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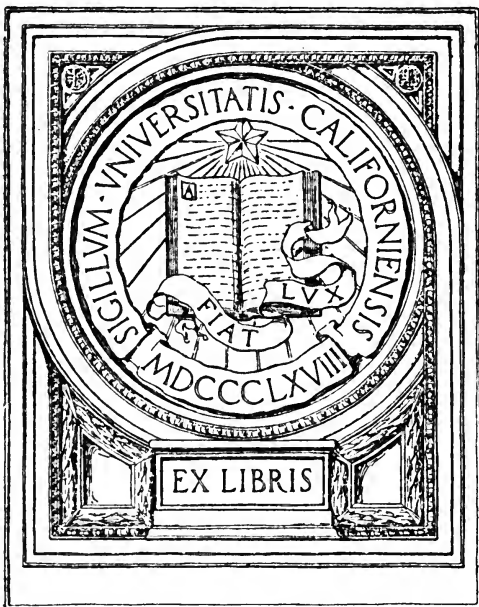


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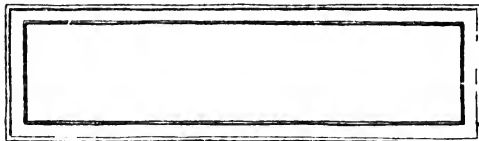
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APOLOGY.

The letters that appear on the following pages were designated "Neighborhood Letters" at the time they were written, and were intended solely for the perusal and possible amusement of a number of friends and neighbors of the writer, most of whom had made the European tour and were familiar with the scenes and objects referred to. The letters bore no address, but each contained a request that it be passed around among mutual friends, thus necessitating the least possible exertion on the part of a lazy correspondent.

I make this explanation on account of the familiar tone and somewhat flip-pant style of the communications, which I hope will not be regarded by anyone as an indication that I did not take some note of, and interest in, the many serious things to be seen abroad. These,

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however, have been so often described by worthier and more able pens that I did not attempt to add anything to the present store of knowledge regarding such matters.

Since my return the recipients of the letters have spoken of them in the most flattering manner and urged their preservation in some form; which is my excuse for embalming them in type.

G. F. R.

San Francisco, August 30, 1912



AN BORD
DES DAMPFERS "HAMBURG,"

DEN 6 APRIL, 1912.

Note above how I speak German already yet vunce, and only two days out.

Well, we are just loafing along. Fine day when we left New York. Rained a little yesterday and last night, but no sea *yet* to speak of. There is a horse, also a camel, on board. I have ridden them both this morning, had my liver massaged and my cervical vertebrae manicured by an unfeeling and brutal electrical apparatus; and now me for the "Herren Bad."

The beer on board is good, and both this and the "Rrheinwein" appear to be the real thing. The steward (who, by the way looks like the Kaiser), is going to give us a special luncheon today, so I suppose we shall have wiener schnitzel, kalbsnieren-braten, kartoffel kloese and then some.

Only about 150 first-class passengers on board. The crowd in the steerage gives us a foretaste (also a foreshell) of Italy. They are pretty thick, but not otherwise pretty.

AFTER LUNCHEON

Or rather after "Gabelfrühstück," which we find
is the same thing.

Well, I made a poor guess; what we really had was geflügel kraftbrühe, gebackene, ochsenzunge und pflaumenkompott." Now, *you* guess.

If my handwriting looks strange and unfamiliar to you, please remember the things I have to eat; also that this is my German hand.

TWO DAYS LATER

Some of those things he ate put little Willie on the blink. Think I must have swallowed one of those German words without trimming off the corners and couldn't digest it. All right now.

Say, but there is a lot of water between New York and Naples—just water and sky! Rolled a bit yesterday and we didn't care for our Easter dinner, thank you. Never mind why.

SOME LATER

Just exchanged some real money with the purser for Italian currency. I never before had such a *quantity* of money. The size of the sheet on which it is printed corresponds to the denomination of the bill, and so a hundred "lire" note is ten times the size of a ten lire note. This is surely frenzied finance. You ought to see me. I look as though I were carrying around a Sunday morning newspaper in my inside pocket.

LATER STILL

Any old day—Doesn't matter.

Just water and sky still. Passed the Azores a few days ago and expect to make Gibraltar after a while, where I shall mail this and perhaps you can tell by the stamp what date it is.

P. S.—The lady is doing the *dolce far niente* act this morning. That is German (Yes? No?) for lying in bed and taking a little orange juice and a cup of bum coffee.

ROME

APRIL 23rd.

Having now been in Europe a whole week I naturally feel qualified to write my impressions of the country and the people—especially the latter—after having rubbed elbows with several puissant Knights of the Order of the Garlic and a few of the Little Sisters of the Society of the Green Onion. I have listened to the cry of the cabmen until I think I must ejaculate “Ha-a-a!” in my sleep. I have watched the macaroni jugglers until they made me dizzy, and now I, too, eat it with a spoon. I have seen some roasted chestnuts from the ruins of Pompeii that were nearly two thousand years old. (I had previously *heard* some roasted chestnuts that I think must have been nearly as old).

I have been told not to drink the water of the country, and have carefully observed that injunction. I have seen things in the museums and elsewhere that can be spoken of only in Italian; and as I have not yet mastered the language, I shall not attempt to describe them. I have seen some costumes at

this hotel that should be worn only after the lights are out. I have seen everything smoke, from a gray-haired matron to Mount Vesuvius. I have been nearly drowned in the Blue Grotto and slept in a Capuchin monastery. I have eaten some fearful and wonderful dishes that were not, however, nearly so bad as they looked in print or sounded when pronounced. I have learned to make change in the coin of the realm so expertly that I hardly think I lose more than fifty per cent of its face value. I have seen the "troubled Tiber chafing with its shores," and think I know what troubled it; it is as muddy as the Sacramento and not half so majestic; so that, when Caesar and Cassius came out after that little natatorial exhibition that Shakespeare describes, they must have needed a real bath.

We have visited three churches today. This was quite a novelty, as I do not remember having been to church before for a long time. Besides, this is getting along quite swimmingly, as we now have only 372 more to do in this town, so that we ought to finish by the middle of summer or early autumn.

Seriously, however, there are many things to see here that are intensely interesting—in fact, the whole is so stupendous that one is overwhelmed in trying to comprehend it all in so short a time as we have at our disposal.

We shall probably remain here a week or more longer and then go to Florence.

ROME, APRIL 28.

I don't see how a devout Catholic ever gets through Italy at all. If they stop to bow before every shrine, every altar and every crucifix it would take more than one life time.

Well, I have now eaten so many Christian science breakfasts, or, "cawn-continental" breakfasts, as the English say, that I don't think I can ever look a dish of ham and eggs in the face again.

We have a "concierge" at this hotel that would make the big Swede who stands in front of the St. Francis look like small change. He is such a gorgeous looking being that I at first thought he must be the Pope or the King; or at least the owner of the hotel, but I offered him some coins and he refused them—not.

The old Romans appear to have been very strong on baths, but some of their descendants are strong from the lack of them.

I never went to church so much in my life; and all the time we continue to meet with evidence tending to show that most of the old painters, priests and popes knew a few things besides their prayers. What a busy time Brother Parkhurst would have over here! And then there are the bones and skulls and skeletons that are shown to one, and of which we have seen enough to sink a ship. All very interesting, but, as you know, there is another side to the picture; and back of all this buried art and this pomp and splendor of the churches and palaces, there is a vast multitude of the descendants of the Caesars living here today in hopeless poverty, shameless ignorance and utter destitution. This side of the picture is not pretty; and yet here is a place where nature has done more than her share in providing the comforts of man, and which, it would seem, under proper laws, properly administered, ought to be a smiling land of plenty. But that will do for preaching, even though today is Sunday.

Went to Tivoli and Frascati today. Fine ride and good luncheon. Few days more here, then Florence.

This city is dead after eight o'clock in the evening. Perhaps that is the reason why we see so many "remains" in the day time.

ROME, APRIL 30.

*"Caspita! Corpo di Bacco!
Diavolo Subito!"*

Oh, I am learning! The above is what I heard the cabman say to his horse this morning. I don't know what it means, and from his actions I don't think the horse did either; but it was a relief after "Ha-a-a" and the incessant cracking of whips at Naples.

Among other things, I have learned that if you want to do any business with Cook & Sons it is best to go around a day or two in advance and prepare them for the shock; then when the day on which you want something done arrives, get up early. We nearly missed our train at Naples by not following this simple plan.

In another letter I said we had eaten some queer dishes. Well, there is a Britisher here at the hotel who eats bacon

with mustard for breakfast. I don't think Italy has anything on him.

This will be our last full day here, so I must go out now and see if we have overlooked anything. Will finish this later.

FLORENCE, MAY 2.

Well, this is later and we have moved. It has been raining a good deal in sunny Italy of late. Of course, they say it is very unusual.

Do you remember the little hard rolls they give you everywhere over here for breakfast—the kind that you have to jump on with both feet in order to break them open? It is thought that they are a species of volcanic formation thrown up by Vesuvius.

Here is something new: The song, "Rings on my fingers, Bells on my toes" will have to be made to include "Gems in my nose," for we have here a dusky East Indian lady who wears a diamond *in her nose*. Fact; one nostril is pierced and the gem is perched up on one side of her nose. Looks real cute.

Well, I am just getting accustomed to thinking in francs, so to speak,—or lire, which is the same thing—and when I

reflect that in a few days I must change the system and think in *marks*, and shortly thereafter go back to francs, and still later pass to shillings, with a few "kronen" interspersed, I realize that it will be quite a severe strain on a delicately wrought intellect like mine.

We will now go out and buy some gloves. I am already wearing two pairs at once and if it keeps up I shall soon be wearing them night and day. You know they are *so cheap*, and we cannot afford to miss the opportunity to save money.

To the theater here last night to hear Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." The music was fine, but the rest of it was fierce. The cowboys, I think, were all from Naples. The horses they rode were pre-historic. The performance lasted until after midnight.

FLORENCE, MAY 4.

When we reached this place we illustrated by our actions the words of a certain "coon" song. We had been advised to go to the "Hotel Grand Bretagne" (sounds good, doesn't it?) Well, we went; but a brief inspection was enough;

so "We walked right in and we turned around and we walked right out again," and came here ("Hotel Italie"), where everything is very satisfactory.

The other place must date from the fifth century, I think, but whether B. C. or A. D., would be difficult to judge. We have now grown so accustomed to shaking hands with old dates that a few hundred years more or less matters little.

Struck a new line of churches here. Find that a hat is almost a superfluous article of wearing apparel, as, being constantly in church, I must carry it in my hand most of the time.

I am afraid I shall get curvature of the spine from looking up at ceilings so much. I wonder why they don't provide a special form of head rest for this sport. It would give them one more chance for graft, for, of course, there would be a charge. Also a supply of shock absorbers would, I think, sell well to some of the people going through the galleries here.

VENICE, MAY 8.

Here we are in the wet city. This is getting strenuous! I am now so full of paintings, statuary, mosaics, "lapis lingerie," "Tarara" marble, Holy families, last suppers, pictures of the old masters, (and some of their old mistresses), gondolas, spaghetti, Tuscany wine and guides' English, that I hardly remember my own name.

Since coming here, have bought a few gloves and *looked at* some lace. Don't think we shall remain here long; they are too fond of showing off the tones of their church bells at night; and everything that has a steam whistle betrays the same weakness. So it is hardly a "nice quiet place" as it once was.

I will start this along and as soon as I feel a little stronger, some days hence, I will try again.

MILAN, MAY 11.

The whole Turkish army went down the street in front of this hotel about two o'clock this morning, frantically pursued by the entire population of the place, headed by the fire department, to the accompaniment of all the church bells of the city. I did not see this, but I know from the noise they made that that was what took place. Every few minutes during the night they kill a man in the street under our windows. His death cries are something horrible; at least, that is what it sounds like, although he may be only selling fish. Any nervous person seeking a quiet restful place to stay should select one of these Italian cities, and especially one where there are plenty of church bells, all of which work overtime, and where the silver-throated (?) street hawker never sleeps.

But, despite these little drawbacks, we like this place. Came here from Venice two days ago. Must rest here long enough to have our wardrobe and our persons cleaned up a bit.

LATER

Things are looking up. Had a piece of *real ham* for breakfast 'smorning; just thought I would try a change from glucose and buns. By the way, the staple breakfast food over here appears to be about the only thing that can defy the tooth of time (and man). Bronze, marble, granite — all decay, but the ubiquitous hard-shell biscuit endures, and bids fair to remain for centuries to come.

We have been to one more gallery today and seen a few more Last Suppers, a few more Holy Families and a few more pictures of that human pin cushion, Saint Sebastian, who, if he wore something besides a suit of arrows, would look just like a real lady.

Of course, we have visited the Cathedral. It is truly magnificent.

Think we shall go to Nice tomorrow, return here a few days later and then head northward toward the lakes.

Everything O. K. thus far, only we miss you all very much.

MILAN, MAY 14

Saw a flower garden the other day a hundred miles long—all the way from Genoa to Nice; and all of it bordering on the blue Mediterranean. It was very beautiful.

I suppose it would not be nice not to say nice things about Nice, so I will just observe that we thought Nice a nice place—not noisy nor naughty; but as for that *road-house a short distance this side—oh well, I managed to make my expenses there, and then some.

Why didn't some of you tell me that the Italian railroads are mostly underground? But we do get occasional short glimpses of the sky and the landscape. Someone has compared it with a trip through a flute, looking out as you pass the holes, and that is not bad.

Nice is the only city I have ever seen where everyone is in the hotel business and where all the buildings are hotels. They say there are about 250 of them.

Had a letter from the H's today. They are just ahead of us and I feel that we shall run across them somewhere before long. I also think we shall find the L's at Milan.

*Monte Carlo.

Getting warm. Why doesn't some one write? Don't you like us any more?

BELLAGIO, MAY 15.

At Monte Carlo the other day the orchestra played "Alexander's Rag" and "Beautiful Lady" in the cafe, and for a moment or two we almost imagined we could see the "entertainers" walking up and down the room at Tait's; and at this place last night they played "Yip I Addy"; so you see we are not so very far away.

As we go northward the butter blossoms grow smaller and smaller. Of course you remember them. I suppose we shall soon reach the zone where the butter shrub does not flourish at all, being replaced by the Anheuser-Busch, so to speak. Oh, that's an awful joke, for it's "Pilsner" that is ahead of us. I think someone must be looking over my shoulder and can stand this no longer, for at this point I was rudely interrupted and dragged away to

STRESA, MAY 17.

this place, which is very beautiful. Tomorrow we shall leave sunny Italy, after a stay of just one month. Before going I want to say that I think the greatest institution in this country (after the Pope) is the *Concierge*. He is truly a wonder—a walking encyclopedia, guide book and time table all in one volume, who speaks all languages and knows all things; a patient, polite, polished gentleman. I usually purchase one on arrival at one of these places. I find I can acquire a very good article of concierge for from one to five francs, and it is a good paying investment, as I can always extract from him a vast amount of information that is not obtainable elsewhere—or, if it is, the source is carefully concealed. This man with the brass buttons and gold lace will do anything and everything for you if properly hypnotized in advance.

Next after him, and of scarcely less importance, is the gentle and faithful “*facchino*.” What should we do without him? He is the only person connected with the railroads that appears to care a —, well, who appears to care anything whatever for the passenger. True,

the paternal government which operates the railroads has taken care at every possible opportunity to so arrange matters as to make two jobs grow where one grew before for the facchino, but he deserves all he gets, and you may be sure he gets all he can.

Another interruption—this time for dinner.

LUCERNE, MAY 20.

There are three places in Europe that I am going to buy as soon as I make one more million. One is Sorrento, and this place is the other two. I am thinking of remaining here permanently, but don't see how I can; so I am just thinking of it.

I have now trod in the footsteps of Caesar, stood on the rostrum where Antony delivered his celebrated funeral sermon, got a bad fall on the bridge where the sporty young Venetians rated honest old Shylock "about me monies and me usances," seen several balconies any one of which might have served for that cheap little scene between Romeo and Juliet, and been photographed as one of "Two Gentlemen *at Verona*"; and

today, in this region, I have been to the alleged birth-place of the great Swiss patriot, where I viewed the statue on the gates of Altorf, "which looks life, yet neither breathes nor stirs," and find myself wondering how much of it all is true, and asking—"Can Wm. Tell?" ("Hurry officer! He's all cut to pieces!").

We go to Innsbruck next; then I think Munich. We are now meeting the Duke of Limburger and Prince "Pilsner" quite frequently, and find them very pleasant company.

We looked your way and tried to see you all from the summit of Rigi.

Will somebody please write?

INNSBRUCK, MAY 22.

It must be very discouraging to be born a calf anywhere in Southern Europe. The poor creature never has any prospect whatever of growing up to a happy and useful cowhood, so to speak, but is sure to be slaughtered to provide the universal *veal* that is served everywhere here daily at least twice. There is an old saying—"Weal, wine and winegar are werry good wittles, I wow." Well, I can "wow" as

to the wine and vinegar, but as for the veal, if I never get any again that will be soon enough. Those of you who do not eat veal must have practiced vegetarianism over here.

I never heard that the Swiss are a humorous people, but I have proof that they have a highly developed sense of humor. In the Schweizerhof hotel at Lucerne there was a notice posted in all the rooms to the effect that guests are earnestly requested not to fee the employes! Now what do you think of that? I can tell you what the employes think of it. They don't think of it at all; they forget it.

We had one of the finest rides today that we have yet had anywhere, from Lucerne through Zurich to this place. It was magnificent, but I don't know how Innsbruck is going to turn out; raining tonight.

MUNICH, MAY 24.

I wonder why the Germans sleep *under* their beds instead of *on* them, as we do. I refer to the practice of wearing a feather bed over one's self at night. I wear mine on the floor.

This morning I bet the head waiter seven "heller" against nine "pfennig" that eggs and coffee cannot be brought to the table at the same time. He lost, but I have not yet been able to figure out how much he owes me. Really these financial contortions as we go from one country to another are a great strain.

We arrived at this place without incident. The customs examinations at various points are, as you know, most rigid—not. It is usually a farce; in fact, if I had only had the foresight to bring along a piece of chalk I think I could have worked the whole thing myself at most places. The inspectors are generally content with looking at the outside. One fellow did, however, on one occasion pat one of my grips quite affectionately; and yesterday a bewhiskered German in this town required me to open a trunk. He then feasted his eyes on an old shoe and a pair of "as is" corsets, somewhat over-

worked. Next he addressed me in what I suppose were a few well chosen words, although to the present time I have not the remotest idea what he said. For all I know he may have asked me if I was friendly disposed toward the Kaiser, or how I liked the beer of the country. However, with great presence of mind I replied in my choicest German—"nein," whereupon everything was duly chalked and we were allowed to proceed. There is no telling what might have happened had I suddenly grown nervous and said "ten."

Raining here ever since we arrived; so, gallery 'smorning—theatre 'sevening. Tomorrow, if it continues to rain—*Beer*.

MUNICH, MAY 25.

Well, it did continue to rain. The guide book says that the greatest industry of Munich (or München), is the making of beer. This is wrong. The greatest industry of this place is the *drinking* of beer. Only a comparatively small number of the inhabitants are engaged in making the beer, while the entire population appears to be busy from morning till night—or rather, until the next morn-

ing—at the (to them) delightful occupation of drinking it. No wonder the guide book says that the beer halls are one of the greatest sights of the place. I went to one on a Saturday night that was one of the *wettest* sights I have ever seen anywhere—the famous Hofbräuhaus. Ach! * Don't München it! The best thing we found there was the cab that brought us away.

NUREMBERG, MAY 28.

We arrived at this place on what I learned was Whit Sunday. At home I should not have known it or cared a whit about it, but here it seems it is "some" holiday. The city was full of strangers; streets decorated, procession, etc. We got the only remaining room in this hotel. It is about two by twice, but I presume the bill will be two by three times at least, for they appear to have a wonderfully good system and nothing is allowed to get away.

We have stopped buying gloves and are now mostly shopping for *laces*—outside the shops, which is a harmless and inexpensive pastime.

I said the chief industry of Munich is the drinking of beer. The chief industry of this place is the eating of sausages. "Ach, de sausages!"

PRAGUE. MAY 30.

Did you ever notice that when a foreigner addresses you in his native tongue, which you understand no more than a cat would, all of the customary signs and head shakings that usually denote that you do not understand what is being said, have no effect whatever upon him? He keeps right on talking until he is out of breath. I have had this experience several times; but now I have a new plan. When I find that my head-shake, waving of arms and legs and other protestations are not heeded, I throw a few phrases of Hawaiian at him. This always has a quieting effect, and he stares at me, probably wondering how many kinds of a — fool I am. He has already made me feel like one kind.

There is certainly a mixture of tongues here in this quaint old city. There is also great hostility between the German inhabitants and the Czechs (pronounced Cheks).

BERLIN, JUNE 1.

I had to pinch myself today to see if I were awake or dreaming. I seemed to be on a beautiful green field, just outside the city, witnessing a review of 25,000 troops, in bright parade uniforms, by the War Lord of the German Empire; and sure enough, it was all true. There was the Kaiser, right in front of me, on horseback, surrounded by a score or two of officers, all in brilliant uniforms; and in the background, or rather all over the field, the troops themselves—infantry and artillery, making a very beautiful and striking picture.

The Emperor is rather short in stature and, mounted on a small horse as he was, did not look particularly fierce or warlike. We saw him twice thereafter on the same day and I took a photograph of him.

They are telling a very good *lese majeste* story here at the present time. It is said that two citizens of the empire, holding socialistic views, were walking along the street one day, finding fault with everything, criticizing the constituted authorities and in general comporting themselves in a truly socialistic manner.

Finally one of them said—"The Emperor is an idiot." The remark was overheard by a policeman, who touched the speaker on the shoulder and informed him that he was under arrest. When he demanded to know the nature of his offence the officer told him that he had just heard him call the Emperor an idiot.

"Oh, but wait a minute," said the other; "I was referring to the Emperor of Russia." "Oh no," replied the cop, "that will not work; there is only one Emperor who is an idiot; you come with me."

Hoch der Kaiser!

AMSTERDAM, JUNE 8.

Well, after seeing the Kaiser three times in one day, visiting "dear old Heidelberg," and floating down the storied Rhine, I don't see how I can ever work again.

I don't remember where I wrote from last, but think it was Berlin. Since then we have been to Hamburg, Frankfort, Heidelberg, Cologne. If you compare dates you will see that we are touching only the very high places. It is beginning to get a little wearing and we shall

be glad to get to dear, quiet, restful Paris and take a long breath (preparatory to starting in).

The predicted collision with the H's took place at Frankfort a few days ago. No one was injured beyond a few slight lip bruises. They were about to leave for Nuremberg.

The L's are now back in Paris, so there is a possibility of another collision; also we may run across some of our P. P. I. E. Embassadors, who, I notice, are visiting the crowned heads and the banquet halls over here.

At this place I encountered one more money complication that I had not counted on. Here you know it is the "guelder"—equal to about forty-one cents in real money. Oh! what's the use?

Prices are rather high here and we hear a joke to the effect that the purchasing power of a guelder is almost equal to that of a German mark—twenty-four cents; and it is not so much of a joke, either.

Going out now to do some more shopping—outside the shops.

Later: Bought some gloves.

BRUSSELS, JUNE 12.

My word! But aren't the hotels all over Europe proud of their "lifts"? Down in Italy they are so anxious to have it known that they possess such a convenience that they actually paint the announcement of it upon the face of the rocks about Sorrento and elsewhere in letters six feet long or more. And such lifts as they are! They make an American smile. They are all of the electric type and many of them will carry but two passengers besides the small boy who operates them and who, I have no doubt, is selected for the place on account of his light weight. But this same boy, dressed in livery, with innumerable brass buttons and wearing a sort of military cap, usually presents a very smart appearance, and his manner and bearing are quite soldierly as he opens the awkward doors with which all their elevators are equipped, steps out and salutes as you enter or leave the cage; although his eternal "grazie," "bitte" or, if he happens to know a word of English, "pleece" gets on one's nerves after a while, when repeated every time an elevator door is opened.

They also have another curious custom among servants over here, especially hotel and restaurant waiters. If you ask one of them to do you some service, bring you some article of food or the like, when he complies with your request *he* always says, "Thank you," leaving you with nothing to say. This really seems absurd.

PARIS, JUNE 17.

Here is the dear old place at last, with the accent on the dear. They seem rather glad to see us, and I suppose this feeling will last as long as the money does; but I will not say much of this feature after Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Volendam and the other Dutch cities with profane names. The people of those thrifty burgs are past masters in the art of separating a man from his money.

The weather here is very cool. Rained fiercely all yesterday forenoon and to keep out of the wet we went into the Louvre and walked past a few miles of pictures. Saw on the walls many of our old friends of the past two months: Saint Sebastian is still getting stuck at every throw, so to speak, and poor Su-

sannah is still making unsuccessful attempts to get a bath. She has now tried every way; first in the supposed seclusion of her boudoir, where, apparently, she forgot to lock the door; next in a place that looks like a beer hall in the picture; and finally, as you remember, was driven into a garden, where she made a last stand among the shrubbery. But it was no use; the two old "Elders," with their scrambled hair and whiskers were on hand at every turn, so that Susannah, who was a shy, retiring damsel, has accomplished nothing in the bathing line up to this stage except to get her feet washed and her toe-nails manicured in the garden by a rather good looking blonde handmaiden; and now the latest is the picture where they are *trying* the girl. Surely she has had a very trying experience. I think the Elders should have been tried, and I doubt if Susannah was as bad as she is painted. This, however, is faint praise, for some of her pictures are awful.

To go back a bit; I think you all told me that in Holland everyone speaks English. Well, perhaps they do; here is a specimen I got from the hotel concierge at Amster—— in reply to an in-

quiry as to the location of a certain place: (pointing) "It is here down before turning to the left and then straight up." Lucid, wasn't it? I adopted the only safe course in such cases—took a cab.

PARIS, JUNE 25.

The weather has been hot, and little Willie, with his accustomed contrariness, has caught a *very* bad cold. This morning I could not speak. I met a man from home, who asked "How are you?" but I couldn't tell him except by making signs. But I know how it happened. We went to a variety show Saturday night (and Sunday morning), where the girls on the stage wore so little clothing that it gave me a chill. One or two more specimens like that and I will guarantee to go through any gallery in Europe without blinders.

"A street there is in Paris famous
For which no rhyme our language yields.
Rue Neuve Des Petit Champs its name is,
The new street of the little fields."

Now that was well enough for Thackeray, who merely wanted to sing the praises of a dish of Bouillibaisse (if that's

the way to spell it), eaten in a "cabinet particulier" in that street, with pleasant company, but the present atmosphere about here is more suggestive of something like the following:

A street there is in Paris famous,
Where only millionaires should stray;
Rue de la *Pay* its proper name is,
For all who enter there *must* pay.

For me the only safe way to navigate Rue de la Paix is to invest a franc in a cab and keep as near the center of the street as possible.

Well, our stay here is drawing to a close and I begin to realize that within a few days, or just as I have begun to speak the language of the country (albeit with great difficulty—especially for my hearers), and drink the wine fluently, I must tear myself away and exchange "thy cornfields green and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France" for gloomy England; exchange the shiny franc for the grimy shilling and once more adjust what remains of my tired intellect to a new system of reckoning money. But there is one comforting reflection in connection with this feature; it cannot last long, for the money is almost gone.

My conclusion is that "gay Paree" is sadly in need of having its face washed.

This opinion is confirmed by those who have been here before, and the condition is reluctantly admitted by the natives. And to what do you suppose they attribute it? To the Americans, of course. The Americans, they say, have *spoiled* Paris; but I notice the Parisians appear to greatly enjoy the spoiling process.

I have just learned the rule for pronouncing the names of some of these French places. You pronounce the word the way you think is wrong and you usually find that you are taken for a Frenchman. By the way, if A-u-t-e-u-i-l spells "Ohtye" (and they say it does), why doesn't O-a-t-m-e-a-l spell "Oh my"? Don't you think I had better come home after that?

In a former letter I think I spoke of noises in Italian cities. Why, the people of those places are mere amateurs at noise making compared with the Parisians. The variety of noises the latter produce and their powers of endurance are something marvelous.

I will conclude this series of disjointed vaporings in London, D. V.

LONDON, JULY 4.

We escaped from the boiler works (I nearly wrote *broiler*—there were a few there), at noon on Saturday, arriving here same evening, via Calais and Dover. The much dreaded Channel was as smooth as a French waiter's countenance.

Up to this point, while we have seen many intensely interesting things, and been in many historical spots, yet the atmosphere about such places has seemed distinctly foreign; but on arriving at Calais and getting on board a steamer where you hear your mother tongue all about you, and see the counterpart of familiar objects and methods, I believe the average American is likely to experience a slight tightening of the muscles of the throat and a feeling that now he is among his own kind—at home, and will take an even deeper interest in what he sees about him, representing, as it does, what has been accomplished throughout the centuries by people of his own race.

As we approached the English coast, I noticed a somewhat familiar looking object perched high upon the cliff in the shape of a bill board, and shortly thereafter I

was able to read a familiar legend emblazoned thereon, namely:

“CARTER’S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.”

Then, indeed, did we feel that we were coming into our own.

As it was rather late before we were ready for dinner after arrival, we had a steak and a mug of stout, egad, Sir! Thereafter my side whiskers commenced to grow, and now I am going to get a square-crowned hat and a pair of top boots. I already have the red face, and, alas, I fear I have the *embonpoint* to complete the picture.

The next day I *took tea* in the “ahftuh-neune.” Awfully jolly—I don’t think.

More pictures here, that simply *must* be seen. All the old friends here again. The old Rubberneck Brothers still spying on Susannah, and Saint Sebastian still losing.

One more opportunity here to save money by buying gloves. The more gloves you buy, the more money you save; at least, that is the way it sounds.

The weather here is rather “nahsty”—raining a good deal of the time and cold, but we manage to get about.

LONDON, JULY 10.

At home we hear a great deal about the absolute control over street traffic exercised by the London police. I think this is misleading. There is no more inherent force in a policeman of this city than there is in "wan of the foinest" in New York, or any other large American city.

The secret of the London man's success lies in the greater respect for the law on the part of those conducting the traffic than is commonly met with in our country; and "pity 'tis 'tis true." The outstretched arm of the policeman here is regarded, not as a warning, but merely as a guide; and, so far as I can judge, there is never any attempt at evasion, nor any disposition to question the holding up of a line of vehicles of all kinds a block or two in length. The man who gives the signal—often with his back turned—represents the law, and that is enough. The signal is implicitly obeyed without complaint.

The London policeman is not a particularly impressive looking individual; rather the opposite, with his simple uniform, dearth of brass buttons, and absence of any kind of weapon; but they seem to

be very patient and obliging in the matter of answering questions, and also well informed. I have not seen a gray-haired man among them.

This town is full of "those rude Americans, you know"?—also full of rude American dollars, and both appear to be quite popular. Last night we went to see "The Pink Lady," done by an American company. During the performance an English lady sitting near us said to her companion, "But can you understand what they say?" And this, in spite of the fact that the English admit that the Americans speak the language better than they themselves do.

LONDON, JULY 11.

I attended a session of the House of Commons, yesterday, and also the House of Lords. Saw Asquith, Churchill, Redmond, Lloyd George, Austen Chamberlain and several other heavy weights. Parliament always seems to have it in for the Irish. In the Commons they were discussing the foot and mouth disease, which recently broke out among cattle, they claim in Ireland, from whence it was

brought into England, and is causing quite a stir here. The papers are full of it daily; and in the Lords they were discussing Irish standard time; that is, they were attempting to have Ireland adopt the Greenwich standard instead of the Dublin which is now used. You may be sure there was strong opposition, as there is to most measures proposed by England to be applied to Ireland—in fact, standard time in the Emerald Isle would seem to be a hard time.

At first it seemed a little strange to hear these supposedly august bodies of law makers legislating on such commonplace subjects as cattle disease and standard time, until I reflected that here there is no inferior body, corresponding to our state legislature, hence parliament must handle small as well as great matters.

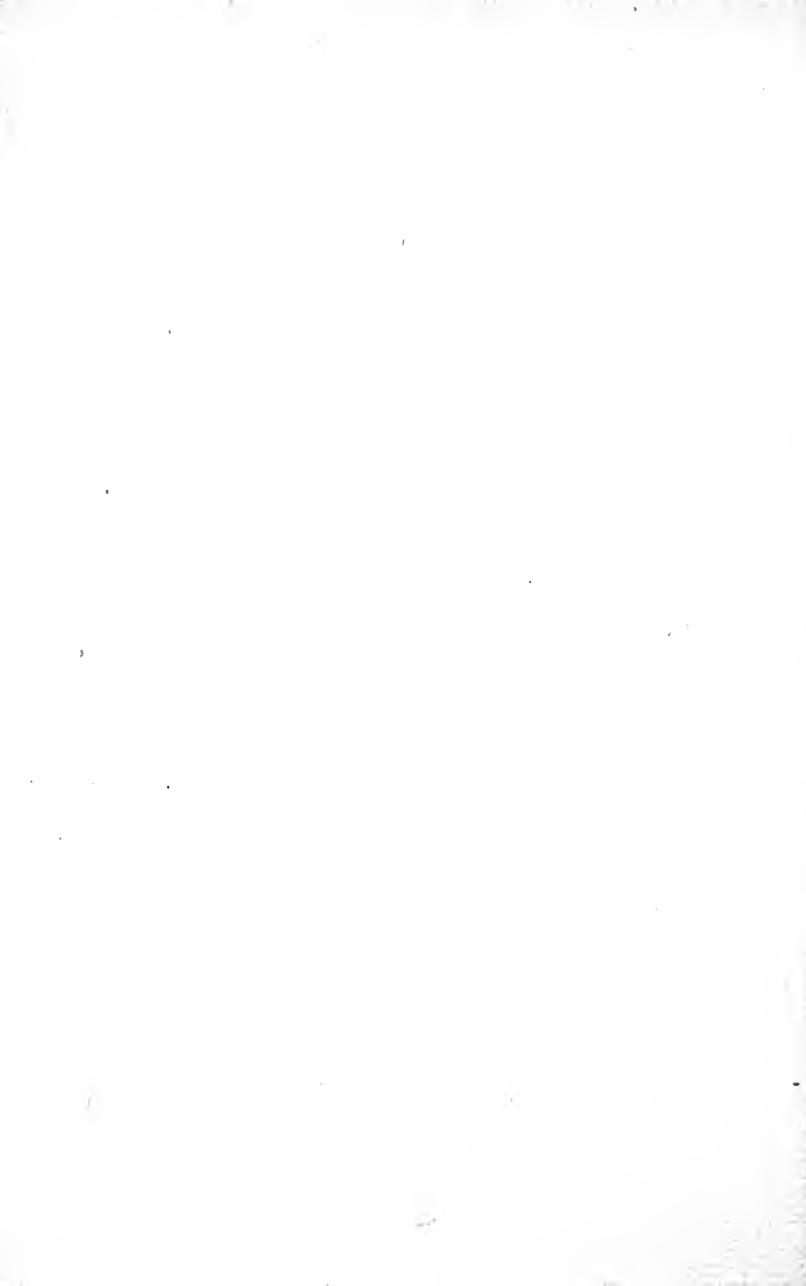
There doesn't appear to be much more to remain here for. The King and Queen have seen us twice, which ought to satisfy them; and so we expect to sail FOR HOME on the 14th, from Southampton.

And now, gentle reader, if I may anticipate the usual question—"Are you going again?" I will answer—Yes, I hope

to make the trip again after I get strong enough, *if* by that time the style of ladies' wearing apparel shall have changed to the extent that gowns hook up in front instead of at the back.

Sorrowfully,

LITTLE WILLIE









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