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THE QUICK TRAVELER



“A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t!”

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# The Quick Traveler

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mo /

1911  
sent June 7, 1912

To Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Felder (hereinafter known as Tom and Nettie Belle), of 55 Avenue du Bois, Paris, France.

If they can find anything in this book that gives them pleasure, or if they enjoy a recital of any of the incidents contained herein, or if they find anything in it "that will hold them for a while," then I have been amply repaid for writing it.

A. W. HART.

New York, April 10, 1912.







The thing that goes the farthest  
Towards making life worth while,  
That costs the least and does the most,  
Is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from the heart  
That loves its fellow men,  
Will drive away the cloud of gloom  
And coat the sun again.

It's full of mirth and goodness, too,  
With manly kindness blent;  
It's worth a million dollars  
And doesn't cost a cent.

—SELECTED.



# THE QUICK TRAVELER

A correct memorandum of a trip to London and Stratford, Paris and Marseilles, Rome and Naples, Egypt and the Sudan, taken from the daily record of events kept during the trip with a particular view to the comical side of all occurrences, descriptions omitted. If anybody who reads it is critical or inquisitive as to the construction of sentences or punctuation, the spelling, or the excessive use of negatives, they will please remember that I am simply trying to hold down the record of facts, in such a way that I will always be ready to refer to my trip, and not for the purpose of making a public record, or in any way or manner catering to the skeptical reader, the finished traveller, the wandering artist, or to the antique gatherer. A record for myself and friends, certifying as to what I saw, what I heard and what I did, while "abroad."

NOTE:—Spelling in Egypt is in accordance with "the taste and fancy of the speller."

## EXPLANATORY.

In trying to give to my friends a fair account of my travels I must first state that the unexpected voyage through parts of England, France, Italy and Egypt is due to my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. Felder, of Paris, France. I had agreed to pass the Christmas holiday at their home in Paris, but owing to the miserable weather in December and January, and la grippe, Tom was advised by his physician to "follow the sun," and we not only followed it but at one time I thought we had caught up with it in the Sudan. It was very difficult for me to keep a full record of all events, and what I have kept puzzles me very much to decipher my own handwriting. I wish to emphatically state that there will be no attempt at descriptions, for I didn't spend more than fifteen minutes in any one tomb, temple or museum, while I only gave five minutes to the Louvre. The Carnovalet and St. Peter's got fifteen minutes, Notre Dame and the Madelaine only ten; St. Paul's Outside of the Gates of Rome fared a little better, and the Pantheon in Paris and Napoleon's tomb had a "stand off" with thirty minutes each. I managed to last through three-fourths of a performance at the Grand Opera House, part of a service in Westminster Abbey and the same in St. Paul's, London. One hour for Pompeii,

skipped the summit of Vesuvius, also the Aquarium at Naples and St. John's in Rome, while I cut out everything in Alexandria except fifteen minutes at Pompey's Pillar.

So, while I was "abroad" and on sea seventy-eight days with so much to see, an average of fifteen minutes is as much as any one can or should give to any subject if he desires to get over fifteen or twenty thousand miles of this globe. I am sure many will heave a sigh and say "what a fool to run blindly through such scenes that seldom come to us more than once in a lifetime," but if they will peruse this book, they will see that I certainly saw much, for I kept my eyes and ears open all the time and now I am going to wag my pen, and get the full benefit of my trip by going over it myself first. Then you may have it.

## CONFIDENTIAL.

The reader, if he will keep on reading, will soon find out that I am not an expert at book-writing. In fact, my first attempt at literature was nearly fifty years ago, and "the subject of my song" was, "Only a Lock of Hair." These curly locks were duly and earnestly offered to several city newspapers and for some reason, still unknown to me, I was unable to elicit a response from my attempted correspondents. Finally, I concluded to submit my "effusion" to some suburban journal, so I sent it to the Mexican Missourian, enclosing a stamp requesting an immediate reply. This editor appropriated my stamp.

So again after nearly fifty years I am seeking fame on my own hook. No editor will get a chance at this book the reader is reading, as I am "paying all the freight" and what's more, I am giving all my money and time, which is more than money, and hazarding my feelings that which may cost me much, as I am calling people by their realnames giving real places and accurate dates. The Frenchman from Australia, the Louisiana planter from Philadelphia, the Spaniard from Buenos Ayres may try to even up things with me, so I say to you, Mr. Reader, that this is a strictly confidential and specially privileged book—communication. And if any of you should meet my good

friend, Colonel F—— ———— (and by the way there is no better companion, entertainer or gentleman living), you are not to tell him where he might get a copy of this book, or even tell him where I live. You may communicate to and with the Frenchman from Australia, or the Spaniard from Buenos Ayres, or even the Louisiana planter from Philadelphia, for the first two I am sure will never get back to America, while the latter is such a good fellow I am certain he will not try and even up things.

But let me charge you that under no circumstances are you to show this book or talk about it to Mme. G., of Chicago. My Hebrew friend from the same place. The Duchess from Detroit or the anarchist. And Dear Miss Reader, I am only sending you this copy that you are now holding in your hand in order that you may have a good laugh, for it is a certainty that you will, either laugh at something that is in the book, or at somebody who is out a book.

## SAILING.

I left New York on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, the premier ship of the Hamburg-American Line, December 12, 1911, at 11 A. M., returning to New York on the White Star Liner Cedric, one of the largest ships that ever crossed the Mediterranean, arriving in New York, February 29, 1912.

Time, seventy-eight days, divided as follows:

Seventeen days in Paris.

Three days in London.

One day in Stratford on Avon.

One day in Marseilles.

Twenty-one days in Egypt.

One and one-half days in Naples.

One and one-half days in Rome.

Thirty-two days on the seas.

I boarded the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria promptly at 10 A. M., December 12, 1911. I immediately sought my room, No. 228, of the Imperial Suite, on the Auguste Victoria deck. A large room, 12 by 14, furnished handsomely with all modern furniture, including desk and stationary chair. After arranging my goods and inspecting the outside of my mail and telegrams, I returned to the deck to see the hawsers loosened and to note the position of the representative of the Hamburg-American Line, as the ship left her



dock. I located him with his hat raised while the band on the upper deck saluted with its horns the national air. I then returned to my room, read my mail and rang one bell for my steward, when the following interview took place:

"What's your name?"

"Rudolph, sir."

"How many first cabin passengers are aboard?"

"One hundred and sixty-one, sir."

"Where do these three bells go to?"

"To me, sir."

"All three of them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why?"

"Because this room is sometimes used for three persons."

"Where does this telephone go to?"

"To the chief steward."

"Who occupies the rooms on the right of me?"

"Col. F—— ———, of Cleveland, Ohio."

"Who is in Nos. 204 and 206?"

"Mr. Carlisle; he is seated at the table in the dining saloon with you. He is the great steamship builder of Belfast."

"Is he in his room?"

"Yes, sir."

"Go and tell him that I won't eat luncheon, but that I will dine promptly at 7:15 P. M."

"Yes, sir."

“Also tell him that as we are to sit at the same table during the voyage I prefer not to wear any dinner coat or full dress.”

“All right, sir.”

In a few minutes Rudolph returned with the message that Mr. Carlisle said he was agreeable to meet me on the conditions named, except that he very seldom ate anything at any time, and as to full dress, he didn't carry one while his dinner coat was rolled up and put aside for possible use when absolutely demanded and insisted upon. I then said to Rudolph “don't carry any more messages to Nos. 204 and 206 from me, and if I should forget myself and ask you to do so, you just forget it also. Now you may go. Hold on, do you stay up all night?” “No, sir.” “who does?” “Boots.” “All right. Tell Boots I want to see him tomorrow.”

## DAILY REPORT.

DECEMBER 11, 1911.

Ship sailed promptly on time. Found in my room after sailing: one box cigars, one bottle whiskey, 1 guide to Paris, one very large basket of fruit, five telegrams, eleven letters and one postal card, three boxes of candy and two boxes of nuts. All these treasures were sent me, except two boxes of candy and one telegram; I sent them to myself.

After visiting the chief steward and interviewing him, I proceeded to fall all the way up stairs from the Kronprinz deck to the Kaiserin deck. This feat I have performed three times in my life successfully. It's an unusual stunt, but I can do it. This time I never lost my balance or my hat or cane on the trip, but I heard some tittering among the minimum passengers.

At 2 P. M. visited the smoking room; saw twelve men smoking but no one speaking; they don't seem to know each other, but all looked like they wanted to know somebody.

3 P. M.—A German Countess is inquiring for her pocketbook. No one seems to know where it is; as I was leaving she seemed to be charging the Postal Card Steward with knowing something about it. Hope the Hon. A. M. Carlisle, P. C., will conclude to dine with me as per engagement

Dined promptly at 7:15 P. M. The Hon Carlisle came in soon after I was seated. He is an Irishman; looks very much like King Edward VII used to look; is about fifty-six years old; has a merry twinkle in his eye and I imagine can hold his own in any company.

This boat has no rules, directions, or notices anywhere. I presume the management thinks its passengers have ordinary intelligence. It's very easy to find your way about, after you find it.

#### DAY TWO.

Slept until 10 A. M. After breakfast visited smoking room; found the same twelve people there, but none of them were smoking. No pools on run of boat to-day. Saw one woman seasick, where she got it from I don't know; this doesn't seem to be a seasick boat. Visited the life boats on the Sonnen deck. There are eighteen of them that will hold fifty or seventy-five people each; picked my seat out on the little K. A. Victoria in the stern. I note that the food and water is in the stern of the boat. Have not seen the Hon. Carlisle since last night. He told me last night that he married twenty-eight years ago. Next time I see him I am going to ask him how old he was when he married.

4 P. M.—Captain Paul Kroek, of the Milwau-

kee militia, introduced me to Captain Foote, a captain of one of the Hamburg-American steamers. Captain Foote asked for leave of absence because he was assigned to ship bound for Brazil with 64,000 cases of gasoline, 10,000 barrels of kerosene and 10,000 sticks of dynamite. The captain says he signed up to be drowned, but he be d——d if he was going to be burnt up. No passengers were allowed on that trip and from what Foote tells me, I don't think the boat has any captain.

5 P. M.—I called for a round of drinks and there were five at the table. When the third round was drunk, a Hebrew at my right excused himself and left. Why will these people mix business with pleasure. Captain Foote says the Kaiser can't put him in the Germany navy. Captain Paul Kroek, of Milwaukee, says he can. It looks as if Foote doesn't want to fight.

8 P. M.—Dined alone. The Hon. A. M Carlisle, P. C., sent word he would not dine to-day, as he always rests the first night and the day following.

In entering the smoking room this evening I was accosted by a gentleman wearing a gray moustache and goatee and a peculiar watch eye, a little abruptly, as follows:

“My name is Colonel F—— ————; I am from Cleveland, Ohio.”

I replied: "U. S. A. or C. S. A.?"

"Both. Have a drink?"

"Yes."

Narrative of Colonel F——: "I was a member of the Second South Carolina Infantry; joined Lee's forces in 1861; was wounded twice, once in the head—showing it—and the second time in the leg. I was transferred to the cavalry in 1864, and then put on special duty. Was aide-de-camp to General Patrick Cleburne at the Battle of Franklin; was with him on the redout when he was killed. My orderly at that time was named Newman. Mr. Newman is now Chairman of the Board of Directors of the New York Central Railroad.

"I was paroled in 1865, and with forty other soldiers joined the U. S. Army. I rose to the rank of Colonel in the Regular Army and was retired for disability in 1881. I am now on my way to Tripoli to learn something of that war. I am sixty-eight years old."

This is as nearly exact as I can remember statement. All of his dates and places are very correct from my own knowledge. The Colonel further says he knows the real cause of the Italian-Turkish War and will tell me later. He has three dozen champagne of a special brand and vintage, and is very liberal with it. I will cultivate Col-

onel F—— and study him. Visited Colonel F——  
—— in his rooms to-day. He has credentials  
from Governor Harmon; is a member of most all  
the New York prominent clubs; his yacht is now  
waiting for him at Genoa to convey him to the  
seat of war in Tripoli. The Colonel pays \$650  
for his suite. A little while ago the Hebrew short-  
changed me out of a mark. We had a small game  
of poker and the Hebrew was banker, hence the  
short change. Hebrew won.

The game of poker was a ten-cent limit, but  
Colonel F——— bet me \$3.00 on the first  
hand; said he meant ten-cent ante. Game was  
immediately changed to a twenty-five-cent limit.  
Colonel opened the first jack-pot for \$1.00;  
Jew raised \$2.00. I having remarked that  
I thought it was a twenty-five-cent limit. Colonel  
says twenty-five-cent limit of bets, but you can  
open and raise jack-pots for what is down on the  
board all right. So I bet \$6.00, and the Jew  
ran, and the Colonel followed, so I won  
the pot. Colonel —— is worth \$5,000,-  
000, so he tells me. He certainly acts  
it all right. Tried to go to see the second  
cabin. Rule is no first cabin passengers can go  
into this cabin. This is probably the only ocean  
line that has such a rule—but it's a good rule all  
the same—I find the smoking room is only thirty

feet aft of me and I have been travelling all around the boat for two days to get there.

Three dining room stewards and one ordinary water carrier are making up to me and giving me much concern over their expectations. I have no steamer chair and don't want any; when I go on deck I want to walk, not sit.

### DAY THREE.

Got up at 11 A. M. Lunched with Honorable Carlisle; says he waited at breakfast for me from 8:30 to 10:30; I told him I knew he was waiting for me, but that he kept me waiting for breakfast, luncheon and dinner yesterday, and that was the reason I remained away; he excused himself by saying, if he did not get up for breakfast he did not get up during the day. I spent the day very pleasantly with Mr. Carlisle. Mr. C. occupies rooms Nos. 206-208; Col. F—— has Nos. 232-234; mine No. 228; all located on the Kaiserin deck. Mr. Carlisle's rooms will compare with two rooms and bath of the ordinary New York apartment

I passed an hour to-day with Mr C. in his rooms; he has whiskey and cigars, but neither drinks nor smokes. I have told him of my acquaintance with Colonel F—— and have agreed to introduce him at the proper time.



## DAY FOUR.

Rough night and a terrific day; a comber came along to-day and broke one of Carlisle's windows; another comber broke three windows and took out a piece of railing on the Kaiser deck; ropes are up at all doors and three rope stewards are on watch at each door to prevent crazy passengers from going on deck. Called on Colonel F——; found him in bed; says he travels better in bed and will probably stay there until the boat sights his yacht. Looks to me right now like this boat is about to turn over. Carlisle is in bed; asked him why he didn't build more of this boat under water, as it is seven stories high, we should have at least three stories under water, as there are 6,000 feet of it below us; says he never built this boat, so that settled me.

There are one hundred and seventy first cabin passengers on this ship. One hundred and ten women and children, sixty men; thirty-five of the men are chasing the women, so it only leaves twenty-five men come-at-able. Have agreed with Carlisle to put on full dress one night before we get to Plymouth, England.

A comber cleared the dining saloon of all food and dishes. My chicken fricassee went with the rest. Many more combers like this will break up the house. Waves are hitting six stories of the

ship The wind is blowing like an Iowa blizzard. Carlisle says every ninth wave is a ground swell, and he should know; says water is equal to iron in weight. Compressed water is used as a force to build ships.

#### DAY FIVE.

I was notified last night that the ship would serve a special dinner to Mr. Carlisle and Mr. Hart. C—— says the dinner is given to me; that's his way of putting it. Menu was specially printed for this dinner for two. The Hebrew is still winning. My number in the pool was four hundred and thirteen miles; ship ran four hundred and fourteen miles. Hebrew won. The pool steward gets two dollars and fifty cents of the twenty-five dollars won.

Had tea with Mr. C. and the hospital nurse. Went into the music room and asked Music Steward if any damage there; said no, only a few legs of tables broken and a few trees blown down. Mr. C. says wintergarten and tea room are only frame houses built on the upper deck and is the worst place to be in in a rolling ship. They can be blown off and not hurt the ship. Mr. C. showed me a bilikin made by Caruso of himself; it is a good likeness.

The rest of the trip: boat pitched, tossed, rolled, dipped; fell down and got up again. Before re-

tiring Carlisle came to my room and strapped my table to my bedstead. He certainly did tie it tight, for it held to its moorings. I kept awake in order to stay in bed. Got up about 10 A. M.; found no one in the dining saloon; returned to my room and ordered breakfast served in the room. Steward asked me what I wanted. I replied anything, so long as it's coffee. He brought me coffee and fruit. Said water had put out the fire in the range and the stove. Ran only 361 miles to-day; should run 420 to 430 miles.

My stateroom is a wreck. Brass bed wrenched eight inches from its moorings; wardrobe smashed; everything else is damaged and my heavy trunk is walking around the room; boat leaked from the roof. When ship rolls and quivers it means she has shipped water on her decks

#### DAY SIX.

Got up reasonably early and breakfasted alone. Had luncheon alone Carlisle must have forgotten to get up; hence he won't get up until tomorrow. No use splitting a day in two just to get up. Ritz Carlton restaurant about out of commission

Captain Russer has been on the bridge over thirty hours. The sailor in the crow's nest is released every hour.

Colonel F———— says he has tested the roll

of the ship and remarked that it was 28 degrees. This remark woke up Carlisle, who replied that when a ship rolled 28 degrees no one would ever see daylight again or even 26 degrees. The Kaiserin didn't roll 26 degrees, but she came within a very few degrees of it. The captain of the ship remarked it was the worst he had seen in his experience. This conversation occurred in rooms Nos 224-226; we found Carlisle had been in bed twenty hours; Colonel F———— had requested an introduction to Mr. C., which was accorded him. He then regaled us with his record, gave a history of the Italian-Turkish War from a commercial standpoint. Colonel further said that U. S. Government was providing condensed rations to its soldiers; that three days' rations for a soldier could be carried in an ordinary pocket-book.

#### DAY SEVEN.

Took kodak pictures to-day of everybody I knew on ship

Saw a piece of feminine Dresden china to-day with two gentlemen; Mr. C. guessed she was fifteen to seventeen years old. I guessed nineteen to thirty-eight years. While looking at her she began smoking cigarettes and helped to stow away three quarts of champagne. Told Mr. C. to guess again at her age. About 9 P. M. we went up to

the smoking room; found everything chained down tight. Nothing slipping except people; all the outside doors were closed and roped up; three rope stewards guarded each door. Nobody said anything and nobody asked any questions, even the women were quiet. There was no let up in the rolling of the ship. No one at this juncture cared to know how many degrees the ship was rolling.

Do you think she is rolling 26 degrees now? I queried. I hope not. Would the Amerika roll like this? I don't know. I never saw a storm like this.

#### THE STORM.

On Thursday night, December 14, about 6 P. M., I noticed the swelling ocean, spattering its white caps over the ship. I thought nothing of it, because I was a novice at ocean travelling. During the night the ship rolled and tossed and pitched. I assumed that this was the ordinary way of a big ship in a rough sea. I called on Mr. C. and he said the "ship was rolling very badly and to a great degree." I asked him how he knew. He said: "I measured it with my eye. Noticing the swing of my glasses hanging on the wall I can come within a degree of the actual roll." I asked him if the captain of the ship knew to what degree the ship was rolling. "Yes, every roll

is automatically recorded and this ship is rolling very badly." I said get up, then, and let's go into the wintergarten. He replied: "The wintergarten is the worst place on the boat to go to, because the roll at the top is many points greater than at the base." "Well, I said, get up there is music up there. I knew this would catch him because he likes music better than his dinner. When we got into the Wintergarten I fell among the chairs, while he held to the steward and the railing. When I got anchored I said to him that the women looked white and blanched, that they knew that he was familiar with navigation, so let's laugh a little. He said all right, "if you can laugh I can." Just then most of the tables and chairs were put out of business. After gathering ourselves up we sat there for one hour and then went down to dinner. In a few minutes everything we had in front of us was on the floor; dishes and cut glass and everything else, including my bottle of Manacea water; racks were placed there to hold the glasses, but I guess no one cared to eat much.

#### DAY EIGHT.

Didn't get up until 12 M. Old ocean smoother and got down to its normal condition; we ran 406 knots in twenty-four hours, forty-seven miles

better than yesterday. Passengers most all acquainted with each other and very many exchanging cards. Carlisle is to get off at Plymouth. Captain notified him that ship would anchor at 1 A. M. Thirty passengers are to get off, but three out of the thirty say they will remain on board until 7 A. M. to-morrow. This division has caused considerable stir, as there is a rule on the Hamburg-American Line that it is optional for any passenger to decide if he cares to leave the ship after 11 P. M. The action of these three people will delay the ship eight hours if insisted upon. Carlisle is in a stew, because the captain will not discharge any passengers unless all go. No one seems to know who the dissenters are. I think I know who two of them are, a well-known expected divorcee and her maid.

Captain has notified Carlisle that he can land at 1 A. M. All have agreed to go. Bar steward has notified everybody that smoking room and bar will be kept open until 1 A. M. Wintergarten is also running. Dresden china girl still drinking champagne.

11 P. M.—Passed the Lizard at 9 P. M.; sighted Bishop's Rock at 11 P. M. and Eddystone Light at the same time.

1 A. M.—Anchored at Plymouth, England. Said good-bye to Carlisle. Ship raised anchor at 3 A. M.

## LAST DAY.

Got up at 9 A. M.; 10 A. M. sighted Cherbourg, France, and anchored in a driving rain storm. No covering of any account on the lighter; loaded all the passengers on it and after standing in the rain for fifteen minutes, lighter docked at Cherbourg, while the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria steamed off for Hamburg.



## CHERBOURG.

No one wants to know anything about Cherbourg, especially in the rain, so let Cherbourg slide.

On the train with my luggage at 1 P. M., having been greatly assisted by my Hebrew friend. He got me a porter and after we landed, requested a five franc piece to pay my porter. I gave it to him, and lo and behold, it paid all the score, including his baggage, so I was short-changed by him for the third time, but I don't care, he helped me land and get through the Custom House in good shape and without much delay.

Left Cherbourg promptly at 1 P. M. The train conductor was very pleasant to me, as he noticed I was not feeling too well; he spoke English fluently; told me to make myself comfortable and asked me if I wished luncheon. I told him I would have some tea at 4 o'clock. Promptly at 4 o'clock the dining car conductor called for me to get my luncheon. The distance from Cherbourg to Paris is about 300 miles, which we ran in seven hours and ten minutes. Promptly at 7:10 we arrived at San Lazzare station and I was met by Mr. Felder's valet, William Kee, of Nashville, Tenn., with the limousine auto and the French chauffeur. After arranging with William to have my trunks passed through the Custom

House on the following day, I was whisked through Paris up the Champs Elysées into the Avenue du Bois, and at 8:15 I arrived at No. 55. I was placed in the unique looking little elevator, pushed button No. 5 and soon was landed at the apartment of my host and hostess.

## PARIS.

No city in the world, probably, has such a uniform skyline as Paris. The building regulation of seven stories and no greater height for any building, lets the visitor always see the skyline even if he is walking. Something that is denied the New Yorker in New York. The perfect fan spread out represents its beautiful streets. I will make no attempt at description for Paris is described in too many books, too many magazines, and too many newspapers. At the outset I set forth my determination as to descriptions, so the reader must look elsewhere to read about Paris from a descriptive standpoint.

Paris is a good place to visit if you have the price; so is France. Buy a Baedeker or get one of the Hamburg-American Line guides. They can tell you more than I know or could find out in twelve months. Don't look for the Latin quarter. It is not there any more, no more than the remains of Danton, Marat or Robespierre that once ruled with a cruel hand. The Latin quarter has followed them but Le Empereur is there always.

Three weeks in Paris should be sufficient time to get acquainted with the town, but if that time is passed in an auto, you cannot so easily familiarize yourself with every locality; however, I managed to pull through all right, and don't think I was

misunderstood but once. When I told the chauffeur to take me to Mai Maison (my house), in about twenty minutes I found myself in the Bois de Bolougne, en route to Josephine's former home, Mai Maison. I corrected him by shouting "Chez-Moi," and soon had him back to No. 55 Avenue du Bois in time for an 8 o'clock dinner.

I did Paris in a hurry, as I had so much ground to get over. I knew I would leave something out, unless I galloped through each place.

I saw everything that was to be seen in Paris. I saw quickly, but took time enough to fairly imbue myself with the subject. I walked through the Luxemburg Gardens; visited an American bar. Bought a drink and a cigar; cigar was broken; barkeeper refused to exchange it so I paid for it, threw it away, and steadfastly during my stay in Paris, I refused to patronize the place. Was introduced to a French-American artist who talked freely of French art; agreed with everything he said; when I found I had to say something, I told him I thought Apt's chicken painting was the best I ever saw, and Kneller's Lord Howe and Countess of Derby were about the best portraits ever painted. I think he agreed with me. Then I bade him good-bye.

The stores of Paris may contain fine goods, but they are not nearly as palatial, or cleanly as the stores in America. Marshall Field's, Altman's,

Wanamaker's have no equal in Paris in any way. Possibly better and cheaper linens, laces and gloves may be obtained, but as retail stores, New York's and Chicago's are superior. Again there is no shopping street in Paris equal to Fifth Avenue; same may apply to the hotels and cafes, but Paris is all alone in many ways and no place is its equal or like it. It seems to be well governed, and yet the Apache of the Bois de Boulogne robs and murders his victim and often gets away; these robberies and murders startle Paris about once a week.

Visited the Pantheon, and passed some time studying Rodin's "Thinker." Just as I entered the guard yelled, "To the Crypt." So I joined the procession accompanied by Nettie Belle. After gazing silently at the urn of J. J. Rousseau, and right opposite at Victor Hugo's, then at Voltaire's, then Bertolait and his wife, both of whom died the same day, I asked for Dumas, and was told that he was lying in La Chaise. Danton was once in this Crypt but the people raided the place and threw Danton out.

The new piece in plaster, La Convention Nationale, is in the foreground; it will soon be in marble; it represents the people crying to Marshal Hock for a new constitution.

To the Madelaine to see it let out, I gave ten minutes. This large church edifice has no win-

dows; light is emitted through the doors. I stood, as the people passed out, the sexton continually shoving me about; one person out of ten touched the brushes which held holy water.

Christmas Eve night is one of the great celebrations in Paris. My good host tendered me his auto for the night, as on account of his illness with la grippe, he was unable to accompany me. I thought of my Hebrew friend. I knew he was staying at the Continental, so I told the chauffeur to go there. As I pulled up in front of the entrance there he stood in all his regalia: a dinner coat, a black string tie and an opera hat of the vintage of 1839.

I told him my errand was to see Paris to-night, that he, having been to Paris fifty-eight times (twice a year for twenty-nine years) should know all about it; he acquiesced in my invitation, and asked me how long I had the machine for, and where did I get it. After setting his mind at rest on these questions he asked me if I objected to having a lady accompany us. I asked him who, and he replied, "Mme. G., of Chicago." I told him to get her. He then sent his card up to the lady's room, with whom it appears he had an engagement; she quickly responded to his card. Well, she was the ugliest woman I ever put my eyes on, but I soon saw she was a lady and one of unusual intelligence, so I turned on the lights in

the machine and told them not to disturb the flowers, and asked my friend whither? "To the Dead Rat," he ordered in genuine French. Arriving at the Dead Rat, my friend attempted to get in, but was refused admittance, as it was full; then he ordered the chauffeur to go to the Abbaye. To the Abbaye we rushed, only to repeat the performance. As this was growing monotonous, I told him to let me try. As I reached the entrance of the place and saw an opening; I beckoned my companions to follow me quickly. Getting into the hallway I saw about fourteen Cocottes. I got a handful of small coins and threw them into the crowd. This manifestation of prodigal liberality settled the question of our entrance. We were shown upstairs into the main salon and secured a table, when to my horror my Hebrew friend turned white. I said, "what's the trouble?" He replied they want fifty francs each for supper and no wine. And the supper is nothing but soup and cold chicken. "Well," I replied, "give the waiter 150 francs; that's cheap enough for a place like this. "Oh, Mr. Hart, 150 francs for supper and 150 francs for the wine, that means \$60.00. You surely don't mean that. I know you are a millionaire, but look at me. I can't stand for that." "Well," I said, "give this nigger a Louis (a nigger is the head man at Abbaye—he came from Georgia). At that request, he nearly fainted,

but I made him take out the gold piece and give it. This was our only salvation in leaving the place, after making my bluff to get in. Seating ourselves in the auto, I said, "Where are you going now?" "I think we will try Edward VII on Rue Cammartin; it's new and beautiful." I asked him why not Maxim's. At this he laughed, as much as to say, "You want the earth." We arrived at Edward VII about 1 A. M., and I had the pleasure of an introduction to Bonfare, the star of the Moulin Rouge, who was to sing at Edward VII twice that night for 1,000 francs. I could not see Bonfare's face on account of the paint on it. At close range her lips looked like Mephisto's, the red paint reaching nearly to the ears. She was accompanied by an attache of the Roumania Embassy, who was smitten with her. We became well acquainted. I said "oui" once in a while and she jabbered considerable. She had at least forty rings on her fingers. She drank wine freely, and asked me if I would not return to Edward's on New Year's Eve. (I did return to Edward's and found the same attache and Bonfare, and before I left she asked me, through an interpreter, if I would give her some jewels. I excused myself at that time and suggested that her hands were already full. She replied that she loved diamonds and wanted them so she could remember me. I told her to forget it.)



My Hebrew friend was getting tired, so I sent him to his hotel, after he had short-changed me out of seven francs. This is the last throw that Jew will ever get at me. At 5 A. M. I arrived at Maxim's. The doors were barred and a row of policemen were in front. I pleaded for admission, and finally one officer pointed to another. I took the cue; handed out a five-franc piece. Up went the shutters and I was pushed into the arms of the head bandmaster at Maxim's. Another five-franc piece secured me a table and I remained until the festivities were over. Maxim's isn't worth a description. I went there because I heard of it as a place worth seeing.

They would have to give me more than ten francs to get me there again. I returned to "Chez-Moi," pushed the little button in the elevator and was soon in my room and asleep.

The next time I visited Paris at night was with Tom; he took me to five theatres and I failed to find or see the stage at any but the Alhambra; saw a very fine English ballet; the children were exceptionally fine. Following my visit to five theatres in one night, Tom escorted me to "Societe de Propagation de la Boxe Anglaise." Here I witnessed five scientific prize-fights, the last being between Kid McCoy and George Gunther, an Australian nigger. McCoy won. The arena was full of gentlemen in full dress with a

fair sprinkling of ladies. We were seated at the ringside in front. There was nothing brutal about the fights; no knockouts, as the pairs were very evenly matched. The next day I met Kid McCoy and asked him why he didn't knock the nigger out, and he replied that he did try to, but couldn't. I am afraid forty years of age is too old for a prize fighter. And I said to the kid that he would drop to some one before he got back to America. I guess he is making money and has to stand up until he is knocked out.

The airships, aeroplanes and dirigibles are sailing about Paris daily if the weather is pleasant; they have ceased to be a curiosity any more. Saw Santos Dumont on the boulevard; the little fellow has quit the air business apparently.

Went riding with Tom to-day, was tired and sleepy, and when Tom found out I was asleep while he was talking, said it was a disgrace to go to sleep in Paris and cut me up with a general lecture on sleeping. I paid little attention until he threatened to have the chauffeur drive me home. I straightened up and agreed to keep awake if he would give me a cigar. This compromise of the affair pleased him. He said I had lost much by going to sleep in the streets, that he was explaining the statue of Henry of Navarre on the left side of the Seine and also the column that used to hold the horses that Napoleon stole from Italy.

I asked him where the horses were and he said they were sent back to Italy and others were put in their places. He said I also missed the sight of the Prison where Henry killed himself and Patty du Clam died. Just then he pulled up at Henry's in the Rue Volney and I asked him if this Henry was any relation to that Henry, and he said "who?". I replied, "This is Henry's ain't it?" "Yes, but this Henry is a Dutchman who has lived in Paris twenty-five years; the other Henry was a Frenchman who tried to do something to Germany and Dreyfus." I said "Oh!" and he looked disgusted. I asked him to take me where I could buy an \$8.00 bracelet watch, and he refused, saying it would cost more to pay for the auto than the watch.

## FONTAINEBLEAU.

Hotel De France et a Angleterre at the entrance of the palace is probably the most expensive hotel in the world. I was required to pay \$1.50 for an ordinary cigar and a drink of whiskey and soda. The waiter wanted to arrange luncheon for me, but I told him that I had to retain enough money to get back to Paris, and as I did not know what I had to go through with in paying my guide through the palace, I thought it best to go hungry. He let me go after short-changing me out of sixty cents.

I visited the palace (Sunday) and was fortunate in securing one of the door guards to accompany me. I was advised to employ one who could speak English, but I preferred a Frenchman, as by that means I might learn a few more words to add to my French vocabulary which at this time was composed of only such words as oui, cinq et cinq, Avenue du Bois, partout, Rue, Cafe, Chez moi, Bon Marche, Continental and a few Rues.

On entering the palace I found that I was all alone with my guard, no one else within its sacred precincts.

My Frenchman started to tell me what I was looking at. I shouted "show me the room where Pope Pius VII was a prisoner. When I got into

the room I demanded to be shown the Cardinal's room, then his name. This stumped the guard, but finally he got it out—Conselve. Now the guard room. Now show me the place where the German Emperor or William I stood—the exact spot where William I was proclaimed Emperor of Germany. Then he took me in the large reception hall and pointed out the spot. This historical circumstance is not advertised in France, but it is a matter of history that Bismarck had William proclaimed Emperor of Germany in the Palace of Fontainebleau; later he was crowned in Germany.

“Now show me the Article of Abdication signed by Napoleon I.”

He showed me the fac-simile, the original is in the Archives of France. Now the table on which it was signed. There was the little table, marked by the notch made by Napoleon in his anger, with a knife.

Now for the library begun by Francis I. Then the rooms of Madam Maintenon, the Emperor's rooms and so on through the great palace, probably the show-place of France. And while Napoleon would not stay at the palace at Versailles, he lived much at Fontainebleau. My guide was very reasonable, very gentlemanly. He said I was too quick for him. But I saw Fontainebleau Palace for two hours, which was well worth the day

I gave to get there and return to Paris. The ordinary traveler should give as many days as I gave hours to this wonderful palace.

## CALLING ON TOM KECK.

One evening Tom concluded he would take me to see his friend, Tom Keck. So he ordered a machine from the Tea House of Fouquet and we started—en route we stopped once or twice and the time slipped by so rapidly that it was nearly twelve o'clock when we arrived at our destination. The doors of the gate were bolted and the Concierge was evidently asleep. Tom said to the chauffeur "ala Concierge Monsieur Keck." After some minutes our chauffeur returned with the message that Monsieur Keck didn't live there. At this Tom alighted and the following dialogue took place. "Monsieur Tom Keck ala twar—ze—e—chaz—" The chauffeur said, "Monsieur Keck, upstairs." Chauffeur said, "Parley vous?" Tom said, "Oui, ah moi—eh—ze—old man this fellow can't talk French worth a cent. Give him the whole alphabet, Tom, and wake up the janitor." "Don't you see the door is shut. It's against the law to wake up a janitor after twelve o'clock in Paris. If you haven't the combination to the gate, you'd better let him sleep." Then Tom said to our patient-waiting chauffeur, "Zee—e—ala gon away, Donna, Niente Fatuendo." Oh, hell, "Chez Moi!" "Let's go home, old man!" And we went. We found out the next day that Tom Keck used

to live there, but had moved; and after consulting his French book, Tom found he had been talking some French and some Italian, but the Niente Fatuendo told the story.



## HENRY'S.

On Rue Volney, a resort for Americans principally. Champagne is sold for a franc a drink; cigars the same. The other floors are used for a hotel by Henry. It is well kept. Among its prominent guests is Hobby, the only steamship commissioner outside passenger agent in Paris. Hobby is all walk. On Proctor's circuit Hobby would score a success. Hobby has been living at Henry's ever since Henry was Henry. He says about thirty years ago Henry tried to emigrate to America. He crossed on a German boat and landed at Hoboken. Henry not liking the looks of New York, refused to leave Hoboken, returning on the same boat to France. Hobby is a fine character and well liked by all frequenters of Henry's.

## TRAVELLERS' CLUB.

A beautiful building located near the Arc on the Champs Elysées, designated as the Travellers' Club of Paris, demands more than passing comment. Among its members all nations are counted, many travellers of world-wide fame use its registers and seek its beautiful salons. Prince, Lord, Duke or Commander are associated within the spacious precincts of the club. Its suspended stairway and balcony of onyx is in itself one of the sights of Paris. The Travellers acquired this

property after the last Revolution. At one time it was supposed to be the property of Napoleon the Third. Many Americans are enrolled in the Travellers; probably there are very few Americans who reside in Paris part of the time that are not associated with the Travellers' Club. I passed many very pleasant hours there during my stay.

## LONDON.

Three days in London hurried me somewhat, but I got a fair view of the city, and a line on all the principal points of interest, all through the kindness of my good friend, Carlisle. Arrived at Charing Cross promptly on time and took lodgings at the Savoy. All alone in London this first night. I took in the Alhambra, a fairly good show, that's all.

My friend called the next day and took me to the Reform Club, and through many parts of old London. Lunched with Carlisle at his home, No. 12 Hyde Park Place; other guests were one of the representatives of the New York Sun, and the representative of the New York Times. We finished at 3 P. M. After dropping the correspondents, I asked Mr. C. the names of the guests. He said he didn't know. This was my first notice that Mr. C. could not remember names. We returned to the Savoy, and there I was introduced by Mr. C. to Mr. Edward Sharer, of Glasgow. Mr. Sharer builds the great dreadnaughts for England's admiralty. Visited with Mr. Sharer for an hour. Dined at Picadilly Grill, said to be the largest and handsomest grill room in London. Had tea at the Savoy at a dollar a cup, including trimmings. At 10 P. M. visited Hotel Holborn, stopped at No. 46 Doughty Street and in-

spected the residence of Charles Dickens, now a boarding house. Doughty Street is much like Sampson Street, Philadelphia. Doughty Chambers is opposite, and Old Curiosity Shop around the corner; then back to the Savoy to rest.

At 10 A. M. Mr. C. took me to service in St. Paul's, and afterwards service in Westminster Abbey, winding up with a drive to the Marble Arch, then on the Mall to Buckingham Palace to Rotten Row; then up the Strand, through Regent Street to Burlington Arcade at the Bank of England and in it and through it; to the Cecil and everywhere in London that a lively car could carry me. Occasionally we would leave the machine and mount the top of a bus and ride through the busy streets. These busses seldom stop to let anyone on or off, sometimes they slow up. I only got on and got off running.

London is more reasonable than Paris, and England is more liberal than France. People in England seem to be satisfied; in France it is hard sometimes to suit them. In England the air seems free to breathe; in France they would charge you for it. I saw no beggars in England. I was annoyed to death in France. The Englishman is satisfied with himself and his country. The Frenchman is dissatisfied with himself and his government, so a change may be expected.

SOME SIGN IN LONDON.

: . . . . . :  
: :  
:           HOW TO FIGHT GERMANY :  
: :  
:                   READ :  
: :  
:           JOHN BULL :  
: :  
: . . . . . :

The above sign is handsomely painted and located in a prominent place on the Strand, near the Savoy Hotel, London, England.

## LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK.

There should be no comparison of the three cities. London is greater than Paris, Paris is greater than New York, and New York is greater than London; thus you have it. All of them surpass each other. There are no stores in the world like those of Chicago and New York. The manager of the Bon Marche, Paris, objected to such a statement, and would only admit that the buildings that held the goods were better. He said: "We sold at retail 247,000,000 francs last year, about \$49,000,000, and we sell to the rabble and to royalty." I then asked him how many silk stockings he had in his stock. He hardly knew. When I told him that Marshall Field, Wanamaker and Altman had more silk stockings in their stock than were in the whole of Paris, he shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

Paris has no equal in the world, neither has London, and no more has New York.

## SHAKESPEARE—STRATFORD.

To visit Shakespeare's birthplace and residence had always been a great desire. Paris and London were secondary considerations. I accomplished this desire on Friday, January 5, 1912. I arrived at the pretty little station before 3 P. M. I soon engaged a Shakespeare cab, three-fourths of which was glass and started for the church. Arriving in due course, I knocked at the glass and iron door and was admitted by the sexton, who always keeps the door locked. He immediately requested me to register (charge one shilling). After registering, as I was standing at the end of the center isle, he called my attention to a complete bend in the construction of the church, the bend beginning at the commencement of the altar. This he said was accounted for as a freak in construction. The church being rebuilt in three periods, beginning in the 16th century and ending in the 18th century. The effect of the bend would appear as designed, but the sexton says it was accidental, probably the "plumb line" was out of order. I then asked him if I could see the Register of Marriages. He replied that no one was allowed to handle it, except by an order of the Bishop, as the Bishop wasn't in sight, I told him I didn't want to handle it, but merely wished to inspect it. He then said I could see it in a glass case;

this exactly suited me. In most all the "Lives of Shakespeare" I have read, it is asserted that he had a daughter named Judith, who married at the age of forty in this church and that she signed the Register "Judith (her mark X) Shakespeare." After viewing this Register, I cannot conceive of any author making such a statement, as all the Registers in this church are written up by the clerk of the church, and no one ever signed any of them. It seems that after Shakespeare became prominent and a source of revenue to the town of Stratford, the then clerk of the church looked up the names of seven Shakespeares who were buried or married in this church, and opposite each name placed a cross mark in order to be able to show the visitor quickly who of the Shakespeares were communicants in this church. The sexton's exposition of the facts proves to me that such editions of Shakespeare, containing such statements are scarcely worth reading. It is wholly unnecessary for me to try and combat the Shakespeare claimants. To any sensible person combatting the arguments of these adherents—and I refer to all the people in Stratford only—it is only necessary to listen to them to make up your mind that they are laboring under a strain to try and convince you, although you have not denied that Shakespeare wrote everything attributed to him. The strongest certain argument that



Shakespeare did not write the works attributed to him, is that he never really put in a genuine claim to authorship by any act of his; he had no correspondence with any of his associates as to the merit of his works, or on any other subject. 'Tis true that probably most of them were published during his life and his name appended to them, but he seems to have been too modest to discuss them. At this period the most valuable asset of any writer was the books or manuscripts he left behind him. Apparently Shakespeare placed no value on them. A large portion of his scenes were laid in Italy and the characters were Italians, yet there is positively no evidence that he ever went to Italy. In his will be made no reference to his books, but gave his "second best bed and furniture" to his wife. According to history, he held horses in London, was a valet, an actor and part manager of "The Globe," doctored up plays and invented scenes to make them presentable. Neither his father or mother could read or write, while no one ever found a record of who his paternal grandfather was. He played the Ghost in Hamlet once—a very appropriate part.

Again. During the Shakespeare period, very probably 80 per cent. of the people of Stratford could neither read or write, a very poor place to produce such a man as Shakespeare is claimed to have been; a scholar, a soldier, a lawyer, an artist,

a poet, a diplomat, a sailor, a man of unfathomable learning, the depths of which can never be measured, whose keenness of precision has never missed its mark, and whose fullness of thought and action can never be equalled. No, Shakespeare, 'he himself,' was a plodder, a man of very ordinary nature; poor in thought, reasonably sharp but ignorant, unjust and vindictive. For proof, please note his will—and I think every unprejudiced person will accord with me; if not, then go to the church and look at the original bust of him, and you will see there the counterpart of a fat, sleek, wine agent.

In looking over Stratford, in gazing upon Shakespeare's church, in walking over the slab "curst be he who moves my bones," in seeing the figure of Margaret Clopton and the bust of Shakespeare, then going to his house and the cottage of Anne Hathaway, then coming back and going over the whole ground again, then talking to the sexton and hearing him discourse on the identity of the poet, you will be more convinced than ever that Shakespeare was a very ordinary man, and further, that he never wrote anything; never had any correspondence with anybody; never kept a scrap of paper or any record of anything in the literary line; except his epitaph. Now he has fame, but there is something lacking to make it last much longer. There is evidence that Queen

Elizabeth commanded Shakespeare to write a play, and it is assumed the play was "The Merry Wives of Windsor," but Lord Bacon handed that command to him. A responsibility rests upon those agitators who repudiate Shakespeare's claim to authorship; they must dig deep into records and try and find out absolutely the truth. I'm too far away to do anything but forcibly assert the negative. For no man of such rearing and surroundings and such small educational advantages could possibly produce such works. The man who wrote Shakespeare at least attended a high school and must have had some correspondence with some one on the subject and left some legitimate acknowledgment demanding recognition of these great works. There must be a preface somewhere claiming the courtesy of the reading public, asking them to listen to his songs; to the truths he uttered, the plans he unfolded, the humanity he portrayed, the teachings he proclaimed, for he gave them freely and without reward, and yet most of his life was passed in their preparation and it is reasonable to suspect that some one else besides the author may have said something about them between the years 1600 and 1616. If so, where is it? No one knows anything about Shakespeare, except by inference; all editions of his life are contradictory on most points. No one knows where his father

was born. Most of them agree that he was an alderman, but was expelled from the board; all agree that his financial condition was at the zero point and yet at this very period Shakespeare was worth thousands of pounds, but he gave no relief to him that any one knows of. He was not a dutiful son; and I don't believe he wrote Shakespeare.

### PARIS TO MARSEILLES.

We had a Berliner from Paris to Marseilles. A Berliner is a car with compartments for three; that is, three reclining chairs or berths, are side by side. Tom had secured the tickets and the berths in the Berliner. When the conductor came he refused to accept the two tickets from Tom and Nettie Belle for a three-compartment Berliner, and if he accepted them he required that I should remain in the same compartment with Tom and Nettie Belle and absolutely refused to show me my Berliner, unless we purchased a fourth ticket. Now, all this conversation was in French, as pure French as they make it. Finally, the conductor said there was a lady in the next car who spoke French, so he could understand her and suggested we interview her. So I accompanied Nettie Belle and the conductor to the lady's compartment. When we entered we found two old Dowager Duchesses and an old Lord asleep. The fool conductor awakened the old lady and told her his

errand, at the same time Nettie Belle spoke to her and suggested that I move out. The old lady told the conductor that Nettie Belle spoke better French than she did and she could see no necessity for calling on her to interpret. The conductor said that at the next station—about midnight—he would see the station agent and settle the matter. The station agent decided in our favor, so we returned to our Berliner. Tom was very hot under the collar and wanted to punch the fool conductor. When he found things settled, he turned to me and said: “Old man, do you know the reason for all this trouble?” “Well, I’ll tell you. Nettie Belle has been so —— stingy with her French that she came very near having us all put off the train.” I rolled up in some blankets hired at the station in Paris and tried to go to sleep, between a Jew from Baxter Street, New York, and a Scotchman from Glasgow; it reminded me very much of railroad travel during the war times in Mississippi. I rolled out, clothes and all at Avignon, France, to get some coffee, and before I could grab the cup from the French woman she filled it half full of goat’s milk. If there is anything I hate it’s goat’s milk. Between the rotten Berliner, the conductor, the bed fellows and goat’s milk, I thought of Chez Moi.

## FROM MARSEILLES TO ALEXANDRIA.

### INDISPOSED.

Old Lady: When I was born, I was so small they could put me in a coffee pot and shut down the lid.

Second Old Lady: And did you live?

Old Lady: They say I did and did well.

### NETTIE BELLE.

Ice cream and Boulé baillse for which Marseilles is so celebrated, don't go very well together, but I tried the combination once—anybody should try anything once—and failed to destroy the effect, after taking two India China oiled capsules. I managed to ride (on the day following my diet of fish and ice cream) to the good ship Schleswig, lying at the pier at Marseilles, opposite the Chateau D'if. Sailing for Alexandria I soon got my quarters, and as the ship sailed, I rang violently for the ship's doctor. A dapper little German presented himself ready for business. "Vat's the matter?" "I don't know; that's why I sent for you in order to find out. Raising my eyelashes, he said: "Did you ever have the yellow jaundice?" "No; I'm just getting it for the first time." "Well, I'll give you some calomel." "What for?" "Well you get it all right. I gif you three and one-half grains; den I gif you some Carlsbad and you got them both."

1 P. M.—Now I give you a schoppen of oil.  
How does that strike you?"

"All right." And I got the schoppen.

7 A. M.—"No good?"

"No."

"Well, I'll give you some more all right." So  
I got another schoppen.

2 P. M.—"No good?"

"I guess I'll die all right, Doc."

"Well, why don't you eat something? I'm not  
sure what's the matter with you."

"Neither am I, and I don't propose to eat any-  
thing."

"But you are getting yellow already."

"Doc, when will I get greener than what I am?"

"About to-morrow."

"Now, what are you going to do?"

"I think I give you about a quart of olive oil  
and some isen."

"What's isen?"

"Don't you know what isen is? Well, I think  
it's transparent."

"What do you mean? Isenglass?"

"Yes, that's it. I saw it do good once."

"But, Doc, you don't know what's the matter  
with me, and yet you give me isen?"

"Yes, yes, it's good, very good."

So I got the isen. About this time Tom and  
Nettie Belle appeared in my cabin. "Well, old

man, we have got an English doctor on board and we are going to bring him to see you, after duly conferring with our ship's doctor."

"All right, bring him in. Do you think he knows as much as the little doctor?"

"O yes; he is from London, you know." Soon both doctors appeared on the scene, and I think they fully agreed that any kind of treatment was better than doing nothing. So they gave me some more isen and a box of Carlsbad. At this juncture, the fourth day, I was pretty well loaded. On the morning of the fifth day the doctor appeared and remarked that they had agreed to not give me any more medicine. I remarked that it certainly was a great coincidence, for I had carefully agreed with myself that I wouldn't take any more. Then the little doctor, who was always pleasant, insisted that I should eat something. I told him that I had agreed with myself not to take any more medicine and I classed food—at this juncture—the same as medicine.

"I tell you what I do. I massage you." "Good, but doctor I have made up my mind to die and be buried in Egypt." "Not yet; I fight a little longer." I was then yellow-green, with a shade of black. My good friend again appeared on the scene and Nettie Belle suggested champagne. At the sound of this I turned over and agreed. I drank it quick. That was the last medicine I got and I



am sure it cured me, all due to the thoughtfulness, generosity and kindness of my good friends.

We arrived at Alexandria that night—the seventh day.

## ARRIVING IN EGYPT.

Precisely at 8.30 A. M., January 22, 1912, the good ship Schleswig steamed up to the wharf at Alexandria, Egypt. The Egyptian physician and his numerous aids were examining the passengers by holding their hands and looking at their tongues. My hand had been held and my tongue had been hanging out of my mouth for at least three minutes before I was handed my certificate, when I discovered Tom had not put in an appearance. Nettie Belle was there on time but no Tom. I sent my room steward, Max, the Caterpillar (we called him the Caterpillar because he looked like one), to notify Mr. Felder to hurry up. Max returned with the message that Mr. Felder was nearly ready. After a few minutes, I concluded to go after him as the ship could not discharge its passengers until the doctor passed all of them.

I tapped gently at the door of my Lord and quietly and gently informed him of the situation, adding that the doctor sent his compliments with the request that Mr. Felder should present himself at an early date in order that the passengers might be allowed to land and see something of Egypt before the arrival of the next steamer on which they expected to return. I will not fully write out Mr. Felder's message to the Board of

Health of Egypt, but the invitation extended to the doctor and the whole Egyptian population, including Pompey, the Roman, and Cleopatra, the Syrian Jewess, but it savored of brimstone and blue fire with considerable white heat. I returned to my position on the deck and found Max and Mrs. Felder holding down the small baggage. In a few minutes I noticed Mr. Felder entering the dining saloon to interview the Board of Health. Just then the gangplank was placed in position and about one hundred dark-skinned, dull-eyed Egyptians dressed in all colors and labeled "Shepherd's Hotel" and "Cook" came aboard. It sounded like a lunatic asylum had broken loose. Just then I heard a shrill voice behind me say something and in the twinkling of an eye, two Cook's and one Shepherd fell upon me, breaking my cane in three pieces. I looked up and saw Max lying down on my valise and kodak. After gathering himself up, I requested him to secure the three pieces of my cane, so that I might save the silver and ivory mountings. After quiet had been restored, I asked Max where Mrs. Felder was. He replied, "She is behind you. What was the trouble, Mr. Hart?" "Oh, nothing, Max!" Nettie Belle simply said "No," that's all; but neither Cook's or Shepherd's bothered us any more that morning. Tom concluded we had better try and land, but we were penned up until we visited the Custom

House to pay three dollars a head for the privilege of getting a landing on Egyptian soil, a sort of poll tax.

## EGYPT.

“Dark as Egypt” has a meaning without reference to the black nights of the Nile. The Egyptians, the Nubians, the Syrians, the Turks, the Soudanese, the Africans—bunch them all, and the filth, squalor, ignorance, unhandiness and primitiveness of these people is astounding. To see three men sitting in a ten-acre patch trimming the grass with pen knives; or see a little boy eight years old carrying 110 pounds of dirt on his head; or to see sixty grown men work thirty minutes to remove one large stone one inch, is a fair example of the manner in which these people try and eke out a miserable existence. Some one asked the contractor why he didn't get wheelbarrows to haul away the dirt, he replied that he had tried it, but that when the barrow was filled two of them would lift it up and put it on the other fellow's head and he would carry it off. Their strength is phenomenal. Any man will carry an upright piano with the strap around his head, after the piano is hoisted on his back.

The caravan that follows the tourists to the temples or tombs are persistent beggars. Our Dragoman orders them off when necessary, but orders do not feaze them. Back again they come and plead for backsheesh, only to be scattered by a volley of oaths from the Dragoman; their per-

sistence knows no let up; they think the American tourist is lined with gold and comes to Egypt to give it to them. See sir, I only have one arm, a foot, a nose, or hand, I need plenty of help. You see them.

Then they touch their head (I think of you); touch their lips (I speak of you); touch their heart (I love you).

A very beautiful sentiment, but it emanates from them to every one who gives them a mill-yem (1/10 of a cent). They appear harmless, but they are too filthy to handle, too dirty to talk to and too ragged to look at. Irrigation is all done by hand. They have little or no power in Egypt, because they have no fuel. There are no fences in Egypt, no roads in Egypt and no woods in Egypt. The shepherd of two thousand years ago, all dressed in white, has his flocks today just the same. The faithful camel plows, draws water, travels, is ridden, is raced and finally winds up on the griddle. The little donkey does his work well until he falls down, if he is pushed too hard. Practically all the people are Mohamedans. They say five prayers a day; sometimes they say all five at one time—standing always facing the East and bowing and kneeling and sticking their heads into the desert. The children all wear a little leather book; there is nothing in it, but it's the Koran all right. I suppose the piece of leather

has been blessed and the rest is left to the imagination. Lord Kitchener, the Sirdar, knows how to manage them. So does Sirdar Wingate at Khartoum. I know now what "Dark as Egypt" means.

We visited the Dervish Generals who are on parole about two or three miles from Wadi'-Halfa; three of them received us pleasantly and accepted enough money to purchase some tobacco. These people are not beggars and do not care to accept presents. They informed us that if we would call again the following morning before ten they would be glad to see us, but later in the day they had to attend a wedding. I was extremely anxious to see Osman Digna, the man who kept England in a turmoil for sixteen years before he was captured. He is now in prison at Wadi'-Halfa. The following letter from the Murdir of Halfa—Governor—will explain my failure to see Osman:

SUDAN GOVERNMENT,  
HALFA PROVINCE.  
GOVERNOR'S OFFICE.

Subject: Osman Digna.

Halfa, February 5, 1912.

Dear Sir:—I very much regret that I am unable to accede to your request. I am not permitted to allow any one to visit Osman Digna under any circumstances.

Yours faithfully,  
EL RE,

Ad. Ea. Halfa.



When Osman was first captured he was paroled, but escaped and went to fighting again. He still maintains the same belligerent attitude. It is said that his knee pan was removed in early infancy and that he is enabled to run and jump like a gazelle twenty to thirty feet at a jump. This story is told by the Dragoman.

### CAIRO OR KIRO.

Nearly one million people probably fairly divided into Turks, Egyptians and Syrians, with a sprinkling of English, Germans, Sudanese and Nubians. The Museum of Kiro is not second to any Museum in the world. Its contents from the tombs and temples of Egypt, its treasures from the same source, are well worth a lengthy visit. I gave about two hours to it. The room assigned for the discovered treasures of Theron M. Davis contains great value and this American has been very unselfish in donating what he found to the Egyptian Government.

The streets of Kiro present a very pretty picture, the inhabitants dressed in colors, some bare-headed, some with turbans, some with the fez, crowd around the entrance of hotels and restau-

rants and make walking rather difficult. Their persistent appeal for backsheesh or their demand to buy beads or scarabs from them, annoys you very much, and there seems to be no way to get rid of this pest, except by clubbing or screaming at them. The arrival of an American shipload of Cook's tourists was announced one day during my stay at Shepherd's; I waited for the train to arrive to see how my countrymen acted. Most of the eighty tourists were women and young girls. I noted a number of black valises bound with white in the office at Shepherd's. I at once took in the situation; evidently Cook's promoter had suggested a certain size valise and a certain place for the tourist to purchase, so they all arrived equipped with hand baggage of the same design. A few minutes after their arrival, most of the tourists could be seen on the porch or lawn in front of Shepherd's poking money through the fence and purchasing blue heads and scarabs; one woman held out a handful of money for the fakir to help himself as she was unable to count the piastres. These beads and scarabs are probably made in Birmingham, England, or in Germany, and shipped to Kiro. The Americans in Egypt are a mark for fakirs. The English and German traveller seems more experienced. The Citadel and Mosques of Kiro are particularly interesting, especially the Mosque of Mohammed Aly. This is a modern

Mosque—original burned in 1803. I entered the Mosque after putting on sandals. The crystal chandeliers were magnificent and the whole edifice imposing. Many Mohammedans were prostrating themselves on the floor. I expected to find one of the sacred carpets removed from Mecca, but was informed that none of the carpets were used in any of the Mosques. The carpets removed from Mohammed's tomb each year, are hidden somewhere in Kiro and are not visible to visitors, except at the celebration annually when the last carpet may be seen.

Kiro is a failure from a commercial standpoint, except as a distributor. Standard Oil and American Tobacco are duly represented. Most of the larger English fire insurance companies are represented, but there isn't very much to insure in Egypt, I should imagine.

## PYRAMIDS OF GIZEH.

### KHEOPS OR CHEOPS.

About eight miles from Kiro, good auto road and a good hotel there, so the trip is a pleasant one. Kheops is 586 feet sloping side height. Old King Kheops built this to live in after he died, so that's where it gets its name from. A tall six-foot four-inch Bedouin made Tom a proposal to climb up the corner, go to the top and return in ten minutes for ten shillings. If he failed to make

the trip in ten minutes, he would make no charge. I was timer. He climbed it in five and a quarter minutes to the pinnacle, returning in two and a quarter minutes; whole time seven and a half minutes. I asked this Bedouin how long he expected to live taking such chances. He replied: "It's my business. My father, before me, made it his business, so I take the chance for a livelihood." The sphynx is about an eighth of a mile from Kheops. Napoleon shot the mouth from the sphynx about one hundred years ago. What he was shooting cannons around in this neighborhood for I don't know, but one of his cannon balls deformed the face of this sphynx. Around this pyramid fakirs, camels and donkeys hold their sway, and Birmingham, Berlin and Chicago beads are sold like hot cakes. Evidently the stone of which the pyramids are built comes from the Assuan quarries and was floated down the Nile.

### SHEPHERD'S, KIRO.

The best patronized hotel in Egypt. Here you have the best orchestra in the world, and the swell people of the world, those who can afford to travel, are seen here in large numbers; at the same time the average American tourist reclining upon its cushioned divans and partaking of its sumptuous table d'hote. Waiters are plentiful. You only

have to squint at a postal card and a whole album full will find its way to your room, and will be duly noted on your bill. A piastre is only five cents, but when you see 400 piestres charged for room, 650 for two days restaurant, 150 for postal cards, 220 for laundry and twenty-five for carriage from and to station, which you did not use, you will at once note the character of Shepherd's, as well as all of the Egyptian hotels. One serious objection to Shepherd's, as well as all other Egyptian hotels, is lack of sufficient towels, and those that are furnished are of the five-cent order. I did not have time to inquire into the cause of this foolish economy, for it is not in keeping with the character of the places as you look at them. But Shepherd's gives very good value. Its worth stopping at if you go to Kiro. You can get most anything you ask for; all that's necessary is the price. Shepherd's has it. It takes a long time to get the Arabs to do your errands and return to you. It took me twelve hours to get a trunk out of a storage room in the hotel, but I got it all right. Shepherd's runs the Mena House at the big pyramid, also the Ghesirah Palace, but I prefer Shepherd's. The Waldorf of Egypt has as many Peacock Alleys as the original Waldorf, and as many peacocks rest undisturbed in its palatial saloons, hallways and lounging rooms as do in its counterpart in New York.

## LUXSOR.

Two hundred miles from Kiro, one full night's ride by rail, and you arrive at Luxsor, Egypt. The home of the Luxsor and Karnak Temples, the avenue of Sphynxs and the road of Rams; nearly three miles away in Thebes are the tombs of the hundred kings and a sprinkling of queens, in the sandy desert at Thebes. We drove these three miles in a carriage pulled by two horses and pushed by three men through the sand, the wheels of the carriage had a flange twenty inches wide, which kept them from sinking into the sand. Arriving in due course, hot and thirsty, I tried to make short work of these tombs, giving about two hours to their inspection. I was most interested in the tomb of Amenothis II, who had been reclining there thirty-eight hundred years, surrounded by servants, who were probably buried with him. He looked like Francis Wilson blackened up. After two hours we sought the Rest House and welcomed a cool breeze and a good luncheon. The Rest House is under the management of the Winter Palace Hotel at Luxsor. In this town and opposite the temples, three of the best hotels in Egypt are flourishing.

It has been said and remained uncontradicted that there are more spurious antiques sold in Luxsor than in any part of Egypt. The Karnak Tem-

ples, located about one and one-half miles from Luxsor, are possibly the most interesting temples in Egypt, with the avenue of Sphynx crossed by the road of Rams, the latter road originally running across the bed of the Nile to the king's tomb, lined on each side with Rams and the avenue of Sphynx lined on both sides with Sphynx. Originally, these roads were seven or eight miles in length. I judge they must have been hundreds of years building, according to the slowness of Egyptian labor at the present time.

### LUXSOR TURF CLUB.

The Gymkhana races at the Luxsor Turf Club attracted our attention one afternoon when returning from Karnak. They had donkey races, male and female, camel races, likewise horse races without saddles, donkey obstacle races and an animal race for visitors. Now, this animal race was the feature. A dog, a pig, a duck, a turkey, a calf and a hen, each having a rope tied around its respective neck and each having a lady of quality as the driver, except the turkey, which was driven by a man. The calf ran away, the dog caught the pig by the ear, the turkey ran the wrong way, while the duck waddled in a winner. The whole entertainment was for charity, so the pools won on the races; didn't pay much.

The Luxor Turf Club gives races once a week; admission \$1.00—20 piastres.

### KARNAK TEMPLES.

The Karnak Temples are probably the most wonderful in Egypt. Baedeker says they should be claimed as one of the wonders of the world. When you see the Karnak, it combines about all the temples in Egypt. The columns are eighty feet high and one hundred and thirty-four in number. One window is still preserved as it was when this temple was constructed. Rameses II the Great has stuck himself all through the temple. He must have been a great king of Egypt, because his successors did not disturb him; there must be one hundred statues and images of him in Luxor, Karnak and the tombs. History says he slaughtered his slaves for pastime and then slaughtered some more. This fellow has no ashes to say peace to. He is a dried-up mummy in the Kiro Museum.

### ASWAN OR ASSOUN.

The great dam of the Nile is here at the first cataract, so is Philae, the pearl of Egypt; also some of the best hotels in Egypt. Here the Duke of Fife died on his Dahabieh, and here J. P. Morgan rested after he injured his knee. At this in-



teresting place Tom concluded to hire a boat and a crew of Arabs to visit Philæ, and incidentally to see the great dam and shoot the rapids to the music of the Tom Tom and the singing of the crew. After each song, which always ended Hip, Hip, Hooray. Thank you! Thank you! (Arabs always thank you for what they do themselves.) The most interesting part of this excursion, which lasted several hours, was the tuning of the Tom Tom. The tuning process consists in building a fire of paper and heating the instruments. When it gets good and hot they pound it; it has neither rhythm, tone, time or harmony; it simply resounds to the pound of the Arab. But what it is heated for I don't know, for it's a devilish instrument, hot or cold. It is played with the fists. Most of the Arabs on the great dam hire themselves to you to jump off into the Nile from frightful heights; then they swim after your boat to collect the charge. They ask this question: "Shall I jump." and then they jump before you can say no, risking a collection of piastres. It's mighty good to finish these tours, for when you get back to Aswan you have a good hotel to rest up.

### HELD UP ON THE DESERT.

Back of Aswan, about two or three miles, lies the large needle that was hewn out of solid rock

and duly inscribed but never moved. This curiosity is still lying embedded in the sand. On our way to this object, we were interfered with by a village of Nubian men, women and children. After a warm argument, Tom agreed on a dollar and a half to see a mimic fight and then a dance on the desert. They performed fairly well. For safety an Egyptian policeman mounted followed us. I think they follow all travellers on the desert to give them protection. I refused to buy any of the goods of the women and children, although pleasantly importuned to do so.

These Nubians are like the genuine African, black as coal, tall, raw-boned and apparently healthy. They were very filthy and the women and children unsightly to look at, but still they importuned and would catch hold of you if you would permit them. Their houses have no roofs, nothing but the sky and the sand. Apparently no vegetation surrounds them and withal they appeared to be content and happy. There is always a Sheik who generally seems to be superior officer who does the trading.

### A DINNER INCIDENT.

Tom had invited a friend from the Argentine to dine with us at the Cataract House and he was

very particular to give me ample notice that to properly present myself, I should at least change my collar. The hint was sufficient for me to array myself in Rogers & Peet's best full dress with a collar that was threatening to sever my left ear.

Tom presented himself in Bell's best pattern, while Nettie Belle in full Parisian costume caused our party to be a little more than noticed by the Grand Dukes, Duchesses and Princesses of the Cataract. When lo, our guest from Buenos Ayres presented himself in yellow shoes, a green shirt, a pink necktie, a tweed coat and black trousers. Nothing was said. Nothing was done. But we crowded him against a pillar in the great Turkish dining room between us, with our hostess in full view of the assemblage. We remained at table until the house was cleared, smoked our cigars and drinking our coffee as the lights were being extinguished. Before retiring for the night, I said: "Where do you suppose he left his clothes, Tom? In Buenos Ayres?"

"I wish mine were there. Here I have been dressed up like a negro minstrel with my shoes pinching me, waiting for your distinguished guest. When he appears, we have to hide him. Now, if you had let me have my way, I would have saved him by being in a like costume. Do they have full dress in Buenos Ayres, Tom?" "How the —— do I know? Good night."

## WADI-HALFA—HALFA—THE SOUDAN.

Seven days on the Nile from Aswan and return makes a splendid trip for the Egyptian tourist. Cook & Co. own Egypt and the Nile, although the Hamburg-American Line own a number of steamers which run in competition to Cook, but Cook has the call, although the Hamburg-American accommodations are just as good. I understand that soon Cook will own the whole river.

En route from Aswan the boat stops at the various temples, tying up at the banks over night (as no steamer runs the Nile at night-time). In many places the water is very shallow and we often rubbed ground on our trip. The longest stop made is at the Temple of Abu Simbel, about fifty miles from Wadi-Halfa. We tied up about three o'clock P. M. and remained until the next morning. At Abu Simbel we had the pleasure of meeting Artist Newman, a gentleman from Massachusetts, who lives in Florence, Italy, and paints Egyptian temples and tombs. He remains in Egypt from November 1st until he is driven out by the heat in March. Mr. Newman invited Tom, Nettie Belle and myself on board his Dahabieh, and we had the pleasure of seeing some of his work. He sells his paintings for from \$750 to \$8,000 each, and I assume they are worth every cent he asks. He

regaled us with much information regarding the tombs of the kings and the temples. He says that Germany got permission of the Egyptian Government to take an imprint from the walls of Abu Simbel—that they dampened blotting paper, as well as the walls and took a perfect impression of the coloring, but with this impression they took off all the coloring. This was not so bad, because the water of the Nile would have destroyed it by soaking it. Now Germany has a complete mould of the walls of this celebrated temple and can easily reproduce it. Mr. Newman has been at work twenty-five years in Egypt. When they were uncovering Abu Simbel, he was there in his tent painting. Amidst the singing of six hundred Egyptians and the buzzing of six hundred thousand flies, he must have had a pleasant time. I think he ought to charge ten thousand for every picture. He don't look like he will last much longer. We spent a very pleasant hour with him.

Arriving at Wadi-Halfa at twelve o'clock noon, we struck a very quaint town, peopled with Sudanese and a sprinkling of English. The people thrive on themselves, as there seems to be no stores like in Luxsor and Aswan for the tourist to trade in, besides there is no good hotel at Wadi-Halfa. The stores are for native trading; you might get a postal or two, or a genuine antique there, but nothing modern. The Mudir or Governor of

Halfa Halfa Province resides here. On another page I have referred to this gentleman.

We remained at Wadi-Halfa one and one-half days. Tom desired to extend our trip to Kartoum by rail; to this proposal I objected, as I was booked to sail for America on the "Cedric." I used every argument to dissuade him, but my victory was gained only by an alliance with Nettie Belle. After everything was settled as to our return, I learned that Tom did not want to go, but was simply trying me out.

Our trip up the Nile—seven days—was on the steamer "Thebes" of Cook's service, an excellent and well-conducted boat. There were on board twenty-one passengers.

## RAMESES II—18TH DYNASTY.

I cannot refrain from commenting on the gross conceit of this monarch. You do not get out of the sounding of this king's name until you get to Aswan. He must have been the most conceited man of any of the periods of the past five thousand years.

The Temple of Luxor and the Karnak Temples must have been in course of building hundreds of years and yet during the reign of Rameses II he erected his image in every hole and corner of the Luxor Temple which must have been his special

care. Not satisfied with embellishing Luxsor, he went to the Karnak Temples, destroying many statues of old kings and erected thirty-seven of his own images.

In Thebes, the Collossi (about two miles from Luxsor), is Rameses II and all over the desert this king advertised himself by his images.

Now, to cap the climax, Cook has named his largest Nile boat "Rameses II." I tell you Rameses II must have made Egypt howl.

## THE DESERTS.

"The air bites shrewdly; 'tis very cold."—  
Bacon's Hamlet, Act. I.

The Arabian, the Nubian, the Lybrian deserts, all look the same to me. The cold chill air blows from them at night and in the early morning, a sort of a chill air that is cold, a kind of air that you do not want to take hold of you, for an Egyptian chill generally does great damage to the unacclimated traveller.

Along the banks of the Nile on these deserts, there are probably more tombs to be uncovered, especially Queen's Tombs, as there are very few of them compared to the king's who have been discovered. There is nothing particularly attractive about these deserts, except the sunrise and sunset; then the colors are beautiful. The natives

always sing at work, but watching them soon becomes tiresome. Egypt is certainly dark. Let us hope that a glimmer of light may creep in.

## THE NILE.

Not very deep now, a mile or more wide in places. The new dam will raise it eighteen feet and this rise will cover Philae the beautiful, and the Abu Simbel Temple, also the bed of Isis, Temple of Horus and Osiris, *et al*—all gone. There is some talk of removing the Temple and Pharaoh's bed in order to preserve them. From Kiro to Wadi-Halfa by boat requires twenty-three days. We took the rail trip to Luxsor and then the seven-hour trip by rail from Luxsor to Assuan. After remaining four days in Assuan we took the steamer "Thebes" for the seven-day trip to Wadi-Halfa and return. Most all the natives are a mangy lot of sore-eyed, ignorant, dirty, persistent beggars, a great many of them only have one eye or one ear, or one arm, or one leg. They regard the fly as sacred, as they light on their maimed parts in flocks there is no attempt to brush them off; the same flies have the impudence to light on the tourist and fight back if you try and brush them off. We got out of Egypt away from the hot days and chill nights safely, but many who are imprudent are liable to stay there and share the



tombs of Amenothis II, Setti I, and his great son, Rameses II. I am very glad I went to Egypt, but I am extremely pleased that I am back. Tom says I was afraid to go to Kartoum. I sure was.

### THE DONKEY.

The donkey of Kiro, Luxsor and Aswan, the Arabian desert, is different from the donkey of the Soudan. The donkeys of the Arabian desert will safely gallop, but the donkey of the Soudan will fall if you force him to a run. Why this is was not explained to me, but nevertheless it is a fact. The little fellow is more than faithful, he is fair, and will do his best to carry you but is not strong like the mule or horse. He deserves great credit for the part he plays in Egypt; he works for everybody in every way, and is second to the camel in the benefits he gives to Egypt. The camel and donkey are about all Egypt has that is alive and are integral parts of its deserts.

### SCARABS.

Plenty of them are found in Egypt, but it is very difficult to secure a genuine one, unless you get above Luxsor; there are plenty in Kiro, also Luxsor. The native Egyptians will ask you eight, ten or twelve shillings; offer them eight, ten or

twelve piastres. Your offer will be accepted. It's possible that you may get a genuine one, but more probable that it will be from Birmingham or Berlin; they are made to order in those cities by the thousands. You may apply the same rule to all the bright beads that are offered to you.

### A HYENA HUNT.

At the earnest solicitation of James, our Dragoon, Tom agreed to hire an expert Egyptian hunter to hunt hyenas at night in the desert. The hunter was engaged and one fifty was paid to purchase cartridges; then donkeys were hired, and everything made ready to leave the hotel at 8 P. M. After all arrangements were made and at about 6 P. M., I inquired of Tom as to guns. He replied that there was only one gun and that was for him. I asked him what part I was to play in the hunt and he said we were all to take stand near each other; that I was to dismount from my donkey when they heard the hyena coming; that I was to stand right quiet and that when the hyena came up and got ready to spring on me that he was to shoot, and if he missed him, then the hunter would rush in with an axe and do the hyena up. I asked him how he would see in the dark and he said on his last experience in hunting hyenas, they could easily be seen by the light

of their eyes. I asked him where would Drago-  
man James be and he said James would be hold-  
ing his donkey. I then ventured to remark that  
I thought it would be safer for the party if James  
would hold the hyena. He remarked: "Now, old  
man, don't be so foolish; we are going on this hunt  
to-night, and I have gone to the expense just for  
your entertainment." About this time James an-  
nounced that the donkeys and hyena hunter were  
outside. The piazza was full of Dukes and  
Duchesses waiting to see us off. At this juncture  
I requested Tom to change the arrangements so  
that I might hold his donkey and let James at-  
tract the hyena. Then Nettie Belle came to my  
relief and it didn't take her more than two minutes  
to fix things up and we all agreed finally that  
James and the hunter should go out and get the  
hyena and bring him to the hotel—dead. I made  
James believe that this was a great honor Mr.  
Felder was bestowing on him, so he went, return-  
ing in about two hours to say that the hyena did  
not roam in the desert that night, but there were  
plenty of wolves howling. Tom told me quietly  
that night that hyena hunting was a great sport  
and that he'd have surely shot him just before he  
jumped at me. The hunter kept all the ammuni-  
tion as pay for his trouble, and James laughed out  
loud.

## ROME.

Nine hours in an automobile probably carried me to as many interesting points in Rome as could have been seen in as many days. Guided by Miss Marie Josephine Walsh, who by long residence in Rome was so familiar with the city and its environs, that I lacked no detail in the description, and needed no Baedeker to consult, I had given my professional guide a holiday and was very thankful that I let him go, for through Miss Walsh I was made to see, know and understand more of Rome than I had ever accomplished by my limited reading. I failed to get to the exact place where Cati-line delivered his defiance, but that was probably the only thing I missed in the whole city. I am sure I went over the Seven Hills and about as far out the Appian Way as St. Peter did at the time of Nero, when he fled from Rome, changing his mind and returning after walking three miles.

I gave about as much time to St. Paul's Outside the Gates as I did to St. Peter's within, and while I would rather have missed St. Paul's than St. Peter's, yet I think St. Paul's must be the showiest church in Rome, but why such an edifice was built where it is located, and that in 1823, after the original church was destroyed, I cannot understand. However, it's there in all its splendor and may not be as grand as St. Peter's, but certainly

it is more pleasing to the eye. Everybody knows that goes or reads about St. Peter's, the Vatican, St. John's, the Appian Way, the Coliseum, the Catacombs, the Tiber, the Apollo, the Tomb of Victor Emanuel and many other interesting points, all of which I saw and inspected in so brief a space of time as nine hours, so I will pass them up. There are two hundred churches in Rome fully equipped that do not hold service but once a year; the other two hundred do the work. The Grand Hotel in Rome caters to the elite; however, it is not so expensive as Shepherd's in Kiro, Savoy in London, Hotel de France de Angleterne at Fontainebleau, or the Astoria or Ritz in Paris, yet the satisfaction it gives its guests and its service is equal to any hotel anywhere. Their ballroom presented on Friday night, January 16, 1912, an appearance more than equaling the Savoy in London. In fact, I never saw a better gowned assembly of men and women than those who attended this hop. I did not encounter any beggars in Rome, like I did in Paris, Naples and Egypt. It may have been that I was not in their wake that day, but all the same I did not see any. The short visit to the American college and introduction to Bishop Kennedy was very pleasant, and had I remained over I would have had the pleasure of attending one of the audiences of the Holy Father. Of course, I regret this very much, but my good

ship Cedric was ready to carry me safely back to America, my quarters were secured, so I don't think the combined introductions or interviews with George IV and William of Germany would have stopped me. I saw what I saw in Rome, and I heard what I heard in Rome, so I was more than repaid for the trip. I like it for its cleanliness; I like it for its holiness, and I like it for its antiquities and next time I will have time to go over it slowly I hope.

## NAPLES.

Don't go there unless you have to pass through it to get to Rome. Egypt is a jewel to Naples. You have little protection from the police and very little authority seems to be exercised by any functionary. Insults are offered you and there is nothing to do but to accept them. Counterfeit money flies around and is liable to reach your pocket every time you change a bill. The boatman who rows you from the steamer won't land you until you pay him double the contract fare. The cabman will drive you to the wrong place and the vendor will insult you if you refuse to buy his wares. If you go to Pompeii, get your own guide, one only who has been recommended to you as safe.

Naples is different from Rome, or Northern Italy; it's a place to itself, a little kin to Messina and very chummy with Sicily. The town is suffering much from lack of patronage at present. I rode through Pompeii in a sedan chair; too hilly to walk comfortably. My guide gave me all the real lecture in good tone, well rounded up. I can't remember all he said, but I was there all right, and saw all the ruins and meditated very much over the scenes I did see, as well as the sights I saw. Pompeii was intentionally buried once, all covered up with brimstone and lava, and 40,000 people buried, buried to stay for good. If Naples don't look out, maybe history will repeat itself.

## NETTIE BELLE.

In all of the trips during my stay in Paris, I was accompanied by my good hostess, Nettie Belle Felder (Mr. Felder was under the physician's care on account of an attack of la grippe). She must have been worn out with so much running around in addition to her daily tasks, but if she was she never once showed it. At times I would notice a twinkle in her eye and a knowing look, but I would tell her a joke that she had never heard and then she would have a real laugh. I bought whatever I wanted quickly, and that I know pleased her, but every morning at ten-thirty or eleven she was ready to go anywhere suggested. A minute and a half in the Cluny was drawing things a little fine and she intimated that possibly five or ten minutes would give me a better idea of what I saw, but I was in a hurry, so I kept her very busy keeping up with me. She never once got tired, never was late and was always ready. It was the same in Kiro or Luxsor or Aswan, or Halfa, on the desert in the Soudan; she was as lively as in the Bon Marche, Paris. At the tomb of Amenophis II, or Rameses the Great, the Karnak Temples or at Abu Simbel, Nettie Belle was on time and generally at the head of the procession. She didn't say much, or interrupt the Turkish narrator with foolish questions taken from Baedeker's



Guide. If a fake string of beads or a Birmingham scarab was offered her, she gave a glance at them only, and the Arab fakir generally passed her critical eye by and looked for easier material for his impositions. Only once did she overtax herself. Nine hours in the Egyptian sun trying to view the second cataract from an eminence was too much for her, but after twenty-four hours' rest, she was ready for the next temple. I think she missed Esna, but this was only a five-cent temple, and I guess she knew it wasn't worth ten minutes' walk, but it was the only one in Egypt she did not view. I left her at Helouin, near Kiro, enjoying a good rest, Tom squaring himself for the sulphur baths he intended to try, both in good health and good spirits, and now they are safely back in their beautiful home in Paris.

## TOM.

A little touch of la grippe beginning about December 12, 1911, was the basis of our Egyptian trip. If Tom hadn't caught the grippe, I wouldn't have been able to hang on to a donkey's tail in Egypt, as I had planned to go to London, Liverpool, the Isle of Man and Belfast; all these points were cut out as Egypt has the sun, there the grippe cannot live. So Tom fell in love with Egypt, and before he left it, I am sure Egypt was in love with Tom. He became interested from the time the Egyptians charged us three dollars each to land at Alexandria until he paid an added ten per cent. charge to the Hotel for the laundry as he was leaving Kiro. Up for breakfast, seeing everything, reading everything, finding out everything, until he struck the tomb of Setti I, father of Rameses II. When he emerged from this dungeon his panting indicated to me that the inside of the tomb must have been of great depth and heat and when he said, "Old man, I'm nearly dead," I replied, "Did you see him, Tom?" "Who?" "Why, Setti I, father of Rameses the Great." "I saw nothing—and if I ever go down in one of those ———— things again, I hope some one will kick me." "Why, I told you not to go and you made me look like two cents, and you talked about pearls and swine and here you come back with—Baedeker in

your hand, swearing vengeance against all these tombs. Now you are going down in the next one, because Amenothis II is lying in state and we must see him. He is the only 3800-year-old king in Egypt lying in his tomb, so come on." He made an effort and so we went to the bier of Amenothis II, and there the old reprobate lay in all his majesty. When we emerged from this tomb, we visited a few of the queens and then lighted on the porch of the Rest House for luncheon and it was a good one. All through Egypt Tom led the way, except to the second cataract of the Nile; we both slept that morning and let everybody on the boat go on this nine-hour trip. After a brief stay at Wada'-Halfa, Tom took a notion to go to Khartoum. I objected, kicked, bucked and yelled. Tom said: "We will go." Just then I spied a notice on the station which said: "The train for Khartoum will stop at Abdul Hamid, in order to allow the passengers to take a bath." I read this notice to him and then said: "Maybe this will hold you for a while." "It sure will and I guess we will turn back." And the very next day we turned our faces toward Assouan, then Luxsor, then Kiro, all happy and contented. I left him at Helouin, all grippe had disappeared and he was in good fettle, improved in health, feeling that the whole trip had benefited everybody in body and in mind, storing up an

experience that can only be acquired by actual contact, lasting, beneficial and profitable—something which you have and that no one can take away from you. Tom has got it, and from the unusual studious way he devoured all the guides and quizzed all the Dragomen, I am sure he will retain it, and be able to give all details to enquiring friends. I had much difficulty in persuading him to leave the Karnak Temples. the one hundred and thirty-four columns in Ammon seemed to hold him; he would sit down at the foot of Rameses the Great (you couldn't sit anywhere else in that temple) by the hour and discourse on the Eighteenth Dynasty. I'd sing out "Sixteenth, Tom," and when he found that Baedeker said eighteenth, I'd hide behind Rameses to escape the missile. Any man that can master all the temples of Karnak and all about Egyptian Dynasties, and do it in one trip is real clever. Tom did it and that's Tom.

## HON. ALEXANDER M. CARLISLE, P. C.

Entered the ship-building firm of Harland & Wolf as a boy, receiving a wage of two dollars a week; left this firm in the year 1910. At the time of his retirement from the firm he received from it, if not the largest salary, a salary probably equal to any paid in England. Mr. Carlisle has built fifty-nine ocean liners, his last and crowning effort being the "Olympic"; all of the White Star liners were constructed by him, as well as the America of the Hamburg-American Line. He is principally a humanitarian with socialistic tendencies. He cares nothing for money, except for its ordinary uses and the aid that it may give to others who are deserving. In looks he is the counterpart of the late King Edward. If you should see a man on the Strand or Regent Street, bare-headed, it's Carlisle. He never wears a hat if he can help it. He likes a good joke, and can tell one whenever necessary. He lacks the faculty of remembering names, and it wouldn't surprise me if he would forget his own some time. He is prompt in his engagements; don't drink or smoke, but permits and enjoys the habit in others if they are reasonably temperate; he is a good man to know and be with. Whenever he goes on a voyage he always writes the purser a letter stating that should he die,

it is his desire to be buried at sea. Some time ago he wrote some of the railroads leaving Belfast, asking them how much it would cost to convey a corpse from Belfast to London, two of the roads replied, one of them giving a tariff to Southampton, saying from there the corpse would have to pay extra to get to London. But one of the roads, instead of writing sent a dead wagon to his house for the corpse, thinking, of course, the body was there. He was trying to get this detail so that his family would have it. He has left Belfast and will reside in London, a city corresponding with his abilities and his ambitions. He is of the people and for them, believing that in them rests the hope of the kingdom, and by their good conduct and prosperity only can any government be supreme. As I have said before, he is a good man to know, a good friend and a jolly companion.

## AUGUSTUS B. EDDY.

(By Permission)

A gentleman and an artist, see Villa Michel Ange, No. 11 Rue des Sablons. Mr. Eddy is exactly the writer's age. I could tell that as soon as I saw him. He has been an active artist for three or four years. He will have to be dead ten years before any of his colors will be admitted into the Louvre. Mr. Eddy is not selling any of his works. I was extremely pleased to have the pleasure of dining with him at No. 55 Avenue du Bois, and afterwards to remain with him in a round of Paris by night. We were accompanied by the Toms, Tom Felder and Tom Keck. These young men got tired early and begged us pitifully to take them home, but we kept them going from place to place until we had exhausted the street. I forgot what Rue it was. Mr. Eddy is a delightful conversationalist, and a good companion; he paints for the pleasure it gives him. He is a first-class judge of everything, knows Paris as it should be known; has lived there some years and expects to live there many more; is a genuine thoroughbred American; keeps his studio up-to-date; is a good judge of a prize fight, likewise a connoisseur of the horse; is up-to-date in every sense of the word. I am truly glad I met him and possibly may run in on him soon again.

I wish he would sell some of his pictures to some one he don't know; this is a requirement for membership in many clubs. I'd buy one to make him eligible.

### ACHMED.

The Dragoman of the steamer "Thebes" explained the whole of Egypt to us every day on the boat and on the desert in the temples and tombs, and out of them. Achmed has a good face and is extremely communicative. Some of his dates got mixed, but he would never admit it; to contradict or argue with him would excite him and then his countenance would become cloudy, but generally he was a very smooth proposition, and he knew his business. He had antiques for sale, and they were genuine; also postal cards. He is a very good man for the place. He awoke the whole boat one morning at 3 A. M. to get a view of the Southern Cross. I refused to get up, as I didn't think much of this constellation of stars, having once had a glimpse of it in Jamaica. Achmed, I think, was a little put out by my lack of curiosity to see everything.

### CURATE GREENSIDE.

At the Cataract Hotel, Aswan, Egypt, Curate Greenside, the local Episcopal minister seemed



to live; the curate usually made himself quite busy, his business did not seem to take on the garb of joyfulness, yet he seemed to move around among people like a human being. One evening he approached our table and requested the privilege of helping himself to a match; we assented, when lo and behold, he moved the whole match box to his table; this seems a trifle, yet it marked the selfishness of the curate. I saw it stamped on his face; now I see it in due form. Surely there are only two classes of people, even among preachers. I guess the curate must get his sermons in the same way that he gets his matches.

### SOME TRICKS.

On my second trip to the Karnak Temples I got separated from my companions. After a few minutes' rest, I concluded to enter alone. A tall Nubian, six feet six inches, followed me at a respectful distance. After getting tired I turned to retrace my steps when my Nubian friend pointed that I should go to the right and go out at that gate. Without thinking, I leisurely followed him and when I was let out, I found I was a quarter of a mile from my carriage; the smile on his face spoke of expected favors. When the carriage arrived, instead of a tip, I put my fingers to my nose, letting him know I was on to his

tricks of keeping me from going back where I came from.

At Fountainbleau I gave a waiter a five-franc piece to change. Soon he returned to me and said in the most suave manner: "Monsieur, I am very sorry to inform you that this is not a good piece of money, as it is a Spanish piece and only worth forty cents." I replied that I had received it from the Government of France—the R. R. Co.—and that they did not give out counterfeit money. "Sometimes they do, sir, to strangers." The rascal had substituted this piece for my good franc piece.

A beggar approached me on the boulevard, and to get rid of him I gave him a bright Lincoln penny; he bowed low, called me "My Lord" and started down the street with a rush. He thought he had a Louis. I am glad I was not around when he found out its value.

## CUSTOMS HOUSES.

I was advised by some passengers on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, not to try and take any matches, whiskey or tobacco into France. The duties were excessive. I had two bottles of very fine whiskey and a pound of very choice smoking tobacco. On my arrival at Cherbourg, I gathered the whiskey and tobacco in my arms and laid it

before the Customs officer; he took it to the Chief Inspector who looked at me very peculiarly; then the officer came back to me and handed the whiskey and tobacco to me, at the same time marking my baggage "passed" without opening it and waiving me off with a polite bow; no charge. In Italy, Egypt and England the same, and I may say also in the United States I was treated with every consideration by Custom House officers and the duties charged me were reasonable. I made declaration of everything and few of my packages were disturbed. In Italy and France the local customs between city and county must be disagreeable. You cannot bring a bunch of grapes into Rome from the rural section without paying duty. In France your gasoline in the auto is measured as you go out, and if any is purchased in the country, a duty is charged by the Government upon your return to the city line. I had extremely fair treatment by all Customs officers of the various countries I passed through, which made my entry into France especially pleasant and offset the horrible way of landing at Cherbourg. My word was taken without any search in France, England, Italy and Egypt and lastly in America. My original packages were not disturbed in any way.

## DUCKS.

“Now I will digest the Venom of my spleen.”  
—Bacon.

I was particular to eat at least one duck in each country, England, France, Italy and Egypt, besides partaking of the fowl upon the various first class steamships upon which it was my good fortune to travel. I include dining car service under the head of steamships. In every case I found the duck well cooked, browned to a turn, just like my mother used to have them cooked. Now there is a certain Club in New York in which the members pride themselves upon their knowledge of cookery; recently a number of ducks were presented to the Club, and I was requested to have them properly prepared, the blood to follow the knife. I requested the Chef to cook one of the ducks to a turn, leaving the remainder to be warmed through. At the dinner I was made the “butt end” of the conversation and sarcastically addressed as to the manner of cooking the duck that I preferred. I feel now that I am largely in the majority, and I desire to state here that I think the eating of a raw duck with the blood streaming out of it partakes of cannibalism and should be prohibited by law, from a sanitary standpoint. That the eating of a duck bloodraw, en-

dangers health, and if it should prove to be a sick duck, the lack of proper cooking would be serious. This applies to wild ducks and tame ducks, red head or canvas back, and this is notice to said Club heretofore referred to, that all ducks hereafter should be cooked brown unless examined by an expert, provided any member desires to drink blood, which is unsanitary and insanitary.

## FOOD.

The excellent services and cuisine, both on the Hamburg-American Line, as well as the White Star Line, are beyond criticism. This may also be said of the hotels in England, France, Egypt and Italy, not forgetting the steamboat accommodations on the Nile.

Cook & Son practically control Egypt and the Nile, but the Hamburg boats on the Nile are equally as good, though they lack the patronage necessary to sustain so great an expense as is incurred by the large steamboat service. Vegetables of all kinds raised in Egypt are said to be unhealthy, probably on account of the waters of the Nile used in irrigation; it does not make as good fruit as rain. Some oranges in Egypt are equal in sweetness to our Florida oranges, however.

## THE "CEDRIC."

TWENTY-ONE THOUSAND TONNAGE, SEVEN HUNDRED FEET OVER ALL, SPEED EIGHTEEN KNOTS.

She sailed out of Alexandria promptly on time at 1 P. M., February 12, 1912, with sixty-five first cabin passengers, fifty-three of them bound for Naples, twelve homeward bound for America; three days' uneventful trip to Naples, with pleasant weather; a stop of three days at Naples, then with forty-nine newcomers we sailed for New York. Sixty-one in all in the first cabin.

On my arrival on board ship, I was accorded the seat of honor at the Captain's right hand. After leaving Naples three days later I found upon entering the dining saloon, my seat occupied by a gentleman in full naval uniform. I soon took in the situation, when the steward seated me in No. 2, removing two a peg downward and so on down the line. The Royal Italian Commissioner, Captain Dr. Ettore Curti had to accompany the ship to New York because there were nine hundred of his fellow-citizens in the steerage. In such cases the Italian Government requires that its representative shall be accorded not only the seat of honor at the table, but also that he shall be recognized as the representative of Italy, and

that no one on the ship, passenger or officer, shall take precedence over him.

The seat of honor on a ship should at least be filled by a Commodore or Admiral, because you must always be on parade.

My shirt collar was scratching my left ear every time I would turn my head. My white vest would eternally pull away from my waist and show my suspenders, and the contortions that I would go through at dinner time in order to keep my clothes in their right position, made me feel that I would like to have had the Italian Commissioner's wife with him, so that I could get a few pegs lower; besides etiquette required me to remain at table as long as the Captain did and to tell as many stories, so between the waits, trying to entertain the Commissioner and at the same time to keep all my clothes on, I was really a sufferer by the honors heaped upon me. Again for the first few days all the passengers wanted to know who I was, and what rank I held. Whoever told the Captain to give me such prominence I know not. However, I stood the racket for thirteen days, when No. 3 came to the table in a red shirt and green tie apologizing to the Captain, saying he was out of white shirts and there was no laundry on board. I took the hint quickly and then and there declared that I had on my last one and had worn it three days. This let me out of

the dress suit and for the next few days, I was at peace with all the world at dinner time.

Among the passengers we had the English Major from India, the English lady from Arkansas, the Duchess from Detroit, the Frenchman from Australia, the Louisiana Planter from Philadelphia, the Female Anarchist from New York and Mazeppa and her sister from Massachusetts, a jolly crowd, all ready for a frolic, a song or a dance. Amidst this tranquility and peacefulness, a bomb shell was thrown into the camp. On Washington's birthday, 22nd of February, 1912, The Duchess approached me and requested a quiet game of crib. I assented. After the cards were dealt, she held them to her face and whispered to me that she wished to make a confidential communication, when without ceremony, she advised me that the gentleman who was seated at my back at the Purser's table and next to her, had a violent case of smallpox, but I was to keep the secret. She further said he only partook of one meal after leaving Naples on the 17th. I agreed to keep the secret, not knowing what else to do with it. That evening there was a notice placed in front of the inquiry office for all passengers to call on the Purser; a few minutes later this notice was supplanted with a second notice saying, "A suspicious case has developed and all passengers may call on



the doctor and be vaccinated.” A suspicious case meant a full grown case of smallpox among the first cabin passengers. I adjourned to the smoking room and there found the Frenchman and the Planter, who called me to join them. Just about this time, a red-faced Colonel arose from the corner and delivered himself as follows: “Gentlemen, a great outrage has been perpetrated upon us this morning; we passed within one mile of Gibraltar and it was the duty of the officers of this ship to stop and put the smallpox man in quarantine. International quarantine laws require this.” Just then the Indian Major appeared and said it was necessary for the majority that the smallpox man be thrown into the sea. That in India they never let the majority suffer at the expense of the minority. At this juncture the Frenchman said that could not be done, that it would not be humane, that International quarantine required us all to remain twenty-one days on the island, that International quarantine would not allow small pox to be put off anywhere, so the Captain of the “Cedric” was quite right in not stopping at Gibraltar, because International quarantine would not let him, that Australia had International quarantine and he was well posted as to its workings. This brought up quite a spirited argument between the red-faced Colonel and Frenchy; they both appealed to me and the Philadelphia Planter.

As I had never heard of any such thing as International quarantine, I declined to decide this dispute and suggested that they fight it out among themselves.

#### SMOKING ROOM INCIDENT.

(CEDRIC)

The first day out I found a very interesting acquaintance in a Louisiana Planter, who in turn gave me an introduction to a very gentlemanly Frenchman, who had resided in Sydney, Australia, for thirty years. We soon became fast friends and for about three days and nights entertained each other discussing various experiences in Egypt, France and England, and occasionally the Frenchman would entertain us with his Australian experiences, while the Louisianian would explain the negro problem and also tell us of his experience with Mr. Roosevelt while the latter hunted for bear on his plantation.

About the fourth night out, there seemed to be fewer stories circulating, when some one of the party mentioned the blowing up of the Maine, saying he was very well satisfied that it had been blown up from the inside. I took exception to this statement and backed up the Louisianian, we settled the question and quieted the Frenchman. The next subject brought forth was, whether

Peary or Cook discovered the pole. I was up against it, as both the Frenchman and the Louisianian insisted that Peary was afraid to take a white man with him on this "last dash" and got an ignorant negro to follow him. Then the Frenchman said he had a great regard for Cook and his work, and by this time I was very "hot under the collar" and shouted for some Munich beer, but I held myself down and finally after a quiet lull, the Frenchman brought up French history; said Victor Hugo never wrote anything about French history. I asked him if he had ever read "The History of a Crime." He said, "No; what is it about?" I said, "The French Revolution." "Which Revolution?" By this time old Louisianian had woke up and made the astounding statement that I was absolutely wrong in my premises, that Victor Hugo never wrote any such book; that I was mixing Hugo with Eugene Sue, and that I should not try and argue French history with a Frenchman who had "eaten up" French history as a pastime for over fifty years. Cigars were then ordered and the steward announced that the lights would go out in half an hour. This was welcome news to me, as I felt that many more jars like that of the past two hours would at least tend to dampen my faith in humanity. When the Louisianian began to applaud the English for their splendid work in Egypt and especially Lord Kitch-

ener, we all accorded with him in this sentiment. Then I was dumfounded to hear him state that Admiral Davis should have been disciplined and reduced to the ranks for landing an armed force and taking possession of Jamaica a few days after the quake, I having been there a few days after the incident referred to and knowing how kindly the people of the island felt toward Admiral Davis and also knowing that Governor General Sweatnam of Jamaica had been relieved of the Governorship and supplanted by Olivair, principally because the citizens of Jamaica demanded that he quit. In explaining or trying to explain the situation to my friends, they both insisted they had read the Australian papers and New York Journal on the subject and that I knew nothing about it. Then I got up. I arose and delivered myself of all the pent-up, bottled-up disgust that had choked me for two hours and thirty minutes. I addressed them both as a couple of Fireside Generals, who were absolutely so ignorant of any fact that it was a wonder to me that either of them ever got on the ship or found out where it landed, for their eyes were blinded and their tongues were trussed; that the Dervishes and Nubians of Egypt must have succeeded in transferring some of their deep ignorance into their skulls; that I didn't believe that the Frenchman ever saw Australia, and that I knew the Louisianian never saw a bale of cotton.

Then I yelled "Imshi" at them and they had been in Egypt long enough to know what that meant. This created a laugh all around. We shook hands. We bade each other good night. The Louisianian slapped me on the shoulder and said, "You're a good one," and we met the next morning and enjoyed the day, laughing over the incidents of the night before.

## ENGLAND, FRANCE, ITALY, EGYPT.

### AMERICA.

“I will fight with him, upon theme until my eyelids will no longer wag.”—Bacon-Hamlet.

England is prosperous because it enforces its laws, and does not have too many of them. France is thriving because its yeomanry have the opportunity given to them by their Government of making safe and profitable investments.

Should England get into a war with some first class power, India would turn on her and so would Egypt. Soon the French Government will change unless graft stops—so there you are.

Italy is not prosperous because its people want to leave it and its laws are not obeyed. Egypt is slumbering because it has no force, no power, no sense, no citizens that can govern properly. The little it has comes from the suzerainty of England.

America is losing its prosperity because it has too many laws, too much conflict of laws, too many absorptions, and no great debt to feed the thrifty laborer. Abrogate the tariff, and replace the revenue by a graded income tax, build roads, Government houses, capitals, improve the water ways and open up all the coal fields. Spend money like water to create a National debt, issuing bonds to the people in small denominations, preventing

trusts or combinations from getting any of them, collect the interest from a heavily graded income tax, then living will be cheaper and prosperity will abound. Permit the rich to get richer by the power of their money and the whole expense of our Government will be absorbed by our rich men. For there can be no greater circulation than the expenditure of our Government. The money appropriated for an object in a state, the Government bonds issued to produce the object should be disposed of to the citizens of the state that receives the improvement, the interest should be equal or adequate to any reasonable safe investment and assumed in such a manner by our Government and paid by it in such a way as might work a hardship for the real speculator to get hold of it. The many objections to wiping out the tariff on account of business disruption, labor troubles and financial panics, may be very true, but we can afford to go through just such a period as is predicted, in order that the foundations of our Government may be permanently strengthened.

A pot boiling over at home and abroad, and there are very few wise men with clean hands in our house to-day to put us in the right path. If we have a Government by the people, then it should be for the people. If the Government is our parent, at present it is taking d—— poor care of its children.

## WHAT I FOUND OUT.

That a ship can easily be built fifteen hundred or two thousand feet in length, provided there is water and dock room.

That water is used as a force to build ships.

That there are no rocking chairs sold or offered for sale in France.

That there is now no Latin quarter in Paris.

That the Bois de Boulogne has two thousand, two hundred and fifty acres. About three times as large as Central Park.

That the Arc de Triomphe is no thoroughfare.

That you can obtain a permit if you have a pull, to stop your conveyance anywhere on the streets of Paris, and remain in the way of traffic as long as you please.

That you are permitted by the law of France to strike a horse three times within one block.

That horse and mule markets advertise and sell horse and mule meat in Paris.

That you cannot throw paper on the streets of Paris without being subject to a fine.

That the French Government held the porphyry urn of Napoleon (a gift of the Czar of Russia) for duty, and held it for months, until the duty was paid.

That you must not convey sugar into Germany,



salt into Italy or matches into France. So if you want to avoid trouble, don't try to.

That the hotel at Heliopolis, Egypt, is said to be as fine, if not finer, than any hotel in the world. The brass work was made in Damascus, while the glass work is copied from the mosques.

That the hotels of Egypt have a rule that you must notify them twenty-four hours before your departure, otherwise they will charge you for twenty-four hours after your departure, or a day extra. Cook has a rule that ticket offices close five minutes before the boat leaves; if you desire to purchase a ticket on the boat, you must pay an additional charge of fifty per cent.

That Lord Kitchener is the civil representative of England in Egypt; that he wears no military uniform.

That Kiro has nearly a million people—a mixture of races that may blend or may break at any time, especially if Kitchener leaves. There are no fences, no roads, no coal, no timber in Egypt and no bridges that I could see, except railroad bridges. The only carriage that ever came to Wadi-Halifa is in the shape of a jaunting car and only arrived in Wadi-Halfa in 1912.

That Luxor sells many counterfeit antiques—if they get a chance.

That the road of Rams, now under the waters of the Nile that used to reach the tomb of the one

hundred kings, was a road when there was no Nile there. Query? Where was the Nile? No one seems to know much about Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria, except by guess.

That Marc Anthony was not much of a friend to Julius Caesar, but if he was a friend of Julius Caesar, there certainly must have been some understanding between them about Cleopatra. Of course, Julius Caesar was unable to get out of Rome after leaving Cleopatra in Egypt, but during the time that he was kept in Rome, prior to his death, he must have had many conferences with his friend, Marc Anthony, and evidently regaled Marc with his Egyptian conquest. After his death Marc Anthony made a bee-line for Egypt and swiped Cleopatra and brought her to Rome. I wonder if he aided Cleopatra in emptying the Egyptian treasury?

That Cleopatra was a Syrian Jewess, placed on the Egyptian throne by Greece; that she stole all the treasure of Egypt and eloped with Marc Anthony to Rome.

That the chickens served on any table in any foreign land are superior to any chicken we get in New York. Note: No cold storage in England, France, Italy or Egypt.

That as a rule the scarab is a fraud and counterfeit as sold in the stores of Luxsor and Kiro, Egypt.

That no act, lasting over thirty minutes, is allowed in any music hall in London. If this period of time is exceeded, a heavy fine is imposed.

That salt does not taste like salt in Egypt.

That Egyptian children, and sometimes women, have rings in their noses, or embedded in their cheek a piece of metal tacked on to their flesh somewhere, generally in the face.

That smallpox is endemic in Egypt.

That Germans own and run the principal hotels of Egypt, and that they manage them well.

That England derives no revenue from Egypt other than the support and maintenance of its army of officers and men employed in Egypt.

That cotton in Egypt is sold baled with the seed.

That many, many republicans in France desire a monarchy.

That at the principal railroads stations in England the clocks are set five minutes ahead of time.

That the Duke of Wellington is not in Westminster Abbey, and that Alexander Dumas is not in the Pantheon in Paris.

That the face on the English gold pieces of the king or queen is reversed after the death of a monarch; Edward VII faced to the right; George IV faces to the left of Queen Victoria, who faced to the left and George III must have faced to the right.

That there are as many or more English monarchs buried in France as in England.

That Cook of London brought the supplies for the relief of Khartoum and would have probably got to the relief of Chinese Gordon had he been called upon by England to do so.

That beggars are permitted to beg on fete days and during the holidays in Paris.

That a large number of little boys guarded the Arc de Triomphe and waved the Germans aside, refusing to let the army go through the Arc, the German general recognizing the sentiment that prompted the boys. This is a beautiful little story—I didn't meet any of the boys.

That it's dangerous to walk or ride in the Bois de Boulogne at night, as the Apache will try and rob or murder you if he sees a chance. Several murders occurred during my stay in Paris.

That the landing of passengers from the German steamships at Cherbourg is a disgrace to France.

That the boats from Calais to Dover or from Boulogne to Folkstone are very inferior in accommodations for a two or three-hour trip.

That the English Channel is rotten, or was every time I crossed it.

That Egypt has no future for its people; no scientists to cure them of their many afflictions; no teachers that can ever bring them to personal

prosperity. Education won't benefit their country, because it will destroy their laborers, and without five-cent labor for a daily wage, no work can be obtained for the lack of fuel; five cents a day permits the employment of a hundred laborers for the cost of one mechanic in America.

That skins of Nile water are carried by Egyptians miles for one-half piastre—2½ cents.

That the only water drunk by the natives is Nile water.

That the native houses in Egypt are built of a sort of concrete and most of them have no roofs.

That Egyptian oranges are equal to Florida oranges in sweetness or nearly so.

That Shakespeare never wrote anything but his will.

That the two veils—black and white—worn by Egyptian women mean that those who wear white are more quality than those who wear black.

That they don't serve butter for dinner in foreign lands. You can get it if you yell hard enough.

That of all the foreigners who purchase rugs in Egypt, Americans are considered the best judges of them.

That Marconi did not discover wireless; he merely applied it.

## THANKS.

To Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Felder for their careful attention and kind consideration and entertainment in France, Egypt and Italy.

To Mrs. John W. Hart, Miss Donegan, Mrs. Walsh and Miss Marie Walsh for their diligent attempt to have me see more of Rome in eight hours than most people see there in eight weeks.

To Tom Keck for his genial companionship and entertainment.

To Mr. Windship for his attention and experience in guiding me through Paris.

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To Captain Harry Smith of the "Cedric" for all his kind attentions during the long voyage from Alexandria to New York.

To Dr. Pryor of the "Cedric" for vaccinating me and then curing me when I was sick.

To Henry Schweitzer for aiding me in correcting "the proofs." This must be the first case on record of a genuine American having a genuine Dutchman correct his English.

To Col. John G. Lonsdale, Mr. A. A. Knowles and Walker, Mr. Lonsdale's valet, for the magnificent reception at the dock upon my return to New York, and for the speedy manner in which they pushed me through the Custom House and whisked me to my apartment in his auto.

To all those who have given the time to peruse these pages—for any one who writes a book should be thankful to all those who read it.

Thanks to Mr. J. Nalle, of Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, for his courteous treatment and valuable expressions on Egypt.

## REGRETS.

That I was unable to remain in London longer than three days.

That Judge Mayer of No. 1 Regent Street, London, did not keep his engagement with me and give me that letter of introduction to Lord Kitchener.

That I did not meet Augustus B. Eddy before the last day of my sojourn in Paris.

That I was unable to accept the kind invitation to visit Mr. and Mrs. M. Oscar Doering, at Leipsic, Germany.

That I missed the celebrated dinner at the Savoy by being too modest in ringing up Mayfair on the night of my arrival.

That I found out that Shakespeare didn't write anything.

That I was unable to remain in Rome longer than one day.

That I was not familiar with Roman history sufficiently to remember everything I saw and heard and especially as I did not know all the names of the Popes and Emperors.



## HART PANGS.

Three-fourths of the earth is water, and salty at that. So don't forget it.

Always tell a lie to get at the truth; but never tell truth to get at a lie.

Right is wrong when it hurts and wrong may be right when it soothes.

To assume a virtue, is a theft.

Rant as much as you please, you may scare someone.

Don't forget to learn, but learn to forget.

To condone a fraud to make a profit is criminal.

To appropriate a thought and disseminate it, is flat burglary.

Always get the photograph of the other man. Let no one measure you but your tailor.

Always write with a pencil.

Never let your palate fool your stomach.

Never let go until you catch on.

A man can hold a woman best by letting her go.

Men are as different in their minds as they are in their countenances.

What a man says seldom has much to do with his acts. They should not be measured by their words, because their tongues slip too much.

Inconsistency is a large part of the human makeup. When everybody gets to be consistent

there will be no need of pulpits, jails or court houses.

If someone will develop our other sense, then everybody will become straight.

To call a man a damn fool is no argument. It is a confession.

## FINIS.

If anybody who reads these pages as they are written, the occurrences as they are repeated, the stories as they are prepared, wants to change the phraseology, reform the ideas, or correct the spelling, I don't propose to have any arguments with them, for whatever they want to do, or whatever they want to say about it, that's exactly what I want to do and "that's what I said."

## USEFUL ARABIC.

The following words and phrases will be of good service to the Egyptian traveler. They are easily mastered:

Good morning—Neharak said.

Good evening—Leitak saidah.

Bring—Hat Gib.

Show me—Warreeni.

Give me—Iddeeni.

Be quick—Istaagil.

Be quiet—Iskut.

Go away—Imshi.

Go, go on—Rooh, yallah.

I want—Ana auz.

I do not want—Moosh auz.

If I want anything—Izakan auz haga, ann.

I will tell you—Acolak.

What do you want?—Auz eh?

Come here—Tsaala hena.

What is the time?—Ess saa kam?

Open the door, the window—Iftah el bab, esh shibbak.

Shut—I'fil.

Listen to me—Esma minni.

How much is this?—Kam di.

It is too dear—Ghali awi.

I have no money—Ma andeesh feloos.

Never mind—Maalaish.

When?—Emta.

When—Lamma.

Carriage—Arabeah.

Are you disengaged, driver?—Enta fadi ya,  
arbagi?

Drive on—Soogh.

Straight—Doghri.

To the right—Yemeenak.

To the left—Shemaalak.

Turn around—Dawaar.

Stop!—Andak!

Go to the station, hotel—Rooh fil mahattah,  
locanda.

I will not give you any more—Ana ma deelaksh  
ziyada.

Do not hit your horse—Ma tidraph hosanak.

Put the hood down—Nazzil el kapoot.

Put the hood up—Talla el kapoot.

Be off with you—Rooh be'eed Minni'.

Who is talking to you —Meen be kallimak.

Run—Igri.

Don't do so—Ma-tamilish keda.

Look here—Esma.

Next time—Teni noba.

Slowly—Bishwayish-alamahlak.

To-morrow—Bukkra.





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