Wednesday, June 8, 1910. Took Mathematics examination at Georgetown, which is the last examination for the year. This in the morning. Said goodbye to my friends in the afternoon. We left on the Congressional Limited for New York at 4 P.M. Pennsylvania Railroad. Mother, Hugh and I. Billie Miltenberger came down to the train to see us off, and brought mother a box of candy. Aunt Louise, and the girls, Marguerite and Attila Carter were at the train, and brought mother candy. Father arrived and said goodbye just as the train pulled out. Arrived in New York and put up at the Prince George Hotel, where we met Mrs. Sutherland, wife of senator Sutherland of Utah, who is going with us. Had supper and went to bed.

Thursday, June 9. Got up early and wrote some letters. Went down to Brentano's, but did not see anything there I wanted. Took a walk with Hugh. We left the Hotel for the steamer Oscar II, Scandanavian-American Line, at Noon. Arrived at the Pier at 1 P.M. Mr. and Mrs. John James Walsh were there to see us off, and senator Sutherland was there to see Mrs. Sutherland off. Ship scheduled to sail at 2 P.M., but sailed at 2:30 P.M. Coffee was served at 3:00 and dinner at 6:00. Our party has seats at the Captain's table. Captain Hempel is in command of the ship. The ship's Doctor looks like the fat boy in Pickwick Papers. Weather is fair, and the sea smooth. We are out of sight of land by eight P.M.

Friday, June 10. First day at sea begins. Walked and read. Ate three meals, and had three o'clock coffee, and a snack before retiring. That is all. Met a girl and took her for a walk on deck. Do not know her name. Tonight it is slightly rougher.

Saturday, June 11. Cloudy all day, with only a light swell. Sea glassy. These Danish, Norwegia and Swedish dishes would make Epicurus turn in his grave. Sour, sweet and bitter, in one grand conglomeration. They drink a lot of coffee, and serve it when we would serve tea. Appetizers before breakfast in the shape of dried fish, smoked fish, salt fish, four or five kinds of goats milk cheese, sardines, and a lot of other things. Then breakfast. A whole lot of broken English spoken on this boat. Many people going home to the old country, either on a visit, or to stay. Lost Hugh tonight. Last seen with a brunette Swedish girl. I judge they are out on deck getting better acquainted.

Sunday, June 12. The ship's band woke me up this morning by playing hymns. They started early. Divine Service in the Dining Salon at ten A.M. Did not attend, but hear that services were conducted all in Swedish. I have been no wiser, therefore, if I had attended. In my outfit they say it in Latin, but you can get a translation if you wish, and keep track of what's going on. Took two books of Rider Haggard from the ship's library. She and King Solomon's Mines. Met a Miss Giltner yesterday, and a Miss Aroe, a Norwegian girl, who is a trained nurse, going home to Christiania to visit her people, today. Also met today Miss Mintern. Miss Aroe and Miss Mintern sit at the Captain's table with us. Weather rather bad.


Tuesday, June 14. Sea pretty rough. Finished The Morning Star and returned it to Miss Aroe, who has a deck chair near us. Began Haggard's She. Nothing much doing all day, except read, walk and eat. I am
rusticating with a vengeance on this boat. Have been getting up pretty late in the morning, the past few days. Am beginning to take salt baths.

**Wednesday, June 15.** Day is dark and foggy. Course is four points North of East. Met the Misses Ames of Saint Paul, Minnesota, today. They are going abroad with their father. Both have a Bostonese accent. They are very fine girls.

**Thursday, June 16.** Rough weather. There was some fog last night, and the fog horn was blown a few times, but the fog did not last long. Finished she. Resumed a book on Constantinople. Met the Ames girls again today and talked with them. Met them again later at the concert given in the Second Class cabin by the Swedish-American singers, or the Swedish Concert singers.

**Friday, June 17.** Do not feel so good today, and so have laid off eating. Remained on deck all day and finished book on Constantinople. Met Mr. Ames and the Misses Ames later. They attribute my feeling badly and my headache to a fall I had last night when walking with the Ames girls. The deck was slippery. I think it is due to too much Scandinavian food, and lack of enough exercise. I did not fall very heavily. There was Vaudeville, amateur, given in the first cabin tonight. Hugh made the announcements. A Mr. Knight of Florida did a galome dance of the seven veils, and did it very well. Looked in on the show but did not stay long. Took a walk with the Ames girls after the performance. Am feeling much better tonight. The evenings are growing longer, it is to be noted.

**Saturday, June 18.** Have laid off reading. Think I have been doing too much of it. Weather clear, and course three points South of East. Hebrides Islands sighted off starboard bow. At eleven A.M. sighted the Orkney Islands off the port bow, and then Cape Wrath, the north coast of Scotland, off the starboard bow. Took a walk with the Ames girls, and then we were all invited up on the bridge by Captain Hemple. Sent out my best suit to be pressed for the Captain's dinner tonight, but the valet service say they will not be able to get it back to me before Sunday. Today is Mrs. Sutherland's twenty-seventh wedding anniversary, she tells us. Captain's dinner tonight was a grand success. We drank "skoal" in champagne. After the dinner was a dance. The Ames girls did not feel like dancing, so neither did I, and we got something to eat, and the three of us went forward to the bow of the boat. We returned later to the cabin, and I showed Alice Ames some pictures. Do not know how she liked them, but she appeared intensely interested.

**Sunday, June 19.** Weather is clearing, and there is a strong current from the north. We are in the North Sea, and there is no land in sight. One of the steerage passengers, a man, who had died Friday of Bright's disease, was buried at sea today. His sister was taking him home to Norway to die. The Swedish Concert singers provided the music, and the burial took place forward, on the well deck, starboard side. The Captain persuaded the sister to have her brother buried at sea, as port charges on entrance of dead bodies are heavy, and she could not afford it. She consented when he promised the Swedish Singers, and a much more elaborate service than she would have been able to have on land, and if left to her own resources. The service was Lutheran, and in Swedish. The Lutheran Minister found he had the whole ships crew and all the passengers for his congregation, and he could not resist the temptation to spread himself, and gave a very long discourse. In Swedish. The body was sewed in
canvas, and on a grating, tilted over the starboard rail of the well deck. It was covered with the Norwegian flag, and the feet were weighted. I have heard that in the old sailing days, the sailmaker, whose duty it was to sew the body into the canvas, always put the last stitch through the nose of the corpse. This to keep it from leaving its shroud and coming back to the ship. I do not know if that was done in this case. The ship's Doctor held the dead boy's sister up by the arm, and stood by her. With the long service it was a tough ordeal for her. The Swedish singers gave a hymn, and the engine room bell signalled the engines to stop. The ship drifted, and the sailors tipped the grating. The body slid over side into the North sea. The engine room bell from the bridge signalled full speed ahead, the flag dipped from the foremast, and the ship's whistle gave a farewell toot, and we were on our way. Met the Ames girls after the funeral. Then met Knight. We sighted Norway just after the body was dropped over the side. The boy did not quite make it home. Spent the afternoon on deck with the Ames girls. We stopped at Christiansand at five P.M. This is the south tip of Norway. The coast is very rocky, the town of Christiansand is very small, and the harbor is very cramped. We stood outside the harbor, which seems poorly marked, dropped passengers by boat, and took on mail the same way. The harbor is guarded by an old fort, and its defences seem antiquated. We left Christiansand at seven P.M., and turned north, shaping our course for Christiania. It did not grow dark until very late. I think there was twilight all night. Took mother for a walk on deck, and then later took the Ames girls, went to bed at two in the morning, and in consequence got very little sleep.

Monday, June 20. Turned out at seven or seven thirty, as we were docking at Christiania. Said goodbye to freinds on board, and landed at about noon after everyone else had left the ship. Trousers of my new suit were stolen from the valet's office. Night Steward paid for them. Went through Norwegian customs in good shape. Put up at the Victoria Hotel. Mr. Ames and aughters are stopping there also. We then called on the Consul. Went to Consulate in a street car. The street car service here is very good.

Tuesday, June 21. Slept very badly last night owing to the fact that it never gets dark here at night in the summer time. Got up late and had a light breakfast at the Hotel. Went out with Hugh to see the city. Christiania is a very modern city of 230,000 population. It has wide streets, well paved, stone and brick buildings, electric lights, a good trolley car system, and is up to date, and lively in every way. It is the capital of Norway, and evidently its chief sea port as well. It stands at the head of the Christiania Fjord, and has a good harbor, and very substantial stone docks. The main street is Carl Johans Gade, on which are located the principal shops. At the end of Carl Johans Gade, farthest from the harbor, stands the Royal Palace. Went to a special exhibit in a wooden shed back of the University of one of the Viking ships. These ships were found buried in tumuli at Gokstad, Oseberg and Tune. The one we saw was eighty feet long, and carried a cabin about 18 by 6 feet made of rough pine. It had holes for the oars, and these were protected by shields. It carried a single mast and was broad, and rather flat bottomed. In going through this town, everyone the tourist meet appears to speak English. There is no difficulty in getting about. Carl Johans Gade, the principal street, is about three miles long. It begins at the market, and ends at the Royal Palace. In addition to shops, on this street is a great park, the Storting, or Parliament, and the Opera House. There is a Muesum, with a fine exhibit of early Norse and Viking antiquities. This is the Historical Museum. There is also an Industrial Museum, displaying modern Norwegian achievements in manufacture, etc.
There are two picture galleries, statues of Ibsen and Bjronson in front of the Opera House. The suburbs have many fine homes. Andersen is the principal jeweler, and has a stock of fine enamel a filigree silver work, which is a characteristic Norwegian product, and makes fine souvenirs, and are reasonable as to price. The Norwegian Government is a limited Monarchy. The King, and the Council form the Executive branch of the Government. The Storting is the legislative branch. The Storting has 140 members, out of which it appoints 35 members to form the upper house. The whole Storting sits together, the upper house adjourning later as a sort of Committee. The King has the power of Veto over the acts of the Storting. The Storting meets each year on the 1st of October, and continues in session only two months, but not over, unless authorized to do so by the King. The Storting is elected by vote of the people of Norway. Women are allowed the vote here, and there are three women members of the storting. In the afternoon talked with Mr. Ames and his daughters. Mrs. Sutherland who was feeling badly this morning, is feeling better this afternoon. Mr. Gtormson, the Secretary of the U.S. Consulate, has us in charge. With him we all took an auto ride through the suburbs of the city. We started about 3 P.M. We rode up Holmenkollen, a resort overlooking the city from which there is a fine view. Saw the place there where they hold the winter sports. Gtormson tell me that Norway has a population of 3,000,000 people. Very little agriculture is engaged in, only two percent of the country being cultivated. The principal industries are grazing (the country is famous for its dairy products), paper making, the paper being exported chiefly to the United States and England, and some mining. The mining is chiefly of copper, iron silver, and some gold. There is some marble quarried. The Norwegian fisheries are very rich. The character of this country is rocky and mountainous, with much timber and grazing land. Returned to Victoria Hotel and had dinner. Made a call on Knight at the Grand Hotel on Carl Jahn's Gade. He was not in. Returned to Hotel and went to bed.

Wednesday, June 22. Went to the Historical Museum and the Museum of Art. The Historical Museum contains mostly early Norse objects. American Indian collection is not so good. The Art gallery is peculiar. The nudes are realistic paintings of with naked women. The painters put in every hair on their body. Some impressionistic stuff, and some good statuary. Some of the paintings rather mjabid. Hangings and the like. Bought an enamel spoon at Andersen's. Rested in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Gtormson took Hugh and I to Sankthansaugens Park, a 15 minute trip by electric cars, to a concert. This is a beautiful park on a hill overlooking the city. In addition to the concert there was a Norwegian making a speech. The only word I could understand of what he said was "Antitrust." Gtormson translated some of it. He was skinning the Chicago meat packers for putting up meat under unsanitary conditions. Returned to Hotel.

Thursday, June 23. Attended a session of the Storting. They seem to be meeting out of season, but must have obtained permission of the King for some kind of special session. Understood nothing. Saw the three women members on the floor. Went with Hugh to Andersen's. Neither Hugh nor are are feeling so good, so we turned in and rested the remainder of the day. Skipped dinner, but had supper at six. Took a drive around the city after dinner with mother and Mrs. Sutherland and Hugh. A very beautiful city. Returned at nine. Hugh ducking out of the Hotel, so went with him. We went to the Tivoli, which is the only amusement park in the city now open. It seemed to be a beer garden, with low variety, but a very good class of people were there. The Ames family left Christiania yesterday for the north. We leave here Sunday morning, and will probably catch up with the Ameses in Bergen.
Friday, June 24. Have been posting diary and writing letters all morning. Had dinner at 3:30. We originally planned to have dinner at 3:00, with Mr. Gtormson as a guest, but he sent excuses and regressed this morning. But he said the Consul would like to take us out on the Fjord in his sailboat at six this evening. Gtormson will call for us at the Hotel at five P.M. Hugh and I spent the rest of the afternoon filling up on beer. We went down to the sailboat, but a sudden squall came up, and the Consul did not think it was safe to go out on the Fjord. So we returned to the Hotel in a taxi. Had supper and afterwards took a walk. Intend to write some letters this evening.

Saturday, June 25. Got up about ten and had breakfast. Saw Gtormson after breakfast and then went out. It is a rainy day. Went to the Oseberg ship, which is in a shed near the University. It is the second of the Viking ships kept there. It is much better preserved than the ship I saw the other day, having elaborate carvings upon its bow and stern. It is built very broad and flat, with places for fifteen oars on each side. Then went to the Industrial Art Museum on Saint Olaf's Gade. The collection consists of household effects, and all forms of adornment of personal and household goods. In parts the collection is very interesting. Then took a look at Saint Olaf's church, which is the only Roman Catholic Church in Christiania. From there took a walk, and found myself in a very quaint part of the city, and got lost. Wandered about for three quarters of an hour without knowing where I was going. Said "Carl Johan's Gade" to a Norwegian, who spoke no English, and he set me right by pointing. We had dinner at the Hotel at two thirty. Read newspapers and magazines all afternoon. Will write letters this evening, after supper. Am all packed up and ready to leave at seven tomorrow morning. Bought post cards this morning at Bennet's. It is still overcast and rainy. Go to bed at midnight.

Sunday, June 26. Was called at five thirty A.M. Dressed, had breakfast, and went to the station and boarded the train. The train left at seven o'clock. It is a vestibule train, with corridor and compartment cars. Each compartment has accommodation for seating twelve persons. There is a diner on the train. We started climbing mountains as soon as we were out of the city limits of Christiania. A steep climb. The country is very rugged and rocky. High mountains, with snow covered peaks towering above deep lakes. As we climbed higher vegetation ceased, and the lakes were frozen. Had dinner at one P.M. in the dining car. At one station there was a reindeer tied to a post, and a skiing and sleighing contest had just taken place. Could see from the car window a blizzard raging on one of the glaciers. Many fine waterfalls coming down from the mountains. Many snow slide along the tracks obscure the view. We arrived at Myrdal at four P.M. and put up at the Vatnahalsen Hotel. We drive from here to the Hardanger Fjord tomorrow. Very interesting peasant costumes in this part of the country. Some of the men and women carry knives, for carving wood, however. During the summer these people do a little truck gardening, cut and dry hay, and herd cattle on the hills. In the winter they go down to the sheltered valleys in the villages, and carve wood, and make tools, etc. They are very expert wood carvers in these parts. Our Hotel overlooks a great gorge and waterfall. We have dinner at eight. Will write letters and retire early. We leave here tomorrow at about ten A.M. The waitresses of this Hotel wear peasant costume, which consists of a black skirt, white shirtwaist covered with a scarlet vest with blue trimmings. After supper wrote one letter, and took a walk to a lake which is a mile above the waterfall, and feeds the stream that goes down into the gorge. Returned, and met Hugh who had started for a walk while "I was writing. Said goodnight to mother, and had beer with Hugh. Intend to get to bed as soon as I write some letters. Leave here tomorrow at eleven A.M.
Monday, June 27. Got up for breakfast at nine. Read and took a walk. Took "Skyds" (pronounced "shyss") at eleven. The skyds is a post chaise. Norway provides post houses, and post stations. These stations are about nine miles apart, and at them horses and conveyances are provided to the traveller, and post boys, all at moderate cost. We have two skyds, and two post boys. Each skyd holds two passengers, and the post boy, and is drawn by a single horse. Mother and I travel in one skyd, and Mrs. Sutherland and Hugh in the other. The proprietors of post stations in addition to transportation are obliged to provide the traveller with food and accommodations. Mrs. Sutherland and Hugh have the leading skyd, and mother and I follow along in the second skyd. We came to a very steep part of the road, where it goes down into the gorge that leads to the Hardanger Fjord, or a branch of that Fjord. We walk down the road at this point, as the descent is too steep for the skyds to carry passengers. Reached the hotel at Ose at one P.M. The steamer which is to take us down the Hardanger Fjord is at the dock. The weather threatens rain. I wrote and mailed a letter to father. We had dinner at the hotel at two P.M. and left on the steamer at four P.M. It is a small mail steamer. Were on the boat two hours, steamng through a Fjord which is enclosed by high cliffs, and hemmed in by tremendous mountains. For the most part there are no landing places in these Fjords. Sheer rock walls come down into the water, which is very deep. At the ends, or heads of the Fjords, and their inlets there are landing places, where narrow valleys go down to the Fjord, and end at the water line. At a branch of the Fjord we transfer to another boat, and took a new direction up the Fjord, leaving the branch on which we had been travelling. There were some very narrow places in the Fjord today. At seven P.M. landed at Morefjossund, and drove for two hours, arriving at Ostense, where we put up at the hotel. It rained all the way. Very rugged country, and the tops of the cliffs are hidden in the clouds. Hotel is perched up on a cliff, and we had to walk up Mother and Mrs. Sutherland rode up in the Skyds, and had to pay extra for so doing. Had a very good supper at the Hotel, and went to bed. We drive to Voss, on the Christiania-Bergen railroad line, tomorrow. It is a seven hour drive from here to Voss.

Tuesday, June 28. Left Ostense at ten thirty A.M. Had the same skyd we drove in last night from Morefjossund to Ostense. Passed a very beautiful lake. Slight showers all morning. At a quarter of twelve we stopped at the Vinje Hotel to rest the horses. Had tea and bread there. The country is getting less rugged as we near the divide that separates the waters flowing into the Hardanger Fjord, from the waters flowing into the Oster Fjord. At the top of the divide there is a lake which appears to have many outlets in all directions. Passed many slate quarries. Transportation across the narrow valleys and ravines, is carried on by cables of steel stretched from one wall of the ravine to the other. This method of transporting hay through the air, and the method of dring hay on frames, is carried on in this region, and was also noted elsewhere. Arrived at Voss at three P.M., and put up at Fleisher's Hotel. The town had a very ancient church, and a very modern railroad station. Voss is a very old town, from the looks of the houses. The hotel displays the signatures of Kaiser Wilhelm and King Haaken, both of whom stopped here. It also has on display the signatures of very many other notables. A wedding took place in the village, but we did not see it. Had dinner at the hotel. The train for Bergen arrived at six P.M. The road between Voss and Bergen is extremely mountainous. The mountains are snow capped. There are many snow sheds along the railroad, which obscure the view. Also many tunnels along this line. As we near Bergen the country grows flatter. We have a view of mountain locked Fjords. We arrive in Bergen at nine P.M. Bergen has a 76,000 population,
A fair is going on in Bergen. When we arrived a band was playing in the Town Park. We put up at the Norge Hotel. The Norge is on the Town park, and across the street, or park from the Norge is the Grand Cafe. The town seems very lively. The Ame's party left here yesterday. Had dinner at the hotel, and after dinner Hugh and I took a walk and looked the town over. Some of this town is very old. Am tired out. Go to bed. We will be in Bergen all day tomorrow, and leave by boat for the north day after tomorrow. There is music across the park from the Grand Cafe.

Wednesday, June 30. Got up late, had a bath and shaved and had breakfast in room. This city of Bergen is built on an island in the mouth of a Fjord. The Oster Fjord goes inland from the Fjord on which Bergen is situated. The city is called by some the Venice of Norway, because of its many bridges and canals. It has a population of 76,000, and is a very lively and attractive town. There are many old churches here, surrounded by old cemeteries. In one cemetery is the grave of Ole Bull, the celebrated violinist, who died in 1880. A statue of Ole Bull is erected in the Town Park, and stands between the Norge Hotel and the Grand Cafe. The city also has a Leper Hospital, which has about twenty patients. The Hospital is conducted by Doctor JfLee(?) the celebrated Norwegian specialist. I am told the leprosy is a disease which is very prevalent in Norway. There is a large fish market here, and the transparent enamel ware exhibited by the jewelers is very fine. We had dinner at two P.M., and then went to the Bergen Exposition. The exhibits of Furs, Wood Carving and Enamel Ware are very fine. But along every other line these people seem to be twenty years behind the times. There were also large fish cannery exhibits, which were excellent. We walked back to the Hotel from the Exposition along the water front, where we saw dried fish, tied in bundles, and stacked up on the wharves like cord wood. Took a rest, and had dinner. After dinner Hugh and I went to the Grand Cafe. The Cafe is a large one, three stories, and all places crowded. Music, and very gay. We got quite a load on, and returned to the Hotel.

Thursday, June 30. Hugh and I feel a bit rusty this morning. Took a walk after breakfast, and got packed. At eleven A.M. mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I, took a carriage and went for a drive around the town. We drove through a very fine park, and then out by Ole Bull's grave. He seems to be the principle personage in these parts, just as Ibsen and Bjorneson are the big figures down at Christiania. Ole Bull's grave is a simple urn on a pedestal. The pedestal has his name, and the date of his birth and death. The pedestal is on a mound, and vines are planted on the mound. On our way to the wharves to take the boat, we passed through one of the old gates of the city's defences. It is called King Oscar's Gate. We got to the wrong dock, but passed a castle that once guarded the harbor entrance. Retraced our way, and came to the right dock, and boarded the boat just in time. The boat is a small one, and is crowded. I felt like an immigrant, and felt worse than that when we discovered that we might have no place to sleep on the boat tonight. The name of the boat is the Frida. We steamed out of Bergen harbor, and headed north, along the Norwegian coast. The coast along here consists of mountains, coming down to the ocean, and terminating there in sheer cliffs, several hundred feet high. In these cliffs are canyons going inland, and these are the Fjords. Rocky islands lie off the coast, and lines of rock reefs, just above the water. The water appears very deep. In these waters you would either be in deep water or wrecked upon a rock jutting out of the water. At the outset of the voyage there were islands on our left. So we had sheer cliffs on both sides. No beach.
The tops of these cliffs are hidden in clouds. The clouds appear to be snow clouds. Beyond the cliffs, inland, can be seen great mountain ranges, snow capped, and sometimes hidden in clouds. At times we go through channels so narrow that it does not seem possible that two boats could pass each other, and the cliffs on both sides are sheer, and of very great height. This coast looks very dangerous. It is daylight all night. I never saw a sadder looking people than those who are in steerage. I met an Englishman on board who has lived in Norway seventeen years, and he says, that on the contrary these Norwegians are a very happy people, and extremely well educated. But, he says, they are a race of very heavy drinkers. Whiskey, he says, cannot be sold retail. It is sold wholesale. In the evening we passed under the highest cliff in Norway, which comes straight down into the ocean from a height of 3,002 feet. At 6:00 P.M. we sighted a seal off to starboard. He swam very close to the ship. At eleven o'clock P.M. mother and Mrs. Sutherland were provided sleeping accommodations in the "Dames' Salon." The men were quartered in the Dining Salon, where blankets were provided for us on the dining tables. I had to sleep on a shelf just over the propeller and steering chains, a noisy place to sleep. Did not get entirely undressed, and crawled on the shelf and got what sleep I could. We stop at many small fishing villages.

Friday, July 1. Slept well, and got up at six A.M. Two stewardesses were taking the blankets off the dining room tables, and the men all dressing. A the door of the dining Salon a French woman was having her coffee and watching the men get dressed. As they didn't mind, why should I? Got dressed and went on deck. Clouds hanging low on the mountains. My English friend of the night before had walked the deck all night. Some of his expressions are funny. And I suppose some of my expressions seem very odd to him. The ship was passing a cliff 300 feet high, with a house built on top of it. The Englishman did not understand why a man would build his house on such a high place. Why, if one of his children would fall off he would be in a beastly funk, you know. I stifled a grin, and agreed with him. We are steaming up the Nord Fjord. It is a deep canyon, the floor of which is water. We have a sort of a breakfast on the boat. We arrive at Visnes, at the head of Nord Fjord at ten A.M., and disembark and have another very good breakfast. From Visnes we drove two hours to Mindre Sunde which is on a large inland lake. The way there is through a long valley hemmed in by high cliffs on either side. Our course is about due east. Boarded at small boat at Mindre Sunde at 11:30 A.M., and proceeded across the lake, or rather up its length, to a village named Hjelle. Arrived at Hjelle at 1:30 P.M. The lake was glassy, and has the color of milk. It is fed from glaciers hereabouts. The mountains about are very high, and many have glaciers. The tops of some of the mountains are hidden in clouds, and cascades of water from the glaciers come down the mountain sides and into the lake. There are a party of French people on board the boat with us. Had dinner at Hjelle. After dinner started up the valley for Videsaeter. We were told that the carriage we are using was used by the King of Slid when he was here a few years ago. It is a two hours journey to Videsaeter, and the road leads up a valley closed in on either side by great mountains. The mountains are green at their bases, but rocky and barren higher up, and are capped with snow. Videsaeter is at the head of the valley, near the divide. This marks the summit where the road goes up from the Nord Fjord, and then starts down for the Geiranger Fjord. From this point we go in an easterly direction as far as Grøtliand, and then turn northwest and go down to Merok on the Geiranger Fjord. Videsaeter is situated on the
divide where there is a great rift in the mountains, or just below it. It is above the snow line, and the road to Videsaeter winds snake like up the last steep slope of the valley. From the base of this steep grade to the Hotel at Videsaeter is an hour's steady climb, on good road. The passengers walked most of the way up this grade, as the horses and carriages had all they could do to take themselves up. The hotel commands a superb view of the valley, and the mountains at the foot of the valley. These mountains are bleak, and partly hidden in clouds. The clouds are fluffy, and it is hard to distinguish snow on the mountains from clouds at this distance, so that the mountains appear to change shape. Near the Hotel is a great waterfall. Mother has made the acquaintance of one of the French women, and is talking to her in that language. Arrived here at five thirty, and very hungry. Had dinner, and turned in. We leave here tomorrow at nine A.M.

Saturday, July 3. Had breakfast and left Videsaeter for Grotdlid at 10:00 A.M. The Porter at Videsaeter, with whom I became acquainted, had been a miner in the Black Hills up until eight years ago. He had voted for Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley, and Teddy Roosevelt, and then came home to his native country. I am wrong about Videsaeter being on the divide. We had an eight mile climb to the divide after leaving Videsaeter. Hugh and I walked it. We reached the summit, and found there an ice choked lake, and snow banks. Hugh and I had a snow ball fight there, until the carriages caught up with us. There is a fine view of the whole valley at the summit. We had coffee there in a rest house, and then started the descent toward Grotdlid. The country here is less rugged. We arrived at Grotdlid at 1 P.M. and had dinner. This is our scheduled stopping place for the night, but we decide to continue on. We turn northwest at this point, and the road continues to descend toward the Geiranger Fjord. Found mail awaiting us at Grotdlid. There is a lodge here, constructed like the tipis of the plains Indians. It contains a family of what the Norwegians here call Finns. In reality Lapplanders. They come from the north where they breed reindeer, and then journey south and sell the reindeer skins to the Norwegians, who use them in the winter months. I think these Lapps are mixed bloods.

Prospect to the Hotel Union, and then ascend and cross a second divide. At the summit of this second divide is a station that his known as the coldest spot in Norway. I am prepared to believe it. We had tea at this station, and pushed on. Reached the beginning of the descent to Merok on the Geiranger Fjord. A very steep descent into the valley, and down the valley toward the Fjord. Magnificent view, of valley and mountains. Arrived at seven P.M. at the Union Hotel at Merok. We will remain here over Sunday, as we are one day ahead of schedule. Had dinner and then went rowing on the Geiranger Fjord with Hugh. Came back to the Hotel at eleven P.M. Still very light. The boat came in. To bed.

Sunday, July 3. Spent the day in Merok. Got up late, and had breakfast at ten A.M. Took it easy until 2 P.M., when we had dinner. After dinner took a motor boat with Hugh and went fishing on the Geiranger Fjord. We caught no fish, and the engine on the motor boat gave us lots of trouble. Weather hot. This is like the other Fjords. A deep canyon; a narrow sheet of water, closed in by walls of rock that go up to great heights. Only landing places appear to be at ends of Fjords, where the valleys go down into the water. There are some sheaves elsewhere, at points where earth or rock slides have made them, but if the boat goes down in one of these canyons, there is not much chance of getting a toe
hold anywhere on shore. A boat from Hamburg and a mail packet are at the wharf. At six fifteen, P.M., a German training ship, the Hansa, cast anchor off shore. It proceeded to discharge a liberty party of 350 young German sailors. The sailors pass the hotel in squads, handing out a great line to the waitresses, who giggle a lot, and seem to enjoy it. Am down at the dock when a party of four German sailors go aboard the mail packet. The sailor who appears to be the chairman or spokesman of the delegation, interviews the stewardess. There is a whole lot of sign talk, but he evidently makes himself clear, as the stewardess beckons to them, and goes below, the sailors trooping after her, all very solemn looking. Many of the sailors now returning to the ship, but the Hotel Union dining room is full of them, and they are opening bottles of beer, and singing German songs. They are an orderly, good natured crowd. We leave here tomorrow at seven thirty A.M. Am going to write some letters. After supper mother and I visit the old church and cemetery here.

Monday, July 4. Left Merok at seven thirty A.M. on the S.S. Indtromden of Stenkjer. This boat makes stops at all the little villages on the Geiranger Fjord, and the Stor Fjord, into which the Geiranger Fjord branches. The geiranger is really a branch of the Stor Fjord, the latter being the outlet to the sea at Allesund. These Fjords have cross canyons or draws, like any other canyon. At the heads of these draws, and at the heads of the Fjords are located small villages. These are the only practicable landing points, as the draws represent valleys which at these points dip down into the waters of the Fjord. The approach to these villages by water is between two parallel walls of rock, that rise up from the water to great heights. Many water falls cascade down these walls of rock, which rise straight up, with no slant. The boat is crowded and dirty, loaded with passengers and miscellaneous cargo, and the day is cold and windy. At one small village we took aboard a horse. A band was put under the horses belly, attached to a rope, which ran through a block on the boom attached to the foremast. A donkey engine at the other end supplied hoisting power, and the horse was snaked off the dock and lowered to the forward deck. The horse was evidently used to going aboard boats in this way, as he took the proceedings very calmly. An English party are on board. Amid all the litter of freight on this ship, they are perched on a pile of trunks and enjoying a spot of tea. We make another stop, and say goodbye to the horse, who goes ashore in the same manner that he came aboard, and does not show the least bit of interest when he is whipped up in the air, and lowered to the wharf. We are now sailing on the Stor Fjord, again headed west. The run from Merok to the junction of the geiranger and Stor Fjords was north. We land at Scholt at three P.M., and put up at the Scholt Hotel for dinner. There are very many of our countrymen, or rather countrywomen, at the Hotel, and we just missed a big Fourth of July dinner, put on by the Hotel for their guests from the U.S.A. We had dinner at 3:30 P.M. There was a big American flag at our table. After dinner we took an automobile, and went on to Vestnaes, twenty four miles north of Scholt. Vestnaes is on the Romsdale Fjord, and is across the Fjord from Molde, which is due north of Vestnaes. The people along the way all gave the automobile a wide berth. We crossed a mountain range in a rainstorm and arrived at Vestnaes at six P.M. Had supper there at seven P.M., as the boat which is to take us over to Molde is late. Met a Lutheran "Dominie" at Vestnaes. He has a parish at Battle Lake, Minnesota, and he is on his way to see his old mother, who lives some place north of Trondheim. He believes it will be his last visit to his mother, as Minnesota is far away, and his mother is very old. Left Vestnaes at nine P.M. by boat, crossed the Romsdale Fjord,
and landed at Molde at ten P.M. Put up at the Grand Hotel. There is a German warship anchored off Molde. It is not the Hansa, which anchored off Merok yesterday. The Hansa had two stacks, and this ship has three stacks. I believe this is a training ship also. We remain in Molde all day tomorrow. Tonight we all had beer in Mrs. Sutherland's room before going to bed, in honor of the Fourth of July.

Tuesday, July 5. At Molde on the Romsdalsfjord. Our next stop will be Aandalamaes, which is east of Molde, and up the Romsdalsfjord. Molde is not a large town. Its principal street is a crooked dirt street which follows the water front. On this street are all the leading shops of the town. The Romsdalsfjord is sheltered by a group of small islands at its mouth. Around Molde is more flat country than is usually seen in these parts, but east of Molde, toward Aandalamaes, the country again assumes its usual appearance. Mostly vertical, and very little horizontal. To the south of us, across the harbor, which is glassy smooth, and is studded with reefs and small islets, lies a snow capped mountain range. The same view to the east of Molde. More mountains, snow capped.

Rested in the morning, and later on took a walk through town with mother and Mrs. Sutherland. The shops here display much the same line of enamel ware, and filagree work and wood carving, as the shops of Bergen and Christiania. The Fjord at Molde is called the Molde Fjord. When this Fjord narrows into the estuary leading to Aandalamaes, it becomes the Romsdalsfjord. The mountains seen to the south and east of Molde, across the water, are the Sondmore range, and have very many glaciers. At the "Kirke" is a very fine painting of the Resurrection. Later took Hugh to see the picture. We had dinner at two P.M. I took a walk with Hugh, and we then took a row boat, and rowed out to the German warship, which is the Ferda. The sailors all very busy. Those on the upper decks are doing stunts on the horizontal bars, and others are learning to swim alongside. The swimming lessons are conducted in the following manner: A boom is swung out, and a rope run through a block at the end of the boom. One end of the rope is held by a sailor on deck, and the other end is attached to a belt around the waist of the sailor in the water. The instructor stands at the foot of the accommodation ladder near the water line, and not far from his pupil. The rope is held taut by the sailor on deck, holding the pupil up in the water. The instructor, who appears to be a warrant officer, says "ein, swei, drei." When he says drei, the pupil strokes with his arms and kicks his feet, and the sailor on deck slacks the rope. The pupil usually disappears in the water, and then the instructor signals the sailor on deck, who hauls the pupil to the surface. When the pupil stops sputtering, they start all over again. Take a picture of the ship, and row back to shore. I learn from an English lady at our hotel that the reason for the presence of German warships in these waters is that Kaiser Wilhelm is expected to arrive here on the tenth of this month. Took a walk through town by myself. When I returned to the hotel Hugh told me that mother had been looking for me, and had asked the landlord of the Hotel where I was. The landlord, seeking to put her mind at ease suggested "Perhaps he has found a woman." To his great astonishment this did not seem to ease mother's mind a bit. Just in passing, the European regards United States views on male chastity as highly amusing. We had supper, and then mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I take a motor boat ride on the Molde Fjord. We are booked to leave here tomorrow at five P.M. Have been trying all day to get the returns on the Jeffries-
Johnson fight, but have been unable to do so. The porter had been in
the states, and "he see Yim Yeffries fight." But he didn't know where
I could find out about this particular fight.
Wednesday, July 6. Had an early breakfast, wrote letters in the morning,
and then took a walk. Had dinner at two P.M., and then started out for
a sail on the Fjord with Hugh. There was a dead calm, and no breeze,
so we did not get very far. Came back to the hotel and took another
walk. A couple of strolling players gave a performance at the Hotel.
We took their pictures. They were Italians, and rendered Scotch airs
on the bagpipes. We boarded the boat at 5:15 P.M., but the boat
left an hour behind schedule. After we came aboard, they took on coal.
Took a course due east, across the Molde Fjord, and entered the
Romsdalsfjord. This is our last Fjord. A very fine sunset, in a red
cloudbank, and purple reflections on the water. The Sondmore range
ahead of us and to our right. Very high, jagged mountains, with snow
caps, and glaciers. At seven P.M. landed at Aandalamaes at the head
of the Romsdalsfjord, and put up at the Belvere Hotel. At midnight
it was bright enough to read outdoors. It does not get dark here in
the summer. We leave here at seven thirty A.M. tomorrow, and our
route from here on will be southerly, to Christiania.
Thursday, July 7. Left Aandalamaes at 7:30 A.M., after an early
breakfast, by automobile. The first part of the ride was through a
very great mountain range, the Sondmore range. The Romsdal peak
was on our left. From it the Fjord and river flowing into the Fjord
take their names. Mountains very bleak and jagged, and are snow
covered, and have glaciers. Passed several waterfalls, which come
from a great height. I am told that they are the outlets of lakes
situated 3,000 feet above the level of the road on which we travel.
These lakes are well stocked with fish by the Norwegian Government.
After stocking the lakes it is unlawful to fish in them for five
years. This to allow the fish to increase. After passing through the
mountains the country grows more level, but we seem to be crossing a
high, rolling and barren plateau. Our automobile runs on a regular
schedule, between post houses, like a train, and we met automobiles
coming from the opposite direction at appointed times, and in appointed
places. Our chauffeur could travel at whatever speed he liked, but
could not pass any post station ahead of his schedule. I learn that
1 kilometer is seven tenths of an English mile, and that it takes seven
English miles to make 1 Norwegian mile. Every time we encounter a
horse on the road, our automobile is stopped. These people up here
saw their first automobile in their country two months ago, and are,
consequently not very accustomed to the sight. We attract general
attention, and everyone hastens to get out of our way. At two P.M. we
stopped at a stage station for dinner. The place had very few comforts,
but had many boarders. Among the boarders we got acquainted with three
very nice Norwegian girls. They spoke a little English, and our party
made up the only English speakers in the place. We talked by signs
mostly, to the Norwegian girls, and Hugh played chess with one of
them. Left the station at three P.M., and headed south for Otta, the
railhead. Above Otta, at Damaas, the post road from Trondhjem connects
with this road from the north. Below this junction, and before reaching
Otta, there is a junction south of Breiddhaugen with a post road from
the west, the road from Merok, on the Gieranger Fjord. We arrive at
Otta at six P.M. and put up at the Grand Hotel. Had dinner at the
Hotel and took a walk afterwards through the town with Hugh. This is
a small town, but supports two Hotels, the Grand and the Otta. It has
a well built railroad station, and a very fine public park. The town seems to rely chiefly on the tourist trade for its support, as in addition to the two leading hotels, there are many small hotels, lodging houses and cafes, but it is not a large town. It is also railhead in this part of the country. Beyond this point travel is by post road. We leave here early tomorrow morning. Wrote some letters.

Friday, July 8. We left Otta this morning on the local train, bound for Christiania, at seven thirty. It is a vestibule train, with corridors, and compartments, just like the train we left Christiania on. We travel in a southerly direction up the Gudbrandsdalen. The country through which we passed is wooded, and slightly hilly. I saw more active farming carried on here than in any other part of Norway which we have visited. But at that, it was not much. As we get closer to Christiania the country becomes more densely populated, and there were more towns along the railroad. During the morning both Hugh and I suffered from a form of hay fever, but at 11 A.M. we ran into a rain storm, and the hay fever abated. The rain continued with us for the rest of the day. At eleven we had some beer, bread and fruit at a wayside station. At two P.M. the train stopped at Lillehammer for 35 minutes to allow the passengers to have dinner at the station restaurant. In the restaurant all of the food and hot drinks were on tables in the center of the room, the food kept warm by steam tables. The quantity and variety was very great. We helped ourselves, and took our plates to side tables and ate. Everyone took what he wanted and all he wanted. The only limit was the time limit of 35 minutes. On leaving the restaurant the guest paid the cashier the sum of 1 kroner 50 ore, or 40½ cents, United States money. This was the fixed charge for a very excellent four course dinner. The train is not at all crowded. Our party are the only passengers in our compartment car. After the rain started, settling the dust, the journey was very comfortable. Read and looked out the car window most of the day.

We arrived in Christiania at 7:10 P.M., having covered 300 kilometers, or about 185 miles in 11 hours and 20 minutes. Slow going, but this train was a local, and made many stops. On the whole the trip down was enjoyable, but tiring. On arriving we put up again at the Victoria Hotel, where we will remain until our departure for Stockholm on Monday morning. Sent out clothes to be pressed.

Saturday, July 9. Got up about ten A.M., and Hugh and I had breakfast served in our room. Got back our clothes we had sent out to be pressed last night. Got dressed. Went to Bennet's with mother and Mrs. Sutherland, and thence to the Consulate, where we received news of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Went then to a book store, and then back again to the Consulate. Hugh and I then left mother and Mrs. Sutherland and went to Andersen's jewelry store, on our way back to the hotel. The Consul has invited us to go sailing with him on the Fjord this evening at six. Did not see Gormson at the Consulate. Loafed around the hotel and had dinner at three. Hugh went swimming and I rested. A little before six mother and I met the Consul at the wharf. Hugh and Mrs. Sutherland arrived shortly thereafter. On the boat, besides our party, was the Consul; an old Norwegian skipper and a gentleman with a red mustache, who seemed to be very well informed. Passed the old castle on the water's edge, which was built in 1286, and has stood fourteen sieges, and has never been taken I am told. The old skipper told me how the harbor froze up in the winter; the length of
time it was daylight in the winter; about the fisheries and fishing, and a little about himself. Sailed the boat for a time, and then Hugh sailed the boat for a time. We passed a bathing beach. The men and women bathe separately, because the men bathe naked, and so do some of the women. A nude woman was on the bank drying herself, and did not seem to mind our presence until we sailed in very close, indeed. Then she got behind a door, coming out again when we were some distance away. Returned to shore at nine, and back to the hotel, where we had supper at ten. Very tired. Had intended to write letters, but am going to bed instead.

Sunday, July 10. Went to Mass, mother, Hugh and I, at Saint Olaf's Church at ten A.M. The kneeling benches were very hard, and the sermon in Norwegian seemed very long. Two ladies sat in front of us who had good figures, the first with good figures I have seen in Norway. But I found out later they were not Scandinavian girls at all, but Latins. Hugh and I washed down the effects of the long sermon in beer until dinner time. Had dinner, and rested awhile. In the evening our party, mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I, started for Dronningen and Bydgo, but missed the boat. We took a carriage and drove to Bydgo, where there is an enclosure containing a Museum, Ancient Norwegian dwellings, a blockhouse and an old church. Returned to the hotel, had supper, wrote a letter, and packed up. To bed at 12:30 A.M.

Monday, July 11. Got up at ten minutes of six this morning. We had breakfast at six fifteen, and took the train for Stockholm, leaving Christiania at six fifty five. It was a vestibule train, with corridor connected compartments, the same as the other trains we have ridden in Norway. We had the compartment to ourselves for most of the day. Spent most of the time reading and looking out the window. We crossed the Swedish frontier at Charlottenberg at about 11 A.M. Before reaching the frontier a basket breakfast was put aboard the train for each passenger. It was pretty terrible. Beer, bread, with a cold fried egg on the bread, and cold sausage and cold ham on bread. It was not bad, except for the cold fried egg. Suffered throughout the day from hay fever, and still feel the effects of it. The train made a stop for dinner at some station at four thirty P.M. The arrangement was the same as that made at Lillehammer, on the rundown from Otta to Christiania on July 8. All the food spread out on a center table, eat all you can, help yourself, and pay a fixed price as you leave. The price was the same as at Lillehammer, about forty cents United States money. Food good and abundant, and plenty of variety. Arrived in Stockholm at 9:10 P.M., and went through Swedish Customs inspection at the Stockholms Station. Put up at the Grand Hotel and there had supper. This city has a population of 350,000, and is very modern, and full of life. Somehow it remains me of St. Paul, Minnesota. It is called the Venice of Scandinavia because of its numerous waterways, islands, bridges and canals, and intersecting channels. It appears to have been built on a number of islands. It remains light here all night. Go to bed.

Tuesday, July 12. Had breakfast at about nine, and then we took a Tallyho ride through the city. The principal buildings are the Palace, which has 800 rooms, the Parliament, which is separated from the Palace by a canal, the Opera House, the Museum and the Art Gallery. The principal street is Drottning (Queen's) gatan (street), and the chief residential street is Karlavagen, which is 360 or 400 feet wide, and parked down the center. Stockholm is built on seven islands. We passed Prince William's Palace, where he lives with his wife, a Russian Princess. The Russian government built the Palace for them, which is small,
but very fine. We left the Tally-ho for a Ferry, and on the Ferry passed tow Islands which are Army posts. On the main land, or rather the main land on which the city is located, we passed two separate Army barracks. This after going through the park, which was formerly the hunting preserve of the King. The park is very fine. We next went to the tower, which is really not a tower, but is an elevator. At one place in the city the streets zig zag down a very steep slope. A bridge, or pier runs out some distance at the top of this slope, at the end of which is a large elevator. Those who do not care to climb the steep slope, can take the elevator at the cost of about one cent. Stockholm seems richer and more modern than any city I have hitherto seen in Scandinavia. The appearance and make of of the people is the same to all outward appearance as the people of Norway. The people have fine complexions, as a rule, especially the women, but all appear to have bad teeth. After lunch we called at the Embassy to have put Passports. Visad. The Minister was out at the time we called. Later Hugh and I walked out to look up a Miss Tinnerholm, whom Hugh had met on the Oscar II. She gave Hugh her address, which was an apartment house, with no elevator. We had quite a time in that Apartment house. There were two apartments to each floor, and five or six floors. We did not find Miss Tinnerholm's name on any directory, and the Manager or Porter spoke no English, so we canvassed all of the apartments asking for Miss Tinnerholm. No one in the building spoke English, so we had no luck. Hugh and I then went to a beer garden to cool off after the trouble we had in stirring up the whole apartment house. We had supper at the Hotel and then Hugh and I took a walk. The water front and the park in front of the Opera House appear to be the favorite promenades in the evening. The stores on the business streets are all closed. Today we saw the guard changed at the Palace. They made a fine appearance marching down the street. They wear very shiny helmets. Tomorrow night we take a steamer from here, and go to St. Petersburg, Russia, via Helsingfors. This is a sudden deviation from our original plan. We had not expected to go to Russia, but found it is a very short trip to get there.

Wednesday, July 13. We had breakfast at nine thirty, and then mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I set forth to see what we could of the city. At 11:30 we began with the Royal Palace. We were shown two floors of one corner of that building. We saw the Reception Room, the Den of King Oscar II, his billiard room, two Ball Rooms, one of them on the next floor above the Reception Room, the Old Council Chamber and one of the Guest Suites. The palace has many fine and valuable tapestries, and highly ornamented ceilings, but the furniture was stiff, and the whole place, as much as we saw of it, including living rooms, was icy, costly, somewhat artistic, wholly useless, and uninhabitable. From there we went to the Island of Riddarholmen, on which is situated the Riddarholm Church, which is the Royal Burial place. It is a rather ghastly charnel house, where the vaults are open, and the royal forgotten dead in boxes, scattered hap hazard resemble trunks in an old attic. A collection of crumbling, gilded, and in places broken, caskets in the vaulted twilight. The more recent arrivals were layed in the center of the church, in gilded and vulgar state, with many withered wreaths, and gilded banners. The place is evidently and old Roman Catholic Church, with its letters I.H.S. graven on the dismantled altar. We were glad to get out in the fresh air. I left Hugh, who had somehow located Miss Tinnerholm, and was going to see her. Went to the Art Gallery. Thence to the Nord Museum, which has a good collection of Swedish archeology. Also a fine Industrial Exhibit.
saw a rapid fire gun there which was made in 1590. A number of barrels held together, could be rotated, and the hammer and flint would set each off in turn, as it came into proper position for the flint on the hammer to strike, and fire the priming pan at the end of each barrel. There were small rooms furnished after the style of, and exhibiting by models, the costumes of and the manners of the various periods, running from 1400 to 1900. Have seen nothing like this in the United States. Returned to the Hotel and inquired the way to the Biological Museum. Received directions, and took the Ferry across to the Skansen Djurgarden. The finest model and cyclorama combined I have ever seen. Down stairs in the building are two models, or scenes, behind glass, in which are portrayed in their native habitat northern birds, fish and animals. The third exhibit is entered by a stairway from below. On going up, one enters a large glass cylinder, of two stories or stages in height. Looking out from this glass compartment, there is a most remarkable scene. On one side is the beach, with sea in the background, and flying gulls, and all of the shell fish and other forms of life that live on the beach by the sea side, in a most lifelike manner. Turning, there is a forest of beeches, and other trees, which come down to the beach line, backed by cliffs, which were the roosting place of birds and gulls. A rift in the cliff also shows the distant sea. The trees run into a swamp, and in the swamp, as in the woods, are all the living animals and birds to be found in those places. Rocks lay beyond the swamp, jutting out of the sea, and some seals were playing on the rocks. The woodland was quiet and shady, and had all the birds and animals of the woodland. Going up to the second stage one can look in the treetops, and examine the upper portion of the cliff, and see the bird's nests, the eggs, and the birds building nests, feeding their young, or hatching the eggs. I had the place to myself, as there happened to be no one else looking the Museum over at the time. It is the finest set of models I have ever seen. Walked out through the surrounding gardens, and took the Ferry back to the Hotel. There I packed, and our party had dinner at the Hotel at five P.M. We went on board the boat, which is named the Princess Marguerite, or Prinsessen Margueritten. The boat left at six P.M. We cleared the harbor, and that night were on the Baltic.

Thursday, July 14. Woke up in the morning and found we are off the coast of Finland. The Finns have a language of their own, were formerly an independent people, and are now under a Russian protectorate. We put in at a port, I believe named Khanko, which has very solid buildings, and substantial docks of pink granite. Solidity of construction, a rather elaborate style of architecture, and lots of police in evidence seem to be sure signs of Russian occupation. We here unloaded steel pipe until eleven o'clock. This port may be Nystad, I am not sure. We cast off and steamed through the Archipelago. Played chess with Hugh, a game he tried to teach me last night. Walked the deck, and drank beer to keep cool. At five P.M. we docked at Helsingfors. This is the capital of Finland. We hired two droskias, and mother, Mrs. Sutherland Hugh and I took in the city. Its buildings are very substantial, being built of a pink granite, and also of cement or concrete. In the cement or concrete structures the walls are decorated with black pebbles, inserted in fancy designs while the cement or concrete is fresh. There are many apartment houses, which average five or six stories high. The main downtown streets are broad, and well paved. The docks are granite.
The harbor of Helsingfors has some very wicked looking rock reefs lying close in. Indeed, this whole Finnish coast has many small islands of rock, and rock reefs lying along it, and looks very dangerous. To return to the city. The observatory is located on a hill overlooking one of the three bays that form the harbor, and is surrounded by a fine park. In the park is a bronze statue of a shipwreck, of which the inhabitants appear very proud. The business section of the city is up to date, and bustling. The old official quarter while quaint, is not marked by any buildings of note except the Cathedral, which is an impressive building, in the Russian style. Many of the people go barefooted. We returned to the boat, going by the Palace of the Russian Governor on the way. The boat left at ten P.M. we had supper as we passed out of the harbor, and by the old and abandoned fortifications that once guarded it. This night we passed on the Gulf of Finland. Drank some Finnish vodka tonight. It tastes like undiluted alcohol. I understand Russian vodka is stronger. Will try some at breakfast. In the dining Salon on the boat is a large silver urn, which looks like an overgrown coffee urn, and there are glasses placed around it. Before each meal, including breakfast, the passengers go to this urn, select a glass, and have one, two or three shots of vodka from the urn. According to taste and need. These people are heavy drinkers, can take a great deal and not show it, and drink any time, morning, afternoon or night. Hugh got a separate stateroom tonight, because he found the one we occupied too stuffy. Turned in rather late. Have been watching a cossak officer. He started with a vodka, porter, stout, breakfast this morning, highballed his way through the morning, wined at lunch, brandied all afternoon, and graduated to champagne at dinner, and has finally stuck his stride on that, and was still going good when I saw him last. He was a little pink about the gills, but steady on his pins.

Friday, July 15. Woke up this morning as we were passing Kronstadt. This is off on our right, and is a naval Base. We can see the gilded dome of the Russian church at Kronstadt, but not much else. Later see the spires at Tsarskoe Seloe, the Caesars summer palace on our left, but far distant. Took a shot of vodka before breakfast. It is strong stuff. A nice looking grey haired old grandmother near me, took three shots, and then had bottled ale with her breakfast. I am out-classed in this country. A Russian policeman came out in a boat from the direction of Kronstadt and boarded us. He has whiskers, a tawny complexion, and carries a cutlass. He came along side, and boarded us without the boat slowing down or stopping. Passed by Russian destroyer, which is headed west. The policeman takes charge of our passports, and examines them, and returns them. There is a peaceful looking cossak, and a hairy Russian priest aboard. At eleven A.M. we enter the Neva between two long breakwaters which stretch out to sea and run out two miles from the shore. We passed a battleship in the course of construction. At noon we docked on the north bank of the Neva, and went through customs. Examination was very casual. Drove to the Hotel l'Europe, off Nevsky Prospekt, and took rooms. Passports demanded when we checked in at Hotel, and are sent to police by the hotel manager, and are returned to us within a couple of hours. Noted the drosky drivers who took us to the hotel. They are very jolly, and are enormously padded, until they look like huge turnips. The padding is very broad at the hips, and narrows toward the shoulders. This is a most unusual city. A strange combination of Orient and Occident.
The ikons, or holy pictures, in the churches, and in public places, as on streets and bridges, are primitive in design and execution. Intentionally so. These pictures are drawn full face, and the faces are narrow, the lips thin, and the eyes are painted very large. In the Hotel de l'Europe, where we are stopping I note they use that oriental calculating device, the Abacus, at the desk. I understand the Abacus is also used here in the stores, and even in the banks. The Russian appears to me to be an Asiatic, disguised in whiskers. Hugh and I call at the Embassy. The Ambassador, W.W. Rockhill in not there, but we are cordially received by Post Wheeler, who is acting for the Ambassador. Mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I took two droskis at the Hotel, and drove to the Island, which is a swank suburb north of the River Neva. We passed in the suburb the estate of Premier Stolypin. Premiers in these parts seem to have to take good care of their health. Stolypin's estate is surrounded by a high fence, topped with barbed wire. Inside, Russian soldiers, with fixed bayonets are doing sentry duty around the house and its grounds. It appears that some of the Little Father's children have hitherto heaved home made bombs at the Premier, but up to now their aim has not been too good. Crossed the Neva by the bridge near the Citadel of St. Peter and St. Paul. This is now a prison. The streets of the city, or at least that part of it through which we pass, are broad and well paved, and the buildings are substantial structures of stone, averaging four or five stories high. We pass the Cathedral of St. Isaac. There are public shrines on the bridges and the streets. These are altars, enclosed in glass, on which are ikons, and before these ikons there are lighted candles. In passing these shrines the peasants uncover, and cross themselves. In making the sign of the cross the Russian first touches the forehead, then the breast, then the right shoulder, and finally the left shoulder. This is the reverse of the Roman Catholic, who touches the left shoulder first and then the right. The Russian in doing so hold the right hand, with which he crosses himself in a peculiar position. Little finger is held straight out, the ring and index fingers curved, and the thumb and middle finger held against each other, and forming thus a cross. This represents, it is said, the Greek letters Iota, sigma, chi, sigma, or i, s, k, s. The initials, or abbreviation of the words Iesous Kristos. While making this sign the peasant bow, and most of them bow three times, making the sign three times. Returned to Hotel and had supper. Do some writing, get some letters done, and to bed early. We have a hard day ahead tomorrow. It is raining.

Saturday, July 16. The hotels promise to have the passports back in a couple of hours yesterday, was not made good. We did not get our passports returned by the hotel until 11 A.M. today. It is useless to attempt to get far in St. Petersburg without passports. They must be exhibited to the guard on entering all public buildings or art galleries or museums. Have never been in a city where there was such open display of extreme wealth and extreme poverty close together. There are palaces and cathedrals, and people in rich clothing, and swarms of ragged beggars before the palaces and cathedrals. While waiting for our passports, we went to the Memorial Church of the Emperor Alexander II. When we arrived at the church a service was being conducted, called here "liturgy." This may have been the chanting of the office of the day. I do not known. The Greek church really has ritual, and a whole lot of it. Compared to them the Roman church are just a lot of raw beginners. The Greeks shoot the works.
Before the altar is a tall screen, covered with ikons, the ikonostase, hides the altar from the congregation. Double doors in the screen are opened from time to time, disclosing the altar to the people. Most of the service is conducted from behind the screen, with the doors closed, and can be heard, but not seen. Occasionally the doors are opened, and from time to time the officiant or his assistants come outside the screen. I can now sympathize with the feelings of any good Protestant at High Mass. This service here goes completely over my head. The screen and the ikons are very rich in jewels and gold, and fine pieces of workmanship. When the screen door is opened the altar may be seen, and before it the white bearded priests, in cloth of gold vestments, prostrating themselves, and going through the complicated routine demanded by the Greek ritual, before the altar, and sometimes before the screen, stood a priest vested in green silk vestments, and he intoned part of the liturgy. The responses, and most of the music was provided by a choir, which was hidden. There was no organ, or other instrument used. Only voices, well blended, and so well modulated that it was impossible to determine from which direction the sound came. It melted through the air. This church is in memory of Alexander II, and is erected on the spot where he was assassinated. At the back of the church, and farthest from the altar, a canopy is erected over the exact spot where the Emperor was bombed to death. Beneath this canopy a square open space in the floor reveals the exact spot, the original cobblestones left intact, and some of them chipped by the force of the bomb explosion. The canopy is supported by four columns of jasper, and the canopy is of Italian mosaic, in which is set a cross of very large, clear topazes. Lamps of silver and gold are festooned around the church, which has also many rich ikons. The walls of the church are solid mosaic. The floor is of marble. From the church we drove by the Imperial Sables, which were closed, and then went back to the Hotel and received our passports. Got the passports, and then mother wanted a Baedeker on St. Petersburg. Finding a book store in this town requires talent, persistence, and much patience. Mother and I went looking for a book store in our droski, Hugh and Mrs. Sutherland trialing us in their droski, and much annoyed, French and German are the only foreign languages generally understood hereabouts, but not English. Had to return to the hotel several times for the Porter to relay fresh instructions to the droski driver, and explanations as to what a book store was. He drove mother and I to every kind of a place, except a bawdy house, before he finally understood what we were looking for. Finally got a Baedeker in French. It was not much of a bookstore where we got it. There is evidently no word in Russian for bookstore, that a droski driver understands. But they can drive you to a cafe, a gambling joint or a house of ill repute in nothing flat.

We went to the Winter Palace. The Czar is now at the Summer Palace at Tsarskoe seloe. The Palace is large and impressive. Passports are displayed to officers at the front gate of the Palace, where cards of admission are issued to visitors. Then you have to go around to the rear entrance, on the side of the Neva, and are admitted there. We were shown the Pavilion of Nicholas, which has a Pompeian mosaic, the Gallery of Paintings, the Throne Room, the Field Marshall's Hall, the Memorial Hall, the Throne Room of Peter the Great, the Apartments of Alexander II, which have been left just as they were on the day he died, the Apartments of the Czarina, the Gold Salon and the Chapel. In the Chapel only Hugh and I were admitted behind the screen and on to
the altar. In the Greek Orthodox Church women are never admitted back
of the screen or ikonostase at any time or under any pretext. Many
rich ikons in the chapel, and relics are also exhibited. We were shown
one alleged to be the right arm of John the Baptist, which is in a most
astonishing state of preservation. If all these relics were gathered
together I bet the deceased owners would find themselves equipped with
a remarkable number of spare parts. Mrs. Sutherland and Hugh left
mother and I at the Winter Palace, and went out on their own. Mother
and I went to the Hermitage Gallery, next to the Winter Palace. This
gallery was built by Catherine II. We were admitted on presentation of
passports. This Gallery contains copies, exact, of all the paintings
of all the masters of the old schools. It also contains a collection
of Rembrants and Murillos which is unequaled any place in Europe. Its
modern statues and painting make up a magnificent collection. The other
furnishings of the Gallery are very rich. Huge tables and vases of
solid lapiz lazuli and malachite, and onyx. Much inlay work of semi
precious stones. These objects were scattered around with much profusion,
just as if they were made of wood. A fine collection of ancient
sculptures. It would take two weeks to see everything in this Gallery.
We next went to the Gallery of Modern Russian Art. The paintings of
Verchagen, the famous Russian war artist, who went down off Port Arthur
on the warship Petropavlovsk, are well represented here. Verchagen
painted war in a very realistic manner. The Petropavlovsk was either
torpedoed by a Japanese submarine, or hit a mine. No one knows. It sank
at once. Verchagen was criticized for painting war as it is. Dirty,
unshaven men, gutted on barbed wire, or with their faces or jaws torn
off by shell fragments. One of his famous paintings, not on exhibit here,
twisted the British lion's tail, and made it roar. It was the shooting
of the sepoy mutineers from the mouths of cannon by the British soldiers
after the Sepoy Mutiny was put down. The British did it all right, and
perhaps protested all the louder on that account. The Reply of the
Cossaks, a very famous painting, is also here, and a painting of the
Greek courtesan, Lais, I think, is also on exhibit. Lais is dressed in
her working clothes, that is to say, she has nothing on at all. Also
the gallery has a collection of Ikons, and the designs for the mosaics
in St. Isaac's Cathedral. Mother and I then drove to the Church of the
Kazan, which is on the Nevsky Prospekt, the principal street of St.
Petersburg. The church was being repaired, and we did not see much. The
entrances to all these churches swarm with beggars. There we burnt
candles before the main Ikon, and I find I can cross myself and bow
in such a way that no one could take me for anything else but a
Russian. Went to St. Isaac's, which the droski driver referred to as Isaacs.
This Cathedral is valued at $15,000,000, or 30,000,000 roubles. I think
that is undervaluing it. It was designed by a French architect, and is
in the form of a Greek cross. Blushed granite pillars outside, and the
entrance has massive bronze doors, sculptured in high relief. The
sculptures outside the Cathedral are also in high relief. Inside, the
small ikons are of beaten gold, and encrusted with precious stones
which are laid on thickly so as to form a mosaic. The large ikons are
painted on a solid gold leaf background. The floors are marble, and
the pillars of the altar screen are of solid malachite, except for the
two pillars on either side of the door of the screen which leads to the
main altar. These are solid columns of lapiz lazuli. The capitals of
the pillars are of bronze, as well as their bases. The lamps are of gold
and silver, and the inside of the dome is solidly covered with gold leaf.
The whole effect of the Cathedral is magnificent, and this without anything being overdone. Nothing appears too elaborate. From the cathedral we returned to the Hotel by way of the Nevsky Prospekt. We found Hugh and Mrs. Sutherland at the Hotel, they having quite sight seeing somewhat earlier. We had something to eat at the Hotel, and then drove to the wharf, and boarded the Princess Marguerite, the same boat which took us here from Stockholm. The boat sailed at five P.M. On time. We went down the Neva, and out into the Gulf of Finland between the two breakwaters which parallel out from the shore at the mouth of the river. Peterhoff, at Tsarskoe Seloe on our left. Can see the spires. On our right see the dome of the church at the naval base at Kronstadt. A Frenchman came up to me, much excited, and explained that the Purser had put me in the same stateroom with his wife. On our joint remonstrance, we changed about. The husband and I occupy my stateroom, and his wife is put in with some other woman. Hugh and I drank vodka this evening. Stateroom very stuffy. Looking back on the St. Petersburg, and our tour of the city, I get the impression that the Russian government and some of its people are very rich, but most of the people of Russia are very poor. The population of St. Petersburg is, in round numbers, 1,500,000.

Sunday, July 17. Woke up as we were putting in at the dock at Helsingfors, Finland. Had breakfast on board, and then went ashore with Mr. Emery, one of the passengers. Looked over the cargo which our ship was unloading, taken from St. Petersburg to Helsingfors. It consisted mostly of fruit. On the way out we unloaded steel pipes and iron pipes at Hangö. Mr. Emery and I went to the biggest church in town, which turned out to be Lutheran. The service was conducted in Finnish. A long sermon in the same language, so we left. We then went to the Greek Orthodox Church. More action there. The more pious members of the congregation lit candles before the ikons in coming in, and even continued to do so during the service. The whole liturgy was intoned, rather than chanted. The three principals were the officiant, within the sanctuary, and only visible when the doors of the ikonostase were opened from time to time, a deacon, who stood outside before the ikonostase, and the choir. The preliminary prayers, intoned by the priests, and the kissing of the feet of the pictures on the ikons took some time. This was followed by the incensing of the altar, the space in front of the ikonostase and the people. The officiant then entered the sanctuary through the open doors of the ikonostase, holding in his hands the missal, with which he made the sign of the cross before entering the doors. The doors were closed after him. Then came the reading by the deacon of the gospel, or so it seemed. One candle was held above the from from which the deacon intoned this part of the service. The sanctuary doors were opened for a time, to be closed then by the officiant himself. At this point Mr. Emery and I left and went back to the boat. During the first part of the service a deep bell was rung, while a smaller bell was tapped rapidly. The sign of the cross was made frequently by both the priests and people, the hand going to the right side first, and then the left, and the sign Always being made three times in succession. Near the door of the church, where candles were sold, small loaves of bread were also on sale. This was bought by some and sent back to the sanctuary. I wonder if the people buy their own communion bread in this way. The boat left at 11:30 A.M., and we had lunch at noon. Nothing occurred until six P.M., when we stopped at Hangö. The stop was a short one. Stranger still in my stateroom. Drank good deal of vodka. Land at Stockholm tomorrow.
Monday, July 18. Docked at Stockholm at nine A.M. Cleared quarantine and customs. Then went to the Grand Hotel to pick up the luggage we had left there, and to get our mail. Boarded the train for Malmo at a little before 10:30 A.M. Train left for Malmo at 10:30. Are headed south for Copenhagen, and Malmo is at the south end of Sweden, and from that point we are ferried over to the island on which Copenhagen is situated. The train is the regular vestibule train, with compartments connected by corridors. There were two foreign women in our compartment with us. Swedes, I imagine. This train is larger than most trains in this part of the country, with more commodious cars, and is drawn by a heavier type locomotive. There is a good dining car on the train. Travelled all day. It was very hot and dirty. This part of Sweden appears to be a farming and grazing country, with stretches of woodland. Also some peat bogs. There is a great deal of hay cut and stacked. It is not dried on frames as in Norway. Had lunch at 1:00 P.M. on the diner, and dinner at 8:00 P.M. on the diner. We arrived in Malmo at 10:00 P.M. Malmo is the great southern terminus of Sweden, and its docks are extensive. We left Malmo at a little after 10:00 P.M. on a large ferry, which landed us near Copenhagen, where we took an accommodation train from the ferry landing to the station in Copenhagen. There we went through the Danish customs, and took a taxi from the station to the d'Angleterre Hotel. Got to bed at 13:05 A.M.

Tuesday, July 19. Got up early. Word sent up to our rooms that Mrs. Egan, wife of United States Minister to Denmark, and her daughter Carmel are downstairs. We went down and met them. Also find out that Mr. Ames and his two daughters are in Copenhagen. While at breakfast Dr. Egan came in, and brought us our mail. Hugh and I took a short ride with Dr. Egan, while he made a call of condolence. Then returned to the Hotel for mother and Mrs. Sutherland. Had luncheon at the Legation at 1:00 P.M., mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and myself. It was a family luncheon, just the Doctor, Mrs. Egan, Carmel, and our party. Returned to Hotel at 3:00 P.M., then Hugh and I went out on our own. We went to a Hotel and ordered a quart of Swedish punch, of which we had heard a great deal. The waiter, who spoke English, asked us if we wanted water, or something on the side with it, and we said no, just bring glasses. He did so, and a group of waiters watched us, bug eyed, from a distance. We went at the punch, and Mr. Wallis, Attaché of the Embassy, came in as we had just killed half the bottle. He told us it was dynamite and had the waiter take the rest of the bottle away. Our heads were clear, but when we got up from the table our legs were not too good. But that soon got its straightened out. We took a walk with Mr. Wallis, and met a friend of his, Mr. Jacobson, the owner of the Glyptitek, which is an Art Gallery of Sculptures. We then went to the Glyptitek, and Mr. Jacobson showed us around the place. A very fine collection of statuary. Walked back to the Hotel and got ready for dinner. Our party dined with the Egans at the Legation, at 7:00 P.M. After dinner Hugh and I took the Ames girls to the Tivoli, which is a garden and amusement park. I won a pig at some sideshow game, but gave the pig away. We went to an open air show, which was supposed to represent life in the United States. The whole cast died by shooting, massacre or lynching before the play was over, and then took a curtain call. There were negro cake walks and clog dances during the show, two duels, a feud, and an Indian massacre, and the lynchings. The Danes were delighted, and those near us,
seeing we were obviously from the country where all of these interesting things went on, bowed and smiled to us, and pointed to the stage. They were so glad that we strangers could be there, and get this breath of fresh air from home. They must think we come from a pretty wild country, where killing people is the chief pastime. Took the Ames girls back to their Hotel, and went back to our Hotel and to bed.

Wednesday, July 20. Up early, and after breakfast met Mrs Egan and Carmel Egan. Mr. Ames invited us all to go with him and his daughters to Elsinore, which is the scene of Shakespeare's play, Hamlet. We were sorry that we were unable to go with them. Later on Mother, Mrs Sutherland and I, after a great deal of trouble, found the Rosenborg Castle. Hugh remained behind at the Hotel, Rosenborg was built in 1615 by Christian IV (1588-1648). It contains relics of Christian IV and many other Danish Kings. The place is large, rich, historical and ugly. Mother then got tired and went back to the Hotel. Mrs. Sutherland and I went to the Art Gallery, which has a fine collection. We then returned to the Hotel for lunch. Early this morning found time for a hair cut and shampoo. Hugh and I went sight seeing after lunch. Went to the glyptotek, and then ran into a man we met on the Oscar II. He was Danish Counsel at Baltimore. We sampled Aqua Vit at the new hotel. The Danish Counsel showed us a slot machine on a street corner. Had noticed many of them around town, and very many at the gates of the Tivoli Gardens the night before. They look like chewing gum machines. But the Danes do not use chewing gum. The Counsel put in a coin and out came a small package containing a rubber condom. The Counsel explained that the Government permitted these machines to be put up in public places in order to prevent spread of certain diseases, and the spread of illegitimate births. It is very fortunate that neither of the Ames girls were gum chewers or we would have had a very awkward few moments going into the Tivoli last night. I do not doubt these machines help considerably in cutting down illegitimacy and spread of disease, but on the other hand by offering so much security, they may encourage a certain amount of loose conduct. And I cannot imagine going up on a crowded street, and purchasing this sort of thing in such a public manner. We had a few drinks, and then the Counsel went on. Hugh and I discovered an automat, where food, and drinks come out of a slide, when the proper coin is put in the slot. Had a grand time at the automat making beer, ale, porter and stout come out of their various slots. Got out of the automat, and found we did not know just where we were. Got a taximeter, but the driver spoke no English. We navigated the taxi by pointing at various church steeples, and by luck, a bearing on the second steeple got us to the Legation, where we had a dinner engagement. The ride straightened us out, and we arrived at the Legation in good order. Dinner was set for 7:30 P.M. and we made it in time. Hans, the butler, took our soft hats with an air, as if they were brass helmets, and announced us. I took Carmel Egan out to dinner. The others in the party, in addition to our people and the Egan's, were the Ames family, the Contessa Meta Calvi di Bergolo, daughter of the Italian Ambassador, the First Secretary of the French Embassy, two Attaches from the British and French Embassies, and one of the Attaches of the United States Legation and his wife. We had dancing afterwards. I tried to side step the dancing, because I dance badly, but finally had a dance with Alice Ames, who is a fine dancer. Hugh and I talked to the Contessa Meta Calvi. She is engaged to the Crown Prince of Denmark, Age. He will have to renounce the
right to succeed his father to the throne of Denmark when he marries her. But Doctor Egan told us later that according to rating given by the Italian College of Heralds, the Calvi di Bergolos are very much nobility, and look down on such upstarts as the Bourbons, the Hapsburgs, the House of Hanover, and the Hohenzollerns. The British Attache is the kind that is shown on the vaudeville. He wears a monocle and breathes through his mouth, and says Haw. He is waiting around for his father to die, when he will become a Peer. In dancing he does not dance, but puts his arm around his partner, and walks slowly about the room. He just doesn't give a damn. The party broke up at eleven P.M. The Ames leave Copenhagen tomorrow, and we will not see them again, at least, not this summer. It is too bad. They were grand people. Doctor Egan has been selling my mother on the idea of my getting a dress suit. He recommends Therkelsen, who is the tailor to the King of Denmark and the King of England, and several other Kings. We go to Elsinore tomorrow with Mrs. Egan.

Thursday, July 31. The trip to Elsinore was called off today on account of rain. We went to the Legation. Doctor Egan presented Hugh and I with sets of buttons for a white full dress vest. I receive from him two sets, one of crystal and one anythast. Doctor Egan again talks to mother about making me a present of a dress suit. Therkelsen is the private tailor of the Czar of Russia, the King of Norway, the Kaiser, and the King of Sedan, and the King of Spain and the King of Italy, and if Doctor Egan speaks to him, he will undoubtedly consent to measure me for a dress suit, but he does not take many ordinary customers. Thus Doctor Egan to my mother. What a time the Doctor would have had if he had gone into the business of selling Life Insurance. He calls up Therkelsen and makes an appointment for me, and I go there, and with mother, inspect cloth, and get measured. They really go in for measuring at that place. I have never been so exactly measured by any tailor before. Also pick material for a vest. But leaving out sales talk, Therkelsen has the reputation of being the best tailor on the Continent. Hugh ordered a grey vest and tie. He has soup and fish already, I think. Went from Therkelsens with Doctor Egan to buy a cap, and then went to jeweler's and bought some amber, which is very fine in this city. Bought cigarette holders. Discover later that Doctor Egan did a very nice thing, on the quiet. He sent around word to all hotels, restaurants, and stores, that we were guests and friends of the Legation, and the Minister would feel very badly if we were charged tourist prices anywhere, and hoped we would only be charged the same prices that the Danes were charged. Doctor Egan is very popular here, and the Danes all like him. He is a man of letters, and the Danes are a highly educated people, and have great respect for men of letters. Doctor Egan introduced me to the Consul General and the Vice Consul. With them looked over more amber. Amber, silver ware and pottery are the chief Art products of this city, and they make capital souvenirs. Bought an amber cigarette holder for Billie Miltenberger, and took it to jeweler's to have a gold band on it engraved with his initials. Hugh went to Post Office, and I went back to Hotel. Consul General brought us mail. Mrs. Sutherland kept to her room all day, as she is not feeling well. Mother went out to lunch with the Egan's. That is to say, Mrs. Egan and Carmel. Hugh and I foregathered for an afternoon with Bacchus. Aqua Vite and beer. When
mother, Mrs. Egan and Carmel returned to the Hotel, Hugh and I were feeling fine. This was about 5:00 P.M. Mother took us in to the Restaurant and staked us to a Table d'Hôtel dinner, and this straightened us out. Mother, Hugh and I dined with the Egan's at the Legation at 7:00 P.M. Doctor Egan presented Hugh with an Icelandic (Iapland?) costume. He likewise advised mother that the Catholic Bishop of Denmark had dispensed all Catholic Catholics in Denmark who live in Hotels or Boarding or Lodging Houses, or who are travelling, from abstinence from meat on Friday. Good for you, Bishop. We need more men like you.

Friday, July 22. The day is clear. Mrs. Sutherland is still not feeling well, and keeps to her room all day, and to her bed. Mrs. Egan arrived at the Hotel at 9:30 A.M. Hugh. Mother, Mrs. Egan, Hugh and I went to the Railroad Station, stopping on the way to get some camera film for Hugh. We took the train at 10:00 A.M., with Hillerod, and the Frederiksborg Castle as our destination. Missed the sation of Hillerod, and got off at Fredensborg instead. The King is stopping at Fredensborg Castle, which is one of the four Royal Summer residences. So we could not go in to the Castle. We went through the gardens of the Palace, bought some postcards, and Hugh took some photographs. At the entrance of the Castle the Royal Guard was being changed. The Commanding Officer of the Guard was Lieutenant Becker, a friend of Mrs. Egan's. She introduced us to him, after the Guard was changed. He is over six feet tall, and a blonde shako, about two feet high, made him seem very tall. We then drove to Frederiksborg Castle, now a museum, which is one hours drive from Hillerod. This Castle was built in 1606, or dates from there. It was built by Christian IV, or rather it was completed by that King. We had lunch at the railroad station at Hillerod, and then took the 3:40 P.M. train for Helsingor. Arrived at Helsingor at 5:00 P.M., and were driven to the Castle of Kronborg. This Castle is defended from the land side by a triple wall and triple moat. In winter it contains a garrison of 100 men, and in summer this garrison is increased to 500. One of its towers served as a Light House. The Castle was built in 1600, or thereabouts. It is now stripped of all its furnishings and ornaments. Its chief claim to fame is that it is the setting of Shakespeare's play, Hamlet, Prince of Denmark. To commemorate this fact there is a statue of Shakespeare in one of the rooms of the Castle. On the sea side of the castle is the platform, with some old guns pointing across the channel to Sweden, where Hamlet's father's ghost walked. The Castle is likewise the scene of the Tragedy of the Queen of Tears. From here we drive to Marienlyst, a famous summer resort, and can see the coast of Sweden across the channel, where is the town of Helsingborg. At the hotel at Marienlyst is a statue of Hamlet, and the father of Hamlet. There is also a large mound in the Hotel Grounds, with a sign on it reading "Hamlet's Grave." From the Hotel we went to St. Mary's Church, which was originally a Catholic Monastery, now used as an Old Ladies Home. The cells of the monks are still there, intact. The Monastery was built in 1103. We then called on Father Finn, of the New St. Mary's Church, and drove to the railroad station, and took the train. On the way back to Copenhagen we passed many so called "Colonial Gardens." These small patches of cultivated ground, surrounding little one story huts that city people of moderate means rent as resorts in which to spend their spare time during the summer. Some are very attractive and well kept. Arrived in Copenhagen, and had late supper at the Legation. Went to bed late, and very tired.
Saturday, July 23. Up early, and made attempt to write a letter. No good. Had breakfast. Went to the jewelers to get amber cigarette holder. Engraving not done. Went from there to Therkelsen's and had fitting. Find out the proper name of the gallery of statuary I saw the other day is Ny Carlsberg Glyptotek, and it was founded by the brewer Carl Jacobsen. Then went to the Consulate and was directed to the Thorvaldsen, which is a Gallery of statuary by the sculptor of that name. His is the most prominent name in Denmark, when it comes to sculpture. Thorvaldsen claimed descent from Snorre Karlsfjøns, who was born in Vinland (New England) in 1007 A.D. Thus, if the claim be correct, he is descended from the first white man born in the present limits of the United States. Snorre was the son of Thorfinn Karlsfjøn. Saw the work of Thorvaldsen. Then went to lunch at the Legation at 1:00 P.M. Went to the jewelers after lunch and got the cigarette holder. Therkelsen will send my dress suit to the boat, the S.S. Megantic, when we sail. Took a taxi, but found all places of interest in Copenhagen closed, it being Saturday afternoon. We had dinner at the Legation with the Egan's, and later met the remainder of our party at the Tivoli Gardens, where we spent the evening. Back to the Hotel and packed, and went to bed. We leave here for Berlin tomorrow.

Sunday, July 24. Got up, and had breakfast. Went to Mass at the only Catholic Church in Copenhagen. By virtue of some old Danish law, the Catholic church is sort of sub rosa here. So this church has a door, but the windows facing on the street are bricked up. The may have either repealed the law or dead lettered it, but the front of the church remains bricked up. Said goodbye to the Egan's. Doctor Egan, Mrs. Egan and Carmel saw us off at the station. The train for Berlin left at 9:30 A.M. It is a vestibule train, with compartments connected by corridor. Not the old fashioned kind, with compartments running across the length of the car, and the guard walking on a foot rail outside the car. At 1:00 P.M. our train reached the first ferry. The country through which we passed is flat, and is farming and grazing country. Denmark supplies dairy products, chiefly, and is the main source of butter, eggs, milk and cheese, and bacon, to the British Isles. Had lunch on train as we reached ferry. The train is run right on to the ferry. This ferry is a short one. Took only twenty minutes. We then crossed a second Danish Island. Same kind of country, and mostly devoted to grazing, dairy farming, truck gardens, and the like. At 3:00 P.M. we reached the second ferry, which is the long one. The train here was also run aboard the ferry. This time the length of the ferry across was two hours, and we landed at the end of it in Germany at Warnemünde. Copenhagen is on the Island of Ajaelland. The first ferry is at Vordingborg, on that Island. Then is crossed the Island of Falster, and the second ferry, on that Island is at Gjedserode. At Warnemünde we go through German customs &c. Like the other customs examinations hitherto gone through, the examination is rather casual. The part of Germany from Warnemünde to Berlin is level and well cultivated. We arrive in Berlin at 9:15 and go to our Hotel. Wrote a letter, and went to bed. Very tired.

Monday, July 25. Went downstairs early and had breakfast. Berlin is a very modern, beautiful and up to date city. Went sightseeing in the morning. Saw the New Gallery, went through the Royal Palace, and the Church. Bismarck's tomb is in the church. In the palace felt slippers
were distributed to the tourists to be worn over their shoes. These served both to keep the shoes from scarring the hard wood floors, and helped to keep the floors polished. There is no warmth in this palace. The floors are like glass, the room are large, with high ceilings, the chairs are stiff, and the whole appearance very formal. I hope the Kaiser and his family have a decent place to live in here. We had lunch at the Hotel. Then took a drive through the city, and its suburbs. The parts of the city we were driven through have wide, well paved streets, and very substantial looking stone buildings. We then drove to a beer garden outside the city and had some beer. The driver also had some beer. He accidentally overturned his mug, when he was half finished, and so we got him another. On our return he drove very fast. Mother and Mrs. Sutherland asked him to go slower, but he somehow got the impression they were praising his driving, and he went all the faster. Had a breakneck ride into the city. On the way we saw many small cottages, surrounded by gardens, much the same as the cottages we saw outside of Copenhagen. On the ride we also saw the tomb of Kaiser Wilhelm II. We were due to take the 9:00 P.M. train for Munich, but could not get accommodations on that train, and so were obliged to leave on the 10:00 o'clock train. Hugh and I had one sleeping compartment together, and mother and Mrs. Sutherland shared the other compartment. The berths are placed crosswise in the coach, and not lengthwise with the coach, as with us. The berths are very clean and comfortable, and the train runs very smoothly. Went to bed as soon as the train left Berlin. Wrote and mailed a post card.

Tuesday, July 26. Had breakfast on board the train, and arrived in Munich at 10:00 A.M. We saw very little of Munich, which is called by the Germans Muenchen, as we left for Oberammergau at 10:30 A.M. The train to Oberammergau is the same type of train we rode on from Berlin. Vestibule platforms, and corridors connecting the compartments. The train was overcrowded. I had to stand in one of the vestibules. Mother and Mrs. Sutherland managed to obtain seats. Some complaint from the many tourists from the United States about the lack of seats. We travel through a very rich looking farming country. The country is rolling, and wheat fields stretch as far as the eye can see. The stations on the way are small and neat. We are going south toward the Bavarian Alps. We arrived at Oberammergau at 1:30 P.M. This is a village of 1,900 population. The people are farmers, and wood carvers. The village is composed of large houses, with steep pitched roofs, the average house consisting of two stories and an attic, but some of three stories. The houses are plastered on the outside, and over the plaster on the fronts of the houses are painted pictures dealing with various subjects from the New Testament, and the Old Testament. All of the inhabitants, or almost all of them, take part as actors in the Passion Play, and the year of the play they all grow beards, that is the men do, for their several parts in the play. The bearded men met us at the station, dressed in Bavarian peasant costume, and took our bags. We put up at the house of Guido Lang. There is no Hotel here, but the visitors are accommodated at the houses of the different villagers. There is an old church in the town, which has many side altars, this for the accommodation of the many Catholic priests who come here to see the Passion Play. The theatre in which the play takes place is on the outskirts of the village. After lunch at Guido Lang's, Hugh and I took a walk up the valley to a Monastery which was built by Ludwig, the mad King. It is rainy and muddy. On the way back passed some jolly peasant girls who greeted us in German. We greeted them back in English.
Wednesday, July 27. Yesterday's conversation of tourists from the United States was unusual. One tourist to another: "Where are you stopping? Answer: "Oh, I'm hanging out with Pontius Pilate." "Where are you stopping?" "Right up the street with the Blessed Virgin." "The grub is swell at Mary Magdalene's." And so on. I think we are bedded down at a member of the Sanhedrins. One of the High Priests. The places here are known by the stage parts of the players, and there is much effort made by all tourists to get a room, if they can, with the Christus, who is Anton Lang. We get up at 5:30 A.M., and got to Mass in the village church. The actors of the Passion Play all go there each morning of the Play, and, evidently, all the tourists go there to see the players off stage. The church is packed. We have breakfast and walk to the Theatre. The theatre is a very large structure. The auditorium is covered, but, the stage, I understand, is in the open. Am also informed that the stage revolves, like a large railroad turntable. Thus, while on act is going on, the scenery can be prepared for the next, and there is no loss of time. Some of the action is carried out before a curtain, which is lowered while scenes are being changed. Your party, mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I, have very good seats. They are in the center, and about twenty rows back. The seats are banked at a very good slope, so that there is no difficulty in seeing over the heads of those in front, and getting a good view of the stage. The stage is also fairly high. The Passion Play begins at 8:30 A.M. It is more of a series of pageants than it is a play. Each scene of the Passion Play is preceded by a Tableau, representing some scene from the Old Testament who is supposed to prefigure the scene given. There is a chorus, and they sometimes shout their lines in unison, sounding very much like a football game cheering section. The weakest part in the Play is that of the Christus, who is shoved about bound, for most of the time, and has very few lines, which He must give in a very solemn manner. The most powerful part in the Play is that of Judas. Each member of the audience is able to purchase a printed script of the Play, both in German, with a translation into his own language. Thus the lines can be followed. There is also an explanation of the Tableaus in this booklet, and much information about the history of the Play, and the different actors. The only bit of realism is the crucifixion, and the sinking of the spear into the side of the Christus. The spear head was evidently of rubber, filled with a red fluid, which squirted out and flowed down the side. And the Roman soldier who pushed that spear, pushed it like he meant it. There is an intermission for the audience, and actors, from 11:45 A.M. until 2:00 P.M. During this time all have dinner. The Play resumes at 3:00 P.M. and ends at 5:45 P.M. The day was clear and bright. The scenery is not too elaborate, but the costumes are very rich. The cast, taking in the Jewish mob, Roman soldiers, and the rest, including the chorus, takes in about all the inhabitants, men, women and children, in the village. Go back to Guido Lang, the High Priest, for supper. Thought of going back to Munich tonight, but on second thought decided to go there tomorrow. Left Oberammergau at 10:00 A.M. and arrived in Munich at 1:00 P.M. Visited the Hotel, got into tuxedos, and drove to the Opera House. Thursday, July 28. Took the train out of Oberammergau at 10:00 A.M. A tourist on the train was overheard praising the beer he got at Joseph of Aramathae's. Arrived in Munich at 1:00 P.M., and put up at the Hotel. Changed at once to tuxedos, and black tie, and started for the Opera House. Opera starts here at 4:00 P.M., and full dress is demanded. Also, you must be in your seat before the curtain rises. Anyone presenting himself at the door later than three or four minutes before curtain time
is not admitted to the auditorium. The Germans do not like to have their music interrupted by late comers climbing over them. So they just don’t allow it. The Opera was Tristan and Isolde. Richard Wagner. Both men and women in the cast were very big, and ran to weight. But they could sing. Three acts, with 35 minutes intermission between each act. There is a good restaurant in the Opera House, where we had dinner during one of the intermissions. The Opera let out at 9:30 P.M. Time 5 hours and a half. Returned to the Hotel. Met there Mrs. Ramsey, wife of the head of Fairmont Seminary in Washington. Also her maθeption teacher. They have a party of girls from Fairmont who are seeing Europe. Later met a Miss Munger and friend, both students of Fairmont. Hugh and I went out to a nearby beer garden, and refreshed ourselves. We do not know much German, but enough to get by in a beer garden, where everyone seems to know what you have come for, and are anxious to help out all they can. Met a Miss Miller of Fairmont Seminary in the Ramsey party. Back to the Hotel and to bed.

Friday, July 30. In the morning went to the Crystal Gallery, which contains modern German paintings and sculpture. Back to the Hotel and took things easy until lunch. After lunch, mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I took an automobile and had a three hour ride around Munich. This town has more of old Germany in it. In Berlin we saw nothing but a modern city, as much of Berlin as we saw. But Munich has spots that more resemble Neurenberg. Fine gates and bridges, and public buildings, and many breweries. Saw the Nyphenburg Palace, which is the residence of the Regent of Bavaria. The gardens around this Palace are of about the same style and lay out as those of Versailles. A large peer Park adjoins the Palace. At a beer garden in the suburbs we poured a litre of beer into our chauffeur, and after that he took us down the roads at break neck speed. We just missed hitting a dog. Had supper at the Hotel, and then Hugh and I went to the Hotel where the Fairmont Seminary party were stopping and asked for Miss Miller. She is a student of Fairmont, and comes from Wisconsin. The Porter said she did not stop there. But she does. Damn the porter. At Cocks today the people there planned our tour from here as far as London. It is now raining. If this keeps up we cannot go to Chiemsee, or Herrenchiemsee, as planned. Intend to write letters at Hotel this evening.

Saturday, July 30. It has stopped raining, so we left by train for Chiemsee at 9:40 A.M. Mother, Hugh and I went. Mrs. Sutherland was not feeling well, and so remained in Munich at the Hotel. Herrenchiemsee is sixty miles south east of Munich, on the Herren Island on the Lake of Chiemsee. The ride is through a flat country, which is very fertile. East of the lake can be seen the Bavarian Alps. They are enveloped in clouds. At 11:45 A.M. we arrived at Chiem, and took a five minute boat ride over the Lake to the Island. Landed on the Island and walked through fine meadowland, and up through groves of pine to the Palace. The Palace is built in Rococo style, and the grounds are modeled after Versailles. It is said that in some respects the grounds far exceed their model. This Palace was built by Ludwig II, so called Mad King of Bavaria. It is unfinished. That is, the shell is finished, but many interior rooms have not been finished. Before it was finished they caught up with His Majesty and put him in the Squirrel Cage. The King intended this to be the greatest of his Palaces, and it was to outclass every other Palace in Europe. It is not as large as the Winter Palace in St. Petersburg, but is much finer in every respect. The most startling experience in
going through this Palace, is to emerge from the highly decorated rooms, and the magnificent halls and drawing rooms, out on to the unfinished stairway, and down into the uncompleted bath. There is a dining room so arranged that the dining table comes up through the floor, and can then be lowered back again to the room beneath. This was so the guests at dinner would not have their privacy interfered with by the presence of servants. The table was loaded and unloaded in the room below, and sent on up through the floor to the dining room above. All the work on this Palace was stopped when Ludwig was deposed, and sent up for treatment. We landed on this Island at the Restaurant, which is near the old monastery. From this spot there is a fine view of the lake, of the Bavarian Alps, and of the Ladies Island on the Lake, with its church and fishing village. We took the 4:00 P.M. boat from the Island of Herren, and made the 4:25 P.M. train. We arrived in Munich at 6:00 P.M., after a hot ride. We had dinner at the Hotel. I intended to write letters, but instead got packed for tomorrow's journey to Lucerne, and then went with Hugh and spent the rest of the evening at the Lowenbrau beer garden. They had a good show there, Bavarian singers, and good music. The waitresses there are not paid, and buy the beer from the manager which they serve to the patrons. They make what they can on tips. As the German is not a bountiful tipper, I do not see how these girls can get by on beer and tips. The German is also a slow beer drinker. Hugh and I got through three or four stags, while the family sitting next to us were getting rid of one. Hugh and I left the Lowenbrau late, and feeling fine. Steered a course by the Branenderberger Thora, and from there back to the Hotel. No trouble getting around these cities at all. To bed late. We rest a week in Lucerne.

Sunday, July 31. We left Munich and arrived in Lucerne. Left Germany near Feldkirch. Fine view of the Alps as we approach them. As we get into Switzerland there are some real mountain grades. The road bed is very good. Ballast is rock. The rails on the Swiss railroads through the Alps seem heavier than our ninety pound rails, but this may be only in appearance, as the road is, or appears to be, narrow gauge. This would make the rails look heavier. Arrive at Lucerne, on the lake of that name and put up at the Swan and Rigi Hotel. Here we will have our linen sent out to laundry, get clothes pressed, and take some rest. Have supper and go to bed.

Monday, August 1. Rested most of the day. Walked up to a park, where there is the celebrated monument to the Swiss Guards, carved by the Dane, Thorvaldsen. A dead lion, an arrow in his side. Dedicated to the Bravery and Loyalty of the Swiss. Louis XVI allowed this Swiss body guard to be butchered by the Paris guttersnipes, having ordered them not to fire. Louis was a weak sister, and should have had his head chopped off for that alone. He let his men down. There are fine examples of glacial erosion in this park, and the usual places were postal cards and other souvenirs may be purchased for the folks back in Yankee.

Tuesday, August 2. Today we ascended Mount Rigi. Take a boat across the lake to the end of the railroad that goes up the mountain. The cars on the train are open, and built on a steep slant backwards are all the seats in the cars, as the grade up is very steep. Thus when the train is going up the mountain you are seated on the level, but when the train is on the level, your seat leans far back. There is a rail in the center of the tracks notched, to take a cog wheel from the center of the engine. This to provide traction up and down. We stop at a station on the way up Swiss are at the station selling small, but very sweet mountain strawberries, in small baskets of strawberry leaves. Arrive at the summit. There is a hotel on the summit, made famous by Mark Twain in his Tramp Abroad. Clouds obscure the view, so do not see much. Return to Hotel.
Wednesday, August 3. Took an automobile today, and we all had a drive through the mountains around Lucerne. In the evening Hugh and I went to the Casino. Good show there, and some colored dancers, who are evidently from the States. There is also a large gambling room with roulette tables. We did not tackle the roulette tables. We had some scotch and soda in the cafe and went back to the Hotel.

Thursday, August 4. Had a late sleep, and then had dinner by myself at 1:00 P.M. After dinner I took a walk with Hugh up to the Park, where he took a photograph of the Thorvaldsen Monument to the Swiss, the Lion of Lucerne. On the way back to the Hotel we passed a place that had a sign on the window which read "American Bar and English Billiards." Below the sign were crossed flags, the British and American. So we went in. A swiss bartender in a white jacket was on duty at the bar, but otherwise we had the place to ourselves. No fellow Americans taking drinks, and no Britons playing billiards. We both ordered a ginger ale rye highball. The Swiss opened a book at the end of the bar, which looked like the family Bible, only larger. This he consulted, first looking at the index, and then getting the right page for the information he wanted.

He then, very carefully, and with many additional references to the book, made us two ginger ale rye highballs. I am surprised they had rye whiskey. Scotch is the only whiskey drink in Europe. If you don't like that, you order some other kind of drink. Later on I took a walk with mother. There was an organ recital in the Cathedral at 6:00 P.M., so we went to it. Among other numbers given, was a very realistic imitation on the organ of a storm in the Alps. Had dinner with mother.

In the evening a big storm came up. It is now raining. Intend now to write some letters, and then go to bed. We have not seen Mrs. Sutherland today. She has stayed in her room at the Hotel all day, resting.

Friday, August 5. Got up at noon, and had dinner at 1:00 P.M. Hugh and I took a walk and came back to the Hotel and met mother. Mother, Hugh and I then chartered a large launch, and went for a two hour ride on Lake Lucerne. The rates here are reasonable; $1.40 an hours or 7 francs, for the launch. The mountains here go sheer up from the shores of the lake in most places. The principal mountains are Rigi and Pilatus. We then went to a jewelry store and mother bought a topaz necklace. Hugh and I bought scarf pins. Hugh a topaz pin. I bought an amethyst pin.

At 4:30 P.M. I had chocolate and rolls in a cafe. Then met Mrs. Sutherland. We had not seen her before during the day. Read from five until eight. Then saw mother and talked over a proposed trip to Pilatus tomorrow, if the weather permits. Mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I had a late supper in the main dining room of the Hotel. Hugh and I took a walk after supper, and saw some fireworks. Today I saw a man and a dog drawing a milk cart. Will now write some letters, which I intended to write last night. It rained this morning, but cleared in the afternoon.

Saturday, August 6. In the morning mother, Hugh and I took a launch and started down the Lake, intending to land at the railroad station at the foot of Pilatus, and go up the mountain. This mountain has a cog railroad to its summit, the same as Rigi. On our way down the Lake we changed our minds, and returned to Lucerne. Pilatus is covered with clouds today, and we would have been unable to see anything from its summit. I went to a jewelers with mother and Hugh in the afternoon, and bought a topaz brooch and an amethyst pin. Rested today. It is cloudy.

Sunday, August 7. Went to Mass in the morning, mother Hugh and myself. Then Hugh and I hired a canoe, and went canoeing on Lake Lucerne. In the afternoon Hugh and I took a long walk about the city. We saw the old bridges, city gates and towers, and took photographs of them. One of
bridges is a covered bridge, like the ones seen in New Hampshire and Vermont. On this particular bridge is a painting, inside the bridge, of the Dance of Death, apparently a favorite theme in the Middle Ages. Death is shown as a skeleton, catching up with people who are engaged in different activities, and disposing of them in different ways. Not a very cheerful set of panels. Got packed up tonight. We are all laundered, pressed, rested, and ready to go some more. Leave tomorrow morning for Interlaken.

Monday, August 8. We left Lucerne on the train for Interlaken at 9:30 A.M. We go second class, as someone has sold the party the idea that only Americans and Royalty travel first class in Europe. And we are now reaching the stage where we want to appear veteran travelers. I doubt if the mistake will be made a second time. We are in an old fashioned European coach. The compartments stretch from side to side of the train, and a run way outside the car connects the compartments. We are locked in, the train starts and away we go. The windows of the compartment are too small, and although passing through the finest scenery in Europe, our view is very poor. The first class accommodations are vestibule, corridors connecting compartments, like the cars in the United States. These give the passengers a chance to see the mountains. Outside of the fact that we do not get a good view, our journey is very comfortable. The road is narrow gauge, or about 3 feet 3 inches between the rails. Roadbed excellent, with rock ballast, and the rails appear to be heavier than the 90 pound rail used in the States. Going up the Brueing Pass the road is clogged, because the grade is so steep. That is, there is a rail laid in the center of the track, notched, to receive a cog wheel from the locomotive, which gets us up the grade. The grade is too steep for ordinary traction. At this Pass the train is split up into sections of four cars each, and a special kind of locomotive is used to take these sections up the cog road and over the Pass. We arrived at the head of the Pass at 11:45 A.M. The station here is a lunch stop, so we had lunch. Resumed our journey at 12:15 P.M. The mountain scenery going down this pass is very impressive. At 2:00 P.M. we arrived at the Lake and took a steamer there, which landed us at Interlaken at 3:00 P.M. This place is so called because it is situated between two Lakes. It is a resort town, composed wholly of Hotels, Pensions, and shops. Our Hotel commands a fine view of the Jungfrau, which is the biggest mountain I have ever seen. It is snow and ice covered. This town is really a winter resort place, and while it is lively in the summer because of tourists, it is more lively in the winter. I took a walk, bath and nap. Bath rooms scarce in these Hotels, so appointments have to be made in advance with the management to use the bathroom. We had supper at 8:00 P.M., and finished in time to see the evening afterglow on the snow of the Jungfrau. Took a long walk, and later met our party and took another walk with Hugh. Today at the stop at the summit of Brueing Pass met Marlin Brown of Georgetown. He was on a train headed for Lucerne. The Some dairy farming and grazing in this country, also wood carving. Watch making is an important industry, but tourists and hotels is the leading industry. Turn in.

Tuesday, August 9. We spent today at the Hotel in Interlaken. The day is cloudy with flurries of rain. The Jungfrau is hidden in clouds all day. Got up at noon for breakfast. Walked, read and loafed all day. Packed tonight as we leave by train for Basle tomorrow morning.

Wednesday, August 10. Got up at 6:00 A.M. and had breakfast. We took the train leaving here at 7:30 A.M. for Basle. Passed through much
mountainous country. Arrived at Basle at noon. We had lunch there, and a two hour wait for the next train. Drove about Basle. Left Basle at 2:00 P.M., on train bound for Heidelberg, Germany. We crossed the German frontier, but the customs did not bother to look at our baggage. We carried only hand luggage, and they did not seem interested. We had the same experience in crossing the Russian frontier at St. Petersburg. Our bags were marked passed before we had a chance to open them. At 6:30 P.M. we arrived in Heidelberg. The train this afternoon was crowded, and it rained most of the time. Heidelberg is on the river Necker, and is beautifully situated. It is a University town. We put up at the Grand Hotel. The best Hotel here for a view of the river and valley is the Schloss, which is on a hill overlooking the city, and is near the old castle. Heidelberg is noted for its University, its castle, its view, its student duels and its mosquitoes. I have seen or felt no mosquitoes. The students are on vacation, which disposes of them and the duels. This leaves us the Castle, the dueling Inn, across the Necker, the University, and the scenery. We will see all these tomorrow. We passed two cab loads of good looking girls, who were evidently feeling frisky, and waved a shouted to us. Unfortunately I could not join them. This is a University town all right. The girls were waving at everybody they saw. Tried out my gift of tongues this evening on the chambermaid at the Hotel, and I was not so good. I wanted writer paper, and rang the bell in my room. The chambermaid, a little German blonde came to the door. She did not speak English, and I did not know how to ask for writing paper in German. So I tried French. She could evidently make the grade in that language. I gave her:"Apportez moi du papier, si'il vous plaît." She giggled, and disappeared. Soon she returned with paper, a whole big roll of it. Toilet paper. I took it, just in case, and gave her: Non, non, non. Papier pour écrire, non papier pour what-you-may-call-it. Making vigorous signs for writing. She laughed a lot, and came back with letter paper. I may get myself killed some day talking French. I think I told her non papier pour les choses intimes, mais pour écrire. Pretty vile French at that. But it was not a case where signs could very well be made to carry on the whole conversation.

Thursday, August 11. Had breakfast served in the Hotel room at 10:00 A.M. At eleven we took the finicular, or cogged railroad, up to Heidelberg Castle, and there remained until two o'clock. We had lunch there. This Castle was begun in 1296 A.D., and thereafter was added to from time to time. The last structure on the Castle, the English Tower, was finished in 1612. The Castle is situated halfway up the mountain, south of the Necker river, and overlooks the town of Heidelberg. The Neckar at this point emerges from the mountains, and flows westward over the level plains. At Mannheim the Neckar flows into the Rhine. On the southern and eastern sides this Castle was defended by a series of outworks, extending over the mountain top. On the town and river sides of the Castle there is an outer wall, 65 feet thick, and 100 or more feet high. This wall is separated from the Castle proper by a moat, 60 feet deep, and as many wide. This moat extends around the west, south and east sides of the Castle, and is flanked and covered on the western side by the loopholes of the English tower. The walls of the English tower are 32 feet thick, and the wall of the tower from the valley side rises 400 feet. This tower marked the western extremity of the English wing of the Castle. This tower was sapped and blown up by the French, who took the Castle. During
place *twice* in the Seventeenth century, together with the dungeon
tower, with its cells located 30 feet below the level of water of the
moat, and the powder tower on the south east corner of the
Castle. This latter tower has walls over 18 feet thick, and its
masonry is so massive that the explosion of the French mine beneath
it only split it in half. One half of the tower remained standing,
and the other half toppled into the moat, where it still is. A
triple towered drawbridge connected the Castle with the outworks, over
the moat on the south side of the Castle. A hundred feet in front of
this gate, the hill, which has been terraced to hold the Castle, again
begins its rise. To the east of the Castle, defended by the wall and
outworks, lie the gardens, which are very beautiful. The best view of
Heidelberg is obtained from the English Tower. Heidelberg has 50,000
inhabitants, 15,000 of whom are students. The University gives post-
graduate studies only. A man who enrolls here is supposed to have
finished his schooling, both college, law or medicine, or engineering,
or whatever else it may be he has gone in for. Heidelberg only gives
specialized work in the higher branches to a man who wants to go in
for some particular branch of research. Consequently, the students here
are not college boys, but serious men, supposedly, engaged in particular
advanced research and studies. They, therefore, board in the town, and
are very much on their own. They attend lectures, or not, just as they
choose. Nobody asked them to come to Heidelberg, and if they get any
thing accomplished it is up to them. Of course some students come here
and sign up for a few lectures, and have one or two years of good times,
before they have to settle down in life and go to work. We drive around
Heidelberg, see the University buildings, and the University church,
St. Peter's, and the New Library. Also see the Holy Ghost Church. This
Church is divided across in the middle by a partition. Half the church
belongs to the Lutherans, and the other half to the Catholics. Also see
the Jesuit Church, the Gesu, and the Monastery and the school. Pass
the barracks, which holds a garrison of 500 officers and men. We see
the old or Philosopher's bridge, and the New Bridge. Across the Neckar
is the Philosopher's road, and the Bismarck Monument. We cross the
Philosopher's Bridge, to the north bank of the Neckar, and drive to
the Inn where the student duels are held. There being no students in
town just now, there are no duels. We are shown the large room in the
Inn, at one end of which the duels take place. A small side room is
used as an improvised operating room, where the surgeons sew up the
duelists. The room had many tables and chairs, where the men of the
different dueling corps may eat and drink between fights. The end of
the room where the dueling takes place, has the floor strewn with saw-
dust when in use, so that the duelists will not slip or fall, if blood
on the floor makes the footing bad. Not all students at the University
join the corps, and fight duels. Only those who wish to do so. It is just
like going out for track, football, or debating in our colleges. You
don't have to, and most students do not. I almost forgot to mention a
wine vat we saw in the cellar of the Heidelberg Castle. It has a capacity
of 99,000 gallons. A pipe from the vat leads to the banquet hall above,
and a pump in the banquet hall attached to the pipe, assured all of those
in the hall a continuous flow of wine. Very convenient. It is said that
one of the custodians of this wine vat used to drink 18 quarts of beer a
day, which is very good drinking. We got back to the Hotel at six P.M.
Had dinner. After dinner went to a book store with mother, and then
returned to the Hotel and packed as we leave here tomorrow for Mayence.
Intend to write some letters, and then go to bed. Will use the papier
pour ecrit. Not the chosse intime papier.
Friday, August 12. Left Heidelberg on the 8:00 A.M. train for Darmstadt, where we took the through train for Mayence. We arrived at Mayence at 10:45 A.M. Boarded a boat at Mayence at 11:00 A.M., and therefore saw very little of Mayence. The day was cloudy and overcast. The last time I took a boat on this river was in 1899. That time we went up the river from Cologne to Mayence. Now we are going down the Rhine instead. It is astonishing how well I remember this river. I was eight years old when I saw it last, and that was 11 years ago. We drink Rhine wine, and enjoy the ruined castles. Pass the Mouse Tower and the rock of the Lorelei. One caslte flies an American flag, and belongs to some man from the states, who has bought it, and repaired it, and lives there in the summer. We drink Rhine wine. I like Johannesburger best, but now understand that while that brand is sold, the genuine Johannesburger is impossible to get. The vineyard where the grapes are procured for the genuine Johannesburger is only about twenty acres in extent. Therefore a litre of the real Johannesburger would set you back about $50., if you could get it at that, or any price. The best way would be to strike up a personal friendship with the Kaiser. We pass two large statues on this river, one of Germania, and the other of Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosser. This is at the junction of the Rhine and Moselle at Coblenz. There is an old fort at Coblenz, on the north bank. We arrive at Cologne, or Koln, at seven P.M. Put up at Hotel. In the evening I walked across the New Bridge across the Rhine, and around the Koln Cathedral. This Cathedral is still being finished. Legend has it that the Devil gave the architect the drawings and design for this Cathedral. This story may have been started by some rival architect who made a bid for the job and was turned down. There is also a legend that the ghost of Charlemagne walks through the Johannesberger vineyard, of course, at night.

Saturday, August 13. Early this morning got up to go through the Cathedral and the Church of St. Ursula, but did not see much as High Mass was going on at both places. In the Cathedral a Beadle asked Hugh and I, in French, if we were Catholics. We answered yes, and he let us in to the church. They evidently do not want tourists wandering about during services, and disturbing everybody. We took the train out of Koln for Amsterdam, Holland, at 10:00 A.M. We had lunch on board the train, passed Dutch customs without any trouble, and arrived in Amsterdam at 3:00 P.M. The train passed through Dusseldorf, Mulheim, and crossed the border at Arnhem. The track followed the Rhine most of the way to the Dutch border. Went to the Hotel, and rested for part of the afternoon. After dinner took a walk with Hugh through Amsterdam. We saw very many people in Dutch costumes, with wooden shoes. Tomorrow we go to the Hague, and from there to the Hook of Holland, where we take the night boat across the channel for Harwich, England. Saw a picture of Queen Wilhelmina today. She is a very good looking woman.

Sunday, August 14. Went to Mass with mother and Hugh at nine A.M. The ushers came around first with baskets, but they were only making change for the people, so they could contribute to subsequent collections. After that the damned Dutch pirates took up four collections. Holy Communion was administered before and after Mass, and at the proper time during Mass as well. There was also a sermon in Dutch, which must have been good if you could understand it, and it was very long. We then took a drive about Amsterdam. Canals, Dutch boys and girls in costume, and wooden shoes. Sledges, drawn over the cobblestones by dog power. Tall houses of wood and plaster, with steep pitched, tiled roofs, and small
windows. Some of the windows are leaded, with diamond shaped small panes of glass. Streets narrow, and for the most part cobbled.
The largest building here that we saw was the Art Museum, which contains many beautiful examples of early Dutch art. We took the 11:38 train out of Amsterdam for the Hague. Traveled through a flat, well cultivated country, intersected with canals, and dotted with small farm houses and windmills. Arrived at the Hague at 1:00 P.M. We took in the Hague. Went to the Palace in the Woods. There are fine paintings there by Reubens and Van Dyke, and there are some imitation relief, done on canvas, in the dining room of the Palace. This Palace is very rich in its ornaments, but not ostentatious. It has some fine Japanese lacquer work. Queen Wilhelmina has never stopped in this Palace, it is said. We then visited the Deer Park, near the palace, and then went on to the sea side resort of Schevinengen, if that is how the name is spelled. Broad expanse of beach there, and the place seems very popular with the Dutch. In the Hague we saw the Old Spanish Prison, Parliament, which is near the building where the last Hague Peace conference took place, the Winter Palace, and the Art Gallery. In this art gallery are many very famous pictures by Rembrant, Reubens, and one by Murillo. We saw Rembrant’s house in Amsterdam. There is a painting in this Gallery, entitled, David and Saul, for which J.P. Morgan made an offer of $1,500,000. He was turned down.
The painting of the Anatomist is also in this gallery. At 8:00 P.M., after dinner, we left the Hague, for the Hook of Holland, by train. We changed cars at Reichsdam, and arrived at the Hook of Holland and there boarded an English boat at 10:00 P.M. Went down in the dining salon of the boat and had a cut of rare roast beef, and a bottle of stout for supper. It is good to be able to talk to a waiter without having to use your hands, and point. Turned in. Cabin and accomodations are very clean and comfortable, although the boat is not very large. The boat left the Hook of Holland for Harwich at 11:30 P.M. The sea is smooth, but the sky is cloudy.

Monday, August 15. Arrived at Parkestone Quay at Harwich at 6:00 A.M. Cleared English customs without any trouble, and boarded the train leaving for London at 6:30 A.M. We passed through a rolling country, which is very green, has a neat appearance, and is highly cultivated. We arrived in Liverpool Station, London, at 8:00 A.M. Liverpool Station is the Great Eastern Railway terminus in London. We took a cab at the station, and arrived at the Russel Square Hotel, on Russel Square, at 8:30 A.M. Coming into London reminds a person very much of coming into Baltimore. The same long rows of flat looking houses. Only these houses are dirtier looking than those of Baltimore. And there are more of them. Received mail which was waiting for us at the Hotel. Had a card from Doctor Egan. Were assigned to our rooms, read our mail and had breakfast. I answered some letters, and took a walk. Then came back to the Hotel, and was directed to the British Museum by mother, who had found out that it was close by. Hugh and I walked to the Museum, and looked around for quite a while in the Museum. We returned to the Hotel at 6:00 P.M., and got ready for dinner. Had dinner in the Hotel dining room at 7:20 P.M. Now intend to take a walk with Hugh, and will then write some letters before going to bed.

Tuesday, August 16. We took a drive about the city of London today, mother Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and myself. We visited the outer and inner Temple. The London law offices are in this neighborhood. The guide told us that
in the old times the lawyers took their clients into the Church of the Temple, and talked to them there. They did this because they thought a man would be less likely to lie in a church than anywhere else. I do not know where they take their clients now. The church was originally built by the Knights Templars. We then went to Westminster Abbey. Saw the throne there on which the English King receives his crown. Also the Chapel of Henry, where the Knights of the Garter assemble. Saw the old strong room, or treasury. A robber was once caught breaking into this room, so he was skinned alive, and his hide nailed to the treasury door as a warning to other persons who might feel like robbing the treasury. A large part of the Abbey seems to be given over to tombs of various distinguished people. This gives the place a cluttered up appearance.

Ben Johnson is buried beneath the floor of the Abbey, and it is said he is buried in an upright position. Some say this was to save space. There is an inscription over this spot which reads "O rare Ben Johnson."

We saw Parliament, from the outside, the Victoria Embankment, London Bridge, Waterloo Bridge and Trafalgar Square. Also looked in at the New Gallery and the Wallace Collection. London has a population of 7,000,000 people, and covers 600 square miles. There are no tall buildings, and this may account for the large area it covers. One of London's hospitals, St. Thomas, treats 300 cases a day. We passed the British Museum. Back to the Russell square, supper and to bed.

Wednesday, August 17. To the British Museum, and read up on Egypt. I ought to be looking over London instead. There is a lot to see. Perhaps can do both. Returned to the Hotel and had dinner. Tired, so turned in early.

Thursday, August 18. This is Hugh's 18th birthday. When he got up this morning I gave him mother's birthday present, and four tickets to the Dollar Princess, which is playing here at Daly's. The seats are for tonight. Mrs. Sutherland gave him a large box of candy. Had breakfast and went over to the British Museum. Met Mrs. Sutherland there later.

Had lunch at the Russell square Hotel. Returned to Museum. Had dinner at the Hotel, and then mother, Mrs. Sutherland, Hugh and I went to Daly's theatre. Our cousin, Richard Golden, opened as lead in the Dollar Princess in London. This is the same company. Dick died in London. The best seats in the London theatres are the gallery, while the cheaper seats are in what we call the orchestra. Girls act as ushers, check room attendants, and serve refreshments between the acts. The play is a good musical comedy. The Dollar Princess is, of course, a girl from the United States whose father has lots of money. I think she marries an Englishman, which is very probable. After the theatre we went back to the Hotel and had some Chianti. Got to bed a little after midnight.

Friday, August 19. Spent most of day at British Museum, Egyptian.

Had lunch at the Hotel at 12:30 P.M., and dinner there at 7:00 P.M. In the evening we took a regular tour through the London slums. I do not see why they have regular tours through these places. They are nothing to be proud of. The poor here seem to be much worse off and more miserable and dirty than the beggars in St. Petersburg. We were taken into one reading room which is supported in connection with a Club for poor boys. Passed through the Jewish quarter. Very noisy, and many bearded men. The streets were narrow and crowded. It was late at night, but people were swarming around the streets. Back to the Hotel late and to bed. Received some mail from the States today.

Saturday, August 20. Spent from 11 A.M. to 1 P.M. at British Museum, Egyptian collection. Lunch at the Hotel at 1:30 P.M. Then took the tube, or subway, and went out to the Japanese Exposition. Return for dinner
at the Russel Square at 4:00 P.M. In the evening went with Hugh out to the Exposition and saw the fireworks. Then Hugh and I came back to the Hotel and got mildly lit.

**Sunday, August 21.** Went to Mass with mother and Hugh at the New Westminster Cathedral at 10:30 A.M. This is a very fine building, in the Byzantine style, and but recently dedicated. This means it is all paid for, as a Catholic Church cannot be dedicated until free of debt. Had lunch and went to British Museum. Returned to Hotel, and then took a walk. Had dinner with Mrs. Sutherland at the Hotel. Mother and Hugh were out. Hugh returned with mother, and Hugh and I sat up and talked. Then to bed.

**Monday, August 22.** Finished up on Egyptian collection at British Museum. Looked over their collection of North American Indian articles. There saw a Blackfoot Indian Buffalo stone, called by them I-nis-kim. These buffalo stones, according to the card on this one, are Ammonites, or fragments of Baculites. The story on the card is: That once upon a time a Blackfoot was riding over the Prairie, and heard a voice singing, "The buffalo is my father." He looked down and saw a stone, an Iniskim, singing the song. He picked the stone up and kept it, and as often as he smoked to it, and talked to it, many buffalo came near his camp. In 1908, at George Bourne's sheep ranch, in the Sweet Grass Hills in North central Montana, a sheep herder gave me one of these stones. This is the first time I have found out what it is, or what it was used for. I still have the stone. The stone in the Museum collection is painted red. Looked over Japanese paintings in Museum. Back to the Russel Square for lunch. This afternoon with mother, Mrs. Sutherland and Hugh took in the Tower of London. Saw Beefeaters, or Yeomen of the Guard, and the crown jewels on display, including the Cullinan diamond. Or is it the Kohinoor? Many suits of armor on display. Saw the spot where Henry VIII got rid of some of his wives, and the Chapel in which his wives were buried after Henry was through with them. It is the Chapel of St. Peter's ad vincula. Or in vinculam. Also saw White Tower, Bloody Tower and Traitor's Gate, and the Lord Lieutenant's Lodgings. This Tower has been a fortress, the seat of government, an arsenal, a treasury, a prison, and is now more or less of a museum, and a national monument. It is also a strong place to keep the crown jewels. Returned to Hotel for dinner at 8:00 P.M., and then listened to a concert.

**Tuesday, August 23.** Saw London by way of bus and tube, (subway), today. Have been on buses and subways before this. Took long bus ride up High Holborn street, on a two-decker, which all of these busses are. Rode on the top deck. High Holborn is the longest street I have ever ridden up. It seems to go on and on. After an hour, got discouraged, and turned back. Also went up Tottenham Court Road. The subways or tubes are very easy to get about London in. There are large maps of the entire tube system, with transfer points clearly marked, and names of stations, at each station. Then on the roof of each car in the tube is a map of the particular line you are riding on, with transfer points also marked. It is most easy to chart a course about London in the tubes. In fact it is easier to get around London, and find your way, underground, than it is on the surface. Nearest tube station to our Hotel is Marble Arch. Went again to the Tate Gallery, and took a look at the National Gallery. Hugh and I walked along the Strand. Also up Piccadilly. On the latter street, and near Piccadilly Circus, had a fine opportunity of noting the London street walkers doing their stuff. These are for the most part youngish girls, but plain looking and somewhat shabby. It requires no virtue of a Saint Anthony to turn them down. They dress in black. They
do not solicit openly, but stop men on different excuses. At least, Hugh and I were not asked by them to go with them. One pair stopped us and asked the way to Charing Cross, and another pair stopped us and asked for the time. They seemed very pleasant, but plain. Both pairs were dressed in black, which seems to be the uniform of the street walking profession here. Near a street corner I saw one girl operate. Her plant was to come around the corner in a hurry, and run into a man, as if by accident. She would then say: So sorry, pause a moment and then go on down the street a bit, and come back to the corner and try it again. This is not a good system. There is no medical inspection or supervision or control over these women, as far as I can determine. A restricted district, run on a business basis, and paying taxes, the same as any other business, and with proper police and medical supervision is ideal. In this respect the Japanese have the best system in the world. William L. Curtis gives an excellent account of that system. In the States the people are filled up with a lot of junk about white slavery. Bunk. These women sell themselves because they want to. Some of them fall for a man, give him all their money, and the man bails them out if they get pinched, and beats them up when he feels like beating someone up that he can lick. I read the Immigration report on the Mann Act a couple of years ago. The girls certainly gave the inspectors a great line of talk. Some of them were sore at their men, evidently, and made the story good. Besides, a woman in this line will tell any kind of a yarn, if there is something in it for her. Returned to the Russell Square, and am now writing letters. Dinner, and got packed. We leave for Scotland tomorrow morning. Mrs. Sutherland will remain in London, and catch up with us at Liverpool, where we take the S.S. Megantic.

Wednesday, August 24. Mother, Hugh and I left London from St. Pancra's Station, the terminus of the North British Railroad, on the Edinburgh Express at 9:00 A.M. The day is cloudy and threatening. The train is a crack train, in fact the best I have ridden on in Europe or the United States. It is a vestibule train, with compartments connected by corridors. The cars are very clean, the road bed is good, and the train proceeds at an average rate of 60 miles an hour without any jarring or noise. There are no sharp curves, and no grade crossings were noticed. The train makes hardly any stops, and its motion is very smooth, and even. There is a dining car, in which we are served an excellent Table d'Hôtel dinner. There is no a la carte service on the dining car. But a wine list is provided from which a selection can be made. The train is free of dust, dirt and noise. During the first part of the journey the country is very green and well kept, and well cultivated. As we go further north, and into Scotland, the country becomes hilly and barren. Toward evening a mist came up from the lowlands. We arrived at Melrose at 8:00 P.M., where the train made a short stop. We got off at Melrose and put up at an Inn, The George and Abbotsford. It is very comfortable. Had shandygaff, served in pewter mugs from the tap room. This drink is half beer and half ginger ale, or ginger beer, as they call it here. The beds at the Inn are clean and comfortable. Have supper and go to bed.

Thursday, August 25. Had breakfast at the Inn. Then took a carriage and drove to Sir Walter Scott's home at Abbotsford, passing Waverly on the way. It rained. Abbotsford is preserved as it was in Scott's lifetime. It is a very comfortable country home. It has a large library, well stocked with books, and many other interesting relics collected by Sir Walter. Among these are the pistols and blotting pad which belonged to Napoleon Bonaparte, a rather slanderous and inaccurate history of whom was compiled by Scott. But he was moved by the passions of the time.
When history is written from patriotic motives, it cannot stand much scrutiny. The collection also contains the crucifix carried by Mary, Queen of Scott's at her execution. Returned to the George and Abbotsford for lunch. The weather clears up. In the afternoon we drove to Dryburg Abbey, which is five miles from Melrose. Scott is buried at Dryburg. It rained some more. The Abbey is in ruins, only the chapter house being in a good state of preservation. Driven in the rain to Melrose Abbey. It cleared somewhat when we got there, so we were taken around without getting too wet. Our guide gave appropriate verses from Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel in our tour of Melrose. Part of the action is set in this Abbey. The tomb of the Wizard, Micheal Scott is here, and the tombs of the Douglases, over which the banners waved when the tomb of Michael Scott was robbed. On the side of the Douglas tombs, and nearest the altar, is buried the heart of Bruce. Bruce had vowed to go to the Holy Land, but died before he could carry out the vow. He asked his friend Sir James Douglas to have his heart put in a casket and take it to the Holy Land, and place it on the Tomb of the Savior there. Douglas set out with a retinue of knights, and got as far as Spain, where he joined the king of Spain in a battle with the Saracens. The Saracens wiped out Douglas and his company, and the casket, containing Bruce's heart was found on the battlefield, and shipped back to Scotland and buried here at Melrose. No two pillars or windows in this Abbey are alike, and yet all harmonize. The church, as far as the walls are concerned, is in a fine state of preservation. The East, Calvary and Crown of Thorns windows are very fine. The glass of these windows has long since disappeared, but the stone tracery that made their main design intact. In the keystone of the vaulted arch of the entrance through the altar screen is carved a head of Christ. Above the side altars, beneath which are the family vaults, is a window symbolic of the Trinity. Three half moons, or elongated crescents, coming from the perimeter of the circle of the window, and touching at the ends in the center of the circle. Three in one, is the symbolism. We returned to the Inn, packed, and left for Edinburgh on the 7:30 P.M. train. Arrived at Edinburgh at 8:30 P.M., and put up at the North British Hotel. This Hotel is in the same building as the North British Railroad Station, and is a very fine hotel run by the North British Railroad. I forgot to mention that the house at Abbotsford has a very fine collection of arms in its armory. Some very fine claymores, and suits of armor. Supper, and go to bed.

**Friday, August 30.** Weather is threatening. We took a drive through Edinburgh seeing the city, and monuments to Scotland and to Livingstone, the great explorer. Also passed Edinburgh University. After lunch at the Hotel went to Edinburgh Castle. Saw there the fortifications, the large cannon called Mons Meg, the Hall where the young Douglases were assassinated, (in 1440), St. Margaret's chapel, built in 1100, which makes it the oldest building in Edinburgh, the Crown jewels of Scotland, and the room where Mary Queen of Scots gave birth to king James I. Also saw the Half Moon Battery. Then bought a very Scotch cap, and walked up Colton Hill and saw the Nelson Monument, and a monument called "Scotland's Disgrace." This latter monument was started as a memorial to the Scots who fell at the Battle of Waterloo, but the Scots got thrifty, and quit contributing to the fund, so the monuments was never completed. It was meant to be a Greek temple, or something like it, but not being completed, looks like some classical ruin. Being on a hill, no one can miss seeing it. From Edinburgh Castle the place of Robert Louis Stevenson's birth is pointed out to us. Returned to the Hotel and had dinner. Packed, as we leave for Aberfoyle tomorrow.
Edinburgh has a population (1901) of 316,479. It has modern buildings, stores and street cars, but has many old buildings as well. The old buildings, or some of them, are very tall. Ten or twelve stories.

Saturday, August 27. We left Edinburgh on the 9:03 A.M. train for Aberfoyle. Aberfoyle is North of West of Edinburgh, and the road runs along the Forth River, which flows east into the Firth of Forth. The country is rolling, barren, and has many lakes. We arrive at Aberfoyle at 11:52 A.M., and have lunch at the Baile Nichol Jarvie Hotel, or Inn. We leave the Baile Nichol Jarvie Hotel at 12:45 P.M., by carriage, for Loch Katrine. We travel north over a rolling country, and there is much purple heather on the hillsides. Toward the end of our journey the road goes down grade to the Trossachs, a green, marshy bit of country lying between Loch Katrine and Loch Achray and Loch Vennachar. These Lakes lie east and west through their greatest length, and are narrow but long. West of the Trossachs lies Loch Katrine, and east lies a small lake, Loch Achray, and east of Achray lies a large lake, Loch Vennachar.

Arrive at the boat landing at Loch Katrine, the easternmost end of the lake, at 2:10 P.M., and there take a boat. The boat steams westward, up the lake. The weather is blustery, there is a head wind, and the waters of the lake are choppy. The purple heather of the hillsides surrounding the lake is very fine. At 3:00 P.M. the boat docks at Stratenschachen, where we take a carriage, and head about due west, over the moors for Loch Lomond. The road leads over more rolling moors, with purple heather. At 4:10 P.M. we reach Inversnaid on Loch Lomond, the latter part of our trip being made in a rain storm. This is a great grouse country. Strips of whitened tin are attached at intervals to the telephone wires that parallel the road, to keep the grouse from flying into the wires and getting hurt or killed. This explanation of the driver seems a bit fishy at first, but on second thought it is the only reasonable explanation for hanging bits of whitened tin on to telephone wires. The telephone wires along this road is really a single telephone wire, and would be invisible, if it were not for the pieces of tin fastened along the wire.

We had tea and scones at Inversnaid. Loch Lomond is a large lake, long, but not very broad. Its greatest length lies north and south. At 4:45 P.M. we leave by steamer, headed south down the lake. On the way we pass the Hunting Lodge of the Duke of Montrose, on the shore of the lake. A very impressive hunting lodge. The boat arrives at Balloch, at the foot of the lake at 6:35 P.M. Water smooth, but light showers. A train is waiting the boat, and we leave at once for Glasgow, which is southwest of Balloch. The track runs near the Clyde, and we go up the Clyde to Glasgow. The train arrives in Glasgow, at the North British Station at 7:23 P.M. This is called Queen's Station. We put up at the North British Hotel.

We had grouse for dinner, which was very gamey. They like their game pretty well decomposed up this way, before they think it fit to eat. Hence the gamey taste. Left the Hotel at 9:45 P.M., and drove to St. Enoch's station, and there took the 10:20 P.M. boat train to Androssan. We arrived at Androssan at 11:30 P.M. and there boarded the steamer, which is bound for Belfast. The boat is small and the quarters are crowded.

Sunday, August 28. The boat arrived in Belfast at 4:00 A.M., after a rough and stormy passage across the Irish sea. The course lay down the Firth of Clyde, across the North Channel, and then in to Belfast. We got off the boat at 7:00 A.M. and put up at the Royal Avenue Hotel. We went to Mass at St. Mary's, around the corner from the Hotel, and came back to the Hotel and had breakfast. Wrote a letter, rested up from the boat trip, and then had dinner. In the afternoon took a jaunting car, and went for a ride around Belfast. The jaunting car is very comfortable.
It is drawn by one horse, and is a two wheeled cart. The seats face outward, and the three passengers and driver sit two and two, back to back, facing outward. The driver does not really sit like the fares, but rather faces toward his horse. Belfast has fine residences in its suburbs, and a large and beautiful park. Saw St. Patrick's Cathedral. Came back to the Hotel at 4:00 P.M. and took a rest, and later on a walk through the city. Had dinner at the Hotel. Will now write some letters.

Monday, August 29. Took train from Belfast to Castle Derg. This place lies west of Belfast, is in County Tyrone, near the border of Donegal, and is in Ulster. It is on the river Derg, above Lake Derg. We there met an old man who had known mother's father, Hugh Galen. His name was Daugherty. Hugh took a photograph of the Inn at Castle Derg, which Hugh Galen's father kept there 80 years ago. Found the grave of Hugh Galen's father in the church cemetery. The priest had us up to his house and served sherry, and asked if we knew some people who lived, he thought, in Philadelphia. We did not, Hugh Galen's father could drink any man in the country under the table, and lived to a ripe old age. They were still talking about his prowess in Castle Derg. His son, Hugh Galen, could whip any boy in the county, or surrounding counties, bare fists, London Prize rings rules. They still talked about him. They used to assemble for fights at the Inn, and anybody could come in and fight who felt like it. Castle Derg connects with the main line by a small very narrow gauged dinky train. Took that back to the main line at Omagh, and then by train to Enniskillen, which is between upper and lower Loch Erne in County Fermanagh, Ulster. This was the birthplace of Matilda Galen, mother's mother. Hugh Galen went to the States first, and then sent for Matilda, who joined him in San Francisco, and there married him. They moved to Tumwater, Washington, where mother was born. They then came to Montana by covered wagon. Did not get any lowdown on grandmother's people. Perhaps because Enniskillen is a larger town than Castle Derg, which is a village. We remained in Enniskillen for the night.

Tuesday, August 30. Had breakfast, and then took a row boat, with a man to row it, and were thus taken to the ruins on the islands in the lake. Saw Devenish and its ruined church and Abbey. There is a fine stone tower there, a round tower. Looked over the ruins, and other ruins on the shores of the lake, and bought a very good booklet on Devenish, giving its history, and a survey of its ruins. Were rowed back to Enniskillen, had lunch, and took a train leaving for Dublin at 1:30 P.M. Arrived in Dublin at 5:45 P.M., and put up at the Shamrock Hotel. Had dinner and took a walk. There is a park across from the Hotel, but it is locked up at night. Reason is obvious. Around the park there is a fence, composed of a long chain, supported at intervals by stone posts. Sitting on the chain, between each interval, is a boy and a girl. In spite of the discomfort of such a seat, each couple seems to be having a grand time, and they do not care a hoot who knows it, or sees it. But no one pays any attention. Saw a grey haired old lady in the lobby of the Hotel. She was knitting, and at the same time smoking a long, black cigar, with great enjoyment.

Wednesday, August 31. Spent morning in reading room of Library, and took walk over to the Museum, where I met Hugh. There is a fine collection of Gaelic Antiquities and manuscripts in the Museum. Returned to Hotel, had lunch and wrote letters. Then we took a jaunting car drive around the city, and out to Phoenix Park. Saw Dublin Castle, also. Mother has received word from Doctor and Mrs. Lennox that they will take us in charge tomorrow. Went to a bookstore and ordered a book, Uyehara on the Political Development of Japan. The book will be sent to the Megantic at Liverpool. Back to the Hotel and had dinner at 7:30 P.M. Then Hugh and I
went to the Rotunda, a cinema, or motion picture theatre, and saw the film of the Jeffries-Johnson fight. Girls ushers at the theatre, who
give the programs, and are tipped a penny or so in return. Jeffries
certainly took a beating from the coon. These pictures are not shown in
England, being prohibited. In England the superiority of white men, and
especially Englishmen, over people of darker skins, is one of the things
that must be believed in. And showing a picture where a black man whips
a white man wouldn't do at all. Brutalizing, and all that sort of thing,
you know, say the English. But the Irish like a good sporting event, no
matter who wins it. Returned to Hotel and found the Lennoxes there
visiting mother. We all visited for a time, and the Lennoxes left. We
went to bed.

Thursday, September 1. Have seen Dublin all day with the Lennoxes, and am
full of Irish hospitality. In other words, alcohol. Dublin has a popula-
tion of about 300,000, or about the same as Washington, D.C. But it is
a much more compact town, and a far more lively place than Washington.
The Lennoxes came to the Hotel in a large six cylindered limousine at
11:00 A.M. They took us first to Dublin University. In the Library there
we saw the manuscript known as the Book of Kells. Also signatures of
Mary, Queen of Scotts, Ben Johnson, Dean Swift, and others. Likewise a
manucript of the Book of the Dead. They then took us to St. Mary's, a
College, and we paid our respects to Father Rector in his office. The
Rector straightway had a double magnum of champagne, in a bucket of ice,
with glasses brought in and opened. Champagne in the morning evidently
holds no terrors for the Irish. After killing the champagne, the Rector
took us around to inspect the classes at his college. Felt like I was
walking on mattresses. Next saw St. Patrick's Cathedral (Protestant) which
I like better than Westminster. Saw the Lord Lieutenant's Palace. We
had lunch at the Dolphin. Many drinks. Visited some friends, several
friends, of the Lennoxes, and they all put out. Mostly Irish whiskey, but
some Scotch. Drove out to Bray, a seaside resort, for tea. There was tea.
Also Scotch and soda. Drove on to Kingston. On the way to Bray we passed
Boss Croker's estate. He moved here with what he had stolen from New York
City, and bought a fine estate, and accumulated a large racing stable.
We drove back to Bray for dinner, and took a walk on the Esplanade there.
In the bar at Bray Doctor Lennox introduced Hugh and myself to a man who
writes for Punch, the leading English comic. This writer specializes on
mean cracks about the Yankees. He explained that he really liked the
Yankees, but that the readers of Punch liked his cracks about them, so
he kept on writing them, because there was a good living at it. Have
lapped up Scotch and Irish whiskey all day. Later in the afternoon, on the
way to Bray, we picked up the Rector of St. Mary's, and took him out and
threw a few drinks into him. It has been quite a day. Back at the Hotel
late, and pack our bags, as we leave for Liverpool tomorrow morning.

Friday, September 2. Took the boat train out of Dublin at 8:00 A.M. and
arrived at Kingston at 8:10 A.M. Left Kingston for Holyhead on the first
mail boat at 8:15 A.M. Landed at Holyhead, England, at 11:40 A.M., after
a smooth passage across the Irish channel. Took noon train out of Holy-
head. There is no dinner aboard the train, and so no lunch. Changed cars at
Manchester at 2:00 P.M., taking train which brought us in to Liverpool at
2:55 P.M. There was no cab to meet us as arranged. We went to the Adelphi
Hotel in Liverpool, but had to wait until rooms were made ready for us.
A matter of fifteen minutes. There was no mail waiting for us at the Hotel.
We had lunch in the grill room of the Hotel at 2:30 P.M. I then took a
nap. Woke up at 7:00 P.M., and found books I had ordered in London and
Dublin had been delivered at the Hotel. Had dinner at 8:00 P.M., and after dinner met two girls from the States, Misses Graves and Haggerty. Took a walk to look around Liverpool. Came back later and found Miss Graves visiting with mother. Talked awhile with mother and Miss Graves. Ran into Miss Haggerty in the hall. Went to room and to bed.

Saturday, September 3. Had breakfast at the Hotel with mother and Hugh at 9:00 A.M. Then went to Cook's and to the White Star Line dock, but found the Megantic would not dock until 5:30 P.M. The people here referred to the White Star docks as the kennedy docks. It took some time to have it dawn on me that this was their way of pronouncing Canada. Went back to the hotel. Miss Graves was talking to mother. Went out with Miss Graves, and around with her while she attended to some errands, and then went with her to the Art Gallery. Then returned to the Hotel with her, and said goodbye. She is sailing on the Cedric at 2:30 P.M. Had lunch at the Hotel, and then mother, Hugh and I started for a taxi drive. Our first taxi broke down, so we took another taxi. Drive to Childwall Abbey. This is the remains of an old Priory, and belongs to the Marquis of Salisbury. Drove through the suburbs of Liverpool. Liverpool is a city of about 664,947 inhabitants. On returning to city went to Art Gallery with mother. Saw a very fine picture by Poynter called "Faithful unto Death." It shows a Roman soldier guarding one of the gates of Pompeii. He looks more awe-struck than afraid, in the glare of Mount Vesuvius. But he is remaining at his post, until relieved. The picture is painted on a basis of fact. Many bodies of Roman soldiers were found, at their posts, when Pompeii was excavated. After visiting several stores we at last succeeded in getting some copies of this picture, and also a good copy of a picture called "Dawn." Bought some post cards. Returned to the Hotel at 4:30 P.M. We packed up, and drove to the docks, but there had to wait, as the Megantic was late getting in. Went on board the Megantic at 5:00 P.M. Mrs. Sutherland joined us shortly afterwards. She came down from London today on the boat train, which arrived here at 5:40 P.M. We got our deck chairs from the deck steward, and engaged our places at the table in the dining salon. My dress suit from Therkelsen's in Copenhagen was delivered at the boat in time, together with a bill for 100 and some odd kroner. Very reasonable. The Megantic sailed a little after six P.M. We had dinner at eight P.M. We took second table, as the hours are more convenient. In other words will not have to get up so early. Took walk on deck with mother and Hugh after dinner. Outside the capes is a fresh wind, and the boat is rolling slightly. It is now ten P.M.

Sunday, September 4. Our cabins on this boat are very comfortable. I got up at 10:30 A.M., and had broth on deck at 11:00 A.M. Read. Walked. Had lunch. Read. Walked. Had tea. Scattered fogs during the afternoon. Met a Canadian, named Ivar Jackson. He is returning home, having completed his course at Oxford. Took a walk with him on upper deck. Then Hugh invited me to the lounge to have a drink. Had dinner. The sea is getting rougher, and there is wind from the south west. It is a steady breeze.

Monday, September 5. Had hot salt water bath this morning. Breakfast at 9:30 A.M. Read, and took walks with mother and with Ivar Jackson. Had lunch. Spent afternoon in cabin reading. Then took walk with Jackson. Had dinner. Read. Took a walk with Hugh. There was music this evening. A heavy head sea on all day. Weather is fair and colder, but we are going against a head wind.

Tuesday, September 6. Got up at 8:00 A.M. Fairly heavy sea coming from port quarter. There is a stiff wind, later it gets misty. Read, and later walked with mother and with Jackson. The weather cleared. We sighted a porpoise today off to starboard. There were fine northern lights tonight.
Wednesday, September 7. The day is fair, but with occasional rain squalls. There is a light swell, and stiffening breeze off starboard. Read and took a walk with Jackson, who comes from Vancouver. Introduced him to mother. Later Jackson and I had a game of shuffleboard. Played chess with Hugh. Took a walk with mother. Finished a book, W.W. Jacobs, Many Cargoes.

Thursday, September 8. At 16:00 A.M. we sighted an iceberg. That is the watch officers sighted an iceberg, and the passengers were informed of it. I was not up then. At noon land was sighted, off starboard. Sea is smooth and weather clear. Took walk with mother and with Jackson.

Started to read again Parkman's Old Regime in Canada. There was a dance tonight. Did not go. Am not such a hot dancer. Took a walk. There is a breeze, and we are heading right into it.

Friday, September 9. Sea was rough in the morning, but smooth in the afternoon. Wind is dead ahead. Read Parkman. Took mother for a walk. Was introduced to a Miss Allen, and friend. Took a walk with Jackson. He is a great admirer of Kipling. Land is sighted again. It rained in the afternoon. Tonight we had a big dinner. In the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The dinner was the Captain's dinner.

Saturday, September 10. Got up and had breakfast. Took walk with mother and with Jackson. In river St. Lawrence. At noon we came in sight of Quebec. At 1:00 P.M. we docked at Quebec. Had lunch and went ashore at 3:30 P.M., taking Jackson with us. Took a carriage and went to see Quebec. First drove to the Chateau Frontenac, the Canadian Pacific railroad Hotel here. There we sent a telegram, changed our money and bought stamps. Drove about the Old City of Quebec, and saw some of the Old City walls and gates. Saw the Citadel, and had tea at Chateau Frontenac. Also drove out to the Plains of Abraham, where Wolf defeated Montcalm, but was wounded mortally in the latter part of the battle, and died on the field. Saw the cathedral, which was founded in 1688. Returned to the ship and had dinner. There was a dance on board which lasted until 1:00 A.M. At 1:00 A.M. we cast off, and headed up river for Montreal. Had lemonade with Jackson, and took a walk with Hugh. Turned in after 1:00 A.M.

Sunday, September 11. The Megantic anchored off Three Rivers early this morning to wait for flood tide to get us over the Lachine Rapids, which block the river for large ships above Three Rivers at all times except flood tide. Took walk with Jackson and mother. Then Jackson went to see a Miss Roberts, whom he has just met. Had dinner. After dinner we up anchored and started up the river once more. At 6:00 P.M. we docked at Montreal. Had supper. Walked with mother and Jackson. Pack ed. Went to bed.

Monday, September 12. Went ashore at 10:00 A.M. after saying goodbye to Jackson and other friends on board. Drove to Railroad Station. United States customs examination of trunks there. Severe examination. Montreal crowded. Eucharistic Congress just breaking up. Met Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop Carrol of Helena, Montana, and Father Gibbons of St. Paul, in Station. Also saw Cardinal Vanutelli. Much rush and confusion. The railroad traffic is in bad shape. The 10:05 A.M. train did not leave until noon. We had seats on that train in day coach. United States Customs examined our hand luggage on board the train, before reaching the boundary at Rouses Point. Train split into two sections at Plattsburg, New York. We changed there to Parlor Car section of train. Only mother and Mrs Sutherland got seats. Arrived in New York City at 1:00 A.M., and went to the Victoria Hotel. Went to bed.
Tuesday, September 13. Got up at 8:00 A.M. Felt all right after bath, barber shop, and shoe shine and breakfast. Feel almost white now. Very hot. Went to Museum of Natural History. Mother and Hugh left me there and went on. Made inquiries there about their publications. Returned to Victoria by the elevated, and had lunch there by myself. Took a walk, and then a nap at the Hotel. Then had dinner with mother and Hugh at the Imperial Hotel, at 7:00 P.M. We went from Imperial to the Hippodrome, and saw the Ballet Show let out at 11:00 P.M. Returned to the Victoria Hotel. Mrs. Sutherland left us this morning. The day is fair, but was very hot. All of us are well.

Wednesday, September 14. Had breakfast with mother at 8:00 A.M. loafed, read the morning paper and took a walk. The James Blaine Walkers came in to see us at 1:15 P.M. Mrs. Walker, Miss Walker and Mr. Walker Jr. We had lunch with them at the Imperial Hotel. We all then returned to the Victoria, said goodbye to the Walkers, packed, and went to the Hudson Terminal Station by way of the Hudson Tube. There took the Congressional Limited, Pennsylvania Railroad, for Washington, at 3:30 P.M. Had a pleasant and cool ride to Washington, arriving at 8:30 P.M., on time. Bill Blakeley met us at the Union Station. We took a taxi home. A new set of electric street lights have been installed on 15th Street, during our absence from the city. They are very handsome looking lights. When we reached home the Misses Phillips were there to greet us, and Jennie. Jennie had supper ready, and Ed. Carter came in. I telephoned Billie Miltenberger. Ed Carter spent the night with us. We went to bed fairly early.