

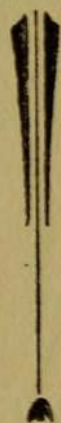


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Excerpts from Diary by PHOEBE F. MacKENZIE

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO SAN FRANCISCO ROUND THE WORLD TOUR

(NOTE.—The following excerpts from the diary of Miss Phoebe MacKenzie, who with her mother, Mrs. F. F. MacKenzie, and brother, Mr. W. E. MacKenzie, and Mrs. M. E. Coit, left on a World Tour early last Spring are reprinted from the columns of The Marin Journal, San Rafael, California. Installment letters were sent from different ports enroute.)

At Sea, April 9th, 1927.—At last the "World Tour" is something more than a mere topic of conversation—something to dream about and plan for! Here we are at last our little party of four, afloat on the broad Pacific, heading out into the (for us) unknown seas! Promptly at 3:45 this afternoon the warning signal sounded throughout the ship, commanding all visitors to go ashore, and we were soon deserted by our friends and as the clock struck four our good ship, the S. S. President Garfield of the Dollar Line, began to slide slowly and gracefully from Pier 44, San Francisco, on her eleventh voyage around the globe. With the ship's orchestra playing, confetti, balloons and serpentine flying from all the decks, a few tearful passengers scattered here and there, the final "get-away" was made.

An untimely and unwelcome April shower crowded in on us, just at this time, but our good friends "stood by" on the long pier until the Garfield was well under way. As we were sailing down the bay, the clouds lifted and the sun peeked through, blinking a sort of "fare-ye-well"—while over the city spread a glorious rainbow! The effect was very beautiful. The sun shining brightly through the mist and the cloudy April skies, produced a radiant light over the city and the Sausalito Hills, and we left the Golden Gate with a lovely scene stamped upon our memories.

By dinner time, 7 p. m., it was quite rough, and we were glad to leave the dining room as soon as possible and hasten to our rooms, where a bed was the only appropriate refuge at such a time.

Monday, April 11.—Spent the day in bed yesterday. Not one of us were sea-sick but "two of us" were tired out, from the excitement of getting away and a day in bed seemed quite a luxury.

Today dawned bright and clear, the ocean spread out like a sheet of glass all around us. Breakfasted at 8:30, walked our mile on deck, stretched out in our steamer chairs, took our Boullion at 10:30, responded to the call for "Tiffin" at one o'clock, walked another mile, tried to read, but looked at the ocean instead—ever marvelling at its magnitude and at its increasing blueness. We may be able to settle down to reading later, but it seems impossible now.

Wednesday, April 13.—We have many interesting passengers aboard, the most famous probably being Miss Armine Von Temski, the young authoress from the Island of Maui. She is returning to her home in the Islands, after a business trip to Los Angeles, where she signed a contract with a moving picture concern to film her latest book "Hula" which has just been published. She has already realized \$17,000 on the sale of this book.

Most of our passengers are leaving us at Honolulu for an indefinite stay. The war in China and unsettled conditions there forced many people to cancel their reservations, but the people who, like ourselves, have no intention of stopping over in China, feel that it is perfectly safe, to continue on our way.

Honolulu, April 16.—Our first port of call, Honolulu, is so well known—it seem unnecessary to make any comment at all on this lovely island city. One member of our party had visited Honolulu before, many years ago, and was greatly surprised at the modern city which now holds such an important position on the Pacific. It seems like a glimpse of another world, as one roams about among its tropical plants, shubbery and flowers. The new hotel, "The Royal Hawaiian," opened last January, is modern in every way and furnished most luxuriously and with a color scheme that rivals the gorgeous array of plants and flowers in their wonderful garden. The new aquarium is a center of interest among tourists where fish peculiar to the tropics are exhibited. They, like everything else in the islands, are famous for their wonderful coloring.

Kobe, Japan, April 30. — Leaving Honolulu on April 17th, the four thousand mile journey across the Pacific, to Kobe, Japan, was completed according to schedule, the S.S. Garfield arriving in port at 6 a. m. April 29th, after a very delightful voyage through smooth seas, the greater part of the way.

Kobe is a city of great importance in Japan. Their shipping is extensive, and it gave every indication of being a great seaport. Ships were in port from all parts of the globe and the hotels filled with tourists.

We left the Oriental Hotel at Kobe at 9:30 for 160-mile ride through Kobe and suburbs, touching at Kyoto, Nara and Osaka, the "earthquake city." We visited several native Buddha and Shinto Temples. It was the Emperor's birthday, and a gala day throughout Japan. We were fortunate in happening in on such a day. Thousands of Japanese in holiday attire, were wending their way to the temples and bowing before the shrines, throwing handfuls of money in a huge chest with a lattice top. The temple at Kyoto is situated on the crest of a

hill. Two long flights of stairs, almost a foot deep, made of stone, led up to the temple. These were thronged by geisha girls, coolies, children by the thousands, old men and women, several hundreds of groups of women in uniform, groups of boys in a sort of boy scout regalia, soldiers in uniform, all mingling together in common worship.

We drove through village after village thronged with gayly dressed Japanese. The streets in the villages are all narrow — some of them scarcely four feet and few of them more than ten feet wide. On either side are displayed the gay things so typical of Japan. Our chauffeur was driving a seven passenger Nash. How he ever handled the car in those narrow streets making short turns on the corners, dodging men, women and children, every step of the way, without harming either them or the machine, seemed miraculous. We passed through some very lovely country with mountains on either side of us. The villages lie mostly in the valley and the whole country side seems to be under cultivation. We stopped for tiffin at the Hotel Kyoto, quite a fashionable place and thronged with tourists. Later we continued our journey arriving at Nara just before six o'clock, the hour when the gate of the temple closed. Our crowd got a hurried glimpse of this Buddhist Temple, situated in the center of the very extensive Maruyama Park. This park is famous for the "sacred deer." There were, perhaps, a hundred of them wandering around, among the holiday crowd. The temple gong ringing at intervals, in a deep rich long drawn-out tone—added just another touch of Oriental beauty. After tea at the very picturesque Hotel Nara, situated on the hill above the river, we started on the return trip to Kobe via Osaka, the largest industrial city in Japan.

The following morning was devoted to exploring the shops of Kobe. A ride by rickshaw brought us to the

Motomache or market place. This is a long narrow street with shops on either side and the street itself all confusion, with people of many different nationalities, thronging the thoroughfare and richshaws were running in all directions carrying sight-seers, tourists and native buyers to and fro. Kobe has many fine native shops, and many modern European styles of buildings in different sections. Kyoto was almost all Japanese and Osaka was a mixture of Oriental and European buildings and streets. One new road recently completed running between Osaka and Kob, twenty miles in length of fine pavement, was a road any city might be proud of.

Our steamer was scheduled to leave at noon so we hurried back to the dock, where everything connected with the departure of a world cruise was in full swing. Our dock was thronged with native salesmen, displaying their wares. Everything from pearls, jade and ivory, Damosene and Satsuma ware, silk goods of various kinds, gayly colored kimonas, matting rugs and cushions. Everything on sale for what ever was offered at sailing time. We left the pier at 12:30. It was a lovely warm day, and very clear. The city loomed up in such a different way from the early morning view, which we had of it the day before. All afternoon sailing through the Inland Sea, famous for its beauty, we were passing one scenic point after another. We sat on deck watching until we could watch no longer.

The next morning at 5 o'clock, we passed through "The Narrows," one of the great scenic spots of the whole trip, and very similar to our "Inside Passage in Alaska." It is a dangerous piece of water as well as beautiful and can only be navigated by large vessels, when the tides are just right. In our next installment we will tell you all about Shanghai, Hong Kong and Manila where we are today.

Shanghai, May 3, 1927—We arrived off the coast of China last evening, and after taking on the pilot at ten o'clock, were prepared to steam up the river to Shanghai with the tide. The pilot, however, had been instructed to hold us outside until daylight. It was necessary to wait for high tide to get across the "Fairy Flats" at the mouth of the river. So we were held in the outer harbor until 1:30 p. m. The reason given for entering by day was that a sister ship, the President Lincoln, had been fired on many times the week before, while running up the river past the native city during the night. Printed slips were handed the passengers, asking them not to use the starboard side of the vessel after passing the International Settlement as there was a possibility of stray shots coming from the native quarters. The Dollar boats dock at their own wharves, some five or six miles up the river.

It was the most thrilling sight imaginable, this entry into Shanghai during the present war there. Three cruisers stood guard at the entrance of the Whangpoo. All the way up the river, for thirty miles we were passing steamers, large ocean liners, and the smaller inter-coastal boats, freighters, sampans, fishing boats and every imaginable craft, common to the Chinese. Added to all this shipping, was the presence of forty-six cruisers, destroyers, etc., flying the flags of Great Britain, France, Japan, Spain, Italy, the Netherlands and the United States. Any feeling of uneasiness among the passengers of the President Garfield as we approached Shanghai, was instantly dispelled when we beheld this mighty array of battleships.

We reached the Dollar wharves about five o'clock and by five-thirty people were going ashore, but many of the passengers waited until morning, before storming the city gates.

Wednesday, May 4—We were all up early this morning, eager for our first glimpse of Shanghai. Left on

a Garfield "tender" about eighty-three. Called on the Shanghai Guide Association in the Robert Dollar Building, 3 Canton Road. They gave us information about reliable stores, etc.—and we made arrangements with them for a tour of the city the following day. We met many of our steamer friends on the streets which made even the queer, unfamiliar streets of Shanghai take on a friendlier appearance. Our introduction to the shopping district was somewhat startling. Just as we were nearing a certain corner in the business district a shot rang out, and soon a mob gathered, and we could see an officer grabbing a man by the throat. We did not wait to investigate further, but got out of the way as quickly as possible. This little experience "took the edge" off our enjoyment of Shanghai that morning.

The streets were well patrolled by troops from Great Britain, France, Japan, America and other countries, so that tourists felt reasonably safe except from stray bullets. No one was allowed in the native city, no one could leave town for the interior and everyone was ordered off the streets by midnight. We spent most of our time touring the shops, looking for things which we saw in the windows. It was almost impossible to locate them, for we could not make anyone understand just what we wanted. We were not easily discouraged, however, and finally succeeded in locating some of things we were looking for.

People visiting in the Orient for the first time have a rather hard time making up their mind to ride in a "rickshaw," the Chinese conveyance de luxe. After lunch at the Palace Hotel, we walked for miles about the city streets rather than ride in one of the many rickshaws which were following us and offering to convey us anywhere in the city. They carry you about in the hot sun from one end of the city to the other and their fee for an hour is fifty cents mex, which is equal to our quarter of a

dollar. The streets are so narrow, and the sidewalks the greater part of the way on Nanking Road, were wide enough only for single file method of sightseeing. We were losing one another constantly in the confusion of human traffic, and it gave us an uncomfortable feeling to be constantly rubbing shoulders with so many queer looking Chinese. We were all exceedingly thankful that we had been vaccinated before leaving home, especially after reading the notices, displayed on all street corners, advising vaccination every two years.

Thursday, May 5—A motor tour through the streets of Shanghai, took up most of our time today. We visited all the interesting sections of the city that were not forbidden. We were astounded at the amount of barbed wire entanglements that had been used during the recent outbreaks and are still used to keep the Chinese hordes from storming the city. It gave one the "creeps" to think about what these Shanghai people have been through in the last few months. No section of the city seemed to have escaped. They are all protected now by armed troops which patrol the city. England is given all the credit for saving Shanghai. She sent many thousands of troops and rushed them there, just in time to save the city. Other troops followed, but the great work had already been done, and their work lay in preserving peace and controlling the mobs. We drove through many Chinese streets and then through the French, British and International concessions, and out Bubbling Well Road, where there are many fine buildings and lovely homes. We visited a wholesale linen merchant who operates his establishment in his own home out in the suburbs. He had many hundreds of pieces of beautifully embroidered linens, the work all being done by native women. We have nothing to compare with it in our own country, either in workmanship or in price. The price of these magnificent pieces seemed ridi-

culously low. It seem almost "wicked" to buy them for such a figure. But where people think they are "doing well," when they receive twenty-five cents a day for their work, and sometimes only five cents, it is not surprising that the goods can be bought at such a low figure. We saw little boys (as well as women and girls) sometimes not ten years old, embroidering delicate crepe garments—in fact a great part of the native population seemed to be engaged in this sort of work. We had "Tiffin" at the Majestic. This hotel was originally a private home and houses only about thirty guests. The French room, English room, smoking room, dinin room and ballroom are all furnished magnificently. The ballroom, one of the largest in the world, accommodates one thousand couples, and is built on a spring floor, or rather a floor suspended on springs, and surrounded with dining tables. At night the main lights are extinguished and only specially contrived floor lights are used. The effect is particularly striking and unusual. Night life in Shanghai is very gay everywhere, but particularly so at the Majestic. Most of the "supper parties" gather there after the theatres at midnight and dance until four or five in the morning. The Palace Hotel and Astor House are both fine hotels and very popular "stopping over" places for globe trotters.

Friday, May 6—We were scheduled to sail this morning at four for Hong Kong, but were given another day in Shanghai. After spending the day in town, we attended an entertainment on board the American Training ship, "Black Hawk," stationed right beside us at the Dollar docks. Another cruiser came up during the night and anchored almost beside us, so the Dollar wharves are well protected.

One of the many interesting sights at this busy sea-port is watching the hundreds of Chinese laborers, handling the enormous amount of cargo, which is brought in to Shanghai, and

the reloading the tons of Oriental goods which are sent out, "singing" as they work. They have not a "Volga Boat Song" to help them pull, but they have a little "Sing-Song" all their own, which is just as effective. Lying beside the President Garfield are many barges and sampans which house Chinese families. How they manage to exist in such crowded quarters is beyond our comprehension. However, they not only manage to exist, but they raise large families, and live and die on these houseboats, one generation after another. The children are all trained to beg, even the tiny babies have learned the art, and their little hands are constantly outstretched for money.

Saturday, May 7—We left Shanghai at four-thirty this morning, and by seven-thirty were waiting outside for the tide to rise sufficiently, for us to cross the bar. We were carrying a very heavy cargo, having taken on the freight scheduled for the President Grant, which had been taken over by the Government to carry troops.

At one-thirty we attempted to get across the bar and a half an hour later we were "resting" on the bottom of the sea. We continued to rest there until the next high tide floated us at two-thirty a. m.

Sunday, May 8—We are once more on our way and everyone is happy. It is clear and cold today as we sail along, off the coast of Formosa. We have almost a full passenger list and among them, many missionaries returning to the States from the interior of China. Many of them have thrilling tales to tell of their harrowing experiences, during the last few months. Many of their schools have been destroyed, other looted and all are now closed, or they are being supervised by the Chinese themselves.

Tuesday, May 10. — It was warm and sultry today as we drew near the coast. We arrived at Hong Kong harbor about 1:30 and docked

at Kowloon, across the bay, at two p. m.

Hong Kong is delightfully situated on a range of hills and mountains rising from the sea. It is an island, just off the mainland, and a British city. Most of the passengers travelling on the *Garfield*, decided after a day spent ashore there, that Great Britain was to be congratulated on her efficient management and control of government affairs here. The whole atmosphere of Hong Kong was apparently peaceful, quiet and prosperous. We took a ride up the Incline Railway to "The Peak" overlooking the lovely Hong Kong harbor, the city itself and Kowloon, across the bay and afterwards visited the Hong Kong hotel, Government buildings and the many interesting native shops. The drive around the island and out to Repulse Bay, is one of the finest in the Orient. The sedan-chairs are used here for conveyance, as well as the rickshaws and automobiles. Left at midnight for Manila.

Manila, Friday, May 13—We arrived in Manila harbor at six o'clock this morning. First call was given at 5:30 and we were all on deck by 6:30 ready for the health authorities and immigration officials. By eight o'clock it was scorching hot, and most of us found it rather hard to show any enthusiasm about sight-seeing. However, we had a very interesting ride out into the country and visited a native church where a bamboo pipe organ over one hundred years old was still being used. Fort McKinley, the army reservation here, is situated on a sloping hillside and the buildings and grounds are all fine looking—just a "patch" of the good old U. S. A. set down in the midst of native squalor. The city districts of Manila are all well kept up and it is fine to see what Uncle Sam has done for these people over here. The country people still live in their native huts, but many of them appear to live fairly decently. There are 12,000,000 Filipinos and they are the

only Christian people in the Orient. The docks were lined with native dealers displaying their native embroideries and hats. The women wear such picturesque costumes that are very different from anything else worn by the women of Orient. We liked these people, especially the women, who seemed very attractive in every way.

Singapore, May 18—We docked at Singapore about midnight last night. First call sounded at six this morning. After an early breakfast most of the passengers went ashore, hoping to see much of Singapore before mid-day. Singapore is located on the southerly end of the Malay Peninsula and close to the Equator. It is warm all the year round, but especially so in April and May. Most of us found that our good ship was the most comfortable place during the day—and sightseeing much more enjoyable after four-thirty in the afternoon.

Singapore has a population of 500,000, and the people are a mixture of Malays, Chinese, Hindoos and Europeans. The Indians (Hindoos, Mohamedans, Moslems and Tamils) by the hundreds it seemed, boarded the ship to help in handling the cargo. They are the dirtiest looking people we have seen so far. They wear few clothes, nothing above the waist, and a long piece of gayly colored gingham draped around their hips and trailing around their ankles. They wear their hair long and their heads draped with cloth turbans, which they roll and unroll constantly. We wondered why they all had such red lips, tongues and teeth, but soon found that they were chewing a nut found in the Tropics and called the "betel nut", I believe. This "make-up" forms a very striking ensemble, combined with their ebony skin, gay skirts and head-dress. These men are all rather good looking in their own way. They have high foreheads, large dark eyes and long lithe bodies and always fine strong looking teeth. There

seems to be very little individuality about them, however, for we noticed that they were all about the same type, size, etc. They all walk in exactly the same way and all have much the same expression in their faces. One of the most delightful features of our stay in Singapore was a drive for many miles about the city and surrounding country. Coconut groves, palms, stately mango trees and all the luxuriant vegetation of the Tropics are about one on every side and the country is all shaded in beautiful soft greens. They have several fine hotels here and many beautiful homes. The oriental shops are fascinating in their display of the handiwork of these people. We were fortunate in having moonlight nights here, just as we had in Honolulu. Full moon in the Tropics adds greatly to the enjoyment of the traveller, for it is then possible to do much of one's sight-seeing by night, under the silvery moon in an open car instead of travelling about in the glare of noon-day.

Here at Singapore, we have seen a truly remarkable sight! A rainbow at night! A beautiful silver bow with just a touch of color,—and a full moon shining through a slight mist! Some of us were inclined to believe that the rainbow colors were all in our imagination, and not actually visible. The association of the two is so strongly fixed in our minds, that we actually felt that we could see the colors dimly outlined. But the beautiful silver bow was there, we all admit that, and it was a rare sight. No one aboard ship had ever seen one before!

Of course we had been watching the "Southern Cross" for several weeks. Most of us were surprised to find it visible north of the Equator.

Another interesting feature of these "Round the world Tours" is the opportunity given us to study, or at least think something about the great commercial life of these seaport cities, and of the countries which they serve. These great ships carry tons

of tin, besides many tons of rubber and raw silk. Tin and rubber are the great exports here.

We had three interesting days in Singapore and some of us were sorry when the order came to sail on. The trip out through the straits toward Penang was very beautiful. This piece of water is quite narrow and the green hills and islands on either side, covered with tropical foliage, kept us on deck until we were well out to sea.

Sunday, May 19—We had a very delightful church service aboard ship this morning at eleven. Dr. Ruebalk of Harvard, took charge and Dr. Willis of Stanford University, delivered the address. The music was furnished by Mr. Hermann Blier, of Vienna, Hungary, who played several violin solos very beautifully. A generous collection was set aside for the Seamen's Institute in San Francisco.

Sunday, May 22—When we awoke this morning we were tied up at the dock at Penang. It was very hot even at eight o'clock but most of the passengers took the very beautiful drive around the island and up the incline railway. We added a few more thousands tons of tin and rubber to our already huge cargo. Many of us were kept busy wondering just how much this wonderful cargo represented in actual dollars and just how much this "floating hotel" of ours totaled in value of the ship itself, its crew and passengers and its gross tonnage of merchandise gathered from the four corners of the earth.

An interesting side trip of two weeks to Java is possible here and several of our number felt the "call."

We are carrying an interesting group of people among them several French and Italian, four Siamese, a few Germans, several aristocratic Chinese, among them a daughter of a former President of China, a woman from Damascus, one from Argentine, many English people, a Hungarian violinist, six missionaries from China and a few good citizens from the U. S. A. including Congressman Chalm-

ers and his wife from Washington, D. C.

Another interesting pastime afforded the globe-trotter, is the opportunity to study people. We have much food for thought as we contemplate the various types, represented in our constantly changing passenger list.

Colombo, Ceylon, May 27. — The President Garfield put into port about two o'clock this morning. There are no docks for large vessels at Colombo so we anchored out in mid-stream and went ashore in launches. As usual, the first thing in order was a motor tour through the city and surrounding country.

We visited the Buddhist Temple, Cinnamon Gardens,—where they have every variety of beautiful plants, shrubs, tree and flowers, among them many cinnamon and camphor trees. They have many fine homes here, both native and European. The population is about 65,000, seven or eight thousand being English people. The true native of Ceylon, the Singalese, is known by his head-dress. He wears his hair long and always surmounted by a round tortoise shell comb. Their women never appear on the streets, unless it be some of the coolie women who do much of the hard manual labor about town.

Tea growing is one of the big industries here. On the drive to Kandy, sixty miles beyond Colombo, and situated at an altitude of 1500 feet, one passes many plantations, Sir Thomas Lipton's famous place being one of the group located here.

Street scenes in cities like Colombo are full of interest and "color." The natives themselves, wear very fantastic costumes and the mixture of peoples, Malays, Hindoos and Orientals, all wearing their own peculiar dress, the many Buddhist priests with their bright yellow gowns, the beggars by the score following close on the heels of the Europeans and tourists and the hundreds of children, running "wild" about town, complete a picture which makes one yearn for a

moving picture camera. Several of our fellow travellers had the forethought to provide themselves with little "movie" cameras, and so far have been able to get some splendid pictures. This city, like all the other Oriental cities, has many fine shops and bazaars, but here in Colombo we found their methods of competition quite different. We found it quite a common practice for employees of one store to follow a prospective buyer into a rival shop, and urge him to "come next door for just a minute," while promises of cool drinks and wonderful bargain never before available, were held out as an extra inducement. Most of these stores appeared to be conducted by East Indians.

The Galle-Face Hotel on the ocean front, is the finest hotel in Ceylon. The surf is wonderful here. Although April and May are the hottest months; we were fortunate in having a remarkably cool day.

Saturday, May 28—One of the Indian ocean monsoons (trade winds), is upon us! But instead of being disagreeable as so many people expected, it has brought us some fresh air. They are the salvation of this part of the earth. Without them the heat would be unbearable. We passed through one squall after another all day, but our good ship rode steadily on. We have many world travelers aboard and they all agree that no boats "take the waves" like the President liners of the Dollar Line. They never "roll" and we have had but two sea-sick people since leaving San Francisco.

Monday, May 30—The Chinese crew are celebrating today. Early this morning they began putting up Chinese banners and flags in their quarters. The Missionaries were called upon to translate the Chinese for the Chief Officer, who wondered whether anything suspicious was being encouraged. According to the missionaries it was nothing more than they would be allowed to do if they were

in Shanghai. They called it Memorial Day, as it commemorated the British riots in Shanghai about two years ago. Dr. Sun Yat Sen's picture was displayed. This was all done during a raging gale and quite a rain, but it did not affect their patriotism in the least. Speech-making and cheers were quite in order.

Wednesday, June 1—We will never forget this first day of June in the Indian ocean. Huge waves were splashing all over the Garfield today from 7 a. m. until 2 p. m., following a rather rough night. But it was clear, the sky blue and the ocean a still deeper shade. It was the first time many of us had seen the ocean in a fury on a clear day. It was a wonderful and beautiful sight. A gigantic wave washed over all the decks and drenched several passengers and officers who were enjoying the spectacle. By four o'clock, everything was quiet, once more, and as we entered the Gulf of Aden a lovely new moon at night, gave promise of fair weather ahead.

Friday, June 3 — Entered the Red Sea at noon today. The entrance is comparatively narrow and quite striking, with its pyramid shape peaks and barren slopes rising from the deserts. This is the part of the world, where we are told the "Sands of the Desert never grow cold," and where the Arabs, Shieks, and Egyptians hold sway. The Holy Land, Mecca, Mt. Sinai and all the old biblical landmarks lie just ahead of us. It was very hot all day, quite a breeze blowing, but it too was very warm. We are to sleep on deck tonight for the first time.

Sunday, June 5—Our ninth Sunday at sea has been a lovely day. Instead of growing hotter, we have had the good fortune to draw cooler weather, as we progress through the Red Sea. The officers tell us that the weather at this point is remarkable for June. The scenery all through this part of the Red Sea is superb. The mountain peaks with their unusual coloring and the blue of

the sea in the foreground, is a picture, too fine for mere words to describe.

Suez Canal, June 7—Most of our passengers left the ship here for a flight into Egypt—visiting Cairo and the pyramids and rejoining the Garfield at Alexandria.

We have had a delightful trip through the Suez Canal. It is a most interesting water-way, only wide enough for two ships to pass each other and in some places not wide enough for that. We had to "tie up" and let two larger vessels pass.

Camels and hundreds of Arabs are scattered along the canal bank and palms are growing in profusion in many places. It takes fourteen hours to pass through the canal but it is all very interesting. We passed a station of the Palestine Railway, leading to Jerusalem and the Holy Land. The town of Ismail is also situated on the Canal. Port Said was reached about five in the afternoon. A short stop of four hours was made in this "wicked port" and by nine o'clock we were once more under way with Alexandria as our next stopping place.

Alexandria, Egypt, June 8.—We arrived off Alexandria, the "greatest seaport on the Mediterranean," about 8:30 this morning. The harbor is a good one and well protected by a breakwater at the entrance. There were several large liners in port bringing many passengers to Egypt and the Holy Land. Here we had the joyful experience of going ashore in sail-boats, the Garfield anchoring in mid-stream. Alexandria, the last of the Near East ports touched by the Dollar Line, is another city of narrow, crooked streets, and sadly in need of a "cleaning-up" day.

The streets of the native quarters are filthy and the children very poorly cared for. The chickens, pigs and sheep live right with the family, and today most of them had been "touched up" a little with the paint brush. They were all daubed with patches of red, pink, purple and green paint. We

couldn't imagine what the idea back of such a system of decoration could be, but it was certainly a clever one, for the gay appearance of these domestic animals, flitting about in their motley array of coloring, took the attention of the tourist for a few minutes at least, from the less agreeable surroundings.

During the hot season, the shops all close in Alexandria from one to three-thirty. It seems impossible to work all day long in these hot countries, and even the presence of many steamers made no exception to the rule. So the passengers of the Garfield saw very little of the bazaars here, but we saw the native Egyptian in all his glory, the parks and public buildings, the catacombs and many ruins of old Alexandria.

As in all the cities in the Orient, the streets were lined with beggars. This seems to be a very popular means of livelihood on this side. Most of the men in Egypt shave their heads two or three times a week, leaving only a little tuft of hair on top of their heads, so that they may be "easily handled" when the time comes for them to be "lifted up into Heaven." Over this is worn the "fez" which they wear summer and winter, in doors and out. In the home, the men are always considered first, at meal time they all sit down to the common bowl of food, which is set on the floor, all delving into it at the same time and all using their fingers in preference to forks. Whatever happens to be left over goes to the women of the household.

Missionaries have been trying for sometime to induce the women and girls of the more or less christianized homes, to eat with the men of the house but it seems impossible. Old customs are too deeply imbedded in the lives of the people.

They also have a great many diseases to contend with and much eye trouble. It is said that over a quarter of the children in Egypt are blind.

These old countries still have much to learn about simple every day

things, in spite of the fact, that they were considered great nations, centuries ago.

Mediterranean Sea, June 11.—We are due in Naples at five this afternoon. We have had such a fine trip across the Mediterranean and we were all delighted to once more have occasion to don an overcoat, after four weeks travel through tropical seas, where a wrap of any kind was unnecessary. This morning we were called at four o'clock, to get a glimpse of Sicily and the extreme southern coast line of Italy, as we passed between the "narrows." We passed many cities or rather towns nestling at the base of the range of mountains. Palermo was especially noticeable. The city of Messina of earthquake fame, was also discernable through a slight haze. Later we saw Mt. Etna and Stromboli, both volcanos and both mildly active. Stromboli is an isolated island off the coast of Italy. It is a single mountain peak, rising out of the Mediterranean, and has been an active volcano for years. Later Vesuvius came into view and it was a great sight, rising above the city of Naples. We could see where the lava had run down the mountain side in the last serious eruption, some five years ago. The people do not seem to have any fear of the volcano, for they still live and still build homes right under the volcano.

Naples, June 12th. — We were somewhat disappointed in Naples itself. It looked beautiful and very inviting from the bay, but upon closer acquaintance, it proved to be another ill-kept city and very noisy, as well. The streets are paved with cobblestones and the city is crowded with "one horse shays" (the Naples taxi). They roll around the city on four wooden wheels, without tires, and the noise in some places is deafening. There are many beautiful sections of the city and we saw three big cathedrals, the King's Palace, the Royal church and many other notable places.

The women of Naples still remain

unbobbed. We saw many hundreds of them and only four or five with shorn locks.

The national museum here is a beautiful building, and filled with relics of Old Pompei, the buried city of 69 A. D. An opportunity is given here for people to drive out to Pompei and see the many interesting ruins.

We left Naples at noon on June 12th. The view of the city was beautiful as we sailed down the bay. The atmosphere was very clear. Vesuvius in eruption and the bay more sparkling, and a deeper blue than ever, a sight long to be remembered.

Several of our shipmates left the ship here, for a side trip up to Rome, rejoining the Garfield at Genoa. Many others left us here for a journey thru Europe via Rome, Milan, Florence, etc., returning to the Dollar Line at Marseilles. All of Europe or England can be covered from this point, if one has unlimited time, and the ocean trip resumed at Marseilles.

Genova, June 13.—Arrived at Genoa at 2 p. m. It is the most interesting of the old cities so far. It is so strikingly old, so many buildings standing since the eleventh century. We saw the house where Columbus was born, three old and beautiful cathedrals, one built in the 13th, and one in the 16th century, and the other somewhat earlier. We visited the world-famous "Campo Santo" cemetery, where 1,000,000 people lie buried in a comparatively small space. There are many colonades of marble, filled with niches in all the walls and in the floor, most of them with wonderful pieces of sculpture used as monuments. These are master-pieces of the old Italian sculptors of the last four or five centuries. Some were strikingly beautiful. The Genoese have a unique system of caring for their dead. Because of the lack of room, they allow a body to lie for thirty year in its first resting place in the beautiful colonades and then it is removed to a burying field beyond, that is crowded, with such bodies.

The poorer class of people have another section, where every foot of ground seems to be taken. A very beautiful chapel with an immense dome and hundreds of steps leading up to it, lies in the center of the grounds. It also contains many wonderful pieces of sculpture.

We drove for miles up a mountain road, where he stopped for tea and enjoyed the panorama of the city which lay all around us. The main business district of Genoa is the finest thing of its kind that we have seen so far. The main streets bear the very unique name of the "Twentieth of Septembre," and one close by in the residential section is called the "Eleventh of November," to commemorate Armistice Day. The sidewalks of the main street are very wide, and are all inlaid in Mosaic designs. Huge columns adorn each side of the street making a colonade of the sidewalk and the shops are all very attractive. The older streets of the city are all very narrow, scarcely ten feet and the building rise for seven or eight stories on either side. This is where the people all live,—as far as we could see no one had a yard or garden, except on the roof, occasionally. We were docked at Genoa a day and a half, so we had ample time to see the city quite thoroughly. This is the point of disembarkation for Switzerland, Germany and the French Riviera. Many people motor from here through Nice, Cannes, Mentone, etc., and on up to Paris.

Genoa claims a population of 360,000, but it is so spread out, you do not realize its size. They have a beautiful municipal opera house. All the continental cities of any size have their own opera houses. Genoa is called the "city of shutters," for all of the buildings are shuttered and they have many, many windows. There are few motor cars here. Taxis are one horse carriages, and you can drive to any part of the city for a few lire. Sailed for Marseilles at 9 p. m.

Marseilles, June 15.—We were sorry

to leave the President Garfield here. She had provided such a fine home for so many of us during the past two months, besides carrying us safely to the "uttermost parts of the earth." But we must go to London and Paris, so we very reluctantly bade farewell to our good ship, her officers and the shipmates who were continuing on their journey to New York.

Our steamer trunks and extra baggage were left in the care of the Dollar Line, branch office here, and we left on the night train for Paris.

The daylight saving plan is in effect in both France and England, so we were able to see the country in southern France by daylight for several hours. The sun did not set until 8:45, and as the "Express Rapide" sped on its way northward, we were very much interested in observing the many little villages and towns along the way. We passed so many quaint old towns, all walled in. Many of the buildings had been standing since early in the eleventh century.

The countryside along the route of the Paris, Mediterranean Lyons R. R. seemed to be all under cultivation and very fertile. We were surprised to see so many people working in the fields at nine o'clock at night and so very many women among the number. We passed through Avignon, Toulouse, Dijon and Lyons, one of the big cities of France.

Paris, Thursday, June 16.—We arrived in Paris at 7 this morning, after an almost sleepless night. Two months at sea makes a "Wagon Lits" sleeper be it ever so fine an impossible resting place, and we were all glad when we were located, a short time later in the Hotel Rochambeau, No. 3 Rue de Boetie at St. Augustine Square and near the center of town. From here we took trips about town visiting Notre Dame, (a most wonderful old cathedral built in 1240) La Madeleine. The Louvre, Le Pantheon de la Guerre Les Invalides, The Tomb of Napoleon, the Palais Royal Eiffel Tower, and drove through the

Bois de Boulogne Champ de Elysees, Place de la Concorde, and the Rue de la Paix. Paris is a lovely city and one of its greatest beauties, is its tree lined streets, even in the down town business districts.

Sunday, June 19.—Left the "Gare du Nord" at 8:25 a. m. on our way thru western France to Boulogne, where we crossed the English channel to Folkstone.

We encountered our roughest piece of water here. Even at the pier it was very rough and very cold. By the time we were five minutes out it was so rough, people could scarcely stand on their feet and most of the 700 aboard did not care too. We are not surprised after this experience, that the air route, between London and Paris, is so very popular.

After passing the customs officers at Folkstone, we were soon settled in the fast express and on our way to London, the greatest city of all.

London, June 19 to 26.—Our week here was full of interest.

London seems to be a world in itself and we had the good fortune to see it, under the guidance of an English "Tommy Atkins" who acted as guide for our little party all week. Wholesale sight-seeing in the large touring cars to be found in all big cities, is not always satisfactory, but usually it is the only way. We were able to cover all of the places included in a Cook tour, and many others in out of the way places, which they do not reach.

After viewing the "Changing of the Guard," at St. James Palace, on Monday morning, we were escorted thru the grounds of St. James Palace to Bird Cage Walk, Marlborough House, Fort House, the home of the Prince of Wales, the Horse Guard Parade Grounds at White Hall, Downing St. where the British Premier lives and where members of Parliament have their official offices and residence. They are all domiciled in simple appearing buildings with brass name plates on the doors. All of the Royal

Palaces and domains that we saw were simple looking. If it were not for the armed guard pacing up and down in front of Buckingham Palace it would pass for an ordinary public building instead of the Royal residence.

We had lunch opposite Big Ben Tower on Parliament Building at Westminster Bridge afterwards taking a car down Victoria embankment to St. Paul's cathedral. Hundreds of pigeons are swarming here and we like hundreds of others, stopped to feed them 'neath the shadow of old St. Paul's.

From here we went through the streets of old London, down Cheapside and "Pudding Lane." We saw the only building left standing after the big fire of 1660. Afterwards taking the underground tube to Holben where we visited Staple Inn, the old haunt of Charles Dickens, Dr. Johnson, Oliver Goldsmith and on over to "Old Curiosity Shop," still standing just as it was in Dickens' time. We saw the little garden where the great writer used to sit and write the quaint tales of English life, which are now considered masterpieces of English literature. From here we went to Drury Lane, Covent Gardens, The Strand, Bow Street and out to Trafalgar Square in the heart of Greater London.

We had such a wonderful day, and left for home on the "Tube" late in the evening, weary and worn, but happy and delighted with London.

Tuesday, June 21.—We left early this morning for Windsor Castle, Eton College and way points. Taking the "Tube" first to Shepherd's Bush, then one of the gay looking double deck omnibuses out to Hammersmith, by electric car to Richmond, Kew, past Twickenham Ferry to Hounslow. This was all through the prettiest country imaginable. Such charming lanes, roads and homes, hundreds and hundreds of them. Riding in a London omnibus is the real way to see London. We passed through Kent,

Sussex, Middlesex and Berkshire.

Taking another omnibus we were soon at Eton College, the famous English school for boys. The buildings are all so old and they bear the marks of the centuries that have passed over them. Most of England's great statesmen, and scholars were once registered at this school, and millions of initials are left engraven on the old buildings to tell of the many youths, who have "gone before." Over 5,000 Eton boys were in the great war, and a large memorial tablet bears the names of the honored dead. The boys all wear silk top hats, long swallow tailed coats with striped trousers and many wore "Academical Capes."

From here we went to Windsor Castle situated on the river and just above the town of Eton. The castle covers many acres and we were allowed to wander through a great part of it. We saw the tombs and inscriptions of all the Kings, Queens, and their childrens children, for many generations. St. George's Chapel was open, so we had a glimpse of this lovely old House of Worship, where only last Sunday the present King and Queen attended the service.

In the Royal section we saw the coat of arms, crests, etc., of all England's possessions, and saw the many old Crowns, which were worn by the ancestors of King George, and the old flags, "standards" the call them, some whom were very badly torn, and dishevelled.

The grounds are gorgeous with lawns of softest green and many beautiful trees and shrubbery.

Wednesday, June 22. — Hampton Court and Hampton Castle today! London museum and the famous old Tower of London. The grounds at Hampton Court are the big attraction and the gardens are very beautiful. The old castle is full of interest and we spent some four hours wandering around the old buildings.

The Tower of London claimed our attention next. Here we saw the

dungeons, jails, gibbets and torture chambers, that were so popular during Bloody Mary's time. We saw the place where Sir Walter Raleigh was jailed for twelve years and were much interested in the exhibition of jewels owned by the Royal family and held for safe-keeping in the Jewel Room of the Tower.

Thursday, June 23.—This is the Prince of Wales birthday. The city was decorated for the occasion, but no formal observance was made. The King and Queen drove down Regent Street in honor of the re-opening of this recently re-modeled street. It is now called the "finest street in the world." It is very wide and today was very beautifully decorated with floral pieces, potted plants and many flags.

A visit to Wimbledon in the afternoon where the Lawn Tennis matches were being played and where Helen Wills was again carrying off the honors, and through Greenwich, where the great naval observatory is located and then under the Thames by subway to the East End of London, where the poor of the great city live. From what we saw, there really seems little extreme poverty here. The streets are very narrow, but they do not have the high tenement houses found in New York. We saw thousands of children playing in the streets and noticed that all the dwellings had flowers or plants on the doorsteps or in the windows, and the children while poorly clad were always clean.

Saturday, June 25.—Today dawned bright and clear. We started out early for The Mall and White Hall, to see the great ceremony of the King presenting the New Standards to the new guards. This is a ceremony we were told that takes place but once in a hundred years. Our ex-service man succeeded in placing us in a position where we could see all the maneuvers and within a few feet of where the Royal Family passed. A half hour before the appointed time

for the ceremony and after thousands of people had gathered from many parts of England, the Red Coated Guards appeared, and stationed themselves at intervals of eight or ten feet along the Mall from Buckingham Palace to Whitehall. Afterwards came the band of the Royal Grenadiers and the Bugle Corps mounted. They were followed by the Queen and Princess Mary with two gentlemen in waiting, riding in a low carriage. After they were seated the King rode by in uniform on horseback, amid the cheering throngs.

King George is such a simple, unassuming man and we all thought he looked very tired and somewhat sad.

Then came the gallant Prince of Wales with his escort, all in uniform. The Prince is very much beloved by his people and as he rode by, the crowds roared, "Good Old Teddy." The mounted guard, over a thousand of them, wearing their famous scarlet coats and bearskin helmets, and riding beautiful black horses, was a remarkable sight. And the bands! The Cold Stream Guard, Irish and Welsh Grenadiers, and the Drum and Fife Corps were brilliant to behold and their music very stirring. How we did yearn once more for a movie camera, that we might have caught this remarkable scene in motion, and carried it home with us. After the ceremony we visited Westminster Abbey, Parliament House, House of Commons and we all hung our hats, for a second or two on the "peg" set aside for the Prince of Wales.

During our week here in London, we had daylight until 10.18 p. m. which was called "lighting up" time. London's bright lights were not on exhibition until an hour when most tourists were ready to retire, but the long evenings were wonderful for ordinary sight-seeing.

We were domiciled immediately opposite Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens and it was one of the great sights there to watch the people thronging the gates of the park aft-

er "office hours" where many of them would spend the entire evening.

England has been a delightful experience, and we are all hoping for a return trip some day.

Paris, June 27.—Back in Paris once more! We left London yesterday at eleven A. M. for Paris, via Dover and Calais. The channel crossing was mild and we had little difficulty in getting through the customs. It was raining when we left London and it was raining and quite cold when we reached Paris at 6:30 p. m. "Very unusual" for June they say here! Spent another delightful day, sight-seeing and shopping.

Tuesday, June 28.—Up at six this morning! French breakfast of coffee and rolls at 7 a. m. Left for Marseilles on the nine o'clock "Express Rapide" train from Lyon station. This train travels at high speed, averaging about two miles a minute the greater part of the way and stopping only to change engines and engineers at four points along the way. We passed through much of this country at night on our way up to Paris, so we were exceedingly glad to have this daylight trip through such an interesting and picturesque section of Southern France on our return trip to Marseilles. We passed through village after village, with their quaint little homes, built in clusters, all joined together, and all with walls around them. Most of these were built centuries ago.

Dyon and Lyons are both very large cities,—Lyons having a population (so we were told) of a million people. Avignon and Arles and many other similar places were very picturesque in their typical "Old World" setting. All of the country between Paris and Marseilles is under cultivation and quite thickly settled.

The Rhone river runs through miles of this stretch of country, and adds greatly to the scenic effect.

We arrived at Marseilles at 9:30, having travelled the entire distance in twelve and a half hours. One of

the men from the Dollar office met us at the St. Charles Station and helped to get us located for the night. He also presented us with an accumulation of mail which had gathered at the office — and assured us that our baggage left in the Dollar warehouse would be aboard the President Harrison, by the time we reached the dock. All of these little details of service rendered along the route of the Dollar Line made the World Cruise under one company a very simple one. The care of one's baggage is usually the "bug-a-boo" of the traveller who has not learned the art of travelling with a small amount of luggage.

Marseilles, June 29—Boarded the President Harrison at three thirty this afternoon. Instead of an entirely new passenger list, we found several people who had travelled with us on the Garfield. One of us was also delighted to find a former pupil aboard, Courtney Burr of the former Hitchcock Military Academy in San Rafael.

We left the dock promptly at 9 p. m. and headed for Gibraltar and a twelve day run to Boston and the good old U. S. A.

At Sea, Thursday, June 30.—What a wonderful rest we had last night! We are all so glad to be back on our ship again. While we have returned to a different President Liner, they are all so similar it seemed almost like getting back home to find ourselves, in exactly the same type of room that we had occupied on the Garfield.

Friday, July 1.—Our last day, in the sparkling Mediterranean. All day we have been passing little towns scattered along the coast of Spain. We pass through the Straits of Gibraltar at 2 a. m. Some of our people are planning to "stay up" for a glimpse of the famous rock.

One of the most interesting passengers aboard is a young lady of only ninety summers! Not only is she traveling alone now, but she is com-

pleting the entire circuit of the globe, after stopping over in Ceylon for several months. She is a wonderful traveller and she loves the sea.

Saturday, July 2. — Breakfast at 8:30. Pacing the deck at 9; steamer chairs and a good book at 9:30. Boullion at 10:30. We are back to the old ship routine once more. Such a lazy life; but not necessarily so, for there are deck sports and the swimming pool for the energetic folk.

Another interesting feature of these world tours, is the opportunity we have of meeting other people who are making the trip and stopping over along the line. They all have interesting tales to tell, and no two people have quite the same experiences.

One interesting woman from Boston told us of having started out from San Francisco for a trip to Honolulu. While there she met a group of teachers who were going over to China and Japan, and she felt the urge to join the party. After a few weeks there the party decided that Hong Kong and Manila were such a short distance away, that anyone returning to the U. S. without first seeing Manila and the Philippines was lacking in good judgment. Here she became separated from her group of teachers and became very much enthused over a plan, some guests at the Bagio Hotel, were laying before her for a trip up to Singapore and Java. Once again she felt she should journey on to this delightful country in the heart of the Tropics. After seeing these places the next thing in order was to find the nearest route home. Singapore is the half way point so it was quite an easy matter for her to decide to continue west, sailing again toward the setting sun, and so she finds herself today aboard the Harrison on her way to her starting point at Boston. Her trip is such a contrast to others for the majority of people plan a trip of this sort for years, or at least months, ahead of their actual sailing time, and spend some time preparing for the great

event, while she has covered all of the 29,000 miles and several side trips, carrying only a large suit case and hand bag. By the way, this same world-traveller, told us that two of the prettiest spots she had ever visited were in **Marin county!** One was Belvedere and the other was Sausalito, from the view point of a hotel on the hill. She said her rooms there were overlooking San Francisco and the bay, and she has never been able to rid herself of the desire to go back there. Unfortunately her footsteps had never led her to San Rafael or her story might have been different, but we all rejoice in the lure which Marin county has for travellers.

Monday, July 4, Independence Day. —We found the Dining Room all decorated with flags of all nations today —the Star and Stripes predominating of course. The day gave promise of being a stormy one early in the morning, but towards evening the sea grew calmer and soon we were sailing along over a peaceful ocean. A special dinner, arranged by Chief Steward "Daddy" Hawyes, and special patriotic music by the ship's orchestra completed our Fourth of July observance at sea.

Wednesday, July 6th.—We passed the Azores yesterday and this morning we passed the Island of Flores. The only excitement aboard ship today was created when two young girls daughters of a missionary from Egypt reported that they had found some "bootleg" in their room. It has been carefully concealed in the floor of the wardrobe and covered with papers. The girls had discovered it quite accidentally. This reported started other passengers investigating and one other man, also a missionary from Cairo, found eight bottles of brandy, stored away in a similar manner. The stuff was all thrown over board.

Thursday, July 7.—We saw Captain

Guthrie start off in his "working clothes" this afternoon. He was carrying a flashlight and his destination appeared to be somewhere in the steerage quarters. We all wondered what he was about and we soon found out. He also had been doing some investigating and he and Chief Officer Burgess were soon seen throwing several cases of liquor overboard. When nearing the U. S. a thorough search of the ship is made, in search of contraband goods and later in port officials of the government make another search.

Sunday, July 10—Today a woman missionary and nurse from Madagascar, told us some remarkable tales about her work in that island. She is a Danish woman, a Miss Petersen, and has lived in an isolated station there for thirteen years. Her nearest white neighbor is some ten miles away through the jungle. Her stories of sickness and disease among these people were almost unbelievable. Superstition runs riot there and witch doctors are numerous. If a child is born on what is considered a "bad day," they will throw it out to be trampled on by the cattle, or throw it in a hole and drive a spear through it's little body. She told many sickening stories of native life there, and her own story was one of self-sacrifice and loneliness, although she herself, did not consider it so.

Boston, July 12.—We were due in Boston this morning at six o'clock. Owing to a heavy fog, it was impossible to make the harbor at that time, and it was quite ten o'clock before we were finally docked. We found Boston quite warm and sultry but we were told that it was not always so, that this was "very unusual weather" and all that sort of thing and from other reports we gather that it really was the "first heat wave of the sea-

son and all of the Eastern cities were sweltering.

We had a very lovely motor tour through the city and Cambridge, Concord, Lexington, Brookline, Arlington Heights, North Lincoln, Walden and Waltham where the famous Waltham watches are made. We saw the homes of Longfellow, Louisa May Alcott Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Hawthorne, Webster and Mary Baker G. Eddy.

We passed by Harvard University, Radcliffe School for Girls, saw where Paul Revere finished his famous midnight ride, and the old belfry site, where the bell aroused the people of Lexington, telling of the approach of the British. We saw the old homes of John Hancock, Adams, Clarke and Dorothy Quincy, the old meeting house at Lexington and many other interesting places. The suburbs of Boston are beautiful, and the city itself very interesting. So many fine schools and colleges are located here also the famous Boston Conservatory of Music.

After a very enjoyable stay of a day and a half we set sail for New York, the final destination of all but three of the Harrison's passengers. The Dollar Line World Cruise ends officially at New York, and San Francisco passengers continuing to the coast, via Havana and the Panama canal are given a week in New York. At each of the twenty-one ports of call, passengers have the privilege of using the steamer for their "hotel" with the exception of New York, where all must leave the ship. The liners are all thoroughly over hauled fumigated and prepared for their next "Round-the-World" cruise.

New York, Thursday, July 14.—Foggy early this morning between 2:30 and 5 o'clock. Fog lifted after that and we were entering the Hud-

son about noon. We passed Coney Island, Long Island, Staten, Governor and Ellis Island a little later. Then came the famous statue of Liberty on Bedloe's Island and Manhattan with its towering, ugly buildings, all jumbled upon one another, the Woolworth building in the rear, topping them all. Brooklyn, East River and the Brooklyn bridge were on our right as we turned up the river past Battery Park. We docked after much maneuvering in the new Erie Dock on the Jersey City side. The Harrison was the first vessel to use this dock.

Again we were fortunate, in this second largest city in the world, to have a guide to "pilot" us about the big town. This time, however, it was one of the family who met us at the pier, and we are to have a delightful family re-union, while sight-seeing in New York.

The New York heat wave, we soon found was all the radio news had said of it. Coming in as we did at noon-day from the Atlantic, with its fog and cool breezes, the humid atmosphere of New York was quite distressing. Scarcely a half hour after docking, however, we had quite a heavy shower with some thunder which helped to make the air more what it should be.

Taking the ferry across from Jersey City, we then taxied across Manhattan, and over East River via the Brooklyn bridge, to a very delightful section of Brooklyn Heights, overlooking the harbor, and catching all the breeze that was available..

Friday, July 15.—We toured quite a bit of the big city today, first taking the ferry across to Manhattan, then the elevated train through the heart of the city, passing Broadway and Wall street and through Greenwich Village, where a little "studio" in "MacDougall Alley" rents for a mere ful reception given the famous air

two and three thousand dollars a month.

At Washington Square we took a Fifth avenue omnibus and rode for many blocks, passing many well known establishment, stores, churches and libraries, then out Riverside Drive, paralleling the Hudson for miles up to Grant's Tomb and Columbia University. This part of New York is very attractive, and evidently this is a very popular drive, for private cars, taxis and double-deck omnibuses, thronged the thoroughfare all afternoon and late in the evening. On a summer evening, this drive for miles up the Hudson, is particularly fine.

Saturday, July 16.—Today was the fifth day of the great heat wave that is daily prostrating hundreds of people. Not only was the heat still with us, but we had heavy rains and a terrific thunder-storm as well. Sections of New York were badly flooded, and considerable damage was reported.

Sunday, July 17.—We attended the First Presbyterian Church on Fifth Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth Street this morning and found Dr. Lynn T. White of the San Anselmo Theological Seminary in charge of the service.

After lunch we took a four-hour ride on one of the river boats, circling Manhattan Island. Viewing the city from the water, was a splendid way of gaining a good idea of its size. We passed under sixteen bridges, spanning East River, and then came back to Battery Park via the Hudson, past Grant's Tomb, Riverside Drive, Hoboken and Jersey City .

Monday, July 18.—New York welcomed Commander Byrd today, when he arrived from France aboard the Leviathan. Grand stands were erected in Madison Square and a wonder-

ful reception given the famous air man and his associates. Nature participated in the celebration also, and rain, thunder, lightning and humidity, played a leading part all day. New York crowds however, are so accustomed to this sort of thing that they pay very little attention to it, and wander forth in their gay summer clothes at all times.

The new Paramount theatre on Broadway at Times Square, is a marvelous building, both inside and out. The interior is so elaborate and beautiful it defies description and today both foyer and sidewalk were thronged with people, waiting a chance to get inside.

Tuesday, July 19.—Another sultry day! The temperature does not rise much above 80 or 85 degrees, but the humidity is great.

A trip out to the Bronx and Harlem section of town and through the Botanical Gardens and Zoo, consumed most of the day. They have a most interesting collection of animals and birds in the zoo, which covers many acres. It would be quite an easy matter to spend several days wandering around the beautiful grounds.

Wednesday, July 20.—Spent the day at Coney Island. It looked as though millions of people had gotten there ahead of us and the beach for miles was a moving mass of colorful humanity, all clad in bathing suits of every style and color. All ages were represented and almost all nationalities in the great crowd, all looking for a breath of fresh air.

After passing through the East Side of New York, during this present heat wave, and seeing the hundreds of little children, crowding out on the tiny iron frame fire escapes that provide the only porches for the tenements, where they might get just a little breeze, it was gratifying to know that there was such a place as Coney Island where these people from the over-

crowded sections of town might go. The five cent fare to Coney Island places it within the reach of all.

A visit to the new Roxy Theatre at Forty-second Street and Broadway, this evening, was a great event. This theatre recently completed at a cost of several million dollars, claims to be the most beautiful theatre in the world. It was hard for us to discriminate between the Roxy and the new Paramount, for they are both entrancing in their loveliness.

Thursday, July 21. — Sailing day! All aboard for California, via Havana and the Panama Canal! The President Harrison is crowded to capacity and as usual we carry a huge cargo. We left the Erie Dock at Jersey City about five-thirty P. M. and in less than an hour after leaving the city and heading out to sea, we were reaching for our overcoats and pacing the deck once more in an effort to keep reasonably warm. What a pity some of this delicious breeze cannot be carried up stream to the heat burdened city such a short distance away.

Friday, July 22.—We have a jolly crowd aboard and arrangements are already under way for many deck sports: bridge tournament, community singing, fancy dress party, special dinners and a vaudeville entertainment.

Our little party is the only "hold-over" from the last voyage and most of these people are booked through to Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Orient. We passed by Cape Hatteras today. This is usually one of the stormy points on the Atlantic but the waters off the coast were undisturbed as we came sailing by.

Sunday, July 24—We entered the "Gulf Stream" yesterday and the weather is much warmer and will continue so until nearing Los Angeles. We passed quite close to the Florida coast line today, passing Palm Beach and Miami. There are many lovely

homes and hotels built close to the beach and we could see many groves, cocoanut and palms for miles in all directions. As far as we could see, there were no hills, everything flat, and swampy looking. After seeing the crowds at Coney Island on a week day in New York, the Sunday crowd at Palm Beach, looked rather insignificant. It looked as though they were about to have a thunder storm for the sky was black as midnight.

Monday, July 25.—Reached Havana about ten this morning. The island presented a very picturesque appearance as we approached on the western side. Cuba is a huge island, many times larger than most of us had imagined it from just a "map" acquaintance and Havana is quite a large city, spreading out for miles. The old sections of the city are easily discernible, long narrow streets with sidewalks scarcely more than a foot wide in many places. These streets with street cars on them seem quite dangerous, it being impossible for a car to turn a corner without encroaching on the sidewalk territory. They have many up-to-date stores and they all use the American dollars and cents. They appear to be very clean people. The streets were cleaner than many in New York and the people and children all appeared well cared for and fairly prosperous. As far as we could see, during our short stay, there were no beggars. We saw one magnificent theater and as we passed about 8:45 p. m. hundreds of people are trying to edge their way in. On the plaza opposite an exhibition of fire-works was entertaining the crowds gathered there. A fine boulevard built along the edge of town, close to the water and thronged with motor cars until long past midnight. We passed close to Moro Castle and saw the monument erected near the spot where the Maine was sunk in 1898. The Tomb of Columbus, is here also, but Columbus' body has been removed to Italy. It was hot and stuffy in town all evening, but a delightful breeze was blowing out on

the bay. The Harrison sailed at midnight and the trip up the bay and out into the open sea was delightful.

Tuesday, July 26—Very warm at 7 A. M. By nine o'clock a breeze came up and we were enjoying ourselves once more in our steamer chairs. By afternoon it was quite cloudy and rainy at times. At 4 o'clock, quite a heavy thunder-storm came up. We seem to be favored with all sorts of climate and atmospheric conditions during the course of a day. After dinner the entertainment committee consigned "John Gloom's" body to the bottom of the sea. They had a procession around deck, followed by a "fitting" ceremony, after which poor John found himself dashed overboard for the sharks to feed upon. He was a good looking fellow but his reputation as a spreader of gloom could not be tolerated aboard the President Harrison.

Wednesday, July 27.—We are now in the Carribean sea, famous for its beautiful sunsets and rough seas. The Manchuria coming into port while we were in Havana reported a stormy weather through the Carribean Sea last week, and she was two days late in reaching the Cuban port. We are wondering if our "big storm," which we have been expecting ever since leaving San Francisco in April is to overtake us here on the last lap of our journey. So far we have nothing to fear, for we are still having glorious weather, with just an occasional squall to keep things interesting.

Panama, Friday, July 29.—Christobal and the Panama canal today! We arrived at Christobal at 5:30 this morning. First call sounded at six o'clock and by six-thirty all passengers and crew were on deck for the customary "inspection." We stopped here just long enough for this official ceremony and to discharge two passengers and take on about twenty-five steerage. The Harrison did not dock, but anchored in midstream

This is the Atlantic entrance to the Panama canal and Christobal is situated on Limon Bay. It was a beautiful morning following the rather heavy rain and thunder storm of last night. Weather condition favored us again and we had one of the finest days of our entire trip here. Everyone, at least every American should see this magnificent piece of work. It is wonderful in engineering (greater than any other we are told) and from a scenic point of view it is glorious.

We had an early breakfast and then took our chairs to a position in the front of the boat where we could watch both sides. Gatun Locks were reached in half an hour and we were just fifty minutes going through the three locks.

The Finland was just ahead of us. She left Havana ten hours before we did, but had a "break down" of some kind, and was proceeding along her way slowly with a tug on either side. After entering the first lock, we were just ten minutes waiting for the lock to be filled, and then the huge double gate swung open and we entered the second lock going through the same proceeding here. The steamers are pulled into the locks by electric engines, operating on either side, and are raised eighty-five feet in going through the three locks.

After Gatun Locks, came Gatun Lake, some thirty miles long and twenty miles wide at some points. The lake is dotted with small islands, and the islands are covered with palms, cocoanut, banana trees and other tropical vegetation. It is all a beautiful green owing to the constant rains throughout the year. It is fifty miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific, fifty miles of the most beautiful panorama of tropical scenery to be seen anywhere in the world.

Leaving Gatun Lake, we went on through Culebra (now called Gallard) Cut, where the engineers have cut through mountains, to make a pathway to the sea. After that came the Pedro Miguel Locks (two), let-

ting us down many feet into Miraflores Lake, then through Miraflores Locks (two) and on through to the western entrance at Balboa. We were eight hours going through, and we did not miss an inch of this glorious scenery. Chief Stewart Hawyes won the appreciation of all when he served tiffin for us out on the veranda deck so that we might still gaze upon the wonders of Panama while enjoying our noon day meal. We arrived at Balboa exactly at three-thirty after a marvelous trip through this famous canal. We were favored with a delightful breeze all the way and I am sure none of us will ever forget this section of our journey and we are all prouder than ever of Uncle Sam.

At Balboa we took a long motor tour through Balboa, Ancon, Panam City and Old Panama. Balboa was a revelation of what the U. S. does to her holdings in other lands. There are 18,000 soldiers stationed here in the Military Reservation and all are provided with fine quarters and there are many lovely homes for the Officers. There are many thousands of canal employees and the government provides homes for them (3 rooms usually) for \$7.50 per month. They have many fine paved streets and drives out into the country. Our chauffeur took us up quite a high mountain road, overlooking the bay, locks, canal, and surrounding country. They have an abundance of tropical plants and flowers and many fine government buildings, hospitals, schools, community houses and theatre. Also many fine pieces of statuary, one especially fine piece in the exposition grounds, representing the earth, with a white man, negro, Chinese and Indian, clasping hands around the globe. This statue was erected as a memorial to Balboa, the discoverer of the Pacific in 1513. We drove out to Old Panama, founded in 1519, where many old ruins are still standing. These ruins are by far the most beautiful we have seen—Cathedral Tower, the Convent and an

old stone bridge being particularly picturesque, covered as they are today with trailing vines and ivy and surrounded with the green growth of the tropics.

New Panama is a city of 78,000, one half of whom, I should say were children. Next to Japan and China, we saw more children here than in any of the other places we have visited. There are also many colored people. The native of Panama will not work, so the government has imported the colored man, and they now do practically all the work done in the canal zone. There are also many French, English and Americans here.

The city has many fine plazas, and bandstands. Children's playgrounds are scattered throughout the town and the people, as a whole, seem prosperous and happy. It was quite remarkable to visit a city of this kind and not to encounter a single beggar.

They have quite a fine shopping district, with many Oriental stores, East Indian bazaars and native shops. We were told that there is an average of two passenger vessels a day docking here, bringing many tourists and shoppers to Panama and consequently the bazaars and other shops, keep "open house," day and night. Mango avenue which runs down to the pier, is lined with lovely Mango trees, and sight-seeing cars, which can be rented for two dollars and a half an hour. They are driven by natives and colored chauffeur's, many of them owning their own cars. Our chauffeur told us that they all made "good money" every day—for there was always several ships in port. The canal itself brings in a great revenue to the government. Vessels are charged toll according to their tonnage and a certain amount per passenger. A vessel the size of the President Harrison pays between eight and nine thousand dollars. We figured at this rate that the Panama cleared something like \$100,000.00 today. While we were passing through we noticed vessels from England, Japan,

Alaska, several from South American ports, France, Holland and other countries besides many from San Francisco, bound for New York. We also had the great pleasure of overtaking and passing the disabled Finland in the canal, which caused considerable excitement and merriment. We had been anchored quite close together in port at Havana and became acquainted after the fashion of the sea with our neighbors and had waved good-bye and bon voyage, as they left, ten hours ahead of us, on their way to San Francisco.

We left Balboa promptly on the scheduled hour of 11 p. m., sailing down to the Pacific in a glare of lightning. We could not hear the thunder, but the lightning was blinding,—lighting up the bay for miles in all direction.

Saturday, July 30.—We were off the coast of Central America today, passing the Panama and Costa Rica coast line. The Pacific has greeted us in one of her gentler moods and we have had a lovely day. A costume dinner and dance enlivened the evening. Many original costumes were worn and many foolish ones. Prizes were awarded the most beautiful, most original and the cleverest.

Sunday, July 31.—Rabbi Coffee of Oakland, was asked to take charge of our service this morning. When the chimes rang at eleven o'clock, there was standing room only. His talk was very interesting and stirring, his subject being "The International Mind."

Monday, August 1—Another fine day! Still warm but always a breeze somewhere on the boat. The sea continues to be smooth, and many eastern people travelling for the first time at sea are charmed. Not one of them wants to leave the ship as the end of the journey looms ahead for so many. Several people are so enthusiastic, they are already planning to make the World Tour next year and we are asked repeatedly for information concerning the long water

journey. Paul Jones dance, tonight.

Wednesday, August 3.—It is a gorgeous morning! We are off the coast of Mexico and the mountain ranges all along the coast are beautiful. We see many little towns nestling at the foot of the hills and we can watch the surf breaking along the sandy beaches and rocky points. The ocean is a marvellous blue, shading into amethyst. Spent a good part of the morning watching many whales playing alongside the ship and an occasional tortoise floating along with its back covered with birds, who are using him for a landing and resting place. Horse-racing tonight!

Saturday, August 6.—Captain's dinner tonight and our big vaudeville show "Mexican Revels"! We have almost reached the end of our journey and we are all sorry. Our three weeks run from New York has been delightful. Good weather, good company, good officers and a good old ship make a wonderful combination.

The vaudeville entertainment tonight was worthy of professionals! In fact we had several professionals aboard and between them we had a wonderful performance on the verandah deck of the Harrison. It was a perfect summer evening and a beautiful full moon illumined our pathway providing a rare spot-light for the "artists" taking part on the gayly bedecked "stage." "Topsy and Eva" were there and we almost were persuaded that we were listening to the famous Duncan Sisters, as we listened to the Harriman girls from Los Angeles sing "Rememb'ring," "Do-Re-Mi" and other Duncan favorites. Dancing and refreshments followed the Grand Finale.

Sunday, August 7.—Our last Sunday at sea! Dr. Coffee of Oakland, again conducted service for us at 11 a. m., taking as his subject: "Is the World Growing Better?" We thought his optimistic view of the modern trend of things, and his confident outlook concerning the future very heartening. Of course the world is growing better!

We are due at San Pedro tonight at midnight, but we will not land until eight o'clock tomorrow morning.

Los Angeles, Monday, August 8.—Back in California once more! Arrived at San Pedro early this morning and docked about 8 a. m. Most of our passengers deserted us here. Los Angeles has great "drawing power" with Eastern people, but they all plan a trip to the bay region later, after they have really found out for themselves the whole truth about Hollywood. We fancy several of our clan were headed for the movie colony and eventually the silver screen anyway, and many of the others, less ambitious, but quite as curious, were counting the minutes that must elapse before they might satisfy that curiosity, and see the famous town. Many of us Northern California people who hitherto had belittled the climate of Los Angeles (the unpleasant heat, etc.) felt that we should now apologize. After enduring the summer heat of Boston and New York at 80 degrees, Los Angeles at 90 degrees seems delightful—ideal summer weather. We never appreciated California's light dry heat before, and never enjoyed Los Angeles quite as much as we did today.

At Sea, Tuesday, August 9. — We left San Pedro at noon and are now sailing up the coast on the very last lap of our journey. We miss the many familiar faces of our travelling companions, for the past three weeks, but our interest now lies solely in reaching home once more, after our little jaunt "Around the World." What an undertaking it seemed a few months ago and how simple a matter it really has been. We who know Robert Dollar so well, all feel so proud of the success which he has made of this "Round the World" service and of the very tremendous service he has rendered the travelling public, in making such a trip (as our has been) possible. And for people with unlimited time at their disposal, it is possible to reach all

corners of the globe, on the world tour, stopping off at anyone of the ports of call, and catching up with another similar steamer later. A steamer calls at each port every two weeks, just as it does at San Francisco and New York. The usual bother of arranging for a connecting steamer is dispensed with, and you can take as many weeks as you desire in any section, all the while knowing that one will be within reach every fourteen days. We again echo the sentiments of our enthusiastic shipmates at our Captain's Dinner last Saturday night with "Three cheers for the Dollar line."

Wednesday, August 10.—Our last day at sea! Can it be possible that we have sailed all around the earth since we left the Golden Gate and San Francisco on April 9th last? Ever sailing westward! The sun always going down just ahead of us! Sometimes a little to the north, sometimes to the south, but most of the time due west. That in itself makes the trip worth while—trying to catch up with sun which is always "setting" somewhere just ahead.

We are now heading straight for the Golden Gate. Mile rock has been

passed, we have picked up our Pilot and will soon enter our beautiful harbor. A high fog is hovering over the city, shedding a dull gray light over all but the Marin county hills, where the sun is shining brightly—just as we had hoped it would do over San Francisco. We had planned for a brilliant sunset in a flaming sky, when we reached the city by the Golden Gate. In fact we had told many of our Eastern passengers just how wonderful it "always" was in San Francisco and congratulated them on their good judgment in choosing to see our city first from the harbor. People entering the city by rail fail to see the best part of San Francisco. However, the August fog looks quite natural to us, and Alcatraz, is still standing guard, the ferry boats are threading their way back and forth from Oakland and Marin and just ahead lies Pier 44, the end of our wonderful journey.

What a difference a few months can make in ones geographical outlook on the world and on the human race, when those few months are spent in circling the globe, and called on our neighbors in distant lands!

(The End)



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