

"Bride," No, Bertrand, I would never allow it." She never knew how much sickness I might have been saved had she urged their early removal for severe attacks continued until I, at last outgrew them, some years after I was married. Dear Mother thought she was guarding me from an unwarranted and dangerous mutilation. Even in my college days the dangers from infected tonsils were ~~not~~ recognized by very few and the operation was seldom performed.

So the summer of 1880 came along and with it much hustle and bustle in preparation for our trip abroad. It was quite an undertaking at that time and far from the 'ferry trip' it is thought to be today. Naturally a boy of nine did not worry much about the getting ready, but he had to be fitted for a grey check flannel shirt or two with a neckband ^{like his} as his my brothers and father's. FOR it was difficult to get laundry done in Europe and we males all wore celluloid collars and, on occasions, like the stately 'tabled' hote' a false shirt front of the same material, freshly 'laundered' by the simple process of a good bath with soap and water. ~~THANKS TO THE BROTHERS~~ ~~baggs~~ No doubt Mother made the shirts for the family. they were all the same color and pattern. Evening dress? Nay, nay, not in those days when travelling, at least not for people in our station of life.

The problem of baggage was also considered serious for there was no checking system Abroad and 'bookings' were reported difficult and uncertain. So everything must go in handbags as far as possible. I suppose there were some trunks but we only saw them now and again for they were expressed, or something, to points where we were to make longer stays, but there were certainly very few of them. Now behold the Wilbur family setting forth for Europe: Father and Mother with a very large ~~in~~ canvas covered telescope carrier between them, Will, with one of exactly the same color and design, a kind of a natural crash color, but Will's a little smaller than Mother's. Helen's a little smaller

and so on but even I had one about a foot long, as I remember.

Will, who was just 20 years old the previous March and had just graduated from Lafayette College ~~the~~ that spring, was courier and travel director for could he not speak FRENCH as we thought with greatest fluency. He certainly was a great help, but even at that I marvel at the courage of my parents in starting out with such a cavalcade.

We sailed on the CITY OF PARIS of the Inman Line, one white band on a black stack. She had some sail on her two masts but no square rigging. I remember about the sail for some kind petty officer would rig a bowlin over the spanker boom on the aft deck and sitting in this I would swing off the skylight transom and lower myself to the deck a few feet below. It seems as tho I played this for days for was I not gathering the eggs from the nests of countless sea birds along the overhanging cliffs of a wild sea island?

Mother was very seasick and I doubt if she left her berth from land to land. The cabin ventilation was poor and she wanted the port hole open as much as possible. I slept in her room in the upper while Helena slept on the transom below the porthole, Father and the two boys in an adjoining stateroom. One night we turned in as usual the weather being quite calm. Sometime in the night a wave slapped against that side and poured a full stream over ~~the~~ Lena sleeping beneath the open port. Much excitement, Lena scared and shivering, stewards running and the slosh on the floor gradually mopped up, while Mother, tho she could hardly hold up her head, directed everybody, and operations generally.

At the time, either going or coming, I was sitting on the taffrail, which is a short railing, a foot or two just inside the bulwarks and I was much interested in a game of shuffle board, when whack! a wave struck me in the back and knocked me to the deck but beyond a

a thorough drenching no harm was done, tho some kindly old lady remarked "How fortunate that the wave did not come from the INSIDE of the ship or the poor chuld might have been washed in the ocean!!"

Mr. Miller, our pastor at Bryn Mawr and his bráther, Rothsay, a missionary in Japan, returning to his station, were passengers on our ship. Altho a middle aged man, Mr. Rothsay was very good to me and whiled away many an hour in the rather monotonous voyage of eight days for I cannot remember there was another child in the ships company. Mr. Rothsay's impromptu fairy tales, interwoven with his experiences in Japan ~~was~~ never ~~failings~~ failed to interest nor was he above a mild romp now and then.

I shall not attempt to describe a tour of Europe but some things as seen thro a small boy's eye, seem wóth recounting. There were the enormous paddleboxes on the queer 'tenders' that took us ashore ^{at Queenstown} and it was ^{on} the top of those paddleboxes that we went from the ship to the tender ^{at}. The big delicious strawberries we had ~~for~~ our first dinner in Ireland the jaunting cars, a never ending source of delight: and the enormous gooseberries, sweet and fine, that you could buy for ha'penny a tincup.

We rode thro the Gap of Dunloe on pony back and it was not long before I could trot on after my brothers, who had galloped on ahead. Turning a sharp corner around a hill I came upon Will and Harry trying to kiss a buxom, rosy faced Irish girl whom they had generously tipped for the occasion, while her parents stood laughing by. The boys wanted to know what business I had to be riding alone and maybe get run away with and commanded me to return to ~~my~~ mother at once and be sure to stay with her. Did tell? I don't know but nothing ever came of it tho such actions in 1880, were regarded as very serious indeed, at least in our family. No end of 'Old Wives' would accost us with the plea to 'Have a wee drap o' mountain dew' (Irish whiskey) while they held the bottle and a tiny glass tentatively in their hands. Father sternly declined for he was a

a 'temperance ~~xxx~~'man' and Mother was a zealous worker in the W.C.T.U. But goat's milk was different and I drank some:.... and wished I had'nt.

Helena kisses the Blarney Stone while Will and Harry held her legs, 'limbs' (with a slight blush,) in 1880, and I want to kiss it but the distance was too great for my short body. Alas and again Alas! but for that I might have been a great ^{Orator} ~~author~~. The lakes of Kilarney I remember but slightly but with ~~xxxx~~ pleasure for I was enjoying everyday and taking a keen interest tho I was not much of a student and had no^t read as much as some children. But Mother was always an inspiration and ~~xxx~~ always a teacher. One thing, I guess, that gave me more interest was my love of geography in which I had always done well in school, so I knew where we were and where we were going. An so on to Belfast and a steamer to Amsterdam with happy memories of Ireland.

Those funny Dutch ships we saw as we came up the harbor., their centerboards hung outside the hull on each side and their bows so blunt you could hardly tell whether ther were going or coming! The wooden shoes, clump-clumping over the cobbles or parked in rows at the sides of the streets; rosy faces and everybody so CLEAN! And then, the green, green country with canal boats seeming to slide thro the fields in all directions and windmills everywhere, turning, turning, turning and apparently doing nothing. I did not know they were ^{ceaselessly} ~~seascly~~ pumping the water to the sea. The seashore and the prospect of an ocean bath! for we were at Scheveningen (No, I did not remember how to spell it. I had to get the atlas.) Schevy is the Atlantic City of the Hague tho as little like That bizzare resort as one could imagine. BUT! What, Under the sun! are those funny little houses out in the water and now being hauled out by a man who is wading and a horse and now being pulled in. Bath houses? Well, for gracious sake. I was tucked in with some, maybe all of the males and we were hauled out. There was a big hood ~~xxx~~ on

on the back of the wagon, like a sprayhood on a motorboat, only bigger, that was let down to the water and under cover of that contraption we bathed in buff in the icy water. All the men were on one section of the beach and the women on another, quite a distance away. I wonder what they will do now/

As usual, we were travelling second class. There was no ~~axixax~~ corridor thro the trains and the conductor had to ~~gaxx~~ climb along the the steps that ran along continuously outside the carriages (cars) The second class compartments held eight but as we had six in our party we generally were able to have a whole compartment to ourselves especially if the ^{ka} gourd was tipped when we got in. Just before the train started the guards ran along the platform and LOCKED us in and there we were until the first stop when all the doors were unlocked as long as the train was at that station. There were two rows of seats in each compartment, facing each other and without arms except the seats by the windows at each end. As long as a party could have a compartment to itself it was~~x~~ all very nice but to be~~x~~ cooped up with strangers and forced to sit facing them indefinite hours was most disagreeable. There were no half fare tickets sold as I understand but two children could ride on one ticket. Harry was small for his age so father thought it was as fair to have Harry and I travel on one ticket as to have to pay full fare for me. So it was that, whenever we saw the conductor coming, we could generally see him at ~~x~~ the window of the compartment ahead, Father would say, "Now boys scrunch up!" whereupon Harry and I would crowd our heads into our shoulders and draw our joints together and try to look as small as possible. I would'nt be surprized if that two months of contracting prevented me from ~~xxxxxxx~~ growing to be 6 ft. tall. But for all the 'scrunching' there was more than one argument with the conductor giving Will considerable practice in his college French.

We were on our way to Antwerp and it had grown dark as we swung around a long curve and the lights of a large city came into view. This is Antwerp we said. Will consulted his guide or time table and said "No, this is Ah-vare, at least that's what it sounded ^{like} to me. The station guards unlocked the doors and called Ah-vare, Ah-vare. Why, Will, this must be Antwerp?" "No, this is Ah-vare"! So we sat in the train and after quite a long wait the train went on again and out in the country. It was an express and it was quite a time before the conductor climbed along that perilous outside step, and asked for our tickets. Tickets? we gave up our tickets sometime ago! French back and forth and increasing excitement. He unlocked the door and came in. More French and more excitement. At last the terrible news was out. Ah-vare was the French for Antwerp and we were on a thro train for Paris or some distatⁿ place. At last he agreed to stop the train, about an hour from Antwerp and we got off and got back to Antwerp about midnight. And then, just to keep us awake, the drunken driver of our cab ran into another and a shaft came crashing thro the window, ^{near} and ~~met~~ ^{me} and the others who were riding in it. But no one was hurt and ~~So~~, at last, to bed.

I remember the cathedral but looked in vain for stork's nests on the chimneys tho there were plenty of pictures of them and I suppose it was here that those weary miles of picture galleries began for me. Art galleries, to be sure, but picture galleries to me. Perhaps it was those weary miles that account for ~~the~~ ^{my} lack of appreciation of art.

Then came Switzerland, tho whether I follow out itinerary or not I do not know but it makes no difference, for Switzerland was a delight with its mountains and charming valleys; its waterfalls and glaciers: its goats and their tinkling bells and enchanting chalets with the ~~xxx~~ stones to hold the roofs down. There was a Sunday on a mountain top which we reached on a funny little cog railway, where we were on an

island floating on a sea of billowy cotton. There were other islands all about us, some of them snow capped but of the 'good green earth' there was not the slightest glimpse, all that Sunday on Mt. Rigi.

But I fear that this is becoming 'My travels in Europe' in spite of my promise not to indulge in that luxury, but as it is more than probable that I will get more pleasure from this story than anyone else I'll get along, for, after all it is not many American boys of ten saw Europe in 1880.

The steamer trip on Lake Geneva was delightful as all steamer trips were, to me

Chamouni! Thy beauty and ~~charm~~ and the grandure of the mountains that surround thee: the charm of the beautiful valley where you nestle. Thy quaint houses and the tinkle of goat bells and that marvelous air, crystal clear and filled with fragrance and life, unpoluted, than by the vileness of any auto exhaust: Fifty three years have passed since then but I can see and hear and feel your facination even now! Here I became a real montaineer for it was at Chamouni that my shoes were sent out and the soles covered with hob nails! in preparation for that terrible trip up the mountain, across the trecherous Mer de glace and then that very dangerous climb along the Mau ve pas! at least so the pamphlets said as I gathered from the conversation of my elders. So we all ~~my~~ set out, even Mother going too, not that she ever lacked the the willingness or desire for such trips but quite ~~oft~~ often the strength. 'Up the mountain' proved to be a climb or walk would be the better word, of perhaps 1000 ft. along a very good path; the 'sea of ice' a narrow ^{glacier} ~~stream~~ of dirty ice, with crevasses, sure enough but such a well defined path around them that we would not have needed a guide: and the 'dangerous way' while truly a narrow series of steps across the face of a steeply sloping rock was so guarded by an iron hand rail that, even tho it was along the inside of the path, nothing

short of a cyclone would have dislodged us. But in spite of what we had expected the trop was most interesting and I enjoyed it all and examined my hobnails when we returned to the hotel to see how much had been worn off!

We spent Sunday at Chamouni and while I was sitting on the balcony overlooking the river valley and Mt. Blanc beyond, I noticed a very pretty young lady sitting near. She was so pretty it was hard to keep my attention on the mountain and seeing this she gave me a friendly smile that confused me greatly and no doubt covered my face with blushes. But before long we were talking together as old friends and I was telling her all our family history. Mother came from her letters in her room and was introduced to Miss Ida Bodine, an American girl travelling with her father, and so a long friendship began of which Will usurped the major share and at one time, after we returned home, we thought he was going to marry her.

Ofcourse, we had to have Alpine stocks for our trip 'up Mt. Blanc' and even I was able to persuade Father I needed one. He was always good to me, even tho I was not a girl. These staves were about 5 ft. long, a knob at the top (Tho the professional variety had an ice ax there) and a big spike at the bottom. As they were made of some white wood they were branded with the names of places where one had been. preferably mountains climbed, ofcourse. I carried that infernal bunch of sticks to many cities before we finally had the ends sawed off with the brands on them and threw the rest away. Helena had a sort of a cane effect with the horn of a chamouni for a handle and I saw it at Cardinal only a few weeks ago.

Milan Cathedral and the wonders of its roof: the Leaning tower of Pisa which we boys ascended and the very peculiar effect when coming down on the low side and VENICE and eternal boat riding to

my intense delight. We doubtless went to a pension, but it was on the Grand Canal, not far from St Mark's, and when we got out of the gondola to go in I wondered if their cellars were full of water. Helena was nearly eaten by mosquitoes that first night and most of the family complained of flees, but what of that when you could get right in a boat from you front steps! I remember St.Marks and the marble column that they said came from Solomon's temple; the Bridge of Sighs and the holes in the wall, near it, where the cords of the garrotte ran thro: and a fine ocean bath at Lido where we were given towels as big as sheets to wrap around us until dry. You see, I was fond of the water as far back as I can remember, except when it came to having my neck and ears washed and then I was sure there was no skin ^{left} on either of them.

We were gliding down the Grand Canal, Mother, Lena and I in one Gondola and Father and the boys in another, when, a shout went up, ~~for~~ there, in an approaching gondola sat Mr. Miller as solemn ~~and~~ as an owl! I was in his gondola in no time, for even then, that attachment between us was strong, we were off together for the rest of the day. I know we went over and under the Rialto with its funny shops on ~~it~~ either side and some recollection of a pink ice, very insipid, ~~xxx~~ ~~xx~~ ice cream was unknown. ^{but I had a fine time.} We had not seen Mr. Miller since we left the steamer at Queenstown as his itinerary was different and he was so glad to meet friends as he was travelling alone most of the time. I left Venice with regret~~x~~ for even the shops were most interesting and the funny tiny streets and the ever hungry pigeons. And so we headed for Rome.

I had read Plutach's Lives for Young People and so I had a lot of interest in Rome. Being a pretty familiar with Bible stories added to that interest so that I enjoyed Rome and never ~~xxxxxxx~~ tired of

standing at the window of my room and looking at the ruins of Caesar's palace on a hillside a short distance away. I enjoyed it all, the Colosseum where, in fancy, I saw again the gladiators and the Christians given to the beasts: The Arch of Titus, the bas-reliefs of the furniture from the Temple at Jerusalem of special interest and the ruins of this and the ruins of that that meant less to me than these others.

But it was not all ancient Rome that was interesting. There was the Vatican ^{and} that funny ceiling where a picture of the Judgment (Michael Angelo) I am looking thro boy's eyes, where the souls of the dead are represented as children emerging from the mouths of ~~th~~ their bodies only to be seized by a devil on one side while an angel struggles for possession on the other. Some were more fortunate for they were at once born off by the angels while for others the angels ~~were~~ let the devils have their own ^{way} without a protest, or so it seemed. at least this is as I remember it, for remember it I certainly do. We did not attempt to see His Holiness, not ~~an~~ impossible then for Americans were not such frequent Visitors as they are now. But kissing the great-toe did not appeal and that was the invariable rule.

A good deal of horror come back to me whenever I see a picture of the ball atop the spire of St. Peter's for I had an experience inside that self same ball. My brothers' allowed me to go with them to the inside of that ball, permission being granted for a small fee. Up countless stairs we climbed until we came out on a narrow balcony circling the entire inside of the base of the dome where it joins the roof. Looking down to the main floor from here was very wonderful. A hollow, slightly conical tube about ten feet long and only large in diameter enough to admit one person at a time supports the ball, a hollow iron sphere, perhaps about five feet across. One has to climb up a

I do not remember just where the stairs were that led from the base to the top of the dome but ^{they} reached the base of the tube, at last. One has to climb up an iron ladder, inside the tube to reach the ball. Nothing very difficult about that for an active youngster, so up we went and others followed until the hollow sphere was not only full but in danger of being jammed! As it was only ventilated by a few small narrow slots and as people kept crowding up the tube, thus shutting off all air from that source the situation began to look serious. There were no guides or guards, as I remember, so it was 'every man for himself! I thought I was beginning to smother and feared that so much weight in the Ball would break it off, for the tube looked pretty small and thin, and we would all go rolling down that great dome, only to bounce from the roof and go falling, falling, falling to crash on the pavement below. I suppose I bawled, I fear I was likely to, and others yelled but men kept crowding up, there were no women, no one seemed to know what was wrong or understand the shouts from above. As the tube was completely filled with people the man at the bottom had to back down first to begin ~~to clear~~ to clear it. And, at last this began and the ladder was free and down we all hustled thankful for space and air once more. That is why I never can see a picture of St. Peter's and the ball at the top, just under the cross, without a bit of a sense of oppression for air and a little shudder.

We saw High Mass and the gorgeous costumes and all the rites and forms with the clouds of incense impressed me greatly nor shall I forget the statue of Moses tho the horns seemed to me rather ~~strange~~ ~~awkward~~ to suggest another personage generally represented to have both horns and an arrow-headed tail.

We had a courier named Molespini, (spelling doubtless phonetic) a handsome young man very intelligent, pleasant and courteous. He made eyes at Lena and Father was a little disturbed before we finally left

left Rome for Naples.

And here I am reminded of a funny experience Harry and I had at Verona for we were to spend Sunday there. I do not think we ever travelled on that day, ^{but went} to an English service when possible if not hen to a Catholic one. So Saturday we went sight seeing, Harry not careing to go, and visited the old Roman ampitheatre, which, tho much smaller than the one at Rome, was in a perfect state of preservation. When we told Harry about it he wanted to see it and as it was too late to go that day he and I started out Sunday afternoon. It was quite near and I acted as guide. When we reached it, great was our surprize to find crowds of people there and an admission was charged but we wanted to see what was doing so paid and went in, to find races going on and two greased poles with clothing at their tops. We stayed quite a while hoping to see the pole act but finally decided to return to the family feeling rather guilty for ~~ix~~ that was not the way the Wilbur children were expected to spend Sunday afternoon.

On the way to Naples I saw the primitive wine making and it did not make me want to drink wine. In a large trough, on top of a hog's head, were a number of boys and girls treading out the grapes, their legs covered with the juice.

Naples and strings of Macaroni hanging on poles at the side of the narrow streets to gather dust and dirt ad lib: The ever facinating aquarium and then, one day, to Pompeii. I remember it well, especially the bakery with its mills to grind grain and the loaves of bread, burnt black but still in perfect shape, trust a small boy to remember where the eats were made; and the marks of the shariot wheels worn in the stone paved streets. It was a marvel how the horses ever learned to pass between the large blocks of stone that were placed for foot traffic at the crossings.

The trip to Vesuvius will never be forgotten. A long carriage ride around the shores of the beautiful Bay, then up the sides of the mountain, in easy grades, soon passing above the little farms to miles of lava from old eruptions. Altho many differnt colored lavas are found, from almost white to ~~black~~ black, these surface feilds are all black, folded and coiled, like the top of a bowl of cake dough. A thousand yards or so from the top we took a cable road with tiny cars, and went straight up the steep incline of the lower part of the cone. This cone was covered with fine cinders almost impossible for foot travel for any distance. Itx could not have ~~be~~ been more than 200 ft. from the edge of the crater that we left the car and passed a little way around the cone. It had to be on the windward side for the subphur fumes were almost stifling when the wind shifted, even a little. It was awesome even to the grown-ups and little short of terrifying to me for there a little above us, and so near, the great throat of ths thing that surely must be ~~XX~~ alive, was belching smoke and throwing stones, some of them as large as my head, into the air. They seemed to go straight up, perhaps a hundred feet, and then fall back into the crater again. The eruption was not continuous but came in successive periods, closely following each other. There was, first, a low rumble dieing down and then returning louder than at first; to be repeated, again and again, each one louder than the other until at last with a roar, up came the smoke and the stones shooting up in the air. It certainly was a wonderful spectacle; little wonder it frightened me.

As we walked along, our coachman acting as guide and he was a good one, we stepped over cracks in the ground where smoke slowly seeped out and our feet soon told us that, tho this might be holy ground, it certainly must be near the Inferno for it was not warm,

it was hot! Not far to the left, stood a tall chimney looking as tho it had been made by some huge giant, carefully piling up successive layers of stiff dough, each a little smaller than the last. It must have been ten or fifteen feet high, a mostly yellow color with some streaks of black and not more than a foot in diameter at the top, where fumes lazily escaped from a small opening in its center. The guide told us it was mostly pure sulphur, and was constantly getting taller as the oozy stuff flowed not from the interior.

Down the side of the cone below us, fifty yards away, a small stream of molten lava, bright red, was slowly flowing down tho we could not see any motion. Here our guide took some 5 centime peices we gave him and walking and sliding down the cinders approached the foot wide stream. Winding a bandana handkerchief about his hand and shielding his face with his other arm he w put some of the lava around each coin with a staff he had with him. After they had cooled a little as he dragged them away from the heat he brought them to us each coin embedded in the lava like a jewel set in a xring, his face glowing like a brilliant case of sunburn, For many years I had one of those lava-encrusted- coins and perhaps we still have it somewhere.

White grapes, an inch and a half long and smaller at both ends than at the middle, linger among my memories of southern Italy. They were called Tivioli grapes and altho I have never seen them since ^{they} still seem the acme of delisciousness.

There was a long steamer ride on the RHine with the many castles and the countless vinyards on the terraced hills and some days at Heidelberg in a hotel well above the town and near the ruined castle. It seem^{ed} as tho I would never tire of looking at those towers split clean in half by some terrific explosion and Lena and I wandered about the ruins every day. Then the droll steamer crawling up the Neckar

River which flowed thro the valley some distance below the hotel and in plain sight for a couple of miles. That queer boat acted like a ~~KI~~ floating ~~ix~~ cable car for it would take up a cable from the water, at the bow and pass it back at the stern, pulling itself along, meanwhile, up the swift current.

It was in the celler of the castle, I think, that we saw the Great Tun, a famous huge cask for storing wine, the biggest ever made at the time it was built. Here again some of our party practiced that petty vandalism of which some of ^{us} were guilty, I regret to say. ~~I~~ was a chronic offender, but with my parents knowledge it should be said in all fairness. In Caesar's Palace, in Pompeii and a lot of other places I would linger behind or wander off and the guides would pay little attention to the small boy. Then with the toe of my shoe or a knife blade I'd pry loose a stone from a mosaic or chip a piece from a column or some other outrageous doing and carry ^{it} off for my 'COLLECTION'. It certainly was shameful but I cannot remember that anyone of our family objected in the least. So it was that ~~that~~ a college friend of Will's, who was travelling with us at that time, slipped behind the big cask and sliced off a few chips for Helena's COLLECTION the hers was almost entirely pressed flowers and therefore quite innocent.

It was at Heidelberg that the the proprietor, they were real hosts in those days, came to me after dinner one evening, and as we were leaving our table, holding a large plate of fruit, quite a pyramid of it in fact. I always loved fruit and he had noticed it. Of course, I was quite overcome, and as I reached out my hand for the fruit plate I began to stammer out my thanks, in English, naturally. But Mine Host seemed strangely reluctant to release the plate tho I tugged manfully. Finally Will interpreted the spouting German: not the plate but the fruit, help myself, maby TWO peices. Some crestfallen

From time to time we saw German students in their corp uniforms, white trowsers, high black boots, well above the knees, short dark jackets with brilliant sashes over their shoulders in ^{the} different colors of their corps, and ridiculous tiny caps held to the sides of their ~~heads~~ close cropped, bullet heads. But their faces! slashed and checkered with ugly scars. Beasts, Mother and Helena called them but they certainly slandered the beasts for most of them have finer characters and a lot more sense than we humans.

The outstanding memory of Heidleberg was the night tramp to Wolfesbrunnen, a tiny place around and higher up the mountain. Dr. Miller had appeared again, tho whether by appointment or chance, I do not know but we two started off and after a climb on good paths where I thought I was lost in trying a short cut, we reached an Inn and sat down by a fountain with brook trout swimming in the basin. Soon some of those very trout were scooped out in a net and fried for our supper. Was'nt that beloved Pastor a good old chum?

Of Paris I remember little except chocolate and rolls served to us in bed in the morning, a most absurd performance, I thought tho both were mighty good: A whole store full of kid gloves that Mother and Lena bought 'so cheap': a gorgeous service in the Madelain with a church official in brilliant silk uniform who marched up and down the aisle to wake up any sleeper, they told me: and miles and miles of art galleries and aching feet and tired legs, and so to England crossing the Channel on a queer steamer built like a catamaran with the propeller between the hulls. It was supposed to be very steady but we had a ~~at~~ stormy day and most of our party were sea sick.

In London, where we were to stay some time, we lived in a house on Half Moon St and had the entire second floor. The memory of wonderful bread, sweet butter and jam, every morning for breakfast lingers

lingers still, and with longing desire. Of course we visited the ~~Y@~~
~~XXXXX~~ Tower and, also of course, I remember the Block and the headmans ax, The
 crown jewels and the Beef Eaters, most assuredly. Then there was St. X
 Payls and Westminster, and the Horse Guards and Omnibuses, the first
 two deck ones I ever saw, I guess: and a boat trip on the Thames.
 There was also a very tragic family eruption when Will was discovered
 one noon day drinking claret! There was a resturant where we often took
 lunch as we had all our meals out except tbreakfast, and Will had been
 off somewhere with some friends. One of his college mates either travel-
 ed with us or joined us frfm time to time, but we were not expected at
 that resturant that day, for some reason~~mak~~ or other. Imagine his sur-
 prise and Mother's horror when we all trooped in and found Will and his
 friends, all men, with small glasses of wine beside them as they ate
 their dinner. Nothing was said but the was a frigidness in the air
 quite noticeable. And THAT NIGHT! Whew! some row ~~Mother~~ greatly grieved
 'that her Son' Father stern, doubtless under Mother's prodding, for he
 was not the stern type of parent nor did he have the unbending New
 England conscience of my Mother. As I remember, there was talk of send-
 ing Will home at once but somehow peace was patched up ^{and} we were happy
 again. But it would have been an untold blessing to my brother and his
 family, as the years have amply demonstrated, had he shared ~~my~~ Mother's
 strict principles on the use of alcohol and had he never touched it again.

My tenth birthday was spent at Crystal Palace, a sort of a permanent
 exhibition and here again Dr. Miller appeared to give me a good time.
 The palace was a big building with a huge arched glass roof, the roof
 of Broad Street Station train shed frequently reminded me of that big
 glass arch. There were sort of little shows in the place at which a
 small admission was charged and to at least one of these Dr. M took me.
 There was a large iron tank about ten feet deep with portholes some five
 feet above the bottom and open at the top on the floor above. Here a

a man put on a diving suit while his helper explained it peice by peice. It was a complete outfit, even to the lead belt and lead soled shoes. Finally the helmet was screwed on and down he went in the tank. A rubber speaking tube was passed around and I heard his voice but was too flustered to make much of it. We went to the floor below and, standing at the port holes, saw the divers face in the little round windows of his helmet as he passed from porthole to porthole, and the bubbles of air escapeing from the relief valve. Then we went to the upper floor again and saw him get out of the suit; all most interesting and it made such an impression that I remerber it clearly, even now.

Sometime on our trip we went to Scotland but I remember little about it except ^{the blue hills} the fortress on the heights of Edanburgh, where the fireing of 'Big Ben' a large old fashioned cannon, fired everyday at noon, almost scared me to death. But the Highlander band playing and marching in the park or gardens in the afternoon was no end of fun.

It was at Edinburgh, as were taking the train, that I had the surprise of the trip. The ~~train~~ cars were a little dark as it was afternoon, and the compartment empty. I bounced in first and ran to the window in the opposit^e door. Believeing the window was open I stuck my head out, when CRASH: I had run hy head thro the glass for the window was not open at all! There was some commotion, I tell you; family asking and advising, Mother anxious, brothers scolding and I am sure Father must have said "Whatcha'bout?" Guards came running, Station Master called and departure of train delayed. But finally Father paid for the damage and quite subdued I subsided in a corner and 'scrunched' up. I was not even scratched.

There are other scenes and incidents but I have written enough of our trip tho I must mention a Sunday service in London in Mr. Spurgeon's church. It was a typical ~~fox~~ London fog with the street lights going

and so thick inside the crurch that, even with all the lights on we could scarcely see the great preacher. I am sure that both the church and the city were lighted only by gas. Then there are memories of many abbeys; the drive over one of the Alpine passes where we literally slept on and also under feather mattresses and mighty comfortable in that penetrating cold: and our driver stopping to water his horses and getting out a loaf of 'black bread' really dark brown inside, and sliceing off peices with his jackknife which he fed to the horses with now and then a chunk for himself; and here and there on the high Mount-ains, a Yodeler with his big horn sending out his liquid melodies across the valleys often to return in ^{the} charming notes of an echo.

But the time has come to sail and the S.S. New York brought us to that city without incident except one day when I saw a sight so strange that until this day I am not quite sure it was real and not some fancy. We were drifting in a perfectly flat ocean while they made some repairs to the Engines and I was standing by the rail looking at nothing in particular when, Only a short distance away, out of the quite sea, a huge snake, almost as long as our ship, coiled along like a rapidly revolving spiral spring and dipped below the surface again. It looked to be as large around as a good sized watermelon and from head to almost ~~the~~ the tail its thickness did not vary. The head was like the head of an eel, ^{the same} ~~the same~~ size as the body and it's odd that as often as I have thought of that 'sarpint' and seen it again in my mind's ^{eye} I have never thought how much it was a like an eel until this minuite. But if it was an eel it was a thousand time bigger than any ~~one~~ ^{eel} anyone wver heard of before; In this connection it must be remembered that I was only ten years old and and never had a drink in my life!

So life began again in Bryn Mawr but with many curios and mement

Father never could get used to the extra charge for soap and candles while to be charged for wine, at a few of the hotels, when we did not drink a drop at table d'hote was nothing short of an outrage. There were few if any fixed wash stands in the rooms but a wash bowl and a pitcher and I cannot remember a bath room anywhere. What? Sure we bathed, but it was generally in the wash bowl!.

But the one thing that nearly ruined the trip for father was the farewell at every hotel. The bill was paid, the carriage at the door, and we descended from our rooms, by stairway of course, and there along the sides of the entrance hall, which was comparatively narrow, every employee of the hotel, from porter to head waiter cooks, chamber maids, scullions and sweepers, all to say goodbye and, incidentally of course, with hands extended for an appreciation of their wonderful service. Then black looks if the tip was less than than they expected and it generally was. It nearly drove Father frantic, not that he was niggardly but to be held up in that way was a little too much. There was scarcely any tipping in America at that time and even the table tip was rather hard to get used to but this wholesale onslaught was just too much.

~~Exstasy~~ Mother had a great time getting hot water in the mornings but finally managed 'varmest vasser' and generally got what she wanted whether in Germany, France or Italy, while in Rome, we all mastered, 'Co-ke- arie, Co-ke-arie, Questa piattza? no authority for the spelling, and this remarkable flow of Italian was supposed to mean 'Driver, what place is this? He generally reponded promptly but the trouble was that we could never tell what he told us

One ~~ix~~ afternoon along toward evening, we had arrive at some ~~hx~~ hotel and as usual , gone straight to our rooms. Having cleaned up

I stepped into the hall to take a look around when I saw Harry at the other end of the hall approaching another young man who was walking toward him. Harry stepped to the right to pass the other and the young man did the same. With a slight bow Harry murmured, 'Beg pardon and moved quickly to the left but not quick enough to avoid the other. They were now face to face and almost ~~tan~~ tuching each other. Harry glared and the other did not look pleased when, as Harry made another effort to pass he bumped into his opponent and-- a MIRROR. ^{Damn} 'Darn fool!.' said Harry as he scuttled down a stairway. You see the entire end of that hall was covered by a mirror without any frame or other thing to mark it. It was doubtless so placed to make the hotel seem very large and roomy and Harry walking toward it saw his reflection but in the rather dimm light did not notice the mirros or recognize himself and, naturally, he could not well give hi himself the go-by.

Did you ever see a 'shawl strap? The were constant pieces of hand baggage in my boyhood and no one would ever think of travelling without one. A shawl-~~strap~~ ^{stick was a} stiff leather handle with ~~ix~~ a leather strap at each end which were fastened around a bundle of rugs, shawls and similar stuff so that it could be carried like a valise handy enough, and certainly much more convenient than hanging them over ones arms as is the present vogue tho they are not so much needed nowadats as when trains and boats were not as well heated. I don't doubt we had ine on our European trip but I don't recall it particlylatly.

Follow with page 31, center paragraph.

toes of our trip . Mother was ever a student and enjoyed learning about things and telling others so many statuetts, small mosaics, filagree work and such things of no great value were brought home. There was a cuckoo clock and a Swiss carved salad fork and spoon which are in our sideboard drawer or else a pair just like them. There were many photographs, some of them hand colored, all professional as Kodaks were unknown and folding cameras and tripods certainly not in general use, even if they were known at all. The gelatine dry-plate did not come into general use until 1880 so there were no amateurs at that time. Some years later, while I was still a boy, cameras and outfits for developing began to be offered for sale and my parents gave me one. You could put about 3 dozen fair sized Kodaks in the carrying case which was of wood and the whole camera except the tripod went into it entire for it did not fold up at all and the tripod had to be carried separately. I think that some of our albums still have some of those early 'attempts' views taken from the roof of our house in Bryn Mawr, interesting especially because they show how few houses there were at that time and how much of the country round about, even close up to the village, was open farm land with very few trees. The same view today would make it look almost like a forest, so many trees have been planted and grown to large size.

But I have wandered from the photos we brought back which were mounted in two large albums and I can still ^{see} ~~see~~ Mother, seated by some friend, telling about our trip as she turned ~~about~~ the pages of an album. Photo albums were not the pests then they have since become nor was a summer in Europe so ~~very~~ much a matter of course.

The most treasured souvenir and ~~certainly~~ by far the most expensive, was the beautiful copy of the Madonna of the Chair, painted in the gallery where the original hung and by some artist of

~~note. This~~ It belongs to Madeline Barbes now and hangs ^{her} in home ~~at~~
~~xxxx~~ at Cardinal Virginia. For many weeks I had lugged it around ~~xxxx~~
 Europe in a round tin case ~~for~~ it was not framed until we got home.
 Not that I was overburdened, not a bit. My little packing case seems to
 have been absorbed by Mothers but what ten-year-old would not feel
 burdened by anything he had to carry.

The collection of stones, lava and other results of my vandalism
 were all carefully fastened to cards and labelled and placed in a
 cabinet where I soon forgot them and no one else had any interest in
 them, even my boy freinds showin g scant interest when I would occas-
 ionally exhibit my treasures. They were kept around the house for
 many years to be finally thrown away, I suppose.

Will was in some business in the city tho he wanted to be an
 author, Helena was at Mt Holyoke and Harry attending Haverford College
 as a day scholar. Many evenings I drove one of our span, the quite
 one and the station wagon to the college to bring Harry home and passed
 down Buck lane directly behind our present home.

I was going to the Public School and getting on without any
 trouble with the powers that be! We had recess morning and afternoon
 and I played ball some and those other games of boys but I was never
 very keen about them, except tennis and that came later. We often
 played kissing games in the yard where a large cherry tree made pleas-
 ant shade, Copenhagen being a favorite. I was quite a bit younger
 than most of the girls who outnumbered the boys quite a lot, but I
 was generally there. ^{and} I fell quite desperately in love with one of the
 older girls, Mamie ----. She ~~had~~ dark blue eyes and black lashes and
 hair, ' and her father and mother were Irish and she was Irish too'
 but she was always very neat and trim and was counted as one of the
 good girls standing well in her classes. I always waited Friday after