



The gardens were beautiful – acres & acres of them & miles of roads & walkways. All kinds of trees & shrubs - flowers and *everything* – from all parts of the world. Owned by Mr. Busch, the wealthy St. Louis brewer, who spends \$60,000 per annum just to pay his help & gardeners there! But I couldn't somehow forget while we were there that numerous poor mens wages, spent in drunkenness had *helped* to make that possible! Perhaps they'd have had the stuff anyhow if Mr Busch

hadn't brewed, but surely they couldn't have had – *his!!* – Oh well! – The lower garden was the one we explored this afternoon. The landscape gardener conceived the idea of putting the dearest funniest little elfins and goblins and maids about in different little dells and nooks to represent fairy tale stories. There was “Cinderella” – “Red Riding Hood” – and the one * like best was a group of wood goblins before a little castle – the teacher with a book before a lot of goblins, foxes and wood inhabitants who were studying from german printed books also – “Dior J' AundDom” – “[something in German I can't reproduce]” – or something of that sort. We talked some time with an old veteran guide. – At dinner we had “Jap” waiters and succeeded in most finishing before a couple (mother & daughter) were seated at the same table. Mr. Fowler, the manager, introduced us but as usual I did not catch their names. At first the conversation was rather – desultory – but I finally made an attempt and the lady & myself held quite a conversation. The daughter was as mum as an oyster but she succeeded in arising when we departed from the table. Miss Congdon advises a ride about town in a carriage for a morning amusement.

Tuesday 25th

A beautiful day. Breakfast was nice for I had a nice lady beside me. Mr & Mrs. Johnston enter late & have not much to say. I believe it hurts her face to smile *very* hard, however I think she would be very likable if one *knew* her. At ten we depart on our drive. A carriage with two seats & two horses & Mr. Oaldes - a nice old driver who can talk a blue streak, & knows everyone in town & all their business. We pass through all the wealthiest streets – past castle-home after castle, homes with *wonderful* grounds & private little parks! *Hundreds* of them! Wealth! My goodness! One woman at one time was having \$1,000 per day as an income merely – another could not *begin* to spend his yearly income! Money made from “Cream of Wheat” – “Dandarine Hair Tonic” – “Tanglefoot Fly Paper” etc! Gold mines and all kinds of mines. Some homes had gold plated doorknobs & fixtures of gold from the owners mines! It was lovely out “Oak Knoll”