

Elba and Elsewhere

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Mr. L. Jenkins

with the regards

of all workers.

Don C. Seitz.



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ELBA

AND

ELSEWHERE

BY

DON C. SEITZ

AUTHOR OF

"DISCOVERIES IN EVERY-DAY EUROPE"

ILLUSTRATED BY

MAURICE KETTEN



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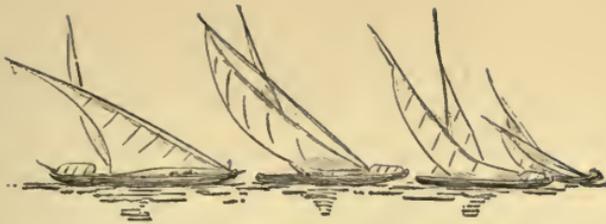
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TO
J. P.
GIVER OF THE FEAST

ELBA AND ELSEWHERE





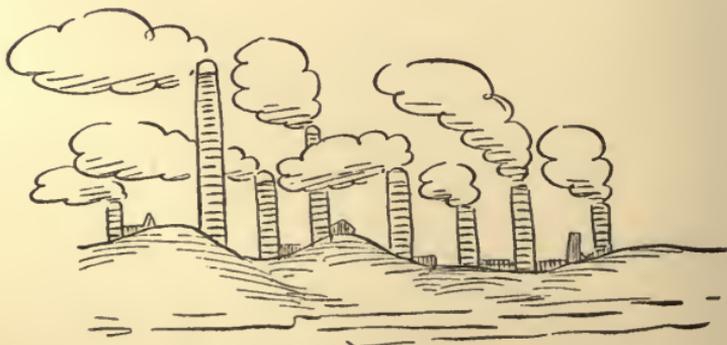
ELBA AND ELSEWHERE

IT is but five miles from the Tuscan shore to Elba as the crow flies, and a score from Piombino to Porto Ferrajo, the seaport of the Isle of Soot, which is the meaning of the name. Near as it lies to Italy, it is far from the lines of travel, which, like great rivers, run by great cities, and Elba is lost in the blue haze of the Tyrrhenian Sea—a memory, a preface to the Hundred Days, not yet a hundred years past, and marked with the period of another island—the African rock of St. Helena. In easy view

is Corsica, the island number one in the amazing career that leaped from Island to Continent, from Continent to Island and back again, and thence to the Last Island and the Tomb!

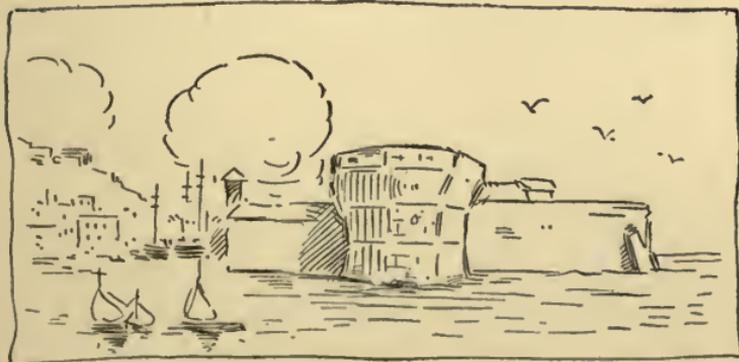
This nearly submerged peak, whose hills are iron and its valleys farms, is ancient in its years. The Romans found in its red ore the metal for their spear-heads. For two thousand years its forges sent out the material for the tools of war, and now its furnaces smoke unceasingly in a vast industry of iron and steel where the converters are turning out steel billets and iron to the extent of seven hundred and fifty thousand tons a year under the guidance of a hand trained in America, Fritz Glein, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, whose wife, once a Pennsylvania schoolma'am, is the sole American on the island.

But the furnaces are alone in their



modernity. They border on a moat built by Lorenzo de' Medici, and the Medicean castles frown down upon an unchanged town. Eight thousand souls dwell in Porto Ferraio, in houses that are centuries old, walking streets and terraces paved by the Florentines, while the landing-portal bears the Medicean mark of 1624, and the customs guards inhabit La Torre detta di Passanante, a bastion at the sea-gate of rare architectural beauty, in itself an adequate memorial of the wonderful Genoese, the last masters of the island before Napoleon came.

Behind the castle, at the crest of the crag on the ocean side, is the Palazzo Mulini (Palace of the Mills), where the exiled Bonaparte carried on the business of his tiny kingdom, struggling to fit his vast mind to the diminutive country. It is the usual Italian building of two high stories with the slop-





ing roof, built on a triangle around a garden where the laurel and myrtle grow, and from which still runs plainly the path down which the Emperor went from the cliff to the minute bit of beach to bathe in the gently lapping waves. Now the structure is government property, half filled with tenants of the common sort, while in a wing the tailor-made Italian officer in charge of the small garrison keeps his horse. He is a singularly "smart"-looking officer, with mustachios that spread like eagle's wings, eye-glasses that stare piercingly, and trousers so tight as to excite two phases of wonder: one, how he gets them on, and the other how he ever gets them off again.

Sunday morning is market-time at Porto Ferraio, and the town is *en fête*. The country people come in with their wares, and the townspeople gather in the market-place to gossip and to buy.

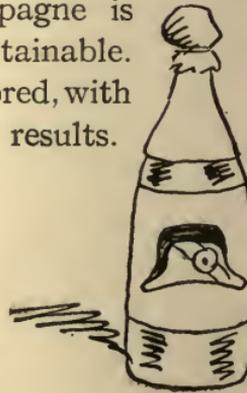
The churches are open for those who wish to hear mass. The women ride in on large donkeys — much larger than those of Italy — sitting astride, with skirts firmly tucked in, before the panniers which balance on either side. Often a daughter or a friend rides behind. The men walk or ride in stout, two-wheeled carts, but the donkey is the rule with the ladies. They are good-looking, these people of Elba. The women are tall and straight, with fine features, aquiline noses, full lips, and noble hair. Their eyes do not flash as in Italy, but look steadily and clearly at all comers without shrinking or concern. The elder women wear gay kerchiefs for a head-dress, but the young need no adornment other than their abundant locks. The men, too, are tall, and if not as handsome in looks and bearing as the splendid women, have an air of activity and indepen-





dence, and somehow a suggestion of Spain about them. Here and there around the market-place stand tall fellows wrapped in bravo cloaks such as old Madrid pictures show, folded over the shoulder, with an end hiding the arm—and a knife, maybe!

There was plenty of meat in the market-place, and plenty to wear in the shops. Red overcoats of blanket stuff, and lined with heavy fur, seemed popular garments, though the December days were mild. Strangers are not plenty, but there was small staring. The innkeeper hurried to oblige with a pass to San Martino, a carriage with its single horse, and to furnish his last bottle of native wine. The other guests drank deep-red chianti from bulbous flasks. Some champagne is made on Elba, but it was not obtainable. The native wine was straw-colored, with a tang of sherry, and heady in results.

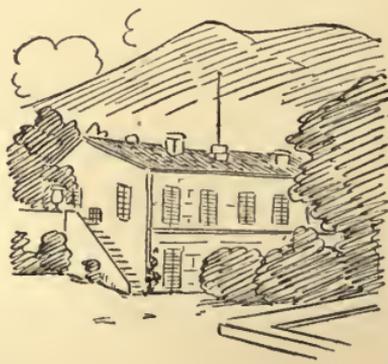


It is but a scant half-hour's drive from the square before the Albergo de l'Ape Elbana to the Villa Napoleon at San Martino. Visitors are rare. The single carriage at the inn is pressed into service amid proper excitement, and whirls away through the market-place, along the quay, past the iron-works, over the water-filled moat, and then into the real country, skirting the harbor for a mile or so until it makes its way up a fine valley, at the head of which stands the house, under the shadow of Monte San Martino. Little farms line the way, with here and there a pretty villa, amid its clump of trees, until the vast new country-house of Signor Del Buono bars the road. Here the innkeeper's pass is honored, and a pretty Elban woman with a bunch of keys leads through the gate and up the gravelled road to the palace.



The simple villa where the Emperor lived is unchanged in itself, but its surroundings are altered and garish. In 1851 Prince Demidoff, who married Princess Mathilde, daughter of Jerome and aunt of our Baltimore Bonapartes, bought the property and proceeded to turn it into a memorial. He built into the terrace a high, one-storied edifice, the roof of which forms an esplanade to the villa proper, of red granite, ornamented with bronze "N's" within the imperial wreath, and marked with the triple bees. Here he assembled many relics of Napoleon, which were dispersed, March 15, 1880, by his nephew and heir, Paul Demidoff. Mathilde had long before divorced Demidoff, but lived to see the new century as the last of the second Bonaparte generation.

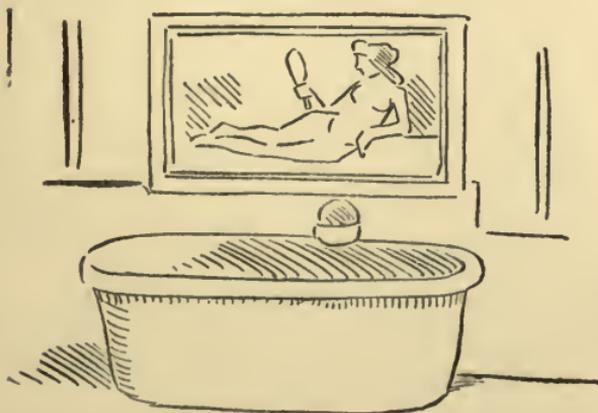
A few sea-shells from the surrounding waters and some geological speci-



mens remain in the great hall under the hillside, and many engravings showing events in Napoleon's day are on the walls. In the villa a few battered chairs and the bedstead used by Madame Mère remain. This bedstead is high-posted, with gilded eagles roosting on the top of each post. In what was Napoleon's sleeping-room is a bedstead with broken slats, curiously curved, suggesting a square gondola, if there could be such a thing. The guide said Napoleon had slept in it. Perhaps he had.

The Emperor's bath-tub is one authentic furnishing. It is a deep, oval bowl of stone, set closely against the wall. Above it a frescoed lady reclines after her bath, clothed in the altogether, and gazing with deep satisfaction into a hand-mirror. There was no splendor at San Martino, and little comfort in the house itself beyond the bath-tub.

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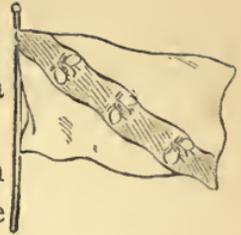
But the Salle des Pyramides, with its fountain in the floor, is still there, frescoed in drab, with such strange figures as appear on the Central Park Obelisk; and the ceiling of another room shows two doves carrying a ribbon in their bills within a circle of flowers. This is said to typify the love of Napoleon and Marie Louise, who never came to see it. Here Bonaparte met with his little court, playing cards at night with Cambronne, Bertrand, the lovely Sister Pauline, Princess Borghese, and grim old Madame Mère—cheating always when he had to in order to win, and going round the next day to pay back the money to all except his mother—who, he observed in justification, was richer than he was!

Better reminders than these scanty relics of the great are the good roads, the drained morasses, the successful

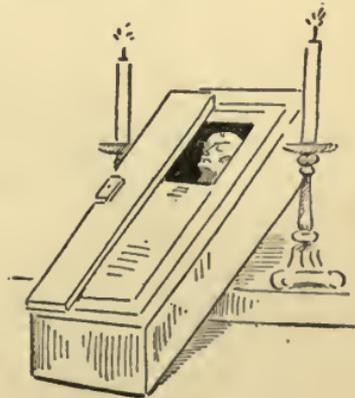
mines, the improved agriculture. Elba had but ten months of its king.

The town and the harbor show in fine vistas from the villa terrace, while behind and on either side are the hills, some topped with ruins, but all in verdure clad. It is a tranquil resting-place, one that should tame the wildest mind and calm even a warrior's soul, a place to be content from struggling, away from battle, murder, and sudden death!

In the church at Porto Ferraio is an ebon coffin about which four candles are always burning. The upper part is open, and in it lies the face of Napoleon in bronze, made from Doctor Antommarchi's death-mask taken at St. Helena. On the fifth of May, the date of his death, a funeral service is said over this casket and its mask. The city hall preserves Napoleon's flag, a banner of white with a wide band of



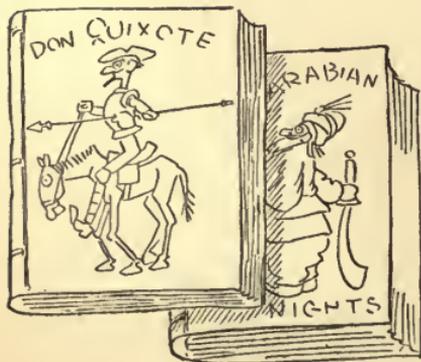
II



orange set at an angle across its surface from corner to corner, on which are embroidered the three golden bees, the sign manual of his kingdom! What is left of his library is also here, books left behind at the hasty flight of Sunday, February 26, 1815. The *Arabian Nights* and *Don Quixote* are conspicuous volumes. The drop-curtain of the local theatre still pictures Napoleon as Apollo watching his sheep! He saw it first raised.

The magnate of Elba is Signor Del Buono, and he is literally all to the good. He controls the iron-works, and at the harbor edge at Porto Ferraio dwells in a Venetian palace that would rouse envy anywhere. On its outer wall is engraved this legend: "Ubi Labor: Ibi Uber"—"Where labor is, there is fertility." There is stalwart labor in Elba—and much fertility.

The harbor at Porto Ferraio is a safe

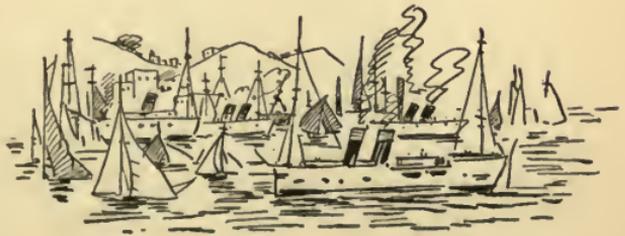


and beautiful haven hidden from the storms. High mountains guard it, but within a navy might ride at ease—and keep all comers out—while the shore falls away between the hills in inviting visions. Nor is the haven dull. Daily steamers from Leghorn, and almost hourly ones from Piombino awake the echoes with whistles and splashing as they touch and go. Bluff-bowed Mediterranean brigs and sharp-nosed lateen fisher and market boats crowd against the quays. Tugs and barges intrude with ore from the distant mines. It is a busy corner of a little world where all goes well.

The donkeys of Elba have a bray that sounds like a soprano steam-whistle.

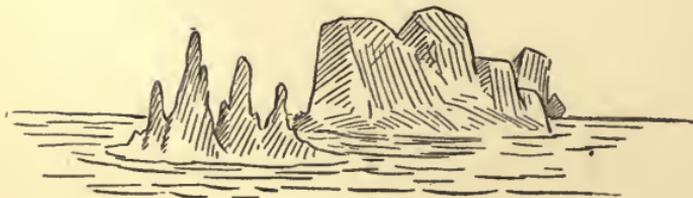
Six new houses have been built on the island of Elba at the edge of Porto Ferraio. They follow accepted styles, and do not shock the scenery.

The island of Capraia, where Gari-

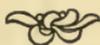


baldi chose to retire like a modern Cincinnatus after he had presented United Italy to the House of Savoy, is the first land visible in the Tuscan Archipelago when approached from the north. It is huge, high, and for the most part sterile, with a little fishing and farming village of two hundred souls on the flattest part, and in gentle mockery on such a shrine of liberty, a camp of five hundred Italian convicts, to keep the island innocence company.

The peaks of Monte Cristo rise sharply from the sea below Elba and across from Corsica. They are slender, tall, and fragile in appearance, and look tiny beside the bulky Corsican hills which culminate in Monte Rotondo, more than eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. The little island, with its triple spires of rock, is now a hunting-preserve, but has lived in millions of minds as the



synonyme for sudden wealth ever since the imagination of Dumas sent Edmond Dantès into its dark chambers to discover the hidden hoard out of which he paid his debt of vengeance. Scenically it fits the part of home for buried treasures; remote, difficult of approach, and wildly picturesque withal.

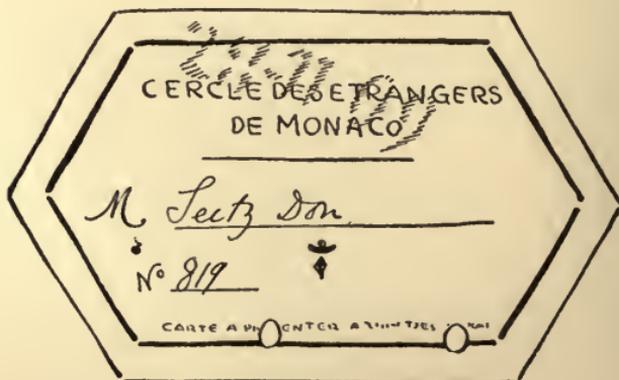


Order and safety rule in Monaco. One may gamble, drink, and consort with women at Monte Carlo, but all public conduct must be decorous—according to the French standard, which is outwardly one of eminent propriety. The Prince is a zealous savant, and his contributions to knowledge of life in deep seas are numerous and valuable. His yacht is constantly in commission making soundings in the depths—none of which have been discovered quite as deep as the source of his income—and



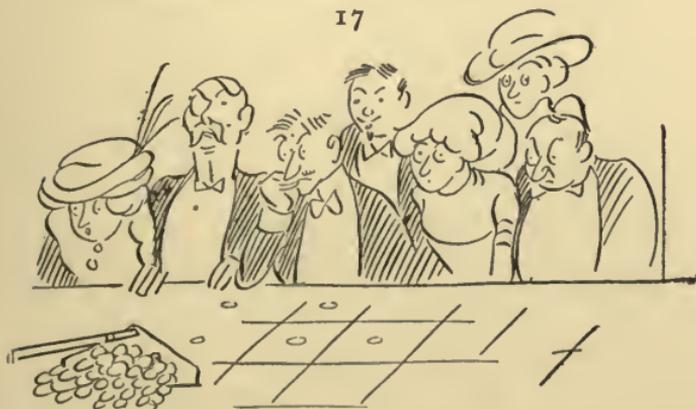
the results are lodged in an admirable museum at Monte Carlo. He has a daughter married to about all that is left of the Bonaparte family. He has also contributed to the discoveries concerning the cave-dwellers as did a predecessor, the hereditary Prince Flor-estan—a name quite fit for the job, and rather suggesting a conjurer!

One does not enter the Casino by merely ascending the steps and walking through the door. Not at all. He must secure a ticket of admission and run the gauntlet of numerous sharp eyes. He must give his age, tell where he is from, give his business. Then a ticket is given, a brown card with the corners clipped off, on the back of which he must endorse his name. Season tickets are obtainable in the same manner, and pains is taken to see that these do not get transferred to undesirables—to pigeons not worth plucking!



Both the roulette and trente-et-quarante tables are run on the square. The former limits the lowest bets to a five-franc piece—about ninety cents—but the latter will bother with nothing but gold. The whole process of losing money is much simpler than that prevailing on the New York Stock Exchange or in the Chicago grain pit. Nobody's money is involved except that of the players, unless, and rarely, some defaulter should slip in past the vigilants. There is no risking of the cash of innocent bank depositors, borrowed by margin on "call." There is no overcertifying, no overdrawing of accounts, no slaughtering of stop-orders. Bets are paid in advance, winnings are returned in cash, raked in and pushed out by the croupier with his wooden hoe. There are no calls for margin. "Make your choice" and "nothing more goes," are the only

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terms employed. There are no panics, no short selling, no "bull" nor "bear" movements, and no marked cards, engraved by the American Bank Note Company. There is nothing but honest gambling, matching chance against chance with a perpetual percentage in favor of the "Bank."

There is no excitement in the gambling-hall. Those who have seats sit dully by betting almost automatically. Those who stand toss their wagers over the heads of the sitters, and all win or lose without animation. The air is heavily laden with perfume, so heavily that one suspects it does not all emanate from the women, but that it is purposely charged to numb the senses. They certainly are not acute after a stay in the close atmosphere. The croupiers shift frequently for a fresh breath out-of-doors, but the players and the attendant crowd take on a



greater appearance of languor, listlessness, and despair. Winner or loser, the look is the same, one of heavy eyes and deep facial lines. If any butterflies flutter in they soon become blackbirds like the rest. Who are they all? Well, everybody from everywhere, and some women who cruise harpy-like about the halls looking for the lucky.

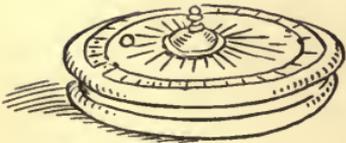
If one must go to the devil, let it be done decorously with all expenses paid in advance. This is the rule. Behind the mirrored panels that line the hall are numberless concealed exits. Should a woman scream or faint as they sometimes do, or a man break forth into imprecations, from out of the crowd suddenly appear a half-score of the innumerable guardians of the place, one of the panels slides back and the disturber vanishes from the view never to come back again. A ticket to Paris, or anywhere else well out of the gam-



bling world, all hotel bills paid, and a warning never to return again complete the story.

The strangest thing about the den is the belief in system. Men and women, many of the latter of whom look like school-teachers or middle-aged keepers of boarding-houses, thumb well-worn note-books full of figures and cross-calculations in their endeavors to trace and follow the vagaries of the ball and its fellow-robber, the wheel.

Many bet by the number of their years, but this is limited to the young—36 being the highest figure on the roulette diagram. The ball is rolled in one direction, the wheel and its cups travel oppositely. Every run of luck is jotted down as a basis for something beyond luck—and fails. There is only one system that never falls down—that of the administration. A croupier sometimes runs out of change. This



is called breaking the bank. But there is more up-stairs in the cashier's office, and a great deal more coming in at other tables. Last year (1908) the concern paid a 22 per cent. dividend, besides keeping up its theatre, its faultless orchestra, its lovely gardens, and maintaining Albert, Prince of Monaco, in the style to which he has long been accustomed. Now a new wing has been constructed to hold many more tables, and prosperity is insured indefinitely in the tiny principality—not so much by the game as by the fact that none of His Highness' subjects are permitted to enter the realm of chance.

Outside the rather garish rococo Casino the world grows clean and fair. The terraces leading down to the sea, beneath which the railroad lies concealed, are the loveliest in the world. Cap Martin with its white villas, like Cynos, where the Empress Eugénie



makes her winter home, lies to the left, and to the right is the little harbor of Monaco with its lights and breakwater. Beyond are Beaulieu and Villefranche and the mosaic bits of paradise that fill the narrow limits between the mountains and the shore until Nice ends the radius of the Riviera. More beautiful than all is the sea upon which the Casino coldly turns its back. It is the Mediterranean at its best—gentle, shimmering and blue—curling softly against the strand as if conscious that noise and discord are out of place in the neighborhood.

While the town itself is modern to the highest requirement, the environs of Monte Carlo are ancient and unchanged. On the height above, some fifteen hundred feet aloft from the sea, the village of La Turbie abides as it has for centuries, a French-Italian peasant town, looking down upon the



ruined fortresses it has survived and the pleasure garden far below—while the women wash clothes and abuse the neighbors at the ancient stone fountain in the village square, and the men loaf deliciously in ear-shot of the chatter and splashing. It is as mediæval as it ever was, and a thousand miles in spirit away from the modern world, even if the cog-wheeled engine of the funiculaire which clanks and grumbles up the mountain-side brings Monte Carlo to it in half an hour.

The new façade of the Hôtel de Paris, facing the Casino at Monte Carlo, is a charming example of French architecture up to date, and perhaps a little ahead of it. This last remark applies particularly to the figures of the gay ladies adorning the line of the second story, clad only in an entrancing smile cut very low.

Postal cards, drawn by frivolous





French artists casting odium upon Prince Albert, are sold in Nice and Mentone, but not in Monte Carlo. They reflect strongly on the gambling end of his principality, and score him for living on tainted money, like the American horror at Rockefeller. This may be real and it may be envy, as both towns provide facilities for games of chance from which the municipalities benefit; but they are crude and poorly run by contrast. French virtue, outside of Paris, carefully guards itself, and takes toll from the sins of visitors.

The plucked goose and the sheared lamb rampant ought to be on the coat of arms of Monaco — but are not. The principality coins an unusual gold piece—value one hundred francs—so that money can be lost faster. The place drains the gold from the surrounding communities, which do business on silver and paper.

The biggest sign in Monaco bears the majestic name of Gompers. It does not refer to our own Samuel, but to the keeper of an excellent jewelry store.

The centre of the floor of the Café d'Austria at Monte Carlo contains a section a dozen feet square laid in ornamented tiles. The tables range about it. Here, when the night grows young again the dancers come to amuse the guests, keeping time to the wild music of a Magyar band. Russian and Hungarian dances rule, including a bit of the Tsardas, which cannot be properly stepped in less than three hours, spiced with the brutal "Apache" spiel from Paris. The dancers are professional and graceful. Now and then a fair bit of driftwood from the half-world joins in the show, flirting her brown curls in time, and making a picture really gay—if not analyzed.



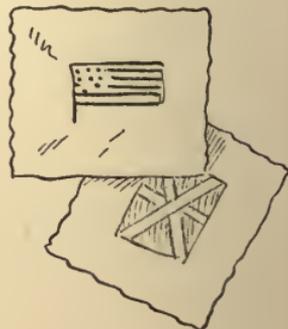


Paper napkins are served with meals, and in delicate tribute the coats of arms or flags of nations decorate them. Americans get star-spangled banners on theirs.

The little coppery oysters at Monte Carlo are served with the big muscle undetached from the lower shell. This is done to prove to the sceptical that they are freshly shucked, and not tubbed bivalves travelling in shells that have been used before. They taste better than they look.



When the moon rises at Mentone it comes like a new orb to the Western eye. It is not a moon for lovers, half shy and lending shadows to the night, but enormous, full, and dazzling with gleams that outline every plant, house, and tree. The Alpes Maritimes, sometimes vague by day, become sharp



under its rays—each peak, angle, and gorge standing out as if mirrored in crystal. The snowy tops of the more distant heights grow near. The villas and roadways take on a whiteness denied them by the sun, and every ripple on the sea is tipped with silver. The palms on Cap Martin stand out in feathery distinction, while the lavish lights of Monte Carlo glitter like a necklace of diamonds along the bay. Even the flowers, deceived by the brightness, do not close, but the ivy geraniums, roses, and jessamine show their colors in the day-like night.

In the Barma-Grande, a cleft in the Red Rock at Mentone, deep and wide enough to be called a cave, just over the border line of Italy, is packed the history of the palæolithic world. In 1892 Joseph Abbo, the quarryman, who had been blasting the Rochers Rouges into fragments for building

stone, took to removing the earth from the cleft to replenish the scanty soil of his garden. His small son, idling with a pick, laid bare a human skull, and, in due time, five in all were uncovered. In the year 1884 Louis Julian had discovered the remains of a skeleton in the same cavern at a depth of twenty-eight feet, but interest seems to have ceased until the boy made his accidental find. So M. Abbo turned from quarryman to antiquarian, and thanks to the late Sir Thomas Hanbury is now custodian of the most unique museum in the world, which he himself has stocked from the excavations in the Barma-Grande. Nor are these over. Bit by bit the soil is still being separated, revealing each day some trace of prehistoric man. The tall skeletons, preserved by the oxide of iron, are there complete, four of them at the precise levels and in the same

condition as when they were found. The almost unshaped flint knives and scrapers, simple instruments of bone, and ornaments like a necklace made of the vertebræ of a salmon, which the female skeleton wore, push the history of man back into a period which scientists estimate may have endured for 200,000 years. The caveman had heavy bones and fine teeth. In various layers are found fireplaces filled with ashes and charcoal, and below these the broken marrow-bones of the elephant, rhinoceros, and deer, from which the troglodyte sucked uncooked marrow as the single luxury of his day. There must have been a Benevolent Protective Order of Elks in the Palæozoic age, because the deer teeth, bored for wear, are there, looking exactly like those pendent from many American watch-chains.

It would be easy to establish the Garden of Eden as having been located at



Mentone. The climate is all right, there are apples to be had, Satan is near by at Monte Carlo, and fig-trees, which were the original clothing stores for Adam and Eve, are abundant and full of leaves.

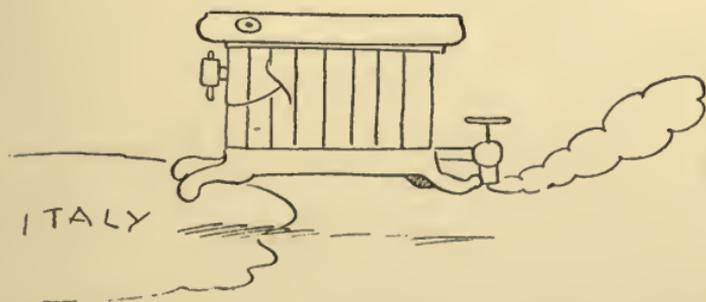


“I wanted my hat,” said the brisk American widow at Naples, who had just globe-trotted alone around the world *viâ* Manila, Ceylon, Suez, and a few other outposts of the men without a country. “The milliner said she would send it to-morrow. I knew she wouldn’t, so I just grabbed the box and ran off with it. I was told this was a breach of decorum. I just told them back that parvenos and those Nauvoo Reeche in America so regarded it, but I and other people who had sense didn’t care a rap. Besides, I wanted my hat. When I want things that belong to me I take them. That’s American, I guess. What’s more, if you were as homesick

as I am you wouldn't bother with etiquette — at least, not about bundles. And, say, do you know, those two Little Sisters of the Poor who were on the ship begging said they had never been into the museum at Naples where all those statues are because the Priest wouldn't let them go, because—well, the statues are undraped? Isn't that a shame? And did you see that group with the woman trying to tie a cow? [The Farnese Bull.] Such an expression as she had—so determined."

While workmen and idlers still crouch and shiver over little fires of rubbish and pine-cones in the alleys of Naples, steam-heat is invading Italy. The new hotels, apartments, and villas are equipped with warming apparatus. This banishes the fiction about "Sunny Italy," but makes living there in winter more comfortable.

The weary American mother with a



sharp-nosed daughter is a prominent and permanent feature in the European landscape. Usually mother is crushed and gentle, but daughter is harsh and experienced. She scolds laundresses and porters with system and results, and drives the pension and hotel keepers to incipient madness. In France and Italy particularly Americans are regarded as mildly insane, and are treated indulgently, just as the Indians allowed Caucasian lunatics to go unharmed, on the ground that they had already been possessed by the devil.

The Italians seem careless about spelling the names of their towns. Genoa is "Genova," "Genva," and "Genes." Venice is "Venezia" or "Venetia." Florence is "Firenze." Spezia has one "z" at home and two abroad, and then is pronounced "Spetsia." Rome is "Roma," and Naples "Napoli" and "Napolis." Traces of



meaning are visible in all of these, but the transformation of Leghorn to "Livorno" is bewildering.

Much is said in criticism of the vast sums spent by travelling Americans in Europe, but, after all, to the fair-minded observer it is but a moderate return for what we take away in the form of the cheap labor which does the rough work in the United States, which our own palms have become too tender to endure. The Italian thousands, for example, who glean a dollar or two a day and "find" themselves, are producing wealth much faster in America for the Americans than the latter are spending it in their visits to Italy. As usual, the Yankee gets the best of it in whatever game is played.



France is not interesting in winter until one comes to Avignon. When



this journey was taken the land from Calais to Paris was white with snow—a second invasion from Germany. But when morning came in Provence a delicate atmosphere as exquisite as the American Indian Summer, with its haze and warmth, prevailed. The leaves still clung scantily to the vines and to the pear-trees. The live-oak and the funereal cypress held their perpetual green. The grass was drying into brown, and the reeds and canes were yellow. But it was summer asleep, and not the death of winter. Towers and castles loomed amid the haze, softened in outline but clear to the eye. The soldiers at the barracks were doing calisthenics in morning undress of cotton—none too clean—standing on one leg and kicking out with the other, loosening their wiry muscles.

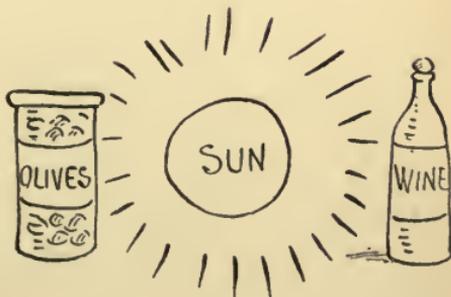
Arles, old and sear, with its Roman amphitheatre, comes into view like a

stage-setting, and Marseilles — “Mas-
silia,” the oldest city in the world—
arrives. Here the Côte d’Azur extends
its first welcome, and opens up in ver-
dant visions its peerless panorama,
with glittering glimpses of the Mediter-
ranean and great gray mountains press-
ing enviously upon the glorious sea.

From Antibes to Mentone, and ex-
tending to the uplands of Grasse, thir-
ty-five kilometers back from the sea,
there is a half-bowl that harbors the
African sun, while the Maritime Alps
break the ice-wind from the north,
making a land of flowers. The sun is
master here — a tyrant in summer,
but in spring, fall, and winter a gen-
erous friend who turns the rough coun-
try, with its thin and gravelly soil,
into a basin of fertility, producing in
never-ending rhyme:

Olive and vine,
Oil and wine!

35



At Grasse flower-growing for perfumes is a huge industry. Most American toilet soap gets its scent from the petals grown, gathered, and distilled in this favored niche of France, while a train-load of blossoms departs daily from Nice for less-favored parts of the land.

Hedges are growths of cane along the Côte d'Azur. They shade the weaker plants in the gardens from the ferocious sun, and when half ripened are cut and made into baskets, in which the bottled wine is carried to market. Nothing can be wasted here!

The farmers around Marseilles were making hay on Thanksgiving Day. The olives were ripening black upon the trees. The fig-trees had curled their leaves under the chill, but much ripe fruit clung to the branches. Toward Cannes olives were still green. The yellow narcissus blossomed in wayside gardens. At Nice roses



bloomed and the ivy-geraniums were lavish in flower, while in the gardens at Cap Martin the purple iris unfolded its fleur-de-lis, jessamine and jasmine opened their petals to the sun, and yellowing lemons tinted the trees.



It is always wash-day at Nice. The bed of the river Paglione is nearly dry except when the mountains shed tears, and here the women gather to swash the linen in the rivulets that trickle through the gravel to the sea. The clothes-lines are also strung along the river - bed. Sociability prevails, and the supply of gossip is greater than that of soap.

The hunters of the Alps, who garrison the southeastern borderland of France, are little men dressed in dark blue and wearing exaggerated golf-caps of the same color. They are picked for muscularity and sure-footedness. They carry short carbines and

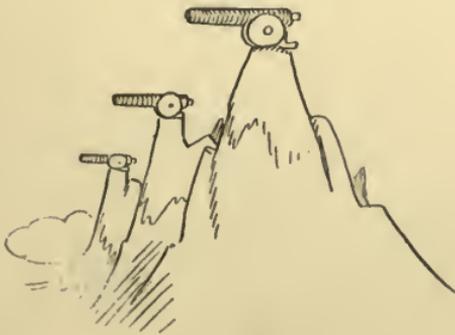




a kit of marching-tools, the chief item of which are alpenstocks with a huge crook at one end, giving the troops the look of shepherds, which they are in a way—shepherds that eat the sheep! The men are nearly all dark, and the cunning little officers wear their black beards trimmed in wedges, such as are seen on the sculptured faces of the Pharoahs on the Egyptian monuments.

When Bonaparte declared there must be no Alps, he meant what he said. The great roads through and over the mountains into Italy are marks of his herculean hands. The Corniche road from Nice to Genoa abolishes the Alpes-Maritimes. It crests the mountains and commands the sea, rising to the altitude of the clouds and furnishing a highway for invasion to the south, and incidentally from it, but for the line of fortresses

along the way, whose huge walls and masked batteries form the buttresses of France. Here are barriers that do not crumble, and guards that do not sleep. Scenically it forms a vantage for such a view as can be had nowhere else in all the lands of earth. High as it runs the peaks behind are higher, while between it and the vast sea beneath are visions of valleys marked in green and gold, where in narrow clefts full of sunshine thrive the orange and olive, lemon and vine and palm. Cities and villages intervene chained together by lines of villas, while as the road winds across the gulfs the snowy peaks of the background come to view, arctic in aspect and sharp in outline against a chilly sky—a sky that becomes in an instant sunny and serene if the eye turns toward Africa, whence comes the warmth that conserves this little corner of the earth

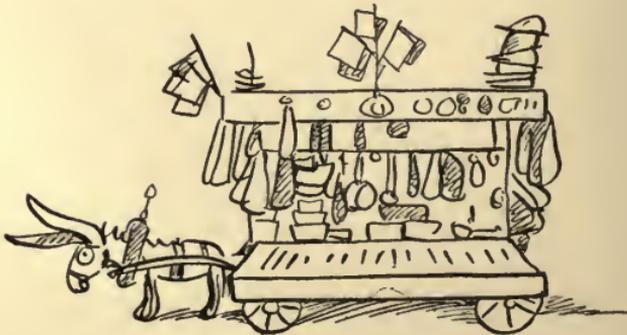


from frosts and snows, and ends the grief of seasons.

The French end of the Corniche road is kept in perfect repair by a road-gang that is always on patrol. The men live in a big green van, which is hauled along by the steam-roller that also acts as a traction-engine. Crushed stone is ready at hand. It is spread by manual labor, and rolled in by the heavy machine. In this way the road never goes to wreck, and the cost of repairing is kept small.

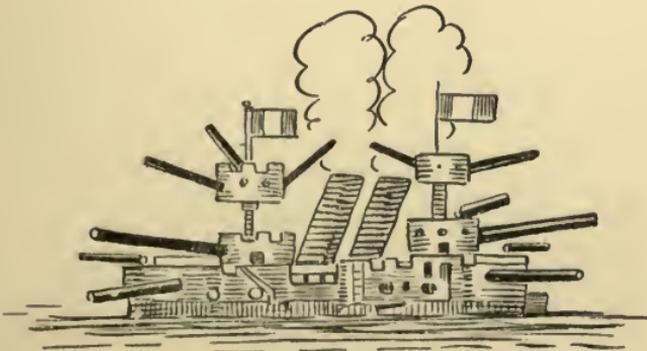


The department store at Roquebrunne, on the mountain-side, a thousand feet or so above Mentone, consists of a very long cart-frame mounted on two wheels, drawn by a donkey three feet high and but a few inches larger than his voice. All sorts of dry goods are purveyed by



the proprietor, who walks beside his shop.

The heights above Toulon are crowned with great fortifications. From a lower ridge beneath the youthful Bonaparte seized Opportunity by its brazen neck, and dragged it backward and forward across the European world until his weary hands let go. Here is the home of the French navy. The splendid harbor is filled with ships-of-war, which, if looks count for anything, are the most formidable in existence. The French privateers were the boldest on the seas until the Yankees came, but the French navy has always made a poor showing in actual conflict. Captain Marryat's whimsical saying, that it took so long to give an order in French that no time was left to execute it, may be the basis of the weakness. Anyway, the ships seem fit, and so do the jaunty sailormen.





Modern harvesting machinery has invaded Southern Europe, so the threshing floors, which came from Babylon, together with some other French specialties, are now growing over with grass.

From the standpoint of exact selfishness it is hard to see why there should be any worry over the stationary population of France. It limits the puzzles of the living. There is no problem of the unemployed. The thrifty enjoy the fruits of their toil. There is little poverty and small distress. There is enough land and enough food under good husbanding. And as for to-morrow? Well, who has seen to-morrow?

The gutters in Paris are washed from a faucet set in the curb, which provides a free flow of water where it is wanted, and does not splurge it all over the street, distributing the

dirt—as happens in New York when the White Wings “turn” a fire-hydrant loose.

The ordinary vine grapes served in France are cut with a considerable section of vine attached to the stem of each bunch. It seems to extend their keeping qualities. The American method is to clip at the stem.

French novels are bound in yellow paper covers.

French pine-trees have flat tops, and head out like a cauliflower.

The economy of system prevails on the French railway dining-cars. First a waiter goes through the train and distributes seat-checks, so there is no scramble to get in. Then the plates are dealt out from a pile by one man, another fills them with soup from a big tureen, and the other dishes follow in order—each course being served hot from the platter. The passenger takes



what he gets, and there is no waste or overeating. A bill is rendered, and a collector comes around with a tin tray containing six sections for coin, the one for gold being covered and fed through a slot. No gold ever comes back in the change.

The gas-works which usually dominate the urban landscape in America are modesty itself in France. Even the breweries intrude but shyly into view.

The theory of the French sleeping-car is that it is a place to sleep in, and as such it is very comfortable. The berths are in state-rooms, and run across the car. The high back of the sofa lifts and forms an admirable upper berth, while a wedge-shaped bolster placed under the mattress makes an agreeable angle for the pillow to rest on, so that the blood of the sleeper flows easily to his feet. There is real elasticity in the springs instead



of the hard ridges one must adjust his person to in Mr. Pullman's ingenious contrivance. There is a wash-room to each two compartments, and, with true Gallic economy, but four towels, each small and thin. The drinking-water is in a clean carafe, and not mingled with miscellaneous ice in a metal canister. Men and women are segregated. But the lower berth cannot be turned into a seat without the consent of the occupant of the upper, and if one passenger does not care to rise the other can patrol the narrow corridor until he gets ready. There is no place to go but out. It costs \$10.50 to spend twenty-four hours in one, so most travellers sit up or bribe the guard to let them monopolize a compartment.



When a man builds a house in Paris he must conform it to the adjacent style of architecture. The pleasing

New York habit of sticking a structure out eight or ten feet to the edge of the stoop-line, giving the neighbors on either side a fine stretch of dead wall to feast their eyes on, is not tolerated. Such American luxuries as spite fences, pig-pens, stables, and similar intrusions upon the rights of the helpless others do not obtain. The privileges of the individual in Europe generally are subordinated to the rights of the community with soothing results to the eye, ear, and smell.

French elections, prize-fights, and horse-races are held on Sundays, so not even time is wasted in the thrifty land of France.

The Bon Marche, Paris, which is now under co-operative management, did a business of \$47,000,000 in 1909. The American visitor is quickly spotted, and an interpreter is soon at his side, without the asking, and sticks to



him until his troubles are over. No money is paid to salesmen. The customer and the goods go to the cashier together, and there are no mistakes. The store does not advertise in the lavish American way. Most of its publicity is secured through posters and catalogues. The secret is not in advertising, but in so serving customers that one is never lost. Not only are prices fair, but the buyer is carefully instructed in values and quality. The American lady who bought some ostrich plumes for the first time was surprised to have the salesman take out a little comb and run it through the curly fringes. "A plume that will stand combing has not been tied," was his explanation; "it will last twelve years." So it is with all wares. Instead of being waited upon by careless, snippy girls, of the sort who scare timid men in American stores, the male cus-



customer is served by an intelligent, painstaking clerk who treats his ignorance seriously, and after carefully putting Mr. Man at his ease, instructs him wisely in the great art of shopping. Thus, out of the line of traffic, in the distant Latin Quarter, it continues to prosper beyond any similar shop anywhere.

The Paris fruit-stands are singularly ill-supplied. The variety is limited, and the quality poor. A few seedy pomegranates, some lemons, little oranges, big green apples, and rusty pears are the staples. In the hotel dining-rooms fruit is sacred and separate from the bill of fare, and is set upon an altar for inspection. Bananas and pineapples are rarities. The splendor of the hot-house grapes makes up for much, however. They are the most magnificent fruit that grows, of extraordinary size, both individually

and as bunches, and of a singular delicacy in flavor. England, Belgium, and France vie in their production with about equal success in quality. The pomegranate looks like a rusty onion, and tastes like a lot of small seeds served in diluted picric acid. The pulp is pink.

There is but one woman's club in Paris, and it is composed of ladies from the American colony. The French woman preserves her rights by maintaining her correct position, which is that of the manager of the household and its funds, the bearer and protector of the children, the director of their affairs until they have households of their own, by devoting herself wholeheartedly to her husband—not necessarily as a lord and master, but as an essential part of the cosmogony of things that be. Her duty toward him is consistent, whatever he may think of his to



her. In brief, she is a good hen, who scratches, contrives, protects, and comforts her own!

The Paris fishermen who pursue the nimble perch from the quays along the Seine use about five inches of goose-quill, hermetically sealed, for a float. It is very sensitive, and as the fish are tender biters, it notes the least nibble.

The French landscape is becoming disfigured with signs. The chief offenders are the Paris edition of a New York newspaper and a Pittsburg pickle-maker. Thus does America impress her ideals of beauty upon the earth!

MM. Maurice and Philippe Bunau-Varilla have painted the Paris home of *Le Matin* red with yellow trimmings. Ditto *Le Matin*!

Long ago Benedict Masson undertook to paint the history of France by periods from the Merovingians to Bonaparte on the walls of the Côte d'Occi-



dent and Côte d'Orient at the Invalides. He finished most of it up to and including the apotheosis of Napoleon, but oddly enough left the panel of the Revolution incomplete, though sketched upon the stone. The painting of the foreground was done, but the wild figures of the Sans-Culottes show only in charcoal outline, but all the more startling and vivid. With fine taste the French have never allowed any other hand to intervene—and perhaps behind it is a thought—that revolutions are never ended!

To impress genuineness the butter-pats in Paris are stamped with the gentle likeness of a cow.

Personally conducted battalions of rural recruits are taken through the Invalides in Paris mornings to be shown the glories of France there deposited, and to stand uncovered in a red-and-blue ring around the balustrade

that surrounds the tomb of the great Napoleon. Most of them have bullet heads, and do not look intelligent.

The sandwich men in Paris wear neat bluish-gray uniforms trimmed with red: in London, rags.

English, or rather American, is becoming the language of the boulevards. At the 1909 Thanksgiving dinner of the American Club in Paris, M. Georges Lecomte gave us the credit for preserving in speech the English language as written. London long ago lost the clear form of the tongue.

When a member of the French Cabinet appears at a public function he is always escorted by a detail of sabred cuirassiers. It looks funny to see a pudgy little French statesman toddling down a hotel corridor, the back of his head in a straight line with the tails of his frock-coat, and a much curved front, followed by a column of



huge cavalrymen, booted and spurred, with brazen helmets and horsehair plumes, just as Meissonier painted them in "1807." Outside, two stand guard on horseback, and as outriders escort his excellency home.



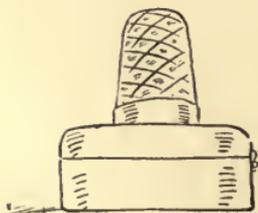
Paris consumes annually seventy barrels of Cape Cod cranberries.



Massena, Garibaldi, and Gambetta came from Nice. The statue of the Marshal stands in the public square, savage in feature and tall in figure. The milder form of Garibaldi lives near by in marble. His birthplace vanished when the harbor was enlarged to make way for the crowding ships in the tiny haven against the open sea. Gambetta is buried in the cemetery near the Château hilltop which is the splendid park of Nice, rising boldly from the centre of the crescent along

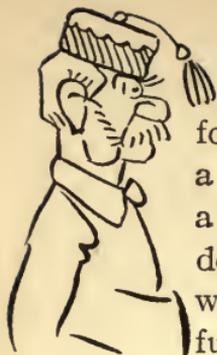
which the city lies, and commanding the mountains and the sea. A column of water carried in mains from the distant mountain springs in a foaming fountain from the peak, and rattles in rivulets to the level of the town. The cautious Baedeker bids visitors to the spot where the fiery statesman was "temporarily" buried. It is preserved, but he lies permanently interred now with his father and mother, under a monument without grace or character — a reproach to France. There is no inscription, only name and date. The design of the tomb suggests a thimble on a button box. France is a great country, but its greatest men, Bonaparte, Mirabeau, and Gambetta, were Italians. Massena was a Jew.

The contents of a sepulchre cannot be judged always by its artistic merits. In St. Peter's at Rome, in marked contrast with the barbaric altar that



covers St. Peter's crypt, and with the great sarcophagi in which the popes are tucked away in niches in the columns, is the grave of the three Stuarts—last in regular order of the Scotch Royalist line: James and his two sons, Charles Edward—"Bonnie Prince Charlie"—and Henry, Cardinal York. It is built of the flawless Carrara marble, and Canova made it with his matchless chisel. The design is Egyptian, save the two female figures that guard the portals, angels of loveliness and grace, watching the door that long ago closed forever upon the three personages who never did anything but make trouble for mankind. The ghosts of Culloden ought to flit about it when all the lights go out at night, except the dim lamps at the altars. How the poor, grim land of Scotland could worship these faithless Sybarites and attend their careless





fortunes with blood and treasure is a puzzle to the philosopher. It is a far glance from the Flora Macdonald at seventy, frail and simple, whom Doctor Johnson and the faithful Boswell saw, and Charles Edward in his splendid tomb!

Curiously, the Duke of Berwick, with his bar-sinister, was the only Stuart to leave a family that persists even to-day, and a decent name!



The Austrian haus-meister is even more of a tyrant than the French concierge, which is saying much. He knows no law but the landlord's. The apartment tenants are tolerated, and that is all. No night-keys are allowed. If one is out after ten o'clock, P.M., in Vienna, the haus-meister makes a charge of two cents for opening the

front door. This includes turning on the lights for a couple of minutes—long enough to find one's portal. The same rule applies to going out after ten. In Germany night-keys are permitted, and the keyholes are funnel-shaped to encourage easy unlocking in the wee hours. Dropping two cents into a slot turns on the hall electric lights automatically for four minutes. This is considered long enough time in which to locate your abiding-place. Callers are expected to pay the elevator man two cents per lift.

Naples ships enormous quantities of macaroni to the United States. It is full of holes, and makes a light cargo.

The electric fish in the Naples aquarium is kept in an open trough with one inch and a half of water in it. The fish is shaped like a fiddle, and is about fourteen inches long. For a cent the attendant will hold the fish



up by the tail so visitors can pinch it gently and get a neat little shock in return. For two cents the man will shoo the polyps into their tubes, and for two more feed a soft-shell crab to the devil-fish. When the crab gets into range the octopus envelops it in his mantle, and all is o'er but the digesting.

Naples at night is nearly as lovely as by day, when viewed from the bay. The shore line is marked by electric lights, which in the town itself are hidden deep in the narrow streets; but the avenues along the hillsides show their lamps, and so the city displays its outlines sharply against the night like a great glowing diagram.

Counterfeiting is still a considerable industry in Calabria. It is good form in Naples to bite all silver coin before accepting it in payment or in change.

An Italian house-servant will cook a five-course meal with as many cents'

worth of charcoal, all hot, and when the last course is served the flame will be out, with little ash and no waste of heat energy. The cookery will be excellent, and the cook will act as waitress. She also does the general house-work. Her wages, according to standard, are 25 lire, or \$4.50, per month. An American household cook will consume one hundred pounds of anthracite in performing the same task, and deliver half of the dishes lukewarm, though stove and kitchen will be red hot, and a waitress must do the serving; wages from four to five times higher, plus the other girl's pay.

The grape is not trellised in the south of France, and is ruthlessly pruned down to a stump about eighteen inches high from which each spring the desperate plant sends new shoots in its determination to save its life, while, following the same im-



pulse, the fruit grows bountifully in hope that its seed will fall into the earth, and that, though a plant may die, the grape shall grow forever!

Continental cooks are shy in the use of salt as a seasoning. For centuries salt has been heavily taxed. This has taught economy, and perhaps explains the universal use of unsalted butter.

The volcanoes of Vesuvius, Ætna, Stromboli and Teneriffe seem to be under the management of the same syndicate.

While there are usually dogs enough in Cos Cob and elsewhere, some fancier would make a hit by introducing the Lupino, the little wolf-dog of Italy, in America. He is a cream-colored chap, about the size of a fox, and looking something like one, quiet, clean, and faithful.



The poor, benighted Hindoo runs most of the tailor shops at Gibraltar.



In Gibraltar the lower sections of the window-blinds open outwardly from the frames, and the Spanish girls look down engagingly from beneath the green awnings thus formed. Only saloons, bake - shops, and cigar stores are open Sunday afternoons.

The Eastern Telegraph Company at Gibraltar will accept nothing but English money for messages. It thus affords the only squeamishness visible at the port. Everybody else will take anything, while the little peddling boys prattle of dimes and quarters.

The Mediterranean side of Gibraltar, which travelling Americans expect to see decorated with Brother Dryden's Prudential Insurance sign, has been greatly altered in its general aspect by the construction on the slopes of two huge concrete esplanades designed to catch and convey to cisterns the rain - water upon which the Rock



must depend in case of siege. A road also runs along the base as a result of this intrusion of utility.

Portuguese gardeners at Ponta Delgada, on St. Michael's, Azores, are getting rich raising fine pineapples under glass for the New York market. They are the biggest and best that reach that favored town.

In the Museum at Naples are some loaded dice with which Pompeiian crap-players landed sure things two thousand years ago.

Personally the French edible snail is much more comely in appearance than the American oyster. His amber shell is large enough to half fill a tea-cup, and neatness is a marked characteristic in his get-up, compared with the oyster, who, at the best, is muddy and uncouth. The calcareous rock along the Mediterranean is full of snails, which snuggle in the little hollows of the stone



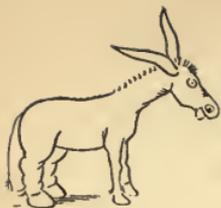
and thrive in the delicate dampness of the minute caves. Snails come to market packed in layers in baskets. Science calls them molluscs, which puts them on a social equality with the clam. The snail can move around, a privilege denied his hard-shelled cousin, but is just as reserved.

The French have a smart scheme to save switching in cutting cars out of the train. A section of track is set on a truck, running transversely, the train is separated, and a car moved in or out as required, without disturbing the rest of the make-up.

French lights are the best along the shores, say the navigators. They are posted low, close to the water-line, and so do not mislead like the Italian Pharos perched high above the sea. They have the best lenses, and are always visible.

There do not seem to be any barbers in France. Instead, the "coiffeur"





abounds. There are no barber's chairs, and one must sit up in a straight seat to have a hair-cut, and always in fear of being sent away in curl-papers.

French car-tracks are intelligently labelled. "Direction Marseilles" and "Direction Vintimil" tell which side of the way one should choose at the stations.



Mule is a "mulet" in France. With the rare skill in getting the most for the money, the cross is usually made between the donkey and the huge Norman horse. The result is a clumsy nondescript, beside which the Kentucky or Missouri mule is as graceful as a gazelle. Deprived of the privileges of paternity and condemned to move at a walk, with hind legs too massive for kicking, M. Mulet is a melancholy object.

In France old railroad-ties are not

burned in heaps by the track-side as in America, but reappear as fence - posts, palisades, and in other useful forms.

Paris lawyers do business at home. They do not maintain rooms in office buildings. Engagements have to be made with them by letter.

The Marseilles newspapers really print news. Those of Paris talk politics and scandal, and have the big circulations.

Traction-engines draw heavy vanloads over the fine French roads.

The habit of wearing uniforms when possible, which is usually credited to French vanity, has a sound economic reason behind it. Uniforms are not costly, and look neat always. They advertise the wearer's occupation, which is an advantage to him and a convenience to the public. Even the workingman's blouse carries a certain distinction with it in pleasant contrast to the sloppy clothes worn by indus-

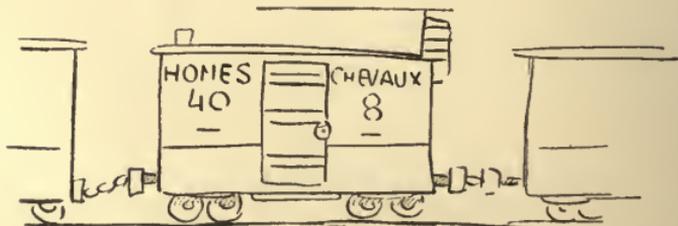


trial Americans. The blouse is inexpensive, easily kept clean, and protects the person thoroughly.

The French freight-cars, like the French people, are always prepared for war. On the side of each in white letters one reads, "Hommes 40. Chevaux 8," which suggests a military table of contents rather more comfortable for the "Chevaux" than for the "hommes."



The palaces of the merchant princes in Genoa are now in many cases steamship offices, a proper enough transformation when you come to think of it. Genoa is the richest of Italian cities. The wealth of the world poured through her gates for a thousand years and left a liberal toll. The steamships lie thick in the harbor like oxen in their stalls, "laden with treasures from realms afar," where once the galley-



slaves eased their wearied backs, and healed the scars that followed the task-masters' whips as they speeded about the Mediterranean Sea in the service of the strenuous little republic, as it threw its glove into the face of all who would meet the challenge. The King of Italy has never visited his noblest city. He is quoted as saying there is too much "style" there for him to cope with. There are also too many anarchists.

In the centre of busiest Genoa there is a beautiful small park, the Piazza Corvetta (Aqua Solon). It rises high above the level of the town, and from the topmost part a torrent breaks forth and falls in cascades a hundred feet down the cliff-side through glen and grotto with a miniature Cave of the Winds under the widest sweep of the water. Water-fowl play in the pool, with now and then the odd companionship of sea-gulls, who drop in to be



sociable and to rest amid ripples and flowers from the everlasting buffet with the wind and wave at sea. At the entrance of the Piazza is a bronze equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel and his magnificent whiskers, but towering above it in marble against the greenery of the hill is the greater figure of Joseph Mazzini, emblazoned with "Liberte, Uguaglianza, Fratellanza," in silent significance of the fact that ideas—not kings—rule even in Italy.

The house where Christopher Columbus was born still stands in Genoa—at least the tablet on the wall says so. He is buried in the Cathedral at Santo Domingo; also in the one at Havana, and in another at Seville.

The women of Genoa are short in stature but comely, with many blondes among them—as might be expected in a port of German call!

The men in Italy are atheists, the

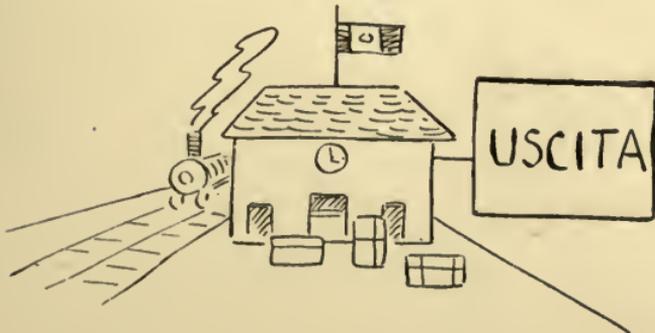
women Catholics. In every shop kept by women a little lamp is always burning before a picture of the Virgin Mary.

An iron ship named *Hanna* being broken up at Genoa suggested thoughts of home.

Genoa has the finest candy-shops and delicatessen stores in Europe. Candied fruits are here produced in perfection, mammoth in size and complete in preservation.

The magnificent statue of Christopher Columbus, which stands in the plaza before the railroad station in Genoa, shows the figure of an American Indian crouching at his side holding a cross in his hand. The sculptor is in error. It was the double-cross which Mr. Colon gave the aborigines.

Some of the statues of Victor Emmanuel in Italy are graced with bronze ladies of most ample figure—a pleasant testimonial of His Majesty's ideals.



The biggest sign on an Italian railroad station reads usually "Uscita." Green travellers wonder why so many towns should have the same name until they learn that it means the way out.

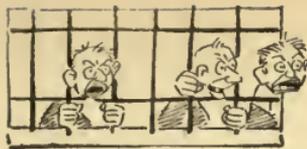
The Eucalyptus-tree is the tallest on the Riviera. It sheds its bark instead of its leaves.

Nick Carter and Buffalo Bill are loose in Italy. The former parades on the Kiosque news-stalls as "Il Gran Polizetts America," but Colonel Cody is without foreign guise, killing Indians and buffaloes with both hands and characteristic abandon.



Orange marmalade covers a multitude of breakfasts abroad. Most of it comes from Glasgow. Other forms of fruit jams are purveyed, but usually they are muddy and tasteless if of English origin. This description does not apply to the jellies of Bar le Duc.





These are the choicest made—and are hard to get—outside of New York.

It is nineteen hours from Marseilles to Algiers.

The Asylum for the Insane in Naples is a great building, beside which runs a busy thoroughfare. The open-barred windows are packed with the heads of the daft people, who hurl mad persiflage at the passers-by. The shrill voices of the women and the violent laughter of the men make a medley that can be likened only to the cries of many strange birds in some great aviary. The street crowd talks back vivaciously to the insane interlocutors, and the continuous excitement thus engendered is a neighborhood attraction.

The returning Italians show the habits of waste acquired in America by playing football with their more than ample allowance of bread. The ship's scuppers get full of it. But when Italy



heaves into view this ceases, and the spare loaves are tucked into bags and bosoms to afford sustenance for the first hungry days on shore.

A popular pork sausage in Italy is formed by taking out the bone and muscle in the skin of a pig's foreleg and filling in the sack thus produced.

Liberty in Europe is the privilege of doing as you please for yourself; in America it is regarded as a right to do what you please to others.

The olive-tree, though seeming large in pictures, is usually small. The foliage has the tint of the willow. The trunk has the look of strength overburdened, bent and gnarled by its load, and as if weary of bringing fruit out of the scanty soil in which it maintains its life.

The cup St. Jacques, which in New York is a dessert of delight, with its peaches, cherries, pineapple, orange,

and citron en compôte in delicate ices, becomes in Paris a wretched compound of sliced sour apple embedded in mushy snow.

In Germany the father is head of the family, in France the mother, in England the eldest son, in America the daughter.

Marriage in Austria is strictly an affair of the Church; in Hungary, of the State. Divorce prevails, therefore, only in the Hungarian part of the Dual Kingdom.

To see Europe comfortably one should possess a rubber collar and a rubber neck.

Tears rarely flow when an Italian baby cries. Temper, not grief, is the motive power of its complaints.

It costs four cents to escort a friend to the cars in the big Italian stations. This keeps idlers out, and lets people enjoy a pleasure and convenience usually denied in the United States.



The mustache is a military factor in France, Italy, and Germany. It lends valor to official countenances otherwise mild and timid. In Italy, King Emmanuel III. sets the style. In Germany the Emperor's butterflies form the mode. France, being a republic, has no fixed standard, the fur being spiked, frizzled, or sprayed according to fancy. Even as Samson lost his strength by being sheared, so would the percentage of commanding courage go down in the three countries if clean shaving were enforced.

Probably the most travelled oysters in the world are the Blue Points that journey to Genoa and regale Americans on the return trip to New York.

The best way to devour the sweet little Calabrian orange is to cut into halves across the sections, and then eat directly out of the cup thus formed without the help of a spoon. Thus the juice



does not get away, save perhaps for a few drops on the nose, and the delicate flavor of the peel is added to the delectation the pulp pays to the palate.

The turbot is not half as good eating as the chicken halibut; sole, as usually served, are not in it with the Cos Cob flounder, while lake whitefish are unmatched by any European *pisces*. Uncle Sam could lead the world gastronomically if he would learn how to cook.

Whiskey-and-soda, which is British for highball, costs two francs at Cap Martin.



Paprika, the savor of Hungary, looks hot, but is merely red. It is an agreeable condiment, but one drop of Louisiana tabasco sauce contains more horse-power than a ton of it.

The Hungarian nobles have discovered the American heiress. They are an attractive type of idler whose charm is



hard to resist, and the young woman of millions is easily led into asking papa or his executors to buy one for her. They come high because of an amazing ability for acquiring debts, which must be paid if the heiress is to have any social position at the Vienna Court. When one of these choice specimens glitters into view he is something to remember. The fur cap, with jewelled aigrette, the scarlet jacket heavy with bullion braid, the waistcoat of cloth of gold, the skin-tight trousers, the high, brightly varnished, tasselled boots, and the dangling blade, half sword, half scimitar, which jingles in its gilt scabbard, in loud accompaniment to walk or waltz, make the youth a veritable bird-of-paradise to the American female eye, when compared with the men-folks at home. He is a bird who takes easy flight with the cash. Then the feudal life has a charm.

Russia and Hungary are the only countries left where the abject peasants stand in awe, uncovered, with bowed heads while the carriage of the grand Seigneur goes dashing by, drawn by a string of half-tamed horses in a wild gallop, driven by a coachman in brilliant livery, decked with enormous buttons, and reckless as Phaeton with whip and rein.



Meanwhile this recent drift of American fortunes by the female route to Eastern Europe suggests the curious thought that the peasant cannot escape his thrall. When the Hun shifts from the great estates of his native land, and seeks betterment in the mines or on the railroads of America, the profits of his toil still go to support the luxury of his lords.



Ireland, as it first appears, looks unfertile and forbidding from the sea,



but the smooth hills about Queens-
town show fine farms and substantial
farm-buildings. The trees are missing
factors in the landscape. They are few
and stunted.

Sausage is served as an adjunct to
roast chicken on the Great Western
dining-cars. It rather resembles a
frankfurter in flavor and texture. The
dining-car service is diligent and well-
meaning, and the food is simple and
plain. The car itself has about the
same aspect of luxury as a freight
caboose on the New Haven Railroad.

Most Englishwomen should be pre-
vented by law from wearing evening
dress. The costume was designed to
uncover curves, not angles.

Politeness without subserviency is a
difficult thing to acquire. The Con-
tinental have it alone. The polite
Englishman is a crawling worm. There
are no polite Americans.

Some twenty thousand farm-hands go from Ireland to England each year to help gather the harvests. Readers of London papers get the idea that there are no crops, and that there is no work for common hands. The cockney does not understand the soil, and is afraid of the frogs and crickets.

Londoners still take just pride in their exquisite fog, but so many tunnels have been bored through it in recent years that it no longer seriously impedes what is called "getting about" in England. The quality is really little better than that of New York, though more persistent.

Bronze effigies of half a dozen Knight Templars in full uniform stud the floor in the Chapel of the London Temple, which they built during the Crusades. Several lie with their legs crossed, as a sign that they went to Palestine. So says the doorkeeper for a sixpence.



London and Paris hotels, like those of New York, fail to provide a hook from which to hang a razor-strop.

The taxicab has discovered London to itself, and ordinary people now move about in competition with the Americans and the nobility. The imposing four-wheeler and the picturesque hansom are nearly extinct, and the cab-drivers show signs of wear. The taxis are bigger, better, and faster than those of New York, and even more in evidence. Paris swarms with them, but the cabman is making a stronger stand than in London.

The stickum on the British postage-stamps is much more adhesive than on those of the U. S. A.

Since Queen Elizabeth quit, Americans and Irish have done the most to improve London.

George Bernard Shaw lives on the London corner nearest to the Sav-

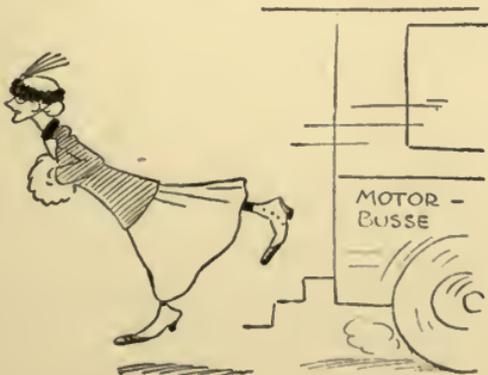
age Club, at Adelphi Street and the Thames Embankment. Wayfaring members sometimes pause to weep on his doorstep in the still hours of the night.

England, France, and Germany are strongly socialistic, but with a difference. In the two latter, labor is organized to produce, in the former to reduce. The result in each case is obvious.

English reverence for royalty is deep-seated, so long as royalty is merely royal. A king who tried to rule in Britain would seriously injure his health.

London women enjoy a privilege not accorded their New York sisters. They are permitted to hop on and off the motor-busses while in motion. Flat feet make this an easy accomplishment.

The sidewalks on the Strand are of the same width as those along Wash-



ington Street, Boston. This creates an appearance of crowd and bustle, where the push is really light for a big town.

The Cetadorus is a new London visitor. He is a stuffed fish with a head like the green Morays in the New York aquarium, and forms a part of the window exhibit made by Queensland in an effort to lure Londoners to Australia, where they would have to work for a living instead of being fed by the Salvation Army, and used as an object-lesson by the Tariff party. He is three feet long, but can grow bigger. Turtles and other natural-history specimens keep him company. Canada also has a window on the Strand where fine apples and big ears of yellow corn are displayed to contemplative Cockneys.

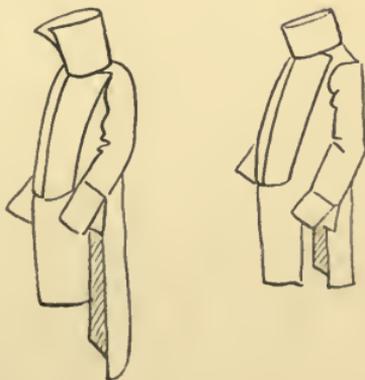
The English Parliament sits for the major part at night. Members get no salaries. So many of them are lawyers that they are allowed to get in a



day's work in office and courts before serving the State.

The tails of English shirts are about seven inches longer than those made in America.

The very efficient London fire department does not lodge its ladder companies in houses, nor haul the truck with horses. The extension-ladders are kept in the centre of the street, and the few men needed to operate them are ensconced in little huts of corrugated iron, also in the centre of the roadway. In New York little wanton boys would tip the house over and run away with the little ladder and its two-wheeled truck. The idea is sound, however, for it covers the thought that the first duty is to rescue the inmates of the burning structure, and put out the fire afterward, against the American impulse to make a record getting the hose on and letting the police free those in



peril. The ladders are short and light because all the buildings are low.

English divorce figures are misleading. They do not spell extraordinary felicity. Divorce cases can be heard only in London. It costs \$750 for the commonest garden variety. This is beyond the means of most oppressed ladies and some men. The estimate is that there are eighty thousand couples living apart who cannot muster the price of a legal separation.

In London the subway is called a "choob," in Paris a "souterrain." More are being constructed in the latter city, but without pulling the whole town up by the roots.

The usual Briton has a greater capacity for unexpressed thought than any other citizen of the world.



There is something feline about the sea—like a tigress, beautiful and grace-



ful, yet ever ready to destroy. The waves caress but to despoil. They climb lovingly over the fabric of the ship only to carry away all that is not secured. The fingers of the foam find every crevice through which to reach carpets, curtains, and cushions in the cabins. Every open port is an invitation to mischievous handfuls of spray to invade and spatter about when not in the least expected, while the impelling waves run away chuckling at the success of the surprise. It lays traps for the unwary into which the best seamen fall. It never can be trusted, even in the smiling moments of calm; while as for its tricky partner, the wind, the least said the better. Only the barometer's spring in its vacuum chamber knows the real limits of its perfidy.

Pretty boys of eleven and twelve, in caps and buttons, do the small civili-



ties on the big Cunarders and rank as petty officers, a hark back to the days of Captain Marryat, when the miniature middies ordered the pig-tailed shell-backs around.

On English liners, Sunday mornings, trays of prayer and hymn books are distributed in the dining-saloon, and the captain reads the service of the Church of England. On the German vessels, before the rising call in the morning, the musicians play the air of "Luther's Hymn" sweetly, and the day's formal devotions are over.

In a turbine steamer the rhythmic thumping of the pistons disappears, and instead the engines give out a thin soprano song that rises or falls in key with the speed, sometimes suggesting a continuous squeal from the struggling giants of steam striving to escape out of their close confinement inside the big iron jackets which give no hint of power.

Steamship working-hours are four on and eight off to the end of the voyage.

When the ship's band plays its little batches of opera or familiar tunes, the faces of the Italians light up, and toes and hands make immediate response to the melody. American airs evoke no such interest among our compatriots. Nothing melodious really thrills the average American citizen except a bass-drum solo, or the rosined fence-rail rubbed backward and forward over an empty dry-goods box at a charivari.

The lever of Archimedes does not move the world. It is the coal of Cardiff that does the job. In all the ports of the world, outside of America, the collier is forever discharging its grimy cargo, and dull barges drift from dock to dock unloading the compressed carbon into the bunkers of the steamers that go up and down and across the seas. Some time England must crush



in like a hollow tooth and disappear. In the Mediterranean ports men carry the fuel from barge to bunker in baskets, taking a great deal of time and much severe labor.

A hair-cut costs twenty-five cents on the Mediterranean steamers of the North German Lloyd. The interpreter in their Genoa office will not take tips.

Runners of all sorts board the ship at Gibraltar, representing hotels, cafés, stores, hackmen, and Mrs. Warren's profession.

The porpoise has a better engine than even Mr. Parson's turbine. When curious about the *Lusitania* or *Mauretania* he keeps up readily at a 26-knot clip, and turns flippantly away when satisfied. No one shovels eleven hundred tons of coal into his midst per day either.

The North German liners to the



Mediterranean from New York go one hundred miles out of their way to show passengers the Azores, and then do not stop for landing.



For reasons impossible to discover the members of the band on German ships have also to serve as second-cabin stewards. Perhaps it is to keep them humble. Beds made in the morning, they hasten to give their ten-o'clock concert. At eve they must feed their charges at six, so as to entertain the first-class diners at seven. The second-cabin supply of melody is limited to the rising call and the chin music from the steerage.

The wind-gauge on shipboard registers up to 105 miles an hour, which is as much speed as any one expects Messrs. Boreas, Eurus, Notus & Co. to get up.

The Cunarders serve broken bits of butter-scotch candy along with the afternoon tea aboard ship.

The Cunard cuisine serves all cereals in large soup-plates. The cream comes in little brown jugs, bearing a Liverpool label and sealed with a paper cap. Most of the food items, except fish, out of New York are British, which helps to break in the palate for what is to come.

The physical distance between the first and second cabins is about six feet, the social barrier some three miles, while the caged animals of the steerage are not within the range of thought, although in some respects the best paying part of a cargo.

The *Lusitania* is something like the Waldorf-Astoria afloat, Peacock Alley and all.

“Owing to the complaints of passengers” the Cunard company “inti-

mates" that the practice of pipe-smoking in the lounge is "discouraged." There is no prohibition, however. The Briton may be "discouraged," but he is not to be "refused" the privilege of offending the noses of others if he so wills, where he has paid for it. Placing the feet of gentlemen on the couches is also discouraged. This is an American weakness, which is so gently disapproved of.



An eleven-thousand-ton ship running fifteen sea-miles an hour will consume one hundred and fifty tons of coal per day. A thirty-thousand-ton ship going twenty-five miles per hour will use up eleven hundred tons. Haste makes waste at sea as well as elsewhere.

Travellers at sea like to talk of the steadiness of ships—other than the one they are on board, and to give remarkable examples of freedom from shake and sickness. One fact remains:



When the sea kicks up, the voyagers on any craft, however large, soon learn they are not navigating on a billiard table.

The wreck of the *Slavonia* still shows above the waves at Flores. The ancient boast of the Cunarders that they never lost a passenger has usually been made good by a North German ship coming to the rescue.

The brig is the favorite sea-craft in Southern France and Spain. The sailormen like to name their vessels after saints, in the hope, perhaps, that the namesake will supplement the efforts of the sweet little cherub who sits up aloft and looks out for the life of poor Jack.

The steerage speedily reduces men, women, and children to their lowest terms. Here is the clearest kind of equality: Names give way to numbers, and superior agility in getting into line

for the soup, stew, bread, and wine is the single advantage possible. In sunshine the steerage holds a cheerful throng, playful and gossiping, but when evil weather falls it becomes a sty. The sick wallow in their table of contents, and despair is the only emotion known.



The distinctive thing about the steerage is its smell, at once pervasive and indefinable, suggesting the flavor left on the palate by typhoid fever or measles, satisfyingly tempered by the odor of pea-soup.

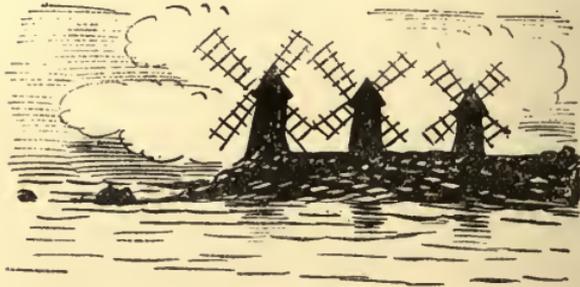
Song of the steerage:

“Soup at eleven,
Stew at five;
This is the stuff
That keeps us alive!”

On the northern cliffs of St. Michael's in the Azores three windmills flaunt their gaunt arms in the ceaseless breeze, beckoning forever to the sea.

L'ENVOIE!

The joy of travel is in getting away. The departure thrills with expectancy and relief. Troubles are cast off as the butterfly flings away its chrysalis and leaps gayly into the welcoming air. All the world is before, new in aspect, and strange in adventure. So long as one is going all seems well. It is the return that depresses; the awakening of responsibilities thrust aside or forgotten; the dreads and tragedies that come with picking up the load again!



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