twenty minutes to see Thorwaldsen's famous lion which is a memorial to the Swiss guards who fell at the Louvre while defending Marie Antoinette. When we reached this wonderful piece of work, we had just five minutes left to catch our train. Imagine us getting into a cap and then after a mad rush thru the station, once more board our train.

We crossed the Brunig Pass, also Lake Brienge and arrived at Interlachen at 9 pm. This was a long trip, having left Capo Lago at 7 am, but the beauty of first lakes, and then mountains past, made the time go rapidly.

Interlachen, as you know, is the summer resort of the world. It is situated between Lakes Brienze and Thun with the Jungfrau, the Silverhorn and the Iger peaks for a background. Here I had the pleasure of meeting a friend who lives the second door from us in Rock Island.

Well, here we were to enjoy the pleasure of this for a whole week. One of the days we took carriages and drove to the Grindewald glacier. After a four hours drive up the mountains and thru the valleys, we walked for an hour until we came to the icy spot. I remembered how a glacier looked in my geography, but I couldn't then see its mighty strength which is shown by the masses of rocks it grinds to powder as it slides down the mountain side.

After eating our lunches near a sparkling mountain stream, we went back to our carriages and drove to the Lachback falls near the Swiss village of Lauterbrumen. The falls were beautiful and looked like a thin veil as the water spouted down the mountain side. They didn't have the strength of our Niagara.

After this week of pleasure among the snow-caps, we were ready for another city so we went to Berne. Here we visited the capitol, university and the interesting markets. I must tell you of one particular market. In the morning I was awakened early by an ordinary barn yard chorus. I thought, "Have I been transported to the country or where are those noises coming from?" By the appearance of my surroundings I knew I was in one of Berne's best hotels, so to satisfy my curiosity I went to the window and lookt out into the large square which was now converted into a general market of live pigs, calves and sheep. I awoke my room-mate and we watched the owners washing their pigs with such exactness that they could be used as very fine ads for sapolio or golddust. When we came into the dining room the manager asked us if the market surprised us. We told him that it certainly did and altho the United State was up to date we had never seen pigs scrubbed before being sod in market. He told us it was the only market of such a kind in Europe in the center of a large city and this performance only occurs every Tuesday.

On Tuesday at 2 pm August 4, we got on the Paris express for the French capital and city of flitting styles. This train was the fastest we had ridden on since we came to Europe. It arrived in Paris at midnight but of course, you know they stay up all night in that city. Nevertheless we were ready for sleep when we reached our hotel.

As all visitors do, we went to the Louvre the first afternoon. The Louvre was the Royal Palace from the time of Francis I until Napoleon I, when it was finally changed into an art gallery to which Napoleon carried all his treasures captured in war, most of which were returned to their original places when he met his Waterloo.

In the art galleries we never attempt to see all the great paintings, but usually have a few which we make a point to see and study.

Next I think I'll tell you of the Pantheon designed for a church but now used as a memorial temple. It is built in the form of a Greek cross. On the main floor are some very fine pictures, especially the four representing the life of Joan of Arc. In the crypt are the tombs of Victor Hugo, Mirabeau, Rousseau, Voltaire, and others.

Next day we went to the Conciergerie, or old prison, in which most of the political prisoners of the first Revolution were confined before being taken to execution. Marie Antoinette's room has since been converted into a chapel. We had to have a permit from the Prefecture De Police before we could enter. Near here is Notre Dame cathedral as we went right from jail to church - to a church which has been used for

nearly everything in the passing of French history and which today is back to its original purpose.

I think the thing of its past which came most vividly to our minds was Napoleon crowning himself here in presence of the pope.

Whenever a historical building is in view, we see the initials of the great man of France. A very imposing building in almost the center of Paris contains the ashes of the great military commander. He rests in a sarcophagus surrounded by flags which he captured in battle. It is one of the most beautiful sights in Paris.

We spent a day at Versailles which was brought to its crowning day by Louis XIV. The landscape gardens here are the prettiest in the world. The palace contains twelve miles of art. Near here are the Trianon Palaces and the Austrian village from which Louis XIV and his wife were forced to leave and finally became the first victims of the guillotine. Here where those awful scenes took place now stands a tall obelisk in the center of the square called Place De Peace.

Where the Bastille stood is another tall column surmounted by a bronze medallion representing Justice. Another column called Vendome, constructed by Napoleon from the metal of 1,200 guns which he had taken from the Russians and Austrians is another memorial of the country's pride.

It is very easy to see Paris and not have to feel you are being "taken in." The hansoms have tax meters on which record the distance traveled and you pay according with a twenty-five centimes tip to the driver which the law allows him to have.

The Opera House in Paris is the largest theater in the world. It covers an area of nearly three acres and the building alone cost a million and a half pounds.

I must not forget to at least mention the Eiffel Tower of which you all have seen pictures. It is 984 feet high and from the top you can look for a distance of fifty miles.

On Sunday afternoon we drove to Bois De Boulogne park which contains 2,250 acres and is the grand promenade of Paris. We left Paris Sunday evening and crost the English Channel back to what seemed home where everyone spoke our own language.

Having been in London several days when we first came to Europe, we felt very much at home again. We visited the National Art Gallery where we saw some very fine modern paintings which were indeed a change to what we had been from the old schools of painting.

After a three days' stay we were on our way to Stratford-on-Avon. Suffice it to say, here we visited Shakespeare's home, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Trinity Church where his ashes are in a simple vault, the Grammar school and the Memorial theater.

We then went to Warwick Castle which place is still inhabited and very beautifully kept up. After several hours here we went on a little farther until we came to Kenilworth, made famous by Sir Walter Scott. Here are only the ruins of a castle which gave so royal a reception to Queen Elizabeth.

We stayed all night at Birmingham, the manufacturing city of England. Next morning we left for Lancaster to see the home of the founder of the House of the Red Rose. This is still inhabited and the court rooms are still in use, as also is the old prison. Altho justice now reigns supreme here, among the relics of olden times we were shown the devices for unjust punishment and cruel death which once horrified the prisoners.

After a day here we left for Edinburg, Scotland, arriving there about ten o'clock Saturday evening, August 15. Sunday morning we attended service in a Scottish Presbyterian church. In the afternoon we walked out to the castle and also to the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott. As we were to leave early on Monday, we decided to see the famous bridge over the Firth of Forth, which took the labor of 5,000 men day and night for seven years before it was finally completed.

In the morning we were all ready to see the Trossachs by coach. The route most tourists take is the one described by Scott in the Lady of the Lake. We drove about twenty miles and then crost the Lakes of Katrine and Lomond, the latter being the gem of the Scottish lakes.

Arriving at Glasgow about 6 pm we ate our dinner and hurried on to the town of Ayr where we visited the home of Burns also the old kirk and Bridge of Doon. From here we went across the North Channel to Larne, Ireland.

At this place I left the party who went on up the coast to the Giant's Causeway, while I went directly to Belfast and then into Fermanagh county to visit the birthplace of

many of the readers of the Press. This was surely interesting, riding out into the country among the fields of purple heather, oats and peat beds.

After two days I again joined the party and am now on the homeward journey across the Atlantic.

Very respectfully,
Mary E Johnston

The Reynolds Press, Friday, September 4, 1908