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## CONTENTS

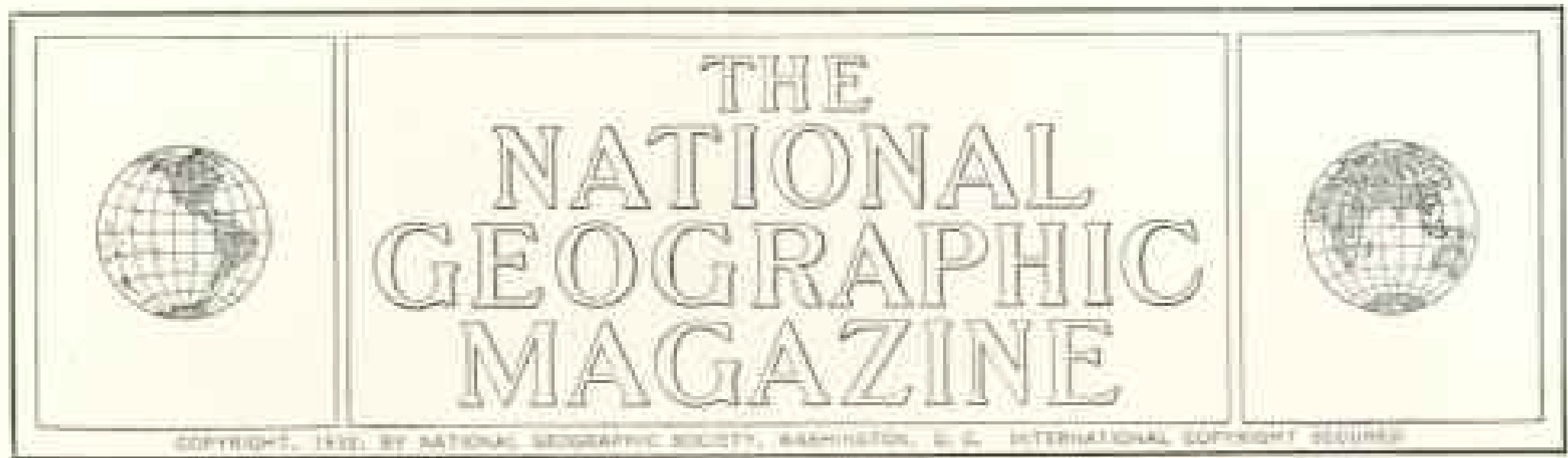
TWENTY-SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS IN FULL COLOR

- Tokyo To-day  
With 33 Illustrations  
WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR.
- Some Forgotten Corners of London  
With 25 Illustrations  
HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN
- Nooks and Bays of Storied England  
13 Natural Color Photographs  
CLIFTON ADAMS and  
BERNARD WAKEMAN
- Befriending Nature's Children  
With 26 Illustrations  
AGNES AKIN ATKINSON
- Royal Copenhagen, Capital of a Farming Kingdom  
With 26 Illustrations  
J. R. HILDEBRAND
- Denmark, Land of Farms and Fisheries  
14 Natural Color Photographs  
GUSTAV HEURLIN
- Antarctica's Most Interesting Citizen  
With 8 Illustrations  
WORTH E. SHOULTS

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## TOKYO TO-DAY

BY WILLIAM R. CASTLE, JR.

*Under Secretary of State, Formerly American Ambassador to Japan*

IT WAS on a cloudy day toward the end of March, 1930, that they celebrated the official completion of the reconstruction of Tokyo. The city was gay with red and white bunting and with lanterns, especially along the streets through which the Emperor was to pass on his trip of inspection. The first, the formal part of the celebration, occurred in the morning.

Outside the moat surrounding the palace grounds there had been erected a great pavilion. Promptly at 10 o'clock the ambassadors and ministers accredited to the Japanese Court entered the side door of the pavilion, were served tea, and were then escorted to their seats on the platform.

Never, I think, have I seen a more impressive sight than the one which met us there. On the open field in front of the pavilion were standing some sixty thousand men, rank upon rank of them, all dressed in frock coats or morning coats, their silk hats in their hands. They had been assembling since daylight. They were silent, motionless, as only a Japanese crowd can be.

There was no drifting tobacco smoke, no sound of talking, no restlessness after the long hours of waiting. These men were waiting reverently to receive their sovereign, the descendant of the Imperial House which has ruled Japan without a break for twenty-five hundred years.

In a few minutes the Imperial Princes filed in and took their seats at the right. And then came the Emperor himself, in full uniform, quick in his movements, alert,

but always dignified. As he stepped onto the dais, all those in the pavilion rose and the multitude in the field bowed in acknowledgment of his presence. Looking down on them as we were, I had the impression of a breeze across a great field of corn where the stalks bowed in successive waves. Still there was no sound. It seemed as if even the distant city noises had ceased.

The Minister of the Interior slowly ascended the long flight of steps until he stood before the Emperor. He bowed low three times, read from a roll the record of the reconstruction, again bowed low, and backed down the steps.

The Emperor rose and read a short acknowledgment.

The vast throng remained silent and motionless. But, finally, the Prime Minister advanced to the foot of the steps and raised his hat. Then, at last, the silence was shattered, as sixty thousand men shouted, *Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*

Once more, in the reestablished silence, the vast audience bowed as the Emperor left, followed by the Imperial Princes and the diplomatic corps. The ceremony had lasted for fifteen intense minutes.

### THE MAYOR IS LUNCHEON HOST TO A HUNDRED THOUSAND

The Mayor gave a luncheon to more than a hundred thousand people, in Hibiya Park, where the red and white awnings seemed to cover acres of ground. People sat on benches as they would have in the United States, but in America they would not all have carried away with them, as is



Photograph from Asahi Newspictures

EMPEROR HIROHITO PAYS HOMAGE TO THE DEAD OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE

The Emperor, accompanied by Mayor Horikiri, is leaving the Taisho Earthquake Memorial Hall after a ceremony during the reconstruction festival. The building occupies the site in Honjo Ward where occurred one of the most terrible tragedies of the entire disaster. Lacking parks in this section, more than 30,000 poor, with bundles of inflammable household goods, crowded like sardines into a small open space. When the flames swept this way, there was no escape for them, and all burned to death (see page 130).

the custom in Japan, neatly packed parcels of the food they could not eat. There is much to be said for this custom; it means that nothing is wasted, and also that the ground is not left strewn with scraps of food and bits of paper.

There was a stupendous advertising parade in the afternoon, just the same kind of parade that you might see in any American city, except that the trappings were largely oriental. I stood for an hour with a solemn little Japanese boy, too proud to show that he was afraid of me, perched on my shoulder. I could tell by his quivers of delight when some particularly gaudy float rumbled past that he was enjoying the show just as much as a more demonstrative American youngster would have enjoyed it.

The crowds in the streets were enormous and invariably well behaved. Probably two million people from the country had come into the city, and one saw farmers with their families, incredibly old women and incredibly young children, the vast majority in Japanese clothes. They seemed to be always moving, except where the streets were too packed to move, and looking at everything. The new city, which many were seeing for the first time, was to them a city of marvels.

#### THE NEW TOKYO IS TYPICAL OF MODERN JAPAN

I have described the day of celebration as I saw it because in its contrasts it typifies, somehow, the new city. There is everywhere the oriental character beneath the Western clothes. And both are typical of modern Japan. The man who misses either one fails to understand. This is particularly true of the new Tokyo, which has risen almost miraculously since 1923 from the ruins and the ashes of the old Tokyo.

On September 1, 1923, at 11:58 a. m., one of the worst earthquakes in the history of the world rocked the southeastern shores of Japan.\* Tokyo, the capital, and Yokohama, the great port, only 16 miles away, were literally shaken to pieces. In the capital alone the earthquake and fire destroyed 44 per cent of the city, or 20,065 acres. The property loss was estimated

at \$2,750,000,000. The dead and missing numbered nearly 70,000. The entire business section was gone, with only here and there a building miraculously standing. A large part of the population was homeless.

The nation was horrified at the loss and suffering, but almost immediately it was realized that the disaster presented an opportunity to rebuild the capital city along modern, occidental lines. This, with splendid courage and vision, the Japanese have done.

#### YOKOHAMA IS TOKYO'S NEAR-BY PORT

It is hardly more than three-quarters of a century since Japan emerged from its two thousand years of complete isolation, and yet it has already definitely turned away from the Orient to ally itself in aims and ideals with Western nations. There are men still living who, as boys, considered Commodore Perry and his men as invading barbarians. It was naturally to Tokyo, then called Yedo, the seat of the Shogun, that Perry brought his demands for the opening of certain ports to international commerce; and it is Tokyo, the natural first port of call for ships coming from America, which has responded more quickly than other cities to Western influences.

A range of low mountains, beyond which Fuji rises splendidly, divides the Kwantō, or eastern, plains from the more picturesque Kwansai, or western, country. The capital lies at the northern end of an enormous land-locked bay, too shallow near the city for ships of deep draft, but soon to be dredged. Yokohama, on the western shore of the bay, serves, therefore, as the port. In the bay are ships from all parts of the world—from England, France, and the Netherlands and the United States—and out from the bay sail Japanese steamers to Europe, Africa, Australia, and North and South America.

On the Inland Sea, stretching west from Kobe, are thousands of lovely Japanese fishing boats. There is no room for them in Tokyo Bay, which looks out on the wide world and bears on its waters messengers from every land. It is almost necessary to see this to realize why Tokyo is so essentially the focal point of foreign influence in the Empire.

Ten years ago the old city, with its narrow, crooked streets, its low, thatched

\* See, also, "Sakurajima, Japan's Greatest Volcanic Eruption," by T. A. Jaggard, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for April, 1924.



Photograph from Acme Newspictures

A NEW MARUNOUCHI DISTRICT HAS RISEN FROM THE RUIN OF QUAKE AND FIRE

This is the heart of the Japanese capital and its most important business section. To the left is the Marunouchi Building, damaged but not destroyed by the 1923 disaster, with arcade, shops, and offices. Beyond it is the Yusen Building, home office of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, a steamship line known round the world. To the right is the First Marine Insurance Building. View taken from the Central Railway Station of Tokyo (see, also, illustration, page 136). In the distance are the Palace grounds.



Photograph from Acme Newspictures

LOYAL SUBJECTS MASS AT THE SITE OF BABASAKI GATE TO SEE THE EMPEROR PASS THE CELEBRATION ARCH

This gate to the Imperial Palace formerly spanned the outer moat, but was razed because it was too small to accommodate the throngs that tried to use it at one time. A fatal crush occurred here during a demonstration at the end of Japan's war with Russia. It was one of several gates to the palace.



Photograph from Aema-Newsictures

#### THE CENTRAL RAILWAY STATION DOMINATES THE MARUNOUCHI DISTRICT

The Far East's largest depot is also the "nerve center" of the Japanese Empire's railway administration. Native workmen constructed it so solidly that it escaped damage from the great earthquake of 1923. In the foreground is the esplanade around which centered one of the largest of the reconstruction projects. At the lower right is the Marunouchi Building (see, also, illustration, page 134).

houses, its smells, and its color, was already thinking Western thoughts. Already automobiles were crowding the jinrickshas, but with comparatively little success because of the nearly impassable streets.

A few modern buildings had risen in the business section, and the fantastic architecture of the Imperial Hotel was thought to be typically American. Street-car lines ran noisily through the city, and electricity was in fairly general use for lighting purposes. It was an oriental city with a few occidental conveniences, with the Western steadily pushing back the Eastern, but very slowly, since you cannot transform a city merely by decree.

#### NOW A CITY OF BROAD STREETS AND SPACIOUS PARKS

To-day Tokyo is a city of broad streets, of many splendid buildings, of spacious parks. For the tourist it has lost much of its charm; but, after all, it belongs to the Japanese, not to the tourist. Old prop-

erty lines were obliterated to widen and straighten the streets, because bitter experience had proved that broad streets serve to prevent the spread of fire, and because new knowledge of hygiene taught that the public health demands light and air.

The buildings of the new Tokyo are solidly constructed, to resist both earthquakes and fire. The parks are spacious because the people have taken to athletics, because they still want gardens to wander in, and because huge parks make forever impossible that horror of 1923, when 30,000 people, fleeing with their possessions to a small open square, were caught there by the fire and burned to death (see page 132).

The old wooden bridges that spanned the many canals of the city have been replaced by modern stone or steel and concrete bridges, which, if less picturesque, will not burn and will carry safely the buses which go to all parts of Tokyo.

As most foreigners in Tokyo stay at the Imperial Hotel, that is the natural place to



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

#### SOME TOKYO STREETS LOOK MUCH THE SAME AS BEFORE THE EARTHQUAKE

One of the nation's chief reconstruction problems was the creation of new streets and the widening and improvement of certain old ones. Others were allowed to resume their former appearance. The "man in the street" wears either Japanese or foreign dress or, very often, a mixture of both (see, also, text, page 138).

start a cursory inspection of this strange new-old city.

Directly opposite the hotel is Hibiya Park. Its great athletic field is almost constantly in use. Actually the boys begin to play baseball there as soon as dawn makes it possible to see the ball—even earlier, it seemed to me sometimes, as I lay in bed and listened to the shouting. Along one side of the field are low artificial hills, where grow the finest azaleas in Tokyo, and here, in the spring, sit lovers, admiring the blossoms and intermittently watching a ball game; but, because they are Japanese and are lovers, I think the flowers mean more than the game.

Beyond the azaleas is an artificial lake, with a great bronze crane and a wistaria arbor and dwarf trees—just what we think of as typically Japanese. Still farther along, there are playgrounds for children and tennis courts and an outdoor gymnasium, with parallel bars and all the usual paraphernalia. This part of the park is always crowded. You see some first-class

athletic stunts and can watch excellent tennis, and you begin to wonder whether the artificial lake is not meant for the tourists and the tennis courts for the Japanese.

#### THE BUSINESS MAN IN THE STREET AND AT HOME

More of Hibiya Park is devoted to the new Japan than to the old; so, also, among the crowds of people in the park, more are dressed in European than in Japanese clothes. The young men playing tennis are in flannels and sweaters; the old men watching them are generally in kimonos and heavy overgarments.

The girls, who so eagerly take part in some of the milder sports, are generally dressed in the blue uniform characteristic of the schools—a uniform which would be appropriate to any American school, if American schoolgirls cared nothing about fashion. If it is raining, as it so often is, these schoolgirls carry ugly black alpaca umbrellas. Their mothers, on the other hand, who are dressed in Japanese clothes,





Photograph by R. Moulin from Galloway

#### THE KABUKI IS A MAGNIFICENT HOME OF JAPAN'S NATIONAL DRAMA

Unlike the Imperial (see page 143), it presents only Japanese plays. To foreigners, one of its chief attractions is the revolving stage, a device traditional with the Japanese theater, but a comparative novelty to most Western stages. Germany borrowed it from Japan, and variations of it were seen in the United States a generation ago. In recent years American producers readopted it for certain productions (see, also, text, page 160).

carry lovely, broad-spreading, paper umbrellas, gay in color and at the same time serviceable. If you look down from an upper window on a rainy day, the street seems strewn with lovely flat flowers, blue and yellow and deep red and pale apple-green.

The clothes in Tokyo are always interesting. Most of the people one sees in the main business sections are dressed in European clothes, and a large proportion, especially among the young people, throughout the city; but there seems to be no hard-and-fast rule. You will see a man dressed exactly as he would be in New York talking with a friend who is entirely American as to clothes, except for wooden clogs; and perhaps the third member of the group may wear American shoes, a kimono, and a bowler hat.

But what do these people who have adopted European dress do when they go

home? Perhaps the answer is in the architecture of the better class of recently built private houses. The rich man has his European house, but this European house almost invariably has its Japanese wing, where there are no chairs, but soft white mats on the floor; where there is no clutter of furniture and pictures; rather, a single picture, a single spray of flowers, a lovely, low, red lacquer table, and peace; where the beauty of the rooms lies in the satin texture of the wood used, in proportion, and simplicity and the most exquisite cleanliness.

#### STYLES CHANGE ONLY FROM YOUTH TO AGE

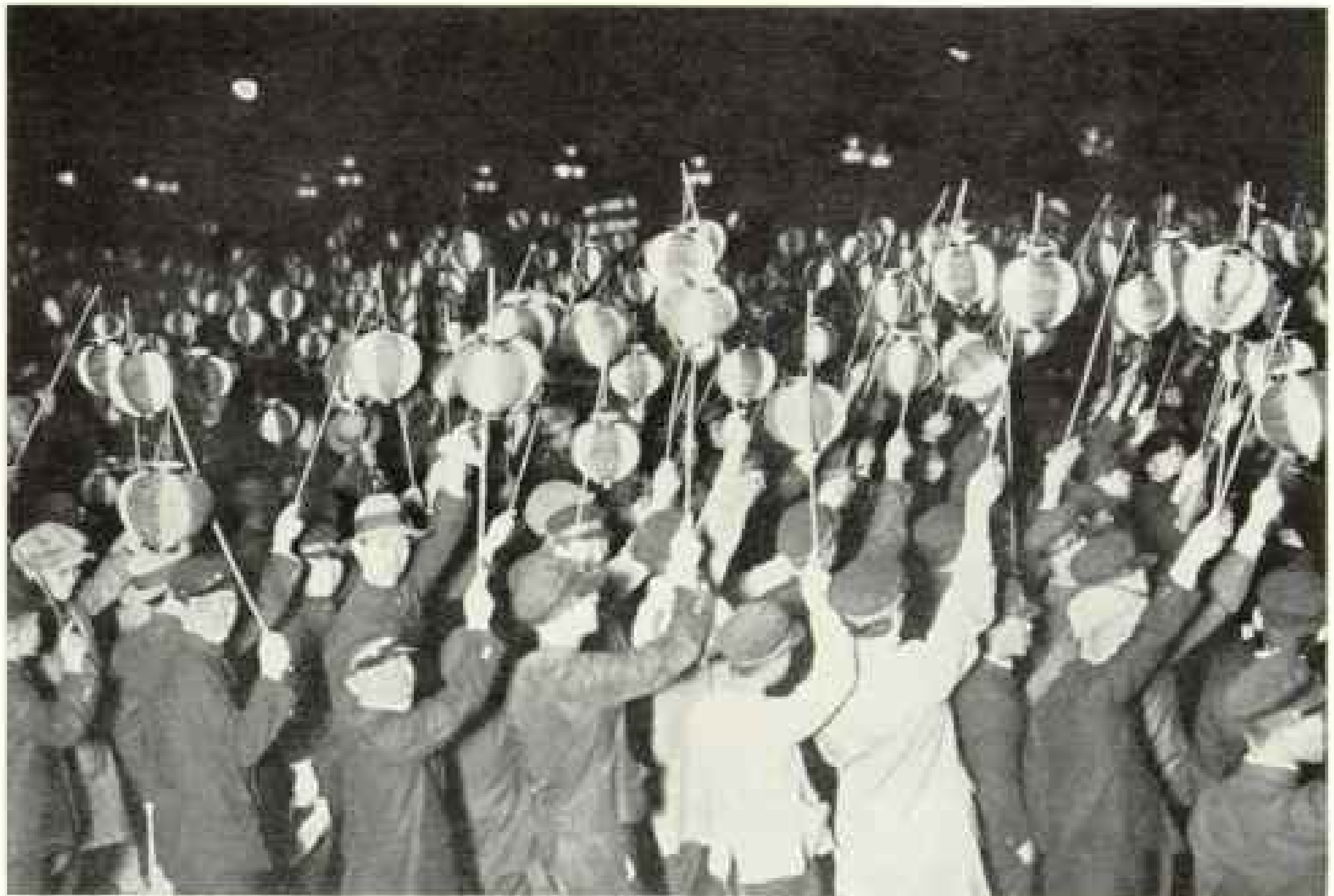
I imagine that when he gets home the tired business man puts on his comfortable kimono and joins his family in this Japanese wing of his great house, where they can all live just as their ancestors lived.



Photograph from Acme Newspictures

**"IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE"—IN JAPAN AS IN AMERICA**

The climax of the reconstruction festival of Tokyo, showing various floats of the advertisement procession, which marks the first attempt of this kind in Japan, proceeding along the Nihonbashi district (see, also, text, page 133).



© Henry Miller

## STUDENTS CELEBRATE ENTHRONEMENT DAY WITH A LANTERN PARADE

His Imperial Majesty Hirohito, the 124th ruler of the same lineage, acceded to the throne in December, 1926, and came into possession of the Imperial regalia of Mirror, Sword, and Jewels. His enthronement took place in November, 1928. The name selected for his reign is Showa, meaning enlightenment and peace.

There is no doubt that Japanese clothes are more comfortable than ours, except that the foreigner would always be worried by the shoes. And yet it is these wooden clogs to which the people seem to cling most tenaciously. Shoe shops are everywhere and are among the most interesting for a foreigner, since here are foot-gear for men and women, for girls and maidens and staid married women. Shoes change with the age of the wearer as much as with the purpose for which they are worn. Always of wood or straw, their trimming changes in color and material and shape, so that in a shoe shop you can study the fashions as they have been ordained by custom.

There are no Paris dressmakers or London tailors who set the fashions as they please. In Japan the cut of dress does not change from year to year, but only from youth to age. Little boys are dressed in sober colors, little girls in the very gayest of flowered kimonos. Then, as the girls grow up, they adopt plain colors, subdued

and lovely in tint, set off by elaborate *obis*, or sashes, of heavy brocaded silk.

It is here that fashion is inexorable. The stylish *obi* of one year, no matter how beautiful and expensive, cannot be worn a second year, because the color and design have changed, although the shape never changes. About all that a poor foreigner can ever learn about the really beautiful clothes of women of Tokyo is that the style denotes the rank of the wearer. No lady would ever condescend to imitate in her clothes the fashions of the dancing girls.

The most famous shopping street of Tokyo, the Ginza, was utterly destroyed by the fire and earthquake. It is to-day by no means a beautiful street, its buildings of uneven height and of every kind of architecture.

Here are the great department stores, comparable with similar stores in the United States, often similarly arranged, displaying their goods attractively. They are rather more expensive than other shops, but carry only good quality and have fixed



Photograph from William R. Castle, Jr.

#### THE IMPERIAL DIET, MOST IMPOSING MODERN BUILDING IN JAPAN

Some 9,000 tons of steel went into the construction of this three-story building and its 216-foot tower. It rests on 4,000 concrete piles and is faced with pink and white granite taken from native quarries. In fact, all the materials were of local origin, and Japanese engineers and builders were responsible for the design and construction.

prices. For this reason they are popular with the Japanese and seem always to be crowded.

#### THE NOISE OF WOODEN SHOES ON MARBLE FLOORS IS UNFORGETTABLE

With the crowds comes the noise that could only be oriental, the noise of thousands of wooden clogs, or *getas*, as the Japanese call them, beating their tattoo on the marble floors. It somehow suggests perpetual motion, as if a river were rattling the pebbles along its banks—a noise not unmusical, but unforgettable. It becomes the background of the piles of glowing silks, the superb materials spread out for the great ladies of the town; it goes with the endless displays of pottery, which here keep their Japanese characteristics, not being made for the American market; it sounds natural in the flower shop, because you remember that you have heard the same sound on the paved walks in the public parks.

It is the sound of the Orient, which is as inevitable as its smell, and I hope that when Western fashions and Western ar-

chitecture and Western dress have created a façade to deceive the eye, there may still be left something of the sound and the smell to differentiate Tokyo from an American city.

The Ginza is banal except for the people; and, after all, it is always the people who make a street. There are very few streets in this world worth remembering empty. The Ginza is always crowded. There are trolley cars and buses and taxis, a few private motors, a rare jinricksha (generally containing a tourist), and countless bicycles. It seems as if most of the bicycles of the world were in Tokyo, and that most of those in Tokyo must be in the Ginza—that is, until you go into another street.

And there seem to be more trick bicycle riders in Tokyo than in all the circuses of Europe and America, only in Tokyo they perform on the street and do not know they are performing. Not only can a man on a bicycle wind his way unconcerned through crowds hurrying in all directions, but he can do it carrying aloft a three-tiered tray filled with bowls of soup.



Wide World Photograph

#### JAPAN, MORE AND MORE AIR-MINDED, TURNS OUT TO WELCOME AN AMERICAN ACE

In the course of their flight around the North Pacific in 1931, Col. and Mrs. Charles A. Lindbergh visited the Meiji Shrine compound, at Tokyo, to honor the ruler who, after Commodore Perry's visit, lifted his country from feudalism into the front rank of modern, progressive nations. Between them stands the American Ambassador to Japan, the Hon. W. Cameron Forbes. Japan is keenly alive to the importance of aviation, both the Government and the newspapers fostering popular interest by various means.

In fact, there seems to be nothing that cannot be carried on bicycles. If you order a sofa, it may well be delivered on a bicycle. The men riding them may be dressed in European clothes, they may wear blue-and-white coolie coats with tightly fitting trousers, or kimonos with skirts flowing out behind; but, however dressed, they always ride as if they were part of the machines, as sure of their bicycles as we are sure of our own legs.

Except for the huge, gaudy advertisements everywhere, there is not as much color in the modern streets as one who has received presents of gay kimonos bought in shops run strictly for tourists might expect. Little girls, as I said, wear the most brilliant colors, but the street costumes of all others are restrained in the extreme. The men's clothes are always somber.

You feel in all this the innate refinement and sense of fitness of the people. But lack of bright colors makes them none the less interesting to watch, as they push their way along the crowded sidewalks—whole families sometimes; groups of schoolgirls, shoppers, coolies, soldiers in their khaki, with red or green collars.

#### THE IMPERIAL PALACE IS THE HEART OF TOKYO

A good-natured crowd, each unit a little inclined to ignore the existence of other units, but rather through self-absorption than because of rudeness. I never saw an instance of conscious rudeness in the streets of Tokyo. One goes to the Ginza again and again, partly because it is the place one naturally goes to buy anything, from fruit to a Mikimoto pearl or an



Photograph by Ewing Galloway

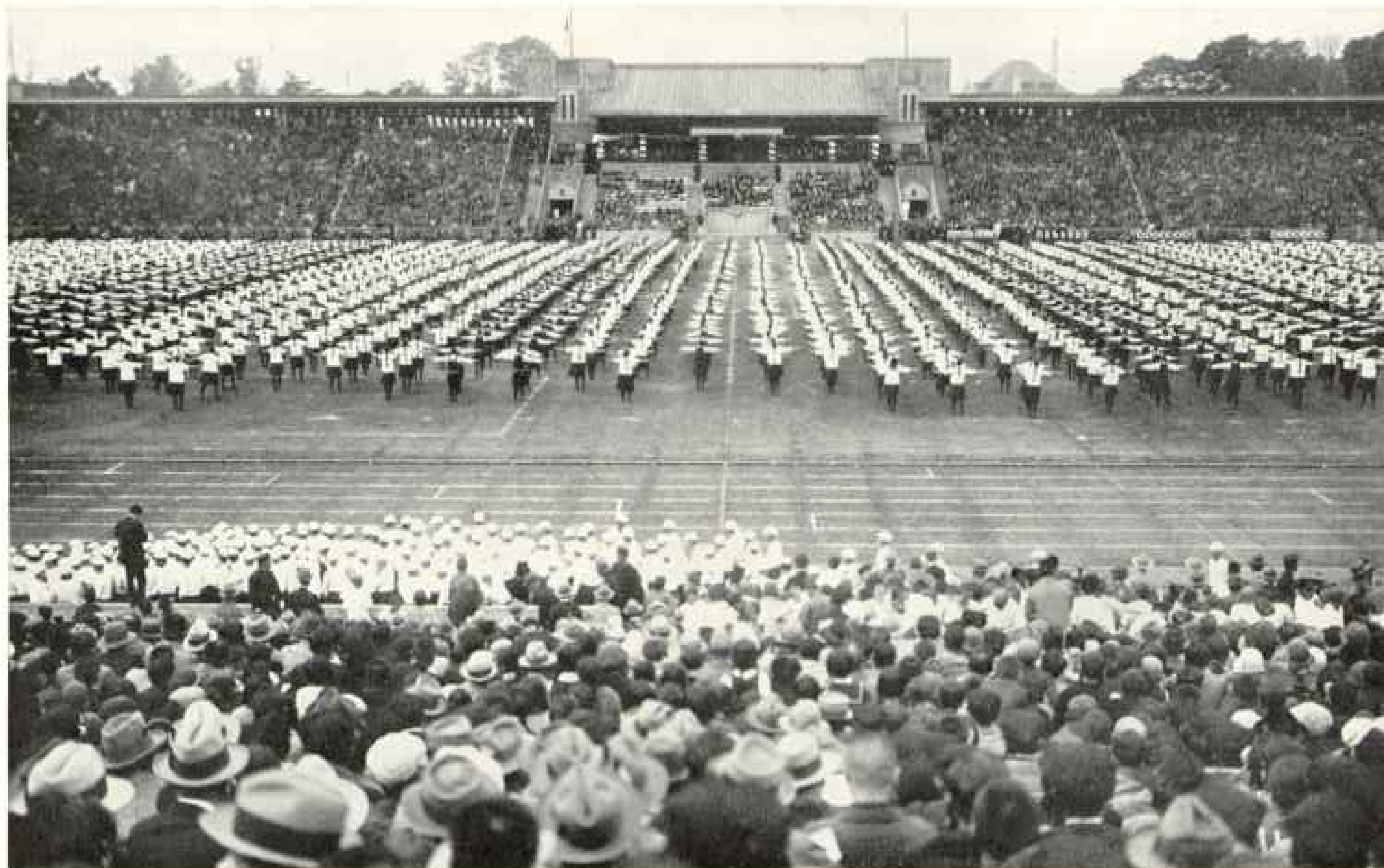
THE MITSUBISHI, ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL BANKS IN THE JAPANESE CAPITAL



Photograph by Thomas W. McKnew

A SUBWAY CONNECTS THE IMPERIAL THEATER (RIGHT) WITH THE KAIKAN RESTAURANT (LEFT)

The latter comprises many restaurants under one roof and specializes in foreign dishes. There is an American restaurant, a French restaurant, an Italian restaurant, etc. It contains banquet halls and private dining rooms, and can serve 4,000 people at one time.



Photograph from Arme Newspictures

SCHOOLGIRLS GO THROUGH A DRILL BEFORE EMPEROR HIROHITO AT THE 5TH MEIJI JINJA GAMES

Physical culture is now a part of the curriculum in many girls' schools, as it has long been for the Japanese boy. Public interest is keen in all kinds of Western athletics and sports, as is attested by the crowds at this exhibition, and by those which pour out of this immense stadium on Saturday afternoons (see, also, text, page 156).



Photograph by Bransin De Cuir from Galloway

THE GARDEN, LARGE OR SMALL, IS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE JAPANESE HOME

For 1,500 years the Japanese have practiced the art of landscape gardening, and have brought it to a remarkable state of perfection and beauty. The underlying aim, however, is not beauty for itself alone, but the satisfaction of man's innate longing for Nature. Even on the tiniest plot of ground, every effect of tree and bush, stone or water, has been carefully planned. The garden at the Tokyo home of Mr. Asano, Japan's late "Cement King,"





Photograph by W. Alan Gibbins

THE OLD-STYLE UMBRELLA IS GOOD ENOUGH FOR THIS MAID

Many of the younger generation carry the ugly black alpaca umbrellas, but some of the older folk cling to the lovely, broad-spreading, paper kind, which are not only gay in color, but also serviceable (see, also, text, page 137).

umbrella; but principally, I think, because it is a wonderful place to get a cross-section of the life of the city.

The Imperial Palace, with its vast walled grounds, is the heart of Tokyo. This was originally the palace of the shoguns, who, as war lords, felt they should be well protected. They built, therefore, a tremendous moat around the palace grounds, a length of perhaps two miles. Outside of this, several hundred yards from the inner moat, was another, the outer moat, and between the two no building was permitted.

The outer moat has largely disappeared because of the exigencies of a growing and

no longer warlike city, but the inner moat is practically intact. The sides of the moat, from twenty to nearly a hundred feet in height, according to the contour of the ground, are built of huge, rough-hewn blocks of gray stone—a form of construction which safely withstood the earthquake.

There is nothing lovelier in Tokyo than these splendid old gray walls, with Japanese pines leaning far down their sides to be reflected in the water; and where the moat is deepest and widest, there float on the surface great flocks of wild ducks, sometimes hundreds or even thousands of them.

IT IS FORBIDDEN TO PHOTOGRAPH WALLS AROUND THE IMPERIAL GARDENS

Behind the walls one sees the tops of trees, evergreens and deciduous trees of all kinds. Nothing could be lovelier than the pink-white mist of cherry blossoms in the spring, shining between the dark pine

trees. The great gardens are never seen except on the rare occasions when one goes to the palace, the green roofs of which rest among the trees.

It is forbidden to take pictures of the moats and walls around the Imperial gardens and palace—a prohibition irritating to many tourists. So, also, it is forbidden when the Emperor drives through the streets to look down on him.

All the windows along his route are closely shuttered.

It is absurd for the foreigner to be irritated by these regulations, which are accepted and approved by the Japanese. To

them the Emperor, the head of the state, the father of his people, is sacred. Loyalty to him is the cement which holds the Empire together. And tourists should not forget that Tokyo belongs to the Japanese; with all its Western aspects, it is a thoroughly Japanese city. If it were not, its charm, even for the tourists, would be gone, and they should accept it as it is or stay away.

THE BUSINESS DISTRICT RESEMBLES NEW YORK MINUS SKYSCRAPERS

In front of the double bridges leading to the palace is a broad expanse of tree-dotted land, a relic of the open space decreed by the shoguns. It is now cut by boulevards, but still separates the palace grounds from the Marunouchi, the important business section of Tokyo. Here are the railroad station, the great office buildings, the Imperial Theater, the banks, all solidly built, all Western in architecture, but all with that subtle and indefinable touch which makes them Japanese.

Just as they spread great nets over buildings under construction, as they have done since time immemorial, so, I believe, the workmen unconsciously carve something of their own culture into the Western designs. No one could possibly wish it otherwise.

The Marunouchi, the Nihonbashi, and adjoining districts of the city might almost be a part of Chicago or New York, except that, on account of earthquake conditions, no skyscrapers are permitted. One or two of the great banks are as fine as bank build-



Photograph by Etanson De Cou from Galloway

ONE OF THE PILGRIM BAND

He is on his way to one of the country's numerous shrines. As a rule, pilgrims travel in groups and usually come from the same community.

ings anywhere, and in the vaults of the Mitsui Bank it seems that much of the wealth of the world might be stored, and safely stored. Never anywhere have I seen such huge steel doors, such a multiplicity of safety devices.

The cashiers, all the officers of the bank, and all the clerks are Japanese—an immediate refutation of the silly stories, so often told in America, that the men who handle the cash are Chinese because the Japanese cannot be trusted.

The Chinese, I am told, seem to have an instinct for the computation of foreign exchange. They are occasionally employed in this capacity in banks in Japan, and I



PIGEONS OF ASAKUSA PARK LIVE A LIFE OF EASE.

*Photograph by R. Moulton from Galloway*

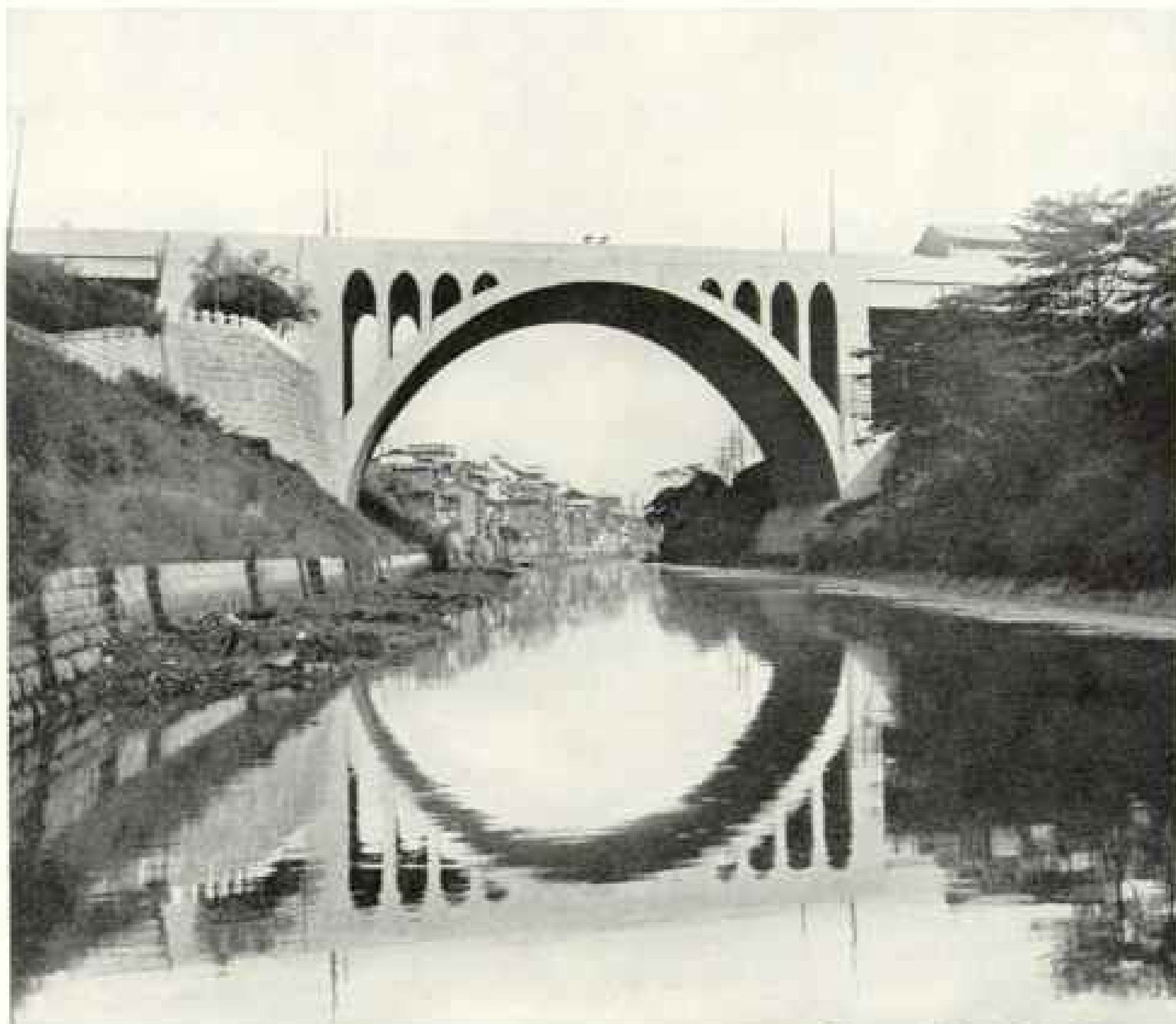
Feeding these birds is a sort of religious rite to the natives who visit the park on days when the weather is good. Half a dozen women with portable bird-feed stands sell grain to passers-by, and make a good living at it. The park is a "Coney Island" for Tokyo.



© Hungarian Press Photographic Exchange

#### WRESTLERS ARE JAPAN'S ONLY PROFESSIONAL ATHLETES

These "mountains of flesh and muscle" sometimes weigh from 300 to 350 pounds and stand six feet tall. They are enormous eaters and drinkers. In Tokyo the matches are held in January and May and arouse frenzied enthusiasm; when the bouts are over, the victors tour the provinces. At the base of two posts sit the referees. The costly damask apron worn by the wrestlers during preliminary ceremonies is removed when the match begins. The men's heads are shaved from forehead to crown, the remaining hair being allowed to grow long to form a topknot.



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

THE HIJIRI BRIDGE WAS BUILT FOR BEAUTY AS WELL AS SAFETY

This modern construction, 305 feet long, is an arch of reinforced concrete, flung across the Kanda River, in the district northeast of the Imperial Palace. Tokyo's reconstruction program called for several hundred new bridges of various types, in the construction of which strict attention was paid not only to safety, but to modern ideals of beauty.

Imagine that some tourist, seeing a Chinaman behind the grill of some bank in Tokyo, who changed his foreign money for him, jumped at the conclusion that this meant the Japanese could not be trusted to handle money, and thereupon started one of the grossest current libels against the race.

In this business district, also, they go in for modernistic architecture, which somehow looks more grotesque in Japan than it does in Paris or London. You see it also in some of the new apartment houses on the outskirts of the city, apartment houses built in a style semi-Japanese, which may or may not be more comfortable than the old-fashioned houses, which conform to Japanese ideas of comfort, in

that they are full of light and pretty completely lack privacy. Paper screens seem flimsy as compared to our brick walls.

On the opposite side of the palace grounds from the Marunouchi the new British Embassy is building. Here, in spring, thousands gather to look at the cherry blossoms. Personally I think they are too thickly massed just here, although the trees are old and impressive in size. The real glory of a cherry in blossom is when one sees it like white mist—there is only a suggestion of pink—among evergreens and other trees. The cherries are glorious, also, in the long, straight avenue in the Aoyama Cemetery; but here, behind them and giving contrast, are splendid, almost black, pines and yews.



Photograph from Acme Newspictures

#### THRONGS TURN OUT TO GREET THE EMPEROR IN UYENO PARK

A view taken in the largest and handsomest of the old metropolitan parks during the Emperor's personal tour of the reconstructed capital. The earthquake made Tokyo realize, as never before, the value of parks, not only for beauty, health, and recreation purposes, but as places of refuge for fleeing crowds and as obstructions to sweeping conflagrations. Since 1923, therefore, plans were made for three large new parks and some 50 smaller ones. The lofty sign at the right, bearing the picture of a man in a cocked hat, advertises a widely known patent medicine.

The new American Embassy is a handsome building, on a hill about a mile from the Palace, but very near the Gaimusho, or Foreign Office. It was one of my pleasant tasks to lay the cornerstone a year and a half ago, but it is fair to say that I should have preferred to open the completed building (see illustration, page 155).

THE AMERICAN EMBASSY TO COST  
\$1,250,000

The entire plant cost \$1,250,000 and is an appropriate and dignified setting for American interests in Japan. It comprises, in addition to the Ambassador's residence, an office building for the Em-

bassy staff, the consulate general, the military, naval, and commercial attachés; two apartment houses for the clerks, who find it very difficult to get suitable quarters, a swimming pool, and tennis courts. The new embassy will be the center of American life in Tokyo.

Other embassies and legations, more or less appropriately housed, are scattered all over the city, there being no legation quarter or compound as there is, for example, in Peiping. This is probably because all parts of Tokyo are safe. You can walk anywhere, at any time of day or night, without danger of molestation. It is, also, because there is no line drawn between



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

WELCOMING SPRING BENEATH THE CLOUDLIKE LOVELINESS OF NIPPON'S  
NATIONAL FLOWER

"As the warrior is king of men, so the cherry tree is first among flowers," the Japanese declare. And ever since an ancient poet likened it to the "soul of Yamato" (Japan), because of the sunshine which attends the tree's April blooming, the beauty of its blossom-laden boughs and fluttering petals, the people have regarded it with singular affection. The Japanese cherry trees presented to the American Capital by the Mayor of Tokyo and his council, in 1912, attract increasing throngs of visitors every year (see, also, "Washington Through the Years," by Dr. Gilbert Grosvenor, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for November, 1931). The main avenue of Shiba Park,

foreigners and Japanese. The foreign colony is no separate entity, but joins in with the social life of the Japanese, who are charming, both as hosts and as guests.

Except in the Akasaka Palace gardens, there is no scenery in Tokyo as there is, for example, in Kyoto, with its encircling

pine-clad hills, or in Kobe, with its background of mountains and the Inland Sea spread out in the foreground. But there are everywhere delightful glimpses into cool gardens; there are bits of lovely moss-grown walls with wistaria sprawling over them; there are tiled roofs, as one looks

down the hillside, roofs of soft, glowing color, with the curious curved lines which could be built only in Japan.

The enormous grounds of the Akasaka Palace, unfortunately seldom open to the public, are as lovely as any park in the world, and, with their hills and lakes and woods, seem endlessly removed from any city, although actually in the heart of Tokyo. In fact, this privacy is attained in many gardens, the Japanese system of garden-making giving a wonderful impression of distances. They are, perhaps, the last stronghold of the feudal aristocracy, and thus, also, the last strongholds of the ancient beauty of the capital.

You can never get, in a public park, admirable as are the parks of Tokyo, the sense of peace and tranquillity that steals over you in a perfect garden. I remember one in particular, built on a steep hillside at the bottom of which is a lovely lake. Over the water hang ancient trees, to some of which clings wistaria, and in the more open spaces are masses of the flame azalea. Somehow the smoke and noise of the city do not seem to penetrate these gardens, which look unchanged by time.

#### SHINTO AND BUDDHIST SHRINES EVERYWHERE

Everywhere, in the most unexpected places, are shrines: the severe, undecorated shrines of the Shinto faith, which you approach through torii, which all too often stand at the top of back-breaking flights of stone steps; the more gaudy Buddhist shrines, where one gets a whiff of incense and catches, in the dark interiors, the gleam of silver and gold.

For a country where the people are not particularly religious, it is remarkable how seldom one gets away from the outward and visible signs of religion. In every house there is a shrine for the worship of ancestors or, rather, for communion with the spirits of the dead. This sense of communion, almost of companionship, is far more real among the Japanese than among Christians, and is the phase of their religion which brings them closest to Christianity.

On the whole, Christian missionaries in Japan have done a job of which we have a right to be proud, a job the value of which the Japanese generally recognize. The schools originally set educational standards which assisted the Government in building

up its own admirable modern educational system. The Aoyama Gakuin, a school largely run and supported by the Methodists, is a fine institution, giving good instruction to hundreds of young Japanese.

St. Paul's University, under the wise guidance of that tactful and inspiring man, Bishop Charles S. Reifsnider, has graduated some of the men most outstanding in the life of the nation. I went there to the commencement exercises and listened to an address in Japanese by Mr. Inouye, Minister of Finance—an address which I could understand because the speaker was emphasizing "public service." He used the phrase in English and it occurred a dozen times. The young men who listened had in their faces all the intelligence and eagerness that one would have seen among a graduating class in an American university. So, also, I attended similar exercises at St. Margaret's School, where one sees clearly that Japanese girls are becoming self-reliant and modern in the right way.

Another impressive ceremony, due to American generosity, was the laying of the cornerstone of the great new building of St. Luke's International Hospital in Tsukiji, one of the districts of Tokyo. St. Luke's does an enormous work, as a thoroughly up-to-date hospital, as a training center for nurses, as a mighty force in developing knowledge of modern public-health methods, as a research institution which is increasing medical and surgical knowledge for the whole world. I look to see St. Luke's eventually the medical center of the Far East.

There was much color in the ceremony, much formality, since an Imperial Prince and Princess were guests, and at the same time the simplicity that comes from the sense that something of real importance was taking place.

#### IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY HAS COPIES OF EARLY TREATIES WITH AMERICA

No Japanese need leave Tokyo to secure a university training, but it is necessary only to speak of the Imperial University, with more than 8,000 students. You enter through a superb old gate of red lacquer into the grounds of a thoroughly modern university. The library, in the beautiful assembly hall of which I presented, on behalf of the American Government, photostat copies of the early treaties with the





Wide World Photograph

NIPPONESE "BEARS" AND "BULLS" GATHER FOR FINANCIAL BATTLE

Interior view of the Tokyo Stock Exchange, which deals chiefly in such native staples as silk, sugar, and rice, as well as in stocks and bonds. The Produce Exchange is near by.



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

FIRE-FIGHTERS OF NIPPON'S CAPITAL

Mayor Nagata (in soft hat), successor of Mayor Horikiri (see page 132), inspects the city fire department on the job at a big fire. Note the old fire-fighters' symbols and uniforms which are still in use. Tokyo has suffered so frequently from fires as to give rise to the proverb, "The fire is Yedo's (Tokyo's) flower."



Photograph by N. Nakahachi

THE AUTHOR LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE AMERICAN EMBASSY IN TOKYO

Hon. William R. Castle, Jr., then the American Ambassador to Japan, welcoming the gathering. The new building takes the place of the old embassy, destroyed by fire during the earthquake of September, 1923, and was completed so that Ambassador W. Cameron Forbes could move in on Thanksgiving Day of 1931. Counsellor of American Embassy Edwin L. Neville in foreground.

United States, the originals of which were burned after the earthquake, reminded me in its up-to-date equipment of one of our own larger university libraries.

The faculty includes some of the most distinguished scholars of Japan, and in science, literature, philosophy, and the arts Japan cedes place to no nation.

Among the students there may be loafers and sports, as there are in American universities, but to look at them I am inclined to think that the intellectual average is very high. There is an eagerness for education characteristic of a country which has just found itself among the great modern nations.

You walk along the straight, dusty street which leads into the Yokohama

boulevard. You see modern buildings and modern shops; the street cars make just the same unpleasant squeaking that they make in Boston or New York and look just about the same. The Orient, always except for the people, seems pushed far into the background; and then you come to Shiba Park, walk through the great gates and pass under the shade of ancient trees into the group of temples, shrines of some of the Tokugawa shoguns.

The first and third shoguns are buried in Nikko, their shrines the most famous architectural monuments of Japan, but some of the shrines in Shiba are almost equally fine. Instantly you are in the full Orient. The intricate carving, the application of color and of gold, the wonderful



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

#### FOOTWEAR OF FAIR WORSHIPERS

Shoes left outside the Zojoji Temple in Shiba Park, Tokyo, by girls who gathered to pay reverence to the spirit of the Imperial Princess Kazu-nomiya on the 55th anniversary of her death. The Princess is held up as an example of womanhood. Note the Tokugawa Shogunate crest on the curtain at the entrance to the temple. The Princess married Keiki, last of the shoguns.

lacquer work, are purely Japanese, the direct development of all the centuries when Japan was truly a hermit nation.

If you happen to go there when no tourists are about, you can easily forget that Japan was ever opened to the world. But only for a minute. You sit down on the steps of a temple and realize that, after all, there is no silence; that from all directions there comes to you the confused noise of a modern city—the sound of motors and of trucks, of trains and street cars and factories—and the clustered temples seem

only survivals of an age that is past, survivals that are out of place to the onlooker, but that are, nevertheless, a reflection of the immutable soul of a great race.

#### YOUNG JAPAN IS KEEN FOR WESTERN SPORTS

More characteristic of modern Tokyo are the athletic fields, where young Japan is building up strong bodies. The crowds which pour out of the stadium near the Meiji Museum on Saturday afternoons prove the keen popular interest in sport.

Not many years ago it was held up against the Japanese, as a sign of the inferiority of the race, that they never indulged in athletics. To-day there are in Tokyo two huge stadiums, one originally seating 65,000 people, but enlarged in 1931 to accommodate 80,000, the other 30,000, and on the days of baseball games there are few vacant seats.

When I was in Tokyo an American team arrived to teach the Japanese how to

play baseball. I hope the Americans scored a few runs; they certainly won no games.

With the exception of wrestlers, there are no professional athletes in Japan. Teams are made up largely of undergraduates in the various universities, and it is the intervarsity games which draw the largest crowds.

Baseball, skillfully and intelligently played, is as popular in Japan as in the United States, but it is not the only popular athletic sport. Rugger football is played everywhere and played well. As



Photograph by Thomas W. McKnew

#### THE NEW TOKYO CITY POST OFFICE RAPIDLY NEARING COMPLETION

This view shows the type of scaffolding universally seen in Japan on all buildings under construction. The scaffolding is made entirely of bamboo poles tied together with rope. No nails are used.

it is part of the army training and as something like 100,000 young men go through this training annually, rigger may well supersede baseball in popularity. Hockey and association football are played more and more and boxing is becoming popular. Wherever there is space in Tokyo, there is a tennis court. The Y. M. C. A. pool is always full of swimmers, as are the great outdoor pools in summer, and Japanese swimmers hold some world records. More and more rowing crews in racing shells are appearing on the rivers and lakes.

Golf clubs are springing up, and, as in America, the links are used largely by business men. At the army maneuver field, on the outskirts of the city, you can see magnificent riding. So the old accusation of lack of interest in athletic sports can no longer be made. In fact, I know of no American city where sport is so universal as it is in Tokyo.

#### OLD SPORTS STILL HAVE THEIR DEVOTEES

These modern games have not entirely driven out the old, purely Japanese sports.

Thousands gather, as of old, to watch the wrestling matches, where the immensely fat men so well known in Japanese prints carry on their strange matches under the ancient rules (see page 149). Archery is also popular among the chosen few, and the great matches are almost always sponsored by some of the Imperial Princes. It takes a strong man even to bend some of the tough old bows.

Such a sport as archery might seem more appropriate against the background of Tokyo, but one soon gets accustomed to seeing a baseball team, in togs of the most approved American fashion, practicing in the shadow of a Buddhist temple, or a crew in shorts, the muscles of their bronzed backs working in harmony, as the glistening yellow shell runs between the banks of a river where thatched roofs show among the cherry trees. Modern athletics fit into the old picture.

It would be impossible to estimate what athletics are doing for the Japanese as a race. The Bible says that no man by taking thought can add a cubit to his stature, but there is no doubt that succeeding



Photograph by K. Moutin from Galloway

TOKYO CHILDREN ON THE PLAYGROUND OF A MODERN SCHOOL: THEY TAKE NATURALLY TO BASEBALL.



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

HIGH-SCHOOL GIRLS OF TOKYO MAKING CUSHIONS OF WHITE SILK FOR THE EMPRESS

They will be offered as gifts to Her Majesty when she makes a visit to the schools of the capital. The white masks are worn in winter, on advice of public health authorities, to prevent colds and influenza.



Photograph by Kiyoshi Sakamoto.

#### SUMMER FESTIVAL IN TOKYO

The boy at the right carries a large fan to cool the shouting youngsters who are bearing a shrine about through the streets. In the center a boy smears his face with white powder.



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.

#### THE "ATHLETIC GIRL" IN JAPAN

Masako Mahto, Japanese track and field star, set a new Japanese javelin-throwing record for women at an All-Japan Athletic Championship Meet held in Tokyo.



Photograph by Willard Price

## EVERYBODY READS IN JAPAN

Education is compulsory, and the people display a surpassing eagerness for knowledge. Ricksha men, waiting for fares, read newspapers or books; schoolchildren, as well as gray-haired professors, haunt the bookshops. Since English, the language of commerce, is a required study in the higher schools, British and American publications are popular with the more serious groups of readers, especially substantial works on history, science, and philosophy.

generations of Japanese are taller. When you meet young men in Tokyo, dressed in gymnasium costume, running through the streets; when you see the finely proportioned bodies of the boys in the Y. M. C. A. pool; when you go to a university graduation and see the students all together, you no longer think of the Japanese as a particularly "little people." With a better-regulated and better-balanced diet and with physical training from the earliest years, through all grades of school, the Japanese are growing up physically. They grew up mentally a long time ago.

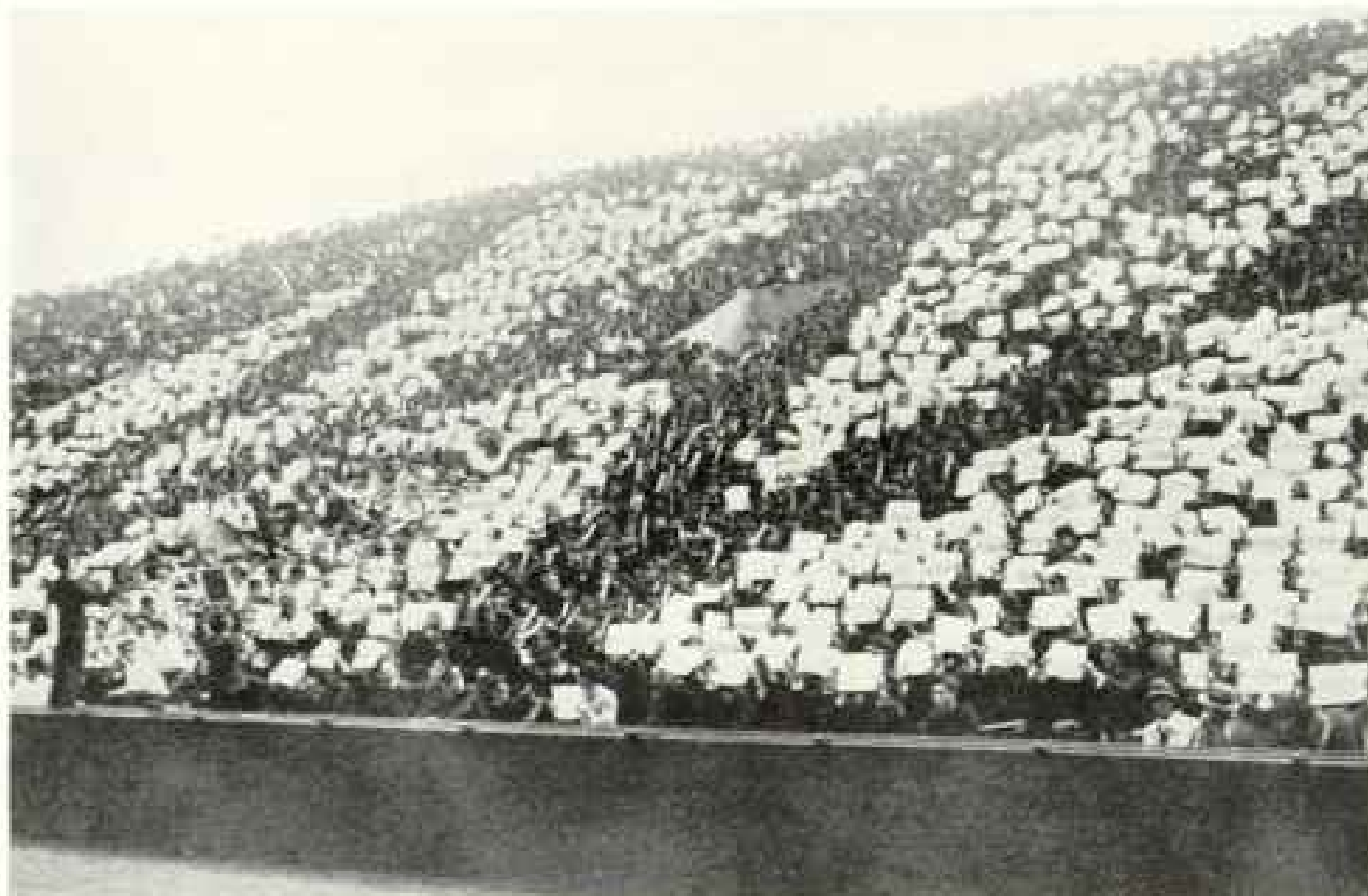
It is said that the generation now reaching maturity is, on an average, an inch taller than the preceding generation. As a generalization, I should doubt this, but at the same time I feel sure it is true in the cities where modern ideas of exercise and diet are prevalent.

There is probably no phase of life in Tokyo which more clearly shows the contrast between the old and the new than do the theaters. You go to the Kabuki-za or

to the new and splendid Tokyo Theater and there see ancient dramas given in the old style of acting; or you go around the corner to a movie theater and see the latest Hollywood production. One seems just as popular as the other and just as crowded.

The Kabuki and Tokyo theaters are enormous, thoroughly modern, handsome buildings. The orchestra seats are like those in an American theater, except that they are lower. The boxes have no seats, because people seem to prefer to sit on the floor, in the old style. The plays begin—there are generally three or four given in succession—from 2 until 4 o'clock in the afternoon and last until about 10 o'clock at night.

The stage is enormous; the lighting and scenic effects superb. It is probably true that the Japanese were the first to have a revolving stage for quick shifts of scenery. The actors strut in the ancient style and chant their lines. In fact, if the lines are emotional, they are sung by the musicians at the sides of the stage, since



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

#### THE JAPANESE ARE "BASEBALL CONSCIOUS"

Rain meant nothing to these fans at the final game between the rival teams of Waseda and Keio universities in Tokyo (see, also, text, page 156).

it is not considered proper to show too great emotion.

But, in spite of all this, the actors—men, of course, take the women's parts, and a Japanese lady explained this to me as being necessary "because men are so much more graceful"—are really great and make a profound impression on any foreigner who has the intelligence to rise above the "queerness" of the performance.

It may be true, as some have said, that the living actors of the stage adopted their stilted style from the puppet shows of old, but the style cannot hide their power of character portrayal. You feel, on leaving the theater, that you have been living in all the color of past centuries.

And then the movies are just as crowded as the theaters. There is a movie industry in Japan, but this does not detract from the popularity of the Hollywood productions. Talking pictures were hard to deal with at first, but now a solemn individual sits at the side of the picture and translates, apparently to the satisfaction of the audience, as the play progresses.

The translator's endeavors to keep up are more interesting to the foreigner than

are some of the plays. The contrast between the two types of entertainment is merely characteristic, like all the other contrasts.

The Japanese are voracious readers of newspapers. Newsboys run or bicycle throughout the city, dropping their papers in every shop. At important street corners stand women with bells, which they ring continually to show that here are news stands with the latest papers.

Where fifty years ago the newspaper was unknown, they now are read far more generally than in the United States, two of the great dailies having a larger circulation than any standard-sized papers in the United States.\*

These great papers are thoroughly up-to-date. They have regular airplane services of their own to carry pictures from Osaka to Tokyo, and transmission of pictures by wireless or by wire is as much used as in the United States. Moreover, the papers carry on large humanitarian work in the maintenance of hospitals or welfare enterprises.

\* See, also, "The Making of a Japanese Newspaper," by Dr. Thomas E. Green, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for October, 1920.





Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

GUARDIANS OF LAW AND ORDER BOW THEIR HEADS TO MAJESTY

When the Emperor of Japan visited the new quarters of the Metropolitan Police in Tokyo, the officers bowed reverently before him.

Tokyo is full of cafés, always crowded, modeled somewhat on the cafés of Paris. In former days people gave geisha parties, those rather solemn affairs at which geishas danced their symbolic dances. They were very expensive, and those who could not afford the expense contented themselves with picnics. Now the cafés are crowded, their principal patrons being, perhaps, the "mobos" and the "mogas."

The Japanese, more than any other nation, love to abbreviate, and "mobo" is the abbreviation for modern boy, and "moga" is the abbreviation for modern girl. Indeed, these mobos and mogas, dressed almost always in European clothes and trying to adopt the freedom of European manners, are about the most modern aspect of Tokyo.

One might go on almost indefinitely in pointing out the various contrasts of this city, where at every point the contrast between the old and new, between the occidental and the oriental, is so striking. But perhaps I have said enough to give an idea

of this strangely Western oriental city. It should never be forgotten that both the old and the new, both the Western and the Eastern, are real. Somewhere in the fusion of the two lies the truth of Tokyo. When one remembers that the Western ideas have been naturalized for less than a century, one can understand the inevitable outcropping of oriental ideas.

In these days, when the populace of Tokyo is excited over the Manchurian situation, when any soldier is applauded in the streets, there is, perhaps, an outcropping of the old military love of the samurai class. Yet even this is somehow also occidental. In an American city nothing can arouse such enthusiasm as marching troops at a time when war is in the air. So far as ideas are concerned, Kipling was wrong in saying that the West and the East could not meet. In Tokyo the West has met the East, and out of this meeting is growing a new kind of civilization, in which the ideals of the two hemispheres are fusing.

# SOME FORGOTTEN CORNERS OF LONDON

## Many Places of Beauty and Historic Interest Repay the Search of the Inquiring Visitor

BY HAROLD DONALDSON EBERLEIN

ARTICLE OF "VISITS TO THE OLD LANDS OF ENGLAND," IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

LONDON is the least-known part of all England. Like Rome, it is inexhaustible, and no one can ever hope to know all of it. If you care to seek, you can find within its bounds everything from pre-British and Roman remains down to the latest gramophone records or the newest feminine bagatelles from Paris, to say nothing of all else under the sun, fetched there from the farthest corners of the earth.

However much we may love, marvel at, and feel the homely spell of the dear old grubby, splendid city on the Thames; whatever curious rewards we may reap by prying into the infinitely varied past or the complex present, a perpetual half-consciousness of the amazing, manifold medley of antiquity and modernity haunts the mind.

And London is so little known partly because so much of it is forgotten. Changes tread fast on the heels of changes. In the thronging tides of human life that pulse through London's veins and arteries, each individual is bent on his own immediate ends. It is inevitable, then, that many a place of beauty or of quaint historic interest should be heedlessly passed by and forgotten by all save the very few who either have some special association therewith or else are prompted by a sort of tender curiosity to keep old memories green.

### FAMILIARITY OVERLOOKS PRECIOUS RELICS

Londoners don't know London. With comparatively few exceptions, they know only the narrow orbit in which their own daily lives are run. And if nearly all Londoners either don't know or have clean forgotten hundreds of intriguing corners, the usual traveler in London has never even heard of them. And yet these diverting corners exist aplenty, and they are well worth prying into. Modern London, remember, is "built on ancient London, and ancient London was built on a London still older." Scratch the crust of modern London and you invariably find some delight-

ful ancient thing beneath, faintly concealed or only half-concealed and merely out of mind.

For instance, there is the Roman Bath in Strand Lane. Scarcely more than fifty feet from one of the city's busiest thoroughfares, a clear, cold spring still floods the basin of this old bath. It is a tangible and ever-fresh memorial of the distant past, invested with associations that make us feel our near human kinship with those bygone men and women, of like passions with ourselves, whom we are all too apt to view in a purely detached manner as mere lay figures in the pages of history.

Strand Lane, joined by an inconspicuous passage with the Strand just about opposite the east end of St. Mary-le-Strand, runs quiet and unremembered down the slope toward the river. For the greater part of its brief course it is a fairly sunny and cheerful little place, not too much hemmed in and begloomed by the backs of the buildings abutting on it.

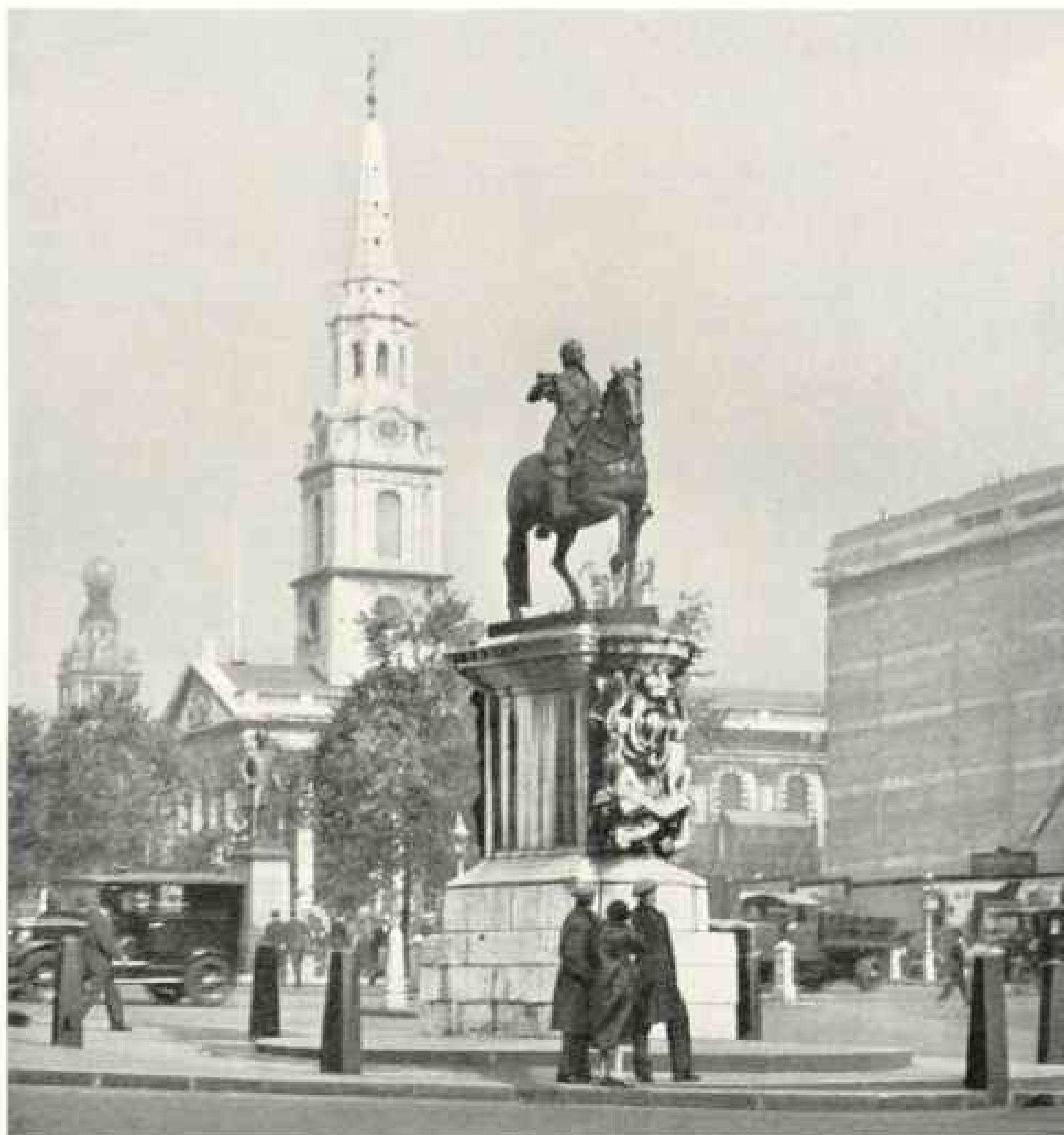
At the top is the old watch-house of St. Clement Danes, wearing the suave exterior and delicate iron balcony of its Regency remodeling but, underneath all that, really a very ancient building. Formerly the parish watchman lived in this house and occasionally, at night, had to take disorderly or drunken characters in custody there till morning.

At the right of the lane, and close to the watch-house, a door and a descent of several steps lead into a vaulted passage. A door at one side of the passage opens into a barrel-vaulted chamber, and in the floor of this chamber is sunk the bath, built of thin Roman bricks, such as are worked into the walls of St. Albans' Abbey.\*

### THE ROMAN BATH IS PARTLY ELIZABETHAN

The bath itself is about 13 feet long, 6 feet wide, and between 4 and 5 feet deep, and is now paved with slabs of white mar-

\* See, also, "London from a Bus Top," by Herbert Corey, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for May, 1926.



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

THE STATUE OF CHARLES I GAZES DOWN WHITEHALL TOWARD THE PLACE OF THE MONARCH'S EXECUTION

The bronze figure has had almost as turbulent a history as the monarch himself. It was pulled down and sold to a junk dealer by the same Roundhead Parliament which cut off the King's head. From a pile of broken metal, supposedly fragments of the statue, the dealer amassed a fortune by making knife handles and souvenirs for Roundheads and Royalists alike. After Charles II was safely on his throne, the canny brazier unearthed the statue and it was set up once again in Charing Cross. The church in the background is St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

ble brought from a bath near by that was built by the Earl of Essex in 1588. There can be little doubt that the bath was once part of a Roman villa, and it fills imagination to fancy what vicissitudes it has gone through since England was a part of the Roman Empire (see page 166).

Another near-by corner of London ignored by nearly all save those whose busi-

ness it is to frequent it is Covent Garden Market. An early morning visit there any day but Sunday will repay you with a sight you will long remember with pleasure and wonder, provided you have an eye for color, an interest in observing curious types of people, or a measure of admiration for the complex working of London's provisioning process (see pages 166, 168-170).



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#### A ROYAL VISIT TO LONDON CITY SUGGESTS MEDIEVAL SPLENDOR

Down Fleet Street, the home of daily newspapers and foreign correspondents, the colorful procession crawls between solid lines of soldiers and houses flecked with British flags and peering faces. Their Majesties' official visit draws attention to the fact that actually Westminster, not the City of London, is the capital of England, although both cities are within the great Metropolitan district of London County (see illustration, page 167, and text, page 170).



© Photopress

BABIES ARE CHRISTENED AT ST. CLEMENT DANES WITH WATER FROM THIS ROMAN BATH (SEE TEXT, PAGE 163)

Although scarcely 50 paces from the Strand, one of London's busiest streets, this ancient bath is seldom visited and little known. Its thin Roman bricks, and white marble slabs brought from a near-by bath of the Earl of Essex, are continuously flooded by clear spring water.



© Donald McLeish

MARY, QUEEN OF THE PEA-SHELLERS, ENTHRONED AT THE LEFT

For 56 years she has amazed onlookers by the speed of her work. In Covent Garden Market a very considerable portion of London's food supply is brought for redistribution.



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

THE TEMPLE BAR GRIFFIN BIDS DEFIANCE TO ALL WITHOUT THE CITY

Here, where the Strand ends abruptly and Fleet Street begins, once stood Temple Bar, Sir Christopher Wren's famous gateway (see illustration, page 173). When the King visits the City officially, he pauses with his retinue at Temple Bar. Upon invitation from the Lord Mayor and after the presentation of the sword of the City, which he graciously returns, His Majesty proceeds down Fleet Street (see illustration, page 165).

With the striking variety of British-grown vegetables to be seen in Covent Garden, vegetables that can be successfully grown in almost any part of England, the absolute domination of cabbage and potatoes in the average British regimen appears totally inexcusable.

The region known as Covent Garden once extended from St. Martin's Lane on the west to Drury Lane on the east, and from Long Acre on the north to the Strand

on the south. Nowadays, however, the name Covent Garden commonly means the square in the middle of this area and the market buildings that occupy most of it. Once upon a time, this whole tract was the kitchen garden of the abbots of Westminster; hence the name *Convent Garden*, of which Covent Garden is a corruption.

In 1547 it is recorded that Henry VIII's sheep were pastured here, although part of the tract had been used as a burial ground.



Wide World Photograph

## A "TALL" COVENT GARDEN WAGER

Jim, the porter, won on his birthday, and made a world's record when he carried 30 baskets on his head through the busy traffic of London's principal market (see text below).

The original boundaries of Covent Garden include as much of literary as well as of human interest as any other one spot in London. In the 17th century Inigo Jones planned the square now occupied by the market, and soon houses were built over all the ground surrounding it. Inigo Jones also designed St. Paul's Church, which stands at the west side of the square, a coldly classic structure that has been characterized as the "handsomest barn in England." Late in the 18th century the church was destroyed by fire, but was exactly reproduced, so that we see it to-day just as England's first great classic architect built it (see page 170).

In the 18th century many of London's distinguished authors and actors lived in the houses built within the old limits of Covent Garden. The neighborhood was the recognized center of wit, gallantry, and criticism, the haunt of Addison and Steele, of Johnson and Boswell.

It was also the home of fashion, and *The Spectator* tells us how ladies of quality, attended by small black-moor pages carrying their morocco-bound prayer books for them, tripped across the market square from their pews in St. Paul's to their houses in the vicinity. We can see them now in retrospect. But great changes have taken place in this corner of London since those far-off days.

Covent Garden Market sprang into existence quite casually and quite gradually. Vendors of fruit, flowers, and vegetables little by little took up their stand in the square as a favorable place to sell their wares. Crockery, talking parrots, herbs, snails, and other oddments got mingled with the garden produce. In time the market grew into a recognized institution with set regulations for its conduct. In 1831 the Duke of Bedford erected the present market buildings in architectural conformity with Inigo Jones's church, at the west end of the square, and Covent Garden assumed much its present aspect.

The market comes to life between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, and the bustle increases rapidly to its height about 7:30 or 8. After that the tide of kaleidoscopic life gradually subsides.

Here you will see, in all their diversity, market porters, and fruit merchants, green-grocers and market gardeners, costermongers with their barrows drawn by ponies or donkeys, and flower women wearing those extraordinary hats and bonnets to be found nowhere but in London's East End or in the caricatures of Cruikshank or Du Maurier. Best of all, Covent Garden is not a static sight, like the Guildhall or St. Paul's Cathedral, which are always the same; it is absolutely vibrant with ceaselessly changing life and its human interest is inexhaustible, go when or as often as you will.

#### ELOPERS FOUND HAVEN AT SAVOY CHAPEL

Less than a minute's walk from the din and traffic of the Strand is another seldom-visited remnant of old London, the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, wrapped in the quietude of its churchyard. This chapel, a part of the Savoy Palace, was built at the end of the 13th century by Peter, Earl of Savoy and Richmond. The palace is gone, but the chapel remains.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was living in the Savoy in 1381 when Wat Tyler and his rebels burnt both the palace and chapel. Rebuilt, the chapel experienced varied fortunes till it was restored in 1505. In 1864 it was damaged by fire and restored by Queen Victoria.

An amusing aspect of its history is that in the first half of the 18th century it was a favorite place for clandestine weddings. As late as 1754 the *Public Advertiser* printed a paid announcement that marriages could be performed there "with the



Wide World Photograph

#### HEADS UP, EVERYBODY

"Upset the lot," Jim, the Covent Garden basket porter, says, is the only way to lower his skyscraper load to the street (see, also, opposite page).

Utmost Privacy, Decency and Regularity," and that the expense would be "not More than One Guinea, the Five Shilling Stamp Included." As an extra inducement, the advertisement adds, "There are Five Private Ways by Land to this Chapel, and Two by Water."

Keeping on eastward along the Strand toward the City, past St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes, both standing on their islands in the middle of the street, you come to the Griffin at Temple Bar, bidding defiance to all outside the City (see page 167).

The Temple Bar Griffin, perched on his plinth, is not an object to be disregarded.





Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

#### ST. PAUL'S CHURCH RECALLS COVENT GARDEN'S FORMER GLORY

London's literary center and home of fashion in the 18th century, Covent Garden is now a corner of London neglected by all except porters, greengrocers, and market folk (see text, page 164). The market extends some distance in front of the church, and in the morning the building is completely blocked by crates of produce.

Everybody knows that he marks the spot where the Strand suddenly changes into Fleet Street and where Westminster ends and the City proper begins; that the policemen east of him wear red and white stripes, instead of blue and white stripes, on the cuffs and bear the City cognizance on their helmets, and that the King never goes east of him officially without the invitation of the Lord Mayor. But what people commonly either ignore or forget, rarely even glance at, as a matter of fact—Londoners and visitors alike—is the bronze bas-reliefs on the sides of the plinth.

till they fell down—a warning not to commit the crime of treason. The exposure of heads on Temple Bar's iron spikes continued till the latter part of the 18th century.

The gates to the Temple, just within Temple Bar, call up another thought. Were one to name the Temple among the forgotten corners of London, straightway there would go up an indignant howl of contradiction. And yet, how many of the thousands that every year visit London ever penetrate the shady courts and green squares of this peaceful haven in the very heart of the city?

One represents the first Temple Bar, a wooden structure destroyed about the time of the Great Fire; the other shows the second Temple Bar, built by Sir Christopher Wren and removed in 1878-9, to be replaced by the Griffin on his post. Sir Christopher's Temple Bar was carefully re-erected in Theobald's Park, at Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire (see illustration, page 173), and this, the real Temple Bar, is indeed one of the ignored and rarely visited relics of old London. Without the visible reminder—the smug Griffin is a poor substitute—we are apt to lose sight of the pageantry and ceremony of Royal entrances and Lord Mayors' permissions through the centuries.

#### TRAITORS' SKULLS GRINNED FROM TEMPLE BAR

We are apt, too, to overlook the more grisly memory of how the heads of traitors were impaled on spikes on Temple Bar and allowed to remain there, sometimes for years,



Photograph from The Topical Press Agency, Ltd.

POKE HIS CRAW AND SEE WHAT A FAT GOOSE HE IS!

Club Row Market, just off Bethnal Green Road, is held on Sunday mornings. Here, amid a terrific cockney din, market folk sell anything from snails and goldfish to canary birds, live poultry, dogs, and donkeys—not to mention cuttlefish bones for canary food (see text, page 191).



Wide World Photograph

THE LARGEST ROYAL STURGEON CAUGHT IN THE NORTH SEA

A portion of the giant fish, which tipped the scales a little short of half a ton, was sent to King George for his Christmas dinner. Hard by London Bridge is Billingsgate Fish Market, notorious in former days for the forceful language of its fishwives (see text, page 177).



© Donald McLeish

## DR. JOHNSON LOOKS EAST, TOWARD HIS BELOVED FLEET STREET

The famous man of letters used to worship in Saint Clement Danes, and a brass tablet marks his pew. This church, designed by Sir Christopher Wren, occupies a traffic island in the midst of the busy Strand. On March 31, each year, fruit is distributed to the children of the parish in accordance with the old nursery rhyme, "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements."

Of those who do by chance enter under Sir Christopher Wren's stately gatehouse and stroll down Middle Temple Lane, or pass under the archway of the Inner Temple, how many recall that Oliver Goldsmith died in an upper room at No. 2 Brick Court; that Queen Elizabeth saw *Twelfth Night* first performed in Middle Temple Hall, and that Charles Lamb was born within the precincts of the Inner Temple? Is it, or is it not, right to call the Temple one of London's forgotten corners?

Should you turn northward, toward Holborn, in quest of more spots of interest too

often overlooked—though south, east, or west would discover as many—you are almost immediately at Holborn Circus. Take Charterhouse Street, to the left, and you will go only a few yards before you come to a wide *cul-de-sac* street, fenced off from Charterhouse Street by high iron gates and railings with a substantially built watchman's lodge midway of this strange barrier.

## ELY PLACE IS IN THE CITY BUT NOT OF IT

The moment you enter the gates you leave the City of London and step into the Diocese of Ely, for this is Ely Place. This sacred bit of territory is altogether outside the jurisdiction of the London authorities. It is controlled by orders from the Commissioners of the Diocese of Ely, and the Metropolitan police have no warrant to enter the gates or exercise any of their customary functions or supervision within its precincts (page 174).

Police authority is vested in the watchman who inhabits the aforesaid lodge at such times as his duties do not take him elsewhere. The gates are shut and barred every night at 11 o'clock, and thereafter, till 5 the next morning, it is one of the watchman's duties to walk up and down Ely Place every hour and cry out the time and the state of the weather. This he still punctiliously does, just as his predecessors have done for more than six hundred years.

Independence of the Metropolitan police and of City control has its amusing side when we know that, quite within the memory of living men, a notorious robbery was



© Photopress

#### HISTORIC TEMPLE BAR IS NOW THE LODGE GATE FOR THEOBALD'S PARK

Once this famous gate was located at the entrance to the "City of London," where is now the Griffin (see illustration, page 167, and text, page 169). Traitors' skulls were impaled on spikes on Temple Bar as a warning. Theobald's Park, in Hertfordshire, to which the Bar was removed and reerected, recently was opened as a country club.

being committed in Ely Place at the precise moment when the watchman was making his hourly rounds and crying out, "Two o'clock of a fine morning, and all's well!"

The London house of the Bishops of Ely, with its gardens and dependencies, once occupied the site where Ely Place is now, and St. Etheldreda's was the chapel of this episcopal establishment.

#### ELIZABETH'S FAVORITE "LEASED" ELY PLACE FOR A ROSE, HAY, AND £10

In Queen Elizabeth's time Christopher Hatton occupied Ely Place. The Queen, according to all accounts, had not scrupled to use high-handed measures with the then Bishop of Ely in order to install her favorite in this comfortable suburban residence. Hatton got a 21-year lease of the property for one red rose, ten loads of hay, and £10 annually. To the bishop was reserved the

right of walking in the garden when he wished and of gathering 20 bushels of roses every year if he chose. Hatton built himself a new house in the gardens, and his heirs, with the support of the Crown, managed to secure a firm hold on that part of the property, whence came the location and name of Hatton Garden.

About 1774 both Ely House and Hatton House were demolished and the rows of residences lining both sides of the street now bearing the name of Ely Place were built. It is this small jurisdictional island in the midst of London that is still administered by the Ely diocesan commissioners.

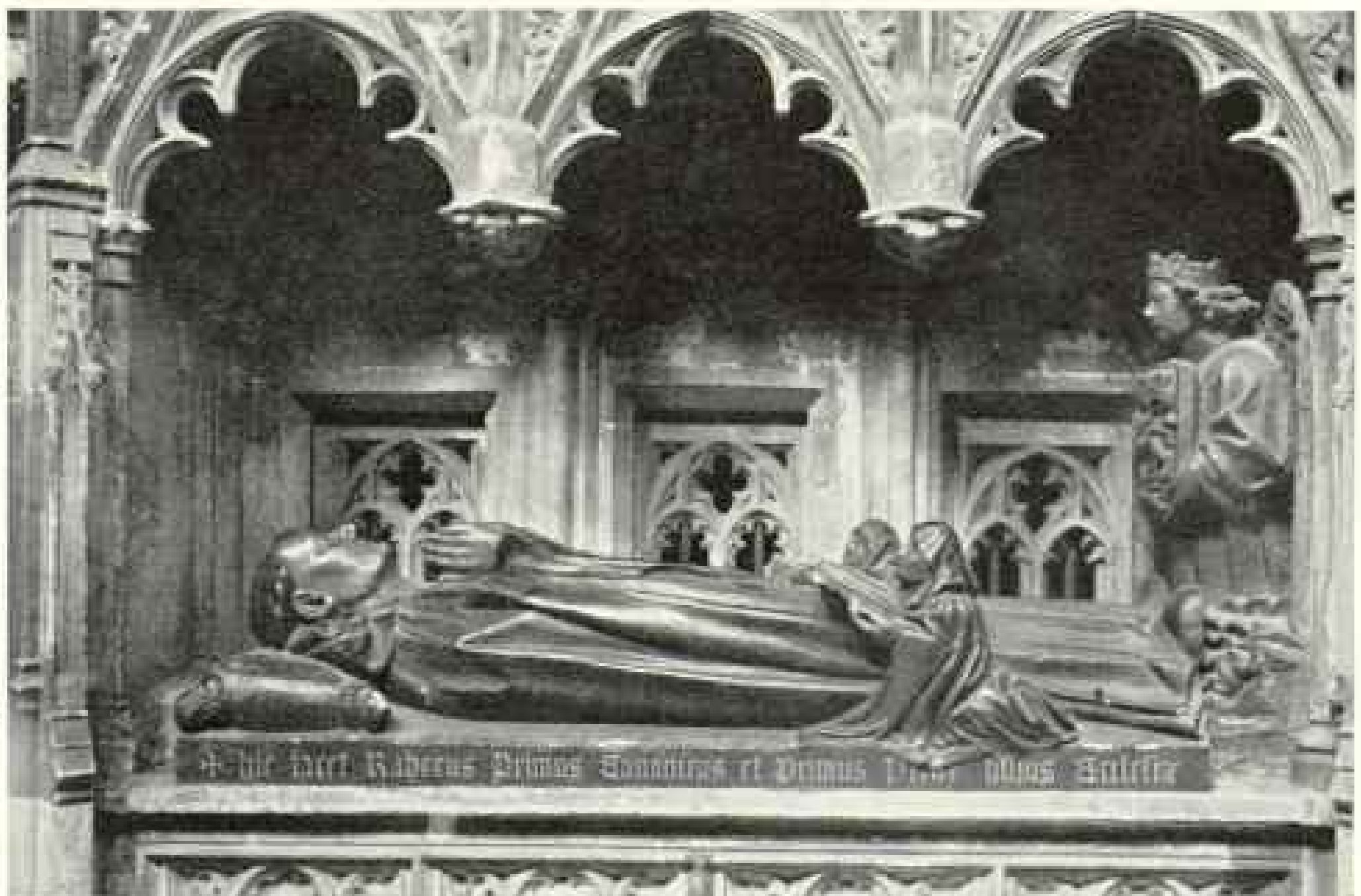
Of the old order naught remains but St. Etheldreda's Chapel, which escaped both the Dissolution and the Great Fire, and the tiny Mitre Tavern up a narrow passageway leading from the west side of the Ely Place of to-day. St. Etheldreda's was



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

#### ELY PLACE IS IN LONDON, BUT NOT OF IT

Once past these gates, the Metropolitan police have no jurisdiction, since the Place is administered by the Diocese of Ely. Ely Place is the site of the London house and beautiful gardens of the Bishops of Ely (see text, page 172).



Photograph from Will F. Taylor

#### RAHERE'S TOMB IN THE CHURCH OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT (SEE PAGE 177)

The beautiful 14th-century effigy was sculptured a century and a half after Rahere's death. At the recumbent figure's knees two charming miniature canons read from Bibles open at the Book of Isaiah. In 1866, when St. Bartholomew's was undergoing restoration, ghouls broke open the tomb in the rear and exposed Rahere's body with sandals still in place on his feet.

bought by the Lazarist Fathers in 1874 and both chapel and crypt have been perfectly restored to their pre-Reformation state. A more beautiful chapel would be hard to find.

The Mitre Tavern still displays many of its early Tudor characteristics, one of which is the cherry-tree corner-post, now carefully glassed in, supporting an angle of the building. With a little persuasion, you might still be furnished with a sack posset, or some other equally typical Elizabethan potation, and food to match; without any coaxing or waiting, you can be sure of a mug of good ale and a pork pie to keep it company (see p. 177).

There is a very distinct association of luscious strawberries with the garden of Ely Place. In fact, the Bishop of Ely's strawberries figure in Shakespeare's "Richard III."

Says the Duke of Gloucester: "My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there; I do beseech you, send for some of them."

Replies the Bishop of Ely: "Marry, and I will, my lord, with all my heart."

Shakespeare's strawberries, then, were not a figment of the poet's imagination; they really grew in the garden at Ely Place. But they are there no longer; there is no longer any garden at all, and the strawberries are but a memory.

#### A KING'S JESTER FOUNDED FAMOUS HOSPITAL

From Ely Place, through Charterhouse Street and Smithfield Market, it is not a



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Ehrlein

#### THE "PURSE KING" HOLDS COURT IN CLUB ROW MARKET

One of the Hogarthian sights of Sciator Street is Nick Stewart, who sells from his throne all kinds of purses—and canary birds. His booth is the center of attraction and passers-by never know what manner of pleasantry will be popped at them from this good-natured joker.

far cry to St. Bartholomew's, both the ancient Priory Church and the hospital of that name.

Visitors in London, making lists of sights to be seen, are very apt to jot down St. Bartholomew's as one of them. But when it actually comes to going there to see the gatehouse, the glorious Norman interior, or the hospital, something generally goes agley, so that St. Bartholomew's might well be included among the places unknown by all but the inmates of the wards, patrons, and benefactors of the hospital, or students in the medical school, and few enough of them find their way into the



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

#### PETTICOAT LANE ON A RAINY SUNDAY MORNING

Rows of booths and burrows line each curb and the shops do a thriving trade. Three columns of people mill up and down in the middle of the street and on the two sidewalks. Sometimes the crowds jostle a stand and spill its wares—rabbit skins, candy, underclothes, toys, antiques, fish, or whatnot. "Petticoat Lane" is another name for Middlesex Street (see text, page 182).

portions existing in the founder's time.

The founder of both Priory Church and hospital was one Rahere, said to have once been the jester of William Rufus, and the foundation dates from 1123. Stow refers to Rahere as a "pleasant-witted gentleman, and therefore in his time called the King's minstrel."

#### A VISION COMMANDED RAHERE'S GIFTS.

The turning point in the direction of Rahere's life apparently came with a vision in which he found himself standing on the brink of a terrible abyss, so that he was sore afraid and "gave forth lusty cries from his mouth.

"And, as he was thus fearful and crying aloud with fear, one was beside him, bearing royal majesty in his countenance, of wonderful beauty and imperial authority."

The person of royal bearing in the vision was St. Bartholomew, who bade Rahere found the priory and hospital, an injunction forthwith obeyed. The Priory Church and one of the world's greatest hospitals, after more than eight hundred years of faithful service, are on the spot to-day.

Hard by the Priory Church and behind the hospital is Bartholomew Close, where Benjamin Franklin as a young man worked with a printer named Palmer. Another famous name, too, is associated with this place, for Milton once lay in hiding in these precincts. In former times, in the open space west of the church and in front of the hospital, Bartholomew Fair was held every August, one of the largest and most



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Dierlein

#### MITRE TAVERN PRESERVES ITS OLD CHERRY CORNER POST UNDER GLASS

The sign at the right informs the visitor that the tavern of Ely Place dates from 1546 (see text, page 175).

noted of all the medieval fairs, the subject of countless literary allusions. The charter for it was granted Rahere in 1133, and its tolls made an important part of the hospital's revenue.

#### BILLINGSGATE IS NO LONGER SHOCKING

The farther east you go in London, the more the river seems to entice you down to search the mysteries of its banks. If you are minded to yield to this magnetic call, Newgate Street, Cheapside, the Poultry and King William Street, in quick succession, will bring you to London Bridge; and hard by, in Lower Thames Street, you will



come upon another corner of London that is, curiously enough, both unforgotten and forgotten—Billingsgate Fish Market.

Billingsgate Market is not forgotten by the fishmongers; they are there in full force every day except Sunday, and even on Sunday—that was before the days of cold storage—provision was made by an act of William III for the lawful "selling of mackerel before or after divine service."

Nor is Billingsgate language a thing forgotten. Who, anywhere in the English-speaking world, has not heard of it? Heard *of* it, we say advisedly, not *heard* it; for the far-famed Billingsgate speech is a thing of the past, so far as Billingsgate Market itself is concerned.

#### EEL BOATS BRING BACK THE PAST

Except for the name, however, the fame of erstwhile bad language, and the daily concourse of fish dealers, Billingsgate Market is a thing virtually unknown. It is on the south side of Lower Thames Street, east of London Bridge, and between the Church of St. Magnus the Martyr (one of Wren's finest) and the Customhouse. Fish Street Hill and Pudding Lane, near by, share some of the local charm, but the main attraction is between Lower Thames Street and the water.

Billingsgate Market took on its present aspect in 1877. Perhaps it was then, amid new surroundings, that the ancient speech of Billingsgate got discouraged and began to disappear. Possibly it couldn't stand the sanitary perfection, the scrupulous cleanliness, and the torrential swabbings that keep the place as tidy as a new pin for the hundreds of tons of fish that arrive daily, both by train and boat. There was nothing left to swear at or about.

At any rate, despite the modernity and the disappearance of the celebrated lingo and some of the picturesque characters who spoke it, not all traces of the old days are obliterated. For one thing, if you will go through the market and down onto the landing stages, you will see one of the curious Dutch eel boats moored at the anchorage not a hundred yards away (see p. 198).

It is a choice bit taken right out of the 17th century, so that you rub your eyes to see whether you are really awake or dreaming. There it lies, snub-nosed, with a prow blub-cheeked exactly like one of Grinling Gibbons's cherubs, the gunwale curved

backward with an aspect half deprecating, half supercilious. The hull is painted black, or white, or green, or blue, and its single, sturdy mast sticks up with an air of nonchalant assurance.

One or another of these eel boats, called *schuyts* (pronounced scouts), has been moored at Billingsgate anchorage ever since the time of Charles I. One or another of them must always be moored there to retain the charter rights of the Dutch eel fishers to sell their catch in London. If you watch the lower river traffic, you will now and again see one of these *schuyts* going up or down.

The eel boat is a symbol and a link with the past. It links us with the old Billingsgate when it was made a "free market" for the sale of all kinds of fish. That was in 1609.

It takes us back to the time when it was ordered that salt, oranges, onions, and other foreign produce should be landed at Billingsgate. It takes us still farther back on the stream of memory, to the time when every great ship anchored there paid 2*d.* for "standage" and every little ship with "ore locks" a penny. That was in the time of the Third Edward.

It reminds us that there was certainly a market on the spot before 1297, and how long before that it would be hard to say—possibly as early as 1016, when we know that tolls were paid at Billingsgate, or possibly as early as the days of King Belin, the fabled builder of Billingsgate, or Belin's Gate. Nobody knows quite who King Belin was; nevertheless, he is a picturesque character for the dim background.

#### MUCH ADD ABOUT KEYS

Out of Lower Thames Street, as diverting a way as any is to go right through to the end and come out by the Tower. However constantly visited the Tower is, there is one striking function connected with it that is very little known—the nightly ritual of "locking up" and handing over the keys (see page 193).

A few minutes before 11 o'clock (12 o'clock on Tuesdays and Fridays), the yeoman warder, in his long red cloak, accompanied by a brother warder bearing a lantern, comes in front of the main guardhouse and cries, "Escort keys!" Thereupon the sergeant of the guards, attended by five or six of his men, comes out and



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

#### VISITORS' DAY AT ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S HOSPITAL

London's oldest royal hospital gives medical treatment to more than 100,000 patients and out-patients annually. It was founded in 1123 as a priory and hospital by Rahere, minstrel at the court of William Rufus (see text, page 175), and was re-endowed by King Henry VIII, whose statue appears over the archway. Above this are the figures of a sick man and a cripple,



THE TOWER OF LONDON, ENGLAND'S MOST VENERATED RELIC OF THE MIDDLE AGES

© Donald McLeish

The history of the Tower includes the sorrowful episodes of those great and near-great personages who entered its portals never to emerge alive. In the foreground, just beyond the trees, is the ancient moat, now a parade ground. "Princess Elizabeth's Walk" is on top the parapet between the Bell Tower, extreme right, where Anne Boleyn spent her last night, and Beauchamp Tower (center), whose dungeon walls are covered with pathetic carvings of doomed prisoners. In round Devereux Tower, to the left, the unlucky Earl of Essex was incarcerated. Tower Bridge in background.



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein.

WAPPING OLD STAIRS FROM THE RIVER AT LOW TIDE.

When the water is high the steps are covered almost all the way to the top. The parapet at the left is part of Wapping Wall, built in the 16th century to reclaim this part of the shore. Sailing ships used to anchor in midstream off the Wall, and many a sailor bound for a four-year cruise bade farewell to his sweetheart from these steps. (see text, page 193).

follows the yeoman warder to the "Spur" at the outer gate.

There the east sentry challenges, "Who goes there?"

"Keys," is the reply.

Then the gates are locked and barred and the procession goes back, answering the same challenges.

At the main guardhouse the sentry stamps his foot loudly and demands, "Who goes there?"

Again, "Keys" is the reply.

The sentry then cries, "Whose keys?"

"King George's keys," comes the response.

"Advance, King George's keys, and all is well!" responds the sentry.

Then the yeoman warder says, "God bless King George," and all the guard say, "Amen."

After that the yeoman warder goes alone across the parade to leave the keys in the deputy lieutenant's lodging and all ingress and egress from the Tower are cut off.

#### FATHERS OF THE BRITISH NAVY

Not far from the Tower is the house of the Trinity Brethren, those fathers of the British Navy, founders and sponsors of the lighthouse and pilot systems, and guardians of the mercantile marine. But it is not to Trinity House, interesting though it be, that our quest takes us, but to one of the venerable charities—the Hospital of the Trinity Brethren, in Mile End Road, farther to the east on the main highway into Essex. On the gable end of one of the buildings is a stone plaque in a cartouche bearing this inscription:

THIS ALMS HOUSE  
wherein 28 decay'd Masters &  
Comanders of Ships or the Widows  
of such are maintain'd was built  
by y<sup>e</sup> Corp of Trinity House/  
A<sup>n</sup>o 1695  
The Ground was given by Cap  
HEN<sup>y</sup> MUDD of Ratcliff  
an Elder Brother whose  
Widow did also contribute

There is the story in a nutshell. A well-to-do Elder Brother of Trinity House—and it is both a great honor and a great responsibility to be chosen an Elder Brother of this honorable corporation, that had its beginnings in the Middle Ages—gave the land, the corporation built the houses and undertook the perpetual maintenance of "28 decay'd Masters & Comanders of Ships

or the Widows of such," and the widow of "Cap HEN<sup>y</sup> MUDD," the donor of the land, "did also contribute."

#### A HOSPITAL, THAT IS A REAL HOME

This ancient hospital—*hospital* in the old English sense of *home*, and not necessarily a place for the care of sick folk—is not at all like the sort of establishment that sometimes comes to mind when an "old sailors' home" is mentioned. It is not a place where superannuated and occasionally crotchety seamen are quartered together at the expense of their individuality, regarded by their guardians more as "numbers 9, 11, 15," or the like, than as persons; there is none of the arid atmosphere of mechanical institutionalism, intolerant of cherished personal foibles.

To begin with, the two long, low rows of brick buildings that face each other from opposite sides of a well-kept green are divided up into little separate dwellings; each dwelling has a bedroom and a cheerful living room, large enough for light cooking. To each pensioner and his wife, if he has one, or to each widow and perhaps a spinster daughter, is assigned one of these houses. Due allowance is made each pensioner for food, fuel, and clothing; though housed collectively, all can thus live their own lives in privacy and independent of their neighbors.

A low brick wall with a high iron railing and an impressive gateway separates the hospital grounds from the turmoil of Mile End Road and Whitechapel outside.

Within this barrier all is peace and protection for the skippers who have finished their voyagings to the far corners of the seven seas and are entitled to rest and freedom from responsibility; without is the sordid, scrambling turmoil of the East End, and this turmoil reaches its height of a Saturday afternoon, when the curb market is in full swing.

#### PETTICOAT LANE'S WORLD-FAMOUS MARKET

But for cosmopolitan interest and diversity of types, the Saturday afternoon curb market of Mile End Road cannot begin to compare with another street mart, not far away and well known the world over by reputation, but rarely seen by the visitor in London and totally ignored by Londoners themselves—the street market in Petticoat Lane.

NOOKS AND BAYS OF STORIED ENGLAND



THE GARDEN OF A MOATED MANOR IN SURREY

Fittingly old-fashioned are the herbaceous borders of 15th-century Crowhurst Place, near Lingfield, once the home of the Duchess of Marlborough. Early and late roses in alternate pillars insure continuous bloom.

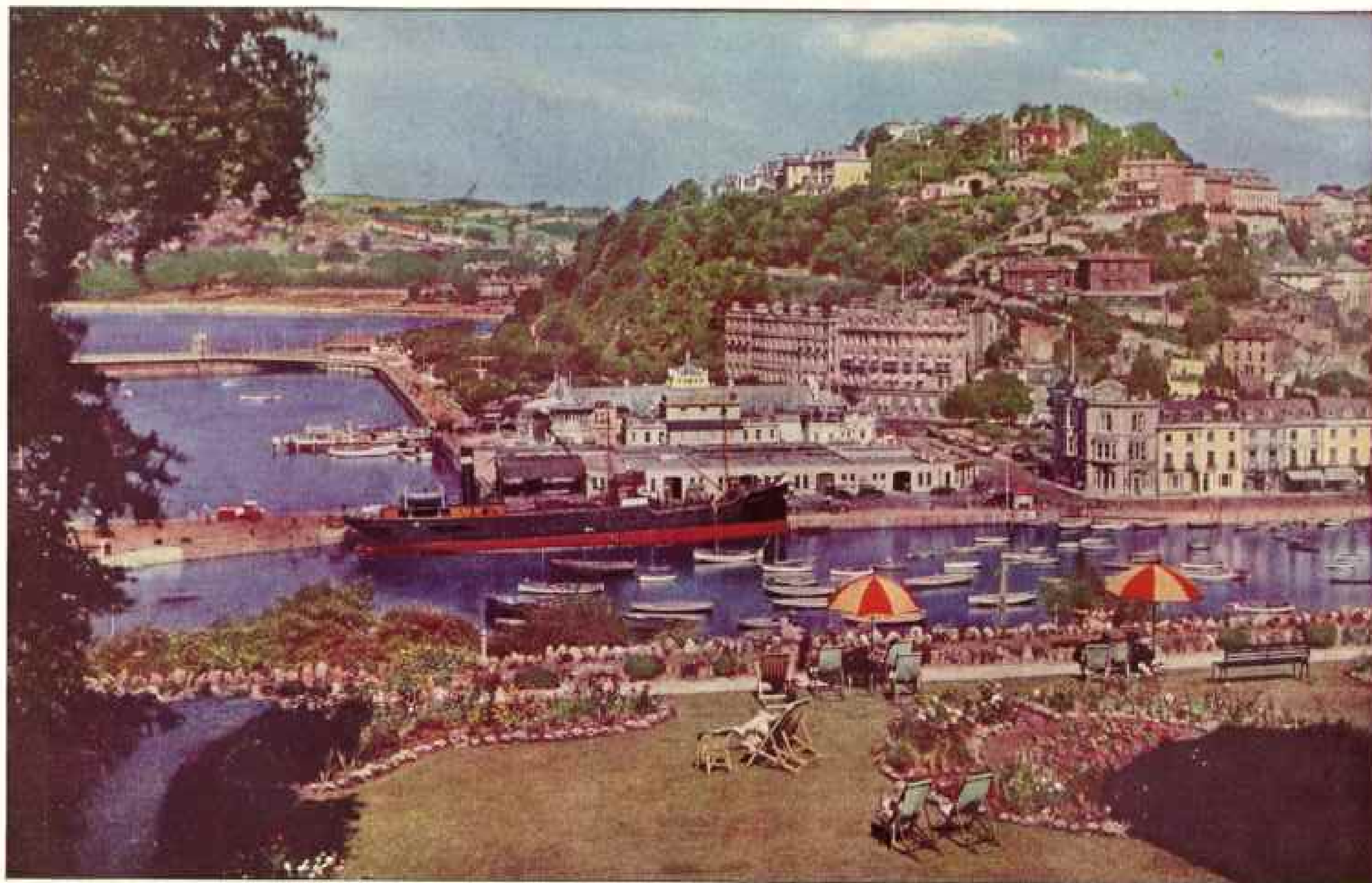


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Natural Color Photographs by Clifton Adams

BOY SCOUTS OF ABINGER HAMMER CAN REENACT HISTORY ON A SUNDAY HIKE

Across the Surrey downs over which these lads will ramble, armies marched in 1066 to join battle at Hastings. The village treasures an 11th-century church, the old town stocks on the green, and a quaint clock with the figure of a smith striking the hours on an anvil.



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Natural Color Photograph by Clifton Adams

#### BREATH OF THE WARM SOUTH WAFTS TROPIC CHARM TO TORQUAY

For centuries travelers have been attracted by the mild climate and luxuriant vegetation of this Devonshire watering place set on seven sheltered hills on the north side of Tor Bay, where freezing winter temperatures are almost unknown and summer heat seldom exceeds 70 degrees. Besides its hotels and villas the city holds within its environs much of antiquarian interest, such as ruined Tor Abbey, built in the 12th and 14th centuries; and Kent Cavern, where prehistoric relics were discovered.



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Natural Color Photograph by Clifton Adams

PILCHARD FISHING CRAFT AWAITED TIDES IN ST. IVES BAY BEFORE SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

The ancient town derives its name from an Irish woman saint, Ia, who, tradition says, suffered martyrdom here in the 5th century. John Knill, mayor in 1767, provided in his will for an obelisk on the crest of Worrall Hill, intended, though never used, as his mausoleum, and left a fund to pay for an annual memorial celebration, at which ten small girls dance and sing about the monument to the music of a fiddle. In recent years many visitors have taken part in the ceremony, on July 25.





Natural Color Photograph by Bernard Wakeman

EDWARD III ERECTED THE LAND GATE AT RYE IN 1360

Of three portals with towers to shelter longbowmen only this one remains to remind the old walled city of its days of glory as a Cinque Port. The fickle sea has left the town on an inland hill. Here in 1579 was born the dramatist John Fletcher.



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Natural Color Photograph by Clifton Adams

LITERATURE LIVES IN THE VERY SAND OF CHILDREN'S FORTS AT BOURNEMOUTH

This seaside resort was "Sandbourne, Mediterranean lounging place on the English Channel," of Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Here Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; and here, in St. Peter's churchyard, is buried the heart of the poet Shelley.

NOOKS AND BAYS OF STORIED ENGLAND



Natural Color Photograph by Bernard Wakeman

TRADITION LINGERS ABOUT SALCOMBE, LAST STAND OF THE CAVALIERS

Stirring memories of the English civil war enhance the charm of this little fishing port and seashore resort in South Devon. The garrison of its castle held out for King Charles I to the end and retired undefeated.

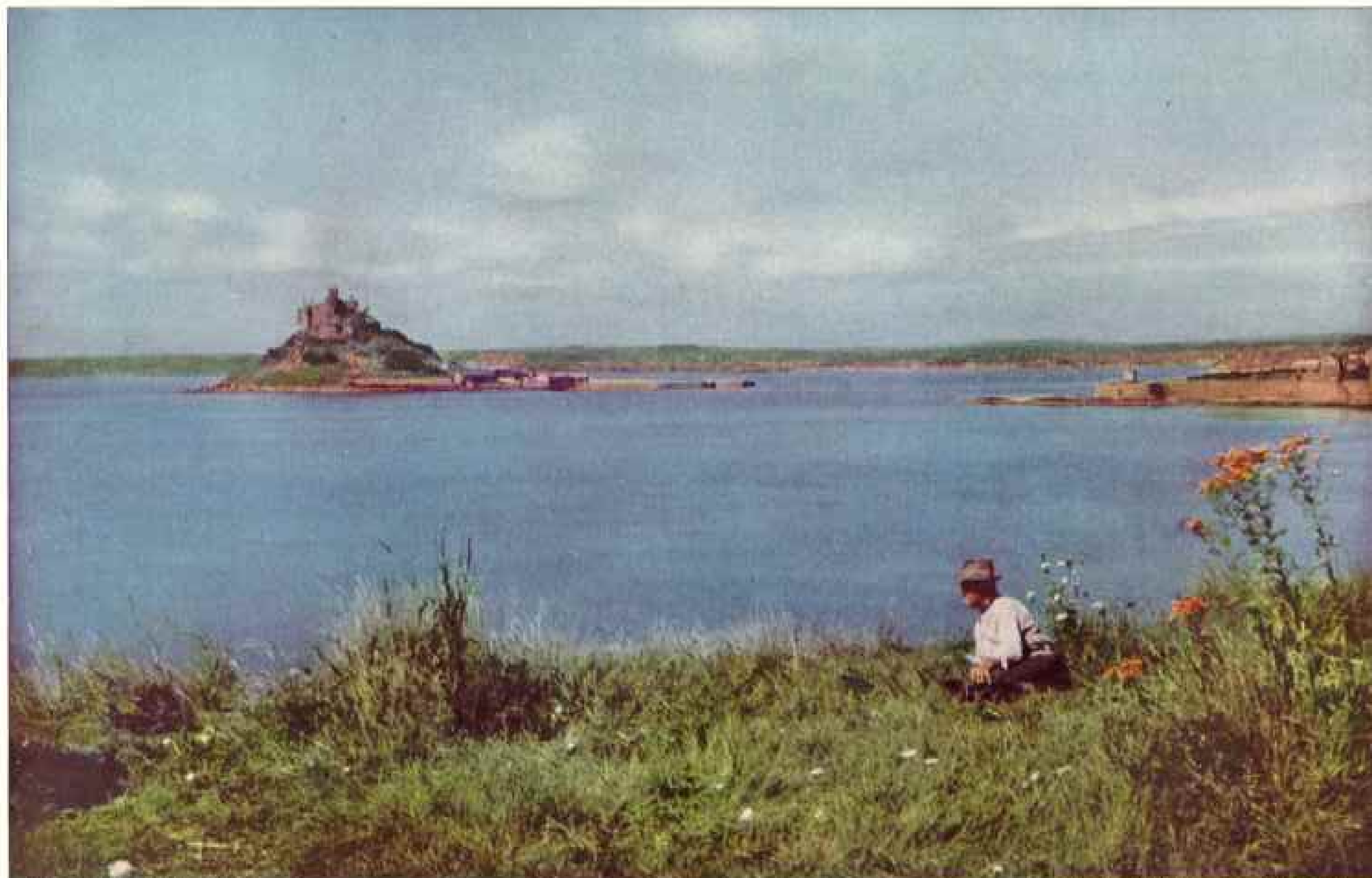


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Natural Color Photograph by Clifton Adams

RED-COATED CHELSEA VETERANS "HIDE KING CHARLEY" ON ROYAL OAK DAY

Charles II, who founded the hospital in 1682 at behest of Sir Stephen Fox, is honored on May 29, when the pensioners doff blue winter garb for summer uniforms and wreath his statue with oak leaves in memory of his supposed concealment in a tree to escape the Roundheads.



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Natural Color Photograph by Clifton Adams

EDWARD THE CONFESSOR ESTABLISHED AN ABBEY ON ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT IN 1047

From Marazion, near Penzance, this 267-foot mass of granite and slate topped by the castle of the St. Aubyn family can be reached by a narrow causeway which is uncovered at low tide. It has been associated with Christianity possibly from the 5th century, and in the 11th was placed definitely under the Benedictines of Mont St. Michel in Normandy.



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THATCHED COTTAGES GRACE OLD-WORLD COCKINGTON

All the peace and charm of the idyllic England of the poets cling about the dwellings, ancient forge and Perpendicular church of this village near Torquay (see Color Plate II).



Natural Color Photographs by Clifton Adams  
COLOR FLASHES AT THE HENRY VIII GATEWAY OF WINDSOR

Like a scene from a Gilbert and Sullivan opera is the picture of one of His Majesty's Coldstream Guards before his sentry box, lower ward of the castle.



POPPIES, DISTILLING DREAMS, PROVE "THE BLACK BAT NIGHT HAS FLOWN"

Who could resist the poetic invitation to "come into the garden?" Here, near Freshwater, Isle of Wight, Tennyson wrote "Maud," and with the proceeds from it purchased just such a cottage as this.



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Natural Color Photographs by Clifton Adams

KILT, SPORRAN, AND PLAID-MARK LADS OF THE SAME CLAN

At Hythe, seat of the principal small arms school of the British Army, these Scots are ready for a trip on the narrow-gauge railway to New Romney, where they will be trained to handle machine guns.

If you look for Petticoat Lane on a large-scale map of London's East End, you won't find it. After the most diligent scrutiny, you may possibly come to the conclusion that there is no such place. But there is; only, its official name is Middlesex Street.

On week days, Middlesex Street is just a thoroughly commonplace, drab thoroughfare, without any particular claim to attention. On Sundays all is different. The market begins to assemble at a fairly early hour, by 11 or 11:30 it is at its height, and it goes on till 2 or 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Middlesex Street, alias "Petticoat Lane," affords one of those almost unbelievable and contradictory contrasts of which London is so full (see page 176).

A quarter of a mile westward, the eastern end of the city is wrapped in a profound Sunday quiet; the only signs of life to be seen are the occasional buses and motor cars hastening through Leadenhall or Fenchurch Street and a few of the office-building housekeepers' children playing where they could not venture on week days. Directly you come into Aldgate, all is agog and the center of activity is Petticoat Lane.

#### DENSE STREAMS OF DIVERSE PEOPLE

Middlesex Street is not wide, but both curbs are lined with booths, and the shops, too, are all open. Three dense streams of people go milling up and down the two sidewalks and in the middle of the street between the rows of curbstone booths.

And such people! They are of all imaginable types and seem to be gathered out of every nation under heaven. If you try to enumerate them in the language of Scripture, as "Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judæa, and Cappadocia, in Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya about Cyrene," besides the "Cretes and Arabians," that finish the list in the Book of Acts, you would have to add sundry Hindus, Chinese, and divers nondescripts as well.

The wares exposed for sale are as heterogeneous as the people who sell them. There are furs, underclothes, rabbit skins, shoes, fruit, candy and sweetmeats, toys, orangeade and lemonade, cakes and pastry, Dutch eels, stockings, hardware, pottery

of all sorts, clothing, new and second-hand, second-hand furniture—in short, everything under the sun you could possibly think of.

Here and there you will find some of the smaller sorts of antiques or odd lots of old silver, the latter, you suspect, probably stolen or else derived from the pawnbroker's shop. Along with sundry side-show attractions, there are such things as jockey scales, imposing chair arrangements with a vast quantity of highly polished brass ornamentation, in which you sit to be weighed. Hindu vendors walk up and down, carrying their whole stock in trade—gaily colored shawls, printed stuffs and kaleidoscopic scarves—hung over their shoulders or over their arms.

The ice-cream-cone man, who does a thriving trade in Mile End Road on Saturday afternoons, just moves his booth around the corner into Petticoat Lane on Sunday mornings and does an equally prosperous business. In winter he sells coffee, sandwiches, and sausages.

The market overflows into the streets opening into Petticoat Lane, and the whole scene is suggestive of what you think an oriental fair must be like, certainly in point of jostling humanity and diversity of goods. In Wentworth Street, for example, you will find a preponderance of fish, and Wentworth Street is busy with fish-selling on Fridays as well as Sundays. Friday is fish day, too, for orthodox Jews. They eat a hot meal of fried fish on Friday evenings, and then, on the Sabbath, have cold fried fish.

Occasionally the throngs are so great in Petticoat Lane that booths and barrows are overturned by the crush, and people faint. The vendors, many of whom have inherited their places from their fathers, cry their wares and invite custom in a perfectly unmistakable fashion, but not obtrusively. They are vocal, to be sure, but they could not be called especially noisy. The combined sounds blend into rather a subdued hum. Petticoat Lane is fundamentally serious and, in a way, pathetic.

#### COCKNEY VENDERS ARE NOISIER

The difference in vocality is very noticeable if you go to Club Row Market (also a Sunday morning occurrence), not far away in Selater Street and Club Row, just off Bethnal Green Road. There the market



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

HANGMAN'S DOCK ON WAPPING WALL, WHERE PIRATES WERE EXECUTED FORMERLY

It was customary to hang the miscreants at low-water mark and leave the bodies on the gibbet till three tides had overflowed them. Captain Kidd was hanged here in 1701 (see text, opposite page).

folk and the customers are nearly all cockneys and the contrast in voice is tremendous. The atmosphere is exceedingly jocular and noisy, and everybody is ragging everybody else (see pages 171, 175).

Just off Selater Street there is a thriving emporium for junk of all kinds, from second-hand automobile and bicycle tires, hanks of rusty wire, and parts of decrepit locks and keys, to old brass lamps that recall the story of Aladdin. Besides all the intimate human touches that always make a market such a truthful index to local life, the scene is truly Hogarthian, with frowzy slatterns peering out of upper windows, black cats looking on in a superior, detached way, and all the incidental by-play that gives such zest to Hogarth's work.

After all the hubbub and uproar of Club Row, it will be a welcome contrast to wander back toward the Tower and the river, turn down East Smithfield and Nightingale Lane, and seek the substantial serenity

of Wapping Wall, with Wapping Old Stairs, Execution Dock, and the "old verandah" of the Prospect of Whithy as outstanding incidents, where the memories of King Charles, Judge Jeffreys, or Captain Kidd recreate a vivid past.

Styve tells us that on "July 24th, 1629, King Charles I, having hunted a stag all the way from Wanstead, in Essex, ran him down at last, and killed him in Nightingale Lane." Nightingale Lane was so named, it is said, from the many nightingales that used to sing there. Nowadays it is hard even to imagine that either nightingales or stags were ever anywhere near the place. It is just a cobble-paved road for great drays and lorries, between high brick walls and vast warehouses, winding down the hill to other vast river-front warehouses that exhale from their arched doorways that elusive, subtle, pungent, salty, spicy aroma of sea-borne commerce redolent of adventure and the islands of the seven seas.



Photograph from The Topical Press Agency, Ltd.

#### ADVANCE, KING GEORGE'S KEYS, AND ALL IS WELL

Every night for centuries the Ceremony of the Keys has taken place in the Tower of London. The yeoman warder, in long red cloak, accompanied by a second warder carrying an antique lantern, and a few men of the guard, makes the rounds of the gates "locking up." Each sentry cries, "Who goes there?" and is answered, "Keys." "Whose keys?" "King George's keys" (see text, page 178).

Past the warehouses, eastward you soon come to a drawbridge spanning the channel into one of the great ship basins. The massive stone dock looks prosaic enough, but tragedy hovers over it, for this is Execution Dock—sometimes called Hangman's Dock—where Captain Kidd was hanged for piracy in 1701 and where others convicted of the like offense paid their penalty. Stow tells us that pirates were hanged at low-water mark and left on the gibbet till three tides had overflowed them; this by way of grisly caution to other potential pirates among the seafaring folk, by whom Wapping was chiefly peopled (see p. 192).

Wapping long ago harbored many criminals and desperate characters, and doubtless the justice meted out at Hangman's Dock was often well deserved; but, as to Captain Kidd, one cannot help feeling that he deserved compassion as a misguided and unfortunate dupe, the scapegoat for emi-

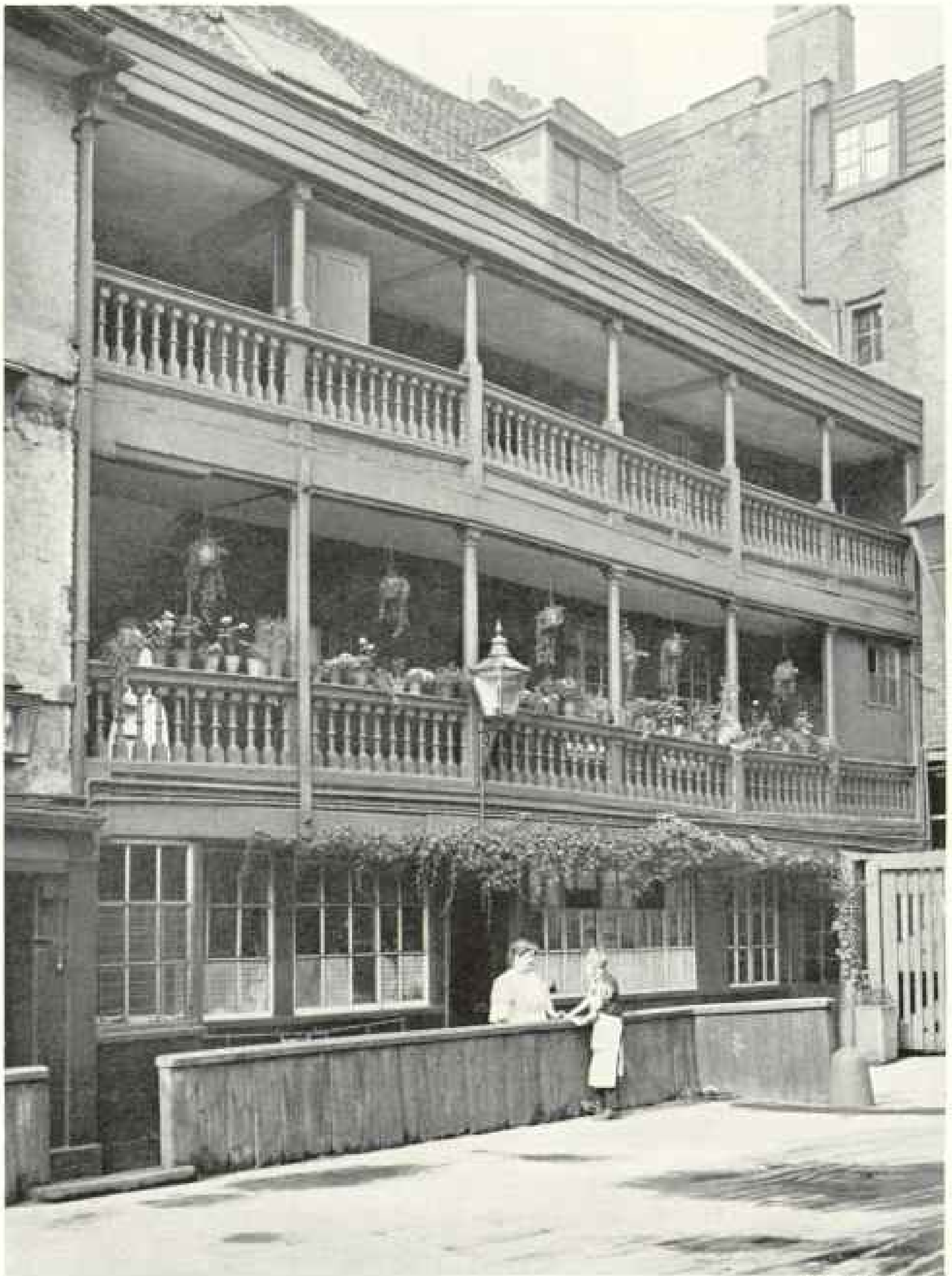
nently respectable abettors of his deeds. Technically, he was hanged for justifiably killing a seaman while trying to quell a mutiny; actually, he was hanged because the revelations of his long-drawn-out trial were implicating too many great names and highly placed courtiers in his privateering enterprises, and it was more than hinted that William of Orange's interest in these ventures was in danger of besmirching the Crown.

Not far along to the east you come to Wapping Old Stairs, and of course there flashes into your memory the couplet,

"Your Molly has never been false," she declares,  
"Since last time we parted at Wapping Old Stairs."

That carries you back to the time when Wapping was full of sailormen, and you can fancy the parting at foot of the stairs, Molly tearful and red-eyed, sailorman





© Donald McLeish

ALL THAT IS LEFT OF THE GEORGE, LAST OF THE OLD SOUTHWARK INNS

The guest-rooms opened out on to balconied galleries overlooking an inner court which served as a terminal for stagecoaches and private carriages. It was rebuilt after the great Southwark fire of 1676 and is almost identical with the near-by White Hart, now demolished, where Mr. Pickwick, of "Pickwick Papers," met Sam Weller (see, also, text, page 196).

putting off in a wherry to join his ship for some distant port, where there might be another Molly awaiting him.

To reach the stair, you turn down a narrow, flag-paved alley, and there, at the end, are the stone steps descending to the gravelly beach left at low tide; at high tide the steps are mostly under water. Wapping Old Stairs, King Henry's Stairs, Pelican Stairs, and sundry more are the narrow passages and steps leading from the roadway, between warehouses and docks, down to low-water mark at the foot of Wapping Wall (see illustration, page 181).

In the old days, when seamen and others put off in wherries to board ships anchored in midstream, the stairs were in constant use; now they are all but deserted.

#### AN INN RECALLS THE FIERCE JUDGE JEFFREYS

Right by the top of the passage leading to Wapping Old Stairs is a tavern called Town of Ramsgate. Near here—some say it was *in* the Town of Ramsgate, but that is not correct—the infamous Judge Jeffreys was recognized in hiding, after his fall, and was rescued only by a hair's breadth from the fury of the mob. After the abdication of James II, the erstwhile Lord Chancellor tried to escape, disguised as a common seaman, but while he was drinking at the Red Cow, in Anchor-and-Hope Alley (now demolished), a man whom he had insulted from the bench recognized the terrible face of the hated jurist, as he lolled at a window, and spread the alarm. Jeffreys had to be removed under a strong guard or he would probably have been torn to pieces.

Just across the way from the Town of Ramsgate is Wapping Rectory and, a little beyond, the Parish Church, surrounded by the shade and greenery of its churchyard—all of this a part of the setting of Dickens's *Uncommercial Traveller*. The church, rectory, and churchyard are about all you can now find in Wapping to recall the rural aspect of Tudor days.

Gone are the green fields and freshness; gone, too, are the days of Wapping's vicious and criminal elements, who preyed on the simplicity of sailormen.

If you wish to find one single spot that epitomizes the present spirit of Wapping, seek out the Prospect of Whitby, at the eastern end of Wapping Wall, beside Pelican Stairs, with its old "verander" over-

hanging the river—a spot frequented by bargees and dock hands and by humble men and women whose existence is bound up with river commerce. They are a harmless, kindly lot, a bit outspoken and uncouth, perhaps, but, nevertheless, friendly and very genuine—the dumpy little women in dumpy little black beehive bonnets, who have their mugs of ale and a spell of gossip in the bar parlor at noonday; the draymen and lorry-drivers, who come in for their midday meal; or barge captains, looking very much like "Old Bill," with horizontally striped sweaters and knit scarves of rainbow hues wound round their throats.

Over the doorway from the bar to the back room and the veranda beyond is a sign, with dulled gold letters on a faded green ground, which says:

To Dining, Dart, Bagatelle room  
Verander overlooking River  
for Visitors and Customers—  
Hot Dinners Sold Here

And what a place that veranda is! What a place for catching the most fascinatingly picturesque and dramatic aspects of river life! You can sit there on a bench, have a good luncheon, with ale or stout, from a hinged, shelflike table, for little more than a shilling, and all the while watch the living panorama of Thames shipping.

Let us fancy ourselves there of a July week-day morning about 11 o'clock. Almost under the veranda barges, scows, and tugs are moored, their hawsers all taut with the pull of the incoming tide. Immediately beneath our feet Father Thames is lapping the narrow strip of mud and ooze along the river wall that will soon be covered by the rising water. Here and there gulls glide and swoop, singly or in groups, uttering their querulous cry.

Right under our noses men are beating and pounding the old paint and rust off a barge with sledge-hammers; the din is deafening. Across the river ocean freighters lie alongside the docks. Directly opposite, a timber-laden Norwegian steamer waits to be unloaded. Above the line of the shipping great cranes and derricks poke their tapered and reticulated shafts skyward between tall chimneys.

#### SCENES THAT INSPIRED WHISTLER

Gay splashes of color come from red funnels, yellow funnels, blue funnels, and green funnels, or the funnels of steamers and tugs ringed with kaleidoscopic bands

to identify them at a distance to nautical eyes. In the middle distance heavily laden barges are being swept sidewise upstream by the rushing current; one with oxblood lateen sails is weighted down to the gunwale with a cargo of bricks.

Close by comes a wherry with one man standing at the stern and managing the long sweeps. Not a whit less dexterous is he than the Venetian *gondolieri*.

Now comes upstream a barge with lateen sails verging from ruddy oxblood to deep chocolate; another, with a bright-green stern and brown sails, trailing a green and yellow dinghy, is just being nosed toward the docks above. Down the river, wrapped in a faint haze, cranes, sugar refineries, and smokestacks with bulbous tops cluster round the ghostly ashen tower of Limehouse Church. What wonder Whistler used to come here and drink in inspiration?

A dock worker off duty, with a pink shirt, no collar, and a Joseph's-coat woolen scarf wound jauntily round his throat, comes out on the veranda with his tumbler of stout to watch our sketching and to survey the river and what's going on. Arrives a minute later the landlord, who has come to tell us we can have our dinner here at noon, if we like—roast mutton, peas, and potatoes, and, of course, something with which to wash it down.

The veranda has just been invaded by three girls who have come to sketch. The badges on their coats indicate they are all from the Shoreditch School. They are followed by one of the masters and a fellow student of the male persuasion, and they are all going to have their luncheon of stout, bread and cheese, and pickled onions.

Now appears a delightful river character, who has come to sit on the chains at the stern of his barge and watch us. Our friend of the pink shirt hawls at him that he'd spoil a good picture. We reply, he's a necessary part of it. He has a big, round, gloriously weather-beaten face, with much the contour of a large potato, and a broad, bulbous nose that covers most of it, and he wears an ample brown scarf with great white dots in clusters.

#### GEORGE INN BREATHES OF COACH DAYS

Another favorite luncheon refuge from West End conventionality is on the other side of the river, the George Inn, in the Borough High Street, Southwark, but a

short distance from the Surrey end of London Bridge—a place utterly disregarded by the average Londoner and rarely discovered by the visitor in London, however much he may have heard of it.

The George is not easy to find. You may ask somebody in the neighborhood where it is and have him stare at you in amazement, as if you had asked for the lair of the local griffin. But persevere and you will eventually get into the old posting yard, most of which is now filled with lorries and vans bringing their loads to a railway-goods station (see page 194).

There is left only one side and part of one end of The George; the east side and the range of stabling at the rear have given place to the demands of the railway. But the remnant repays one's search.

It is the only remaining example in London of the old galleried coaching inn, and as a coaching terminus it was a very important and busy place as late as 1835, when as many as eighty coaches and a dozen carriers' wagons arrived every week and just as many left. The side still intact shows two overhanging galleries and long ranges of generous-sized, many-paned windows with a becoming garniture of geraniums blooming in pots. It is still exactly the same as it was when it was rebuilt after Southwark's great fire of 1676.

But if the exterior, or what is left of it, has faithfully preserved the ancient character and atmosphere, the interior has done no less. In the "coffee room," as the dining room is so often called in old English ordinaries, the seating space is divided up into boxes, like those at the Cock, in Fleet Street, or the Cheshire Cheese, well known and invariably visited by travelers.

The daily luncheon occupants of these boxes have been sitting in their same accustomed places, father and son, these 60 years past. To the certain knowledge of the landlady, the leather merchants have been sitting in the end box for the last 50 years; the corn factors have been hunching in the next box for at least 30 years; the hop merchants from Kent have been occupying the adjacent box for a somewhat longer period; and so it goes.

The boxes are big, straight-backed mahogany pews—very much like some of the old square family pews with facing seats in 18th-century churches—and there are long tables down the middle. On the tops



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Eberlein

#### DOMINOES AND CHESS FOLLOW LUNCHEON AT THE GEORGE

The "coffee room" has been daily host to certain luncheon groups for several decades. Like the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, well known to travelers, it has preserved the traditions of the 17th-century Southwark inns (see, also, illustration, page 194, and text, opposite page).

of the high, paneled mahogany backs were once brass galleries, from which depended bottle-green silk curtains; as it is now, the backs of the boxes are high enough, so that the occupants are almost hidden.

The *table d'hôte* luncheon consists of good and generous, though simple, fare; the hot joints, in great covered baron dishes, are carved on a Chippendale serving table, and the vegetables are brought around several times, so that everyone is sure to have enough. The ale comes in full-bellied pewter mugs, and other good drinkables, too, find their way from the trim little bar. And what a place that snug little parlor is, with its mahogany tables and chairs that might well rouse the envy of an antique collector, its old prints, its polished brass, and its fresh white curtains at the windows, on whose sills are pots of blooming plants!

#### GAMES FOLLOW LUNCHEON AT THE GEORGE

When the cloth is drawn after luncheon, out come the chessmen and dominoes, and before they go back to their counting houses the daily customers spend half an

hour or more over their games. Above stairs are neat, comfortable bedrooms, all opening out on a gallery overlooking what was once the posting yard of the inn. This gallery, in fact, is the only means of access to the bedchambers. They used to be regularly occupied by the Kentish and Surrey farmers, who came on the nights before market days; now they are rarely taken.

In his "In Dickens's London," Hopkinson Smith dwelt at length upon the allurements of The George; his enthusiasms and active imagination, however, somewhat idealized his descriptions. Incidentally, The George is not the original of the White Hart in "Pickwick Papers," but it does figure in Jeffery Farnol's "Amateur Gentleman." Considering all that has been written about The George at one time or another, it ought to be one of the places invariably sought out by visitors; curiously enough, few travelers go there.

Should you be weary of visiting forgotten corners surrounded by a turmoil of thronging, heedless humanity, go and drink in the freshness and green serenity of Chelsea. Not that Chelsea is in the least



Photograph by Harold Donaldson Kjerfve

THE ONE-MASTED DUTCH EEL BOAT IS A LINK WITH THE PAST

The center craft, snub-nosed and of 17th-century pattern, fulfills the terms of a charter with the Dutch dating from the time of unlucky Charles I, whereby an eel boat must be moored continuously off Billingsgate Fish Market or lose the franchise to sell eels. Faintly in the distance is the Tower Bridge (see text, page 178, and illustration, page 180).

forgotten by either Londoners or the visitor in London; its many literary and artistic associations alone would preclude that, were there no other claims. Nevertheless, there are parts of Chelsea that would well repay a closer acquaintance than most people cultivate. What more fascinating places to ramble than the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, dotted with scarlet-coated pensioners, or along the Embankment, with its long river vistas and the rich foliage of Battersea Park opposite? It is a curious thing that Londoners habitually ignore the

beauties of the river and the visitor in London rarely discovers them.

To point out all the little-heeded corners of London that deserve to be well known and cherished would be a well-nigh endless undertaking. Whether it be in Chelsea or Stepney, Southwark or Holborn, or wherever else you choose to go, the more you look under the surface and inquire, the more you realize what an inexhaustible wealth of association and interest awaits the traveler blessed with initiative and a taste for independent exploration.

# BEFRIENDING NATURE'S CHILDREN

## An Experiment With Some of California's Wild Folk

BY AGNES AKIN ATKINSON

*With Illustrations from Photographs by Spencer R. Atkinson*

IN THE canyons and mountains near the foot of Mount Wilson, only a few minutes' drive from Pasadena's Civic Center, live many wild animals—little animals differing in size, shape, habits, and disposition. They are hunted by men, beasts, and large birds. Men catch them with baited steel traps, which they set in thick bushes under leaf mold and in any secluded spot where the little animals walk most frequently. Because of this, these hunted creatures have learned to be suspicious of everything unfamiliar until they have cautiously investigated the strange objects and places. They possess an uncanny sense of discretion—of determining whether a person is friend or foe.

Most of these little animals sleep during the day under rocks, in caves, and in any secluded spot where daytime prowlers are not apt to disturb them. When night comes they shake themselves awake and go out into near-by places to find food for their young and themselves, at times going miles before finding enough for all the family.

### PREPARING A DINING TABLE FOR THE WILD FOLK

When we learned that some of these animals lived near our home, which is built on the bank of a deep arroyo near Eaton Canyon, above Pasadena, in the golden State of California, we determined to try to make them our friends by placing some table scraps and raw meat in a bare place near our house, hoping the animals would find them.

Each morning we would go out to see if our hospitality had been accepted. Much to our delight, the food would be gone, and we would find tracks in the sand.

We fed these wild guests many nights; they always came and ate the food. Having succeeded in attracting them, we decided to try to see them, too. But how were we to accomplish this unusual feat?

We spend most of our evenings in our big living room, which is only a few feet from the edge of the arroyo bank. In this living room there is a large plate-glass

window which extends from ceiling to floor, thus giving us an unobstructed view of the canyon and mountains. Just outside, and only a few feet from this window, is a big, flat rock extending from a low, uneven rock wall which was built to keep the children from tumbling over the edge of the bank. From this big window, during the day, we can plainly see the rock and surrounding yard. Could we induce these animals to come so near our living room to eat the food? Perhaps we could later on, in some way, light this rock, and thus be able to watch the animals eat.

We sifted sand around this flat rock, making a splendid place for the wild folk to leave their telltale tracks. To get to this rock they would have to climb over the low rock wall or come up our zigzag, narrow steps that lead down into the arroyo.

Just before dark we placed some table scraps and a small quantity of raw meat on the feeding rock—the animal table, we now call it. After we had eaten our dinner and everything around the house was quiet for the night, we turned out the lights in the living room and sat quietly on the floor, where we could be comfortably still. We silently watched and waited, but could not see anything. It was too dark outside. We wanted to get them accustomed to the new feeding table before frightening them away by using a light. Though we saw nothing, we were rewarded; not a scrap of food was there next morning.

We could scarcely wait for moonlight nights; and when the full moon did peep over the mountains, here came the little animals, one by one, climbing over the rock wall—the skunk, fox, raccoon, opossum, and many others. We watched closely, but it was difficult to make out our friends in the dim light of the moon.

### OUR GUESTS SHUN THE LIGHTED ROCK

We were delighted with the hazy forms we saw, but we were not satisfied. We wanted to be able to watch them more closely and to see these new four-footed friends every night.



THE AUTHOR AND HER DAUGHTERS LOOK OUT ON THEIR ANIMAL FEEDING STATION FROM THE LIVING-ROOM WINDOW

From this point of vantage they study their four-footed visitors at night. The floodlight in the lower left corner of the window illuminates the area in which the animals feed. No two species like to eat at the same time.

The next step was to light the food rock. A floor lamp placed on one side of the big window threw the light through the window on to the food rock; but this way of lighting our animal table made too much light inside the room. The animals could see us more plainly than we could see them. They showed by their actions that they were disturbed more by seeing us inside the room than they were by the light shining on them and the food.

A little spotted skunk came cautiously up. He spied us. We did not dare move for fear of frightening him. He would come quickly out of a hole under the rock wall—his hiding place adjoining the food table—snatch a small piece of any food he happened to find, and, flashing his bushy tail, would scamper under the rocks, where he could eat in the dark and watch us, too. Then a big black skunk, with two white stripes on his back converging toward the neck into one stripe, thus forming a perfect "Y," came ambling slowly over the rock wall. He isn't as quick as his cousin, the small, spotted skunk, who darts back

and forth, but remains out on the rock while he eats his supper.

We turned out the light in the living room and placed a small desk light with a heavy green shade outside on the window sill, the shade, or protector, keeping the light out of the room. Many nights we sat up watching until 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning and nothing came, but by daylight the food was all gone. We knew then that our little friends patiently waited for the light to disappear before venturing to show themselves. But the light continued to shine each night.

Mr. and Mrs. Black Skunk were the first to overcome their fear of the strange nighttime light. They gave us a happy evening when they came cautiously over the rock wall, stopping now and then, lifting their noses high in the air, sniffing—for a skunk actually is able to retain an acute sense of smell—and, by rubbing noses together, telling each other to be careful. Nothing happened. They could not see us now and we made no noise. They came on down to the rock and began

to eat; the food tasted so good they forgot to be frightened. They ate greedily.

#### MR. FOX LEARNS A COSTLY LESSON

Before the skunks had finished eating, Mr. Fox jumped up on the rock wall. The skunks apparently disarmed his fear of the light; but seeing them calmly enjoying their supper did not please Mr. Fox. He crept nearer, sniffing with obvious impatience. He seemed afraid to venture too far down, but was, nevertheless, determined to get his supper. He sat back on his haunches, looking here and there for some other way of approach. He ignored the strange light. Finally, he walked a few feet back along the wall, then jumped nimbly to the ground and came cautiously up behind the skunks. They had been watching him and were instantly ready to defend their food and themselves. They flashed their tails high over their backs and, turning themselves into the shape of a "U"—the position a skunk takes when spraying—threw their evil-smelling secretion right into Mr. Fox's face; then moved away deliberately.

So quickly and thoroughly did they act that, though we were watching breathlessly, we scarcely realized what had happened. We saw Mr. Fox make a frantic dash for the edge of the rock, roll over and over and throw sand many times all over his body. Looking sick and "licked," he finally slunk around the mischief-makers to the zigzag steps and was lost from our sight.



STEPS LEADING DOWN INTO THE ARROYO BEHIND THE AUTHOR'S HOME IN PASADENA

From this bit of woods come most of the animal guests which nightly visit the feeding station and sometimes repay their hosts by leaving a self-taken picture.

Suddenly the room was filled with that sweetish, sickening odor. Great grew our sympathy for proud Mr. Fox.

#### ANIMAL CONFIDENCE IS ESTABLISHED

This experiment began five years ago. The light burns every night, whether watchers are there or not. The animals must become accustomed to the glare. If we are away from home for one night or a fortnight, our gardener lights and feeds our friends for us.

We have found that these little animals do not like to come to get the food either on moonlight or windy nights if they can





A MOCKING BIRD WEARING THE BAND OF THE BIOLOGICAL SURVEY

By means of these bands, ornithologists study the migratory habits of birds (see "Bird Banding, the Telltale of Migratory Flight," in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for January, 1928).



LINNETS, OR HOUSE FINCHES, ON A FEEDING STAND AT THE EDGE OF EATON CANYON

They are among the most abundant species found in the western United States. Their beautiful red and brown plumage and their friendly, cheerful ways win for them many friends. The two birds at the top of the picture are fighting over a bread crumb.



YOUNG HUMMING BIRDS EYE THE CAMERA WITH SUSPICION

Their nest, in an avocado tree at the base of Mount Wilson, had to be supported with a string. The day after the picture was made the birds took flight.



A "TIGER OF THE AIR"

The great horned owl is a powerful and bloodthirsty bird, highly destructive to both game birds and domestic poultry, as well as to all the smaller rodents, of which he eats a tremendous number (see text, page 213). An eight-weeks-old bird.



#### WHEN IS A CAT NOT A CAT?

The answer to this riddle might well be: When it is a ring-tailed cat. The interesting animal ranges in Texas, New Mexico, California, and Arizona and is related to the raccoon and weasel. The flash string was attached to a golf ball which the animal pushed off the rock and thereby set off flash and shutter. (see, also, text, page 213).

feed in plenty on dark and quiet nights. Each animal has his natural enemy. The brightness of the moon makes it more difficult for an animal to conceal itself. The noise of the wind in the bushes prevents the cautious searcher from recognizing approaching footsteps.

After we had succeeded in inspiring these creatures with confidence in the surroundings, a stationary flood-light was fastened on the outside of the house near the big window. It had a larger, thicker, green-shade light protector, which made the room darker inside and gave a brighter light outside.

We can now talk quietly, have a few guests, and show them our new friends. Wild animals know now that there is nothing to fear but much to gain around our home. Sudden loud noises send them scampering under rocks and over the rock wall, but they do not go far.

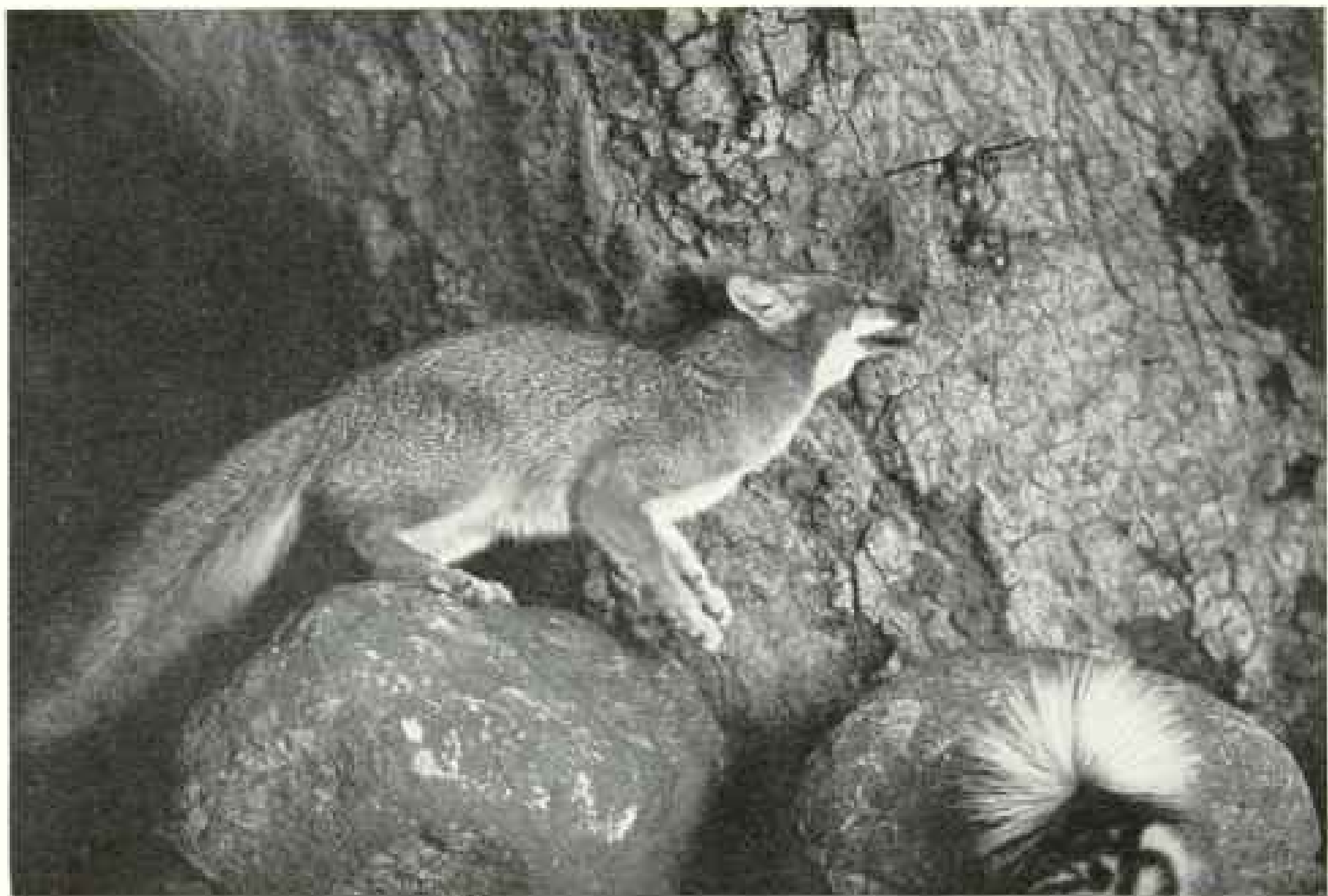
They know our family and come to feed when we are talking and laughing in the lighted room. Not so when strangers are around; everything then must be quiet and the room dark.

One evening we were delighted to see Mr. and Mrs. Black Skunk bring their five babies to feed at our rock table. Father Skunk ate his food from one side of the table, the five babies stood in the middle of it to eat, while Mother Skunk ate from the opposite side—all in a line, facing the big window. We did not have our camera set up; this marvelous picture is a negative only in the minds of us who saw it.

Mrs. California Spotted Skunk—civet or polecat—a much smaller variety than the black skunk, her cousin, on one occasion gave us a most unusual treat. She came out of the rocks on one side of the feeding table, followed "Indian fashion" by three small imitators of herself, with their tails high over their backs. They looked like three little powder puffs, soft and fluffy. She walked proudly around the food rock, head held high; then led her little ones into the near-by shrubbery on the other side of the food rock, from which place of retirement she returned to the table. Back and forth she went, toting



YOUNG FOXES COMING OVER THE GARDEN WALL IN QUEST OF SUPPER



NOT EVEN A SKUNK COULD KEEP THIS FOX FROM HIS GRAPES

He had better luck than Aesop's animal, for the fruit was within easy jumping distance and the skunk remembered his manners. Some variation of the gray fox is found in almost every State of the Union. He is an agile creature and, when too closely pursued, is capable of climbing a tree to seek safety.



#### HER TAIL PULLED THE TRIGGER

Carrying a baby in her mouth and a grape in her right forepaw, a round-tailed wood rat took this picture when her tail caught against the flash cord as she scampered away. Because of its peculiar habit of taking things from camps and cottages and leaving other objects in their places, this rodent is sometimes known as the trade or pack rat.



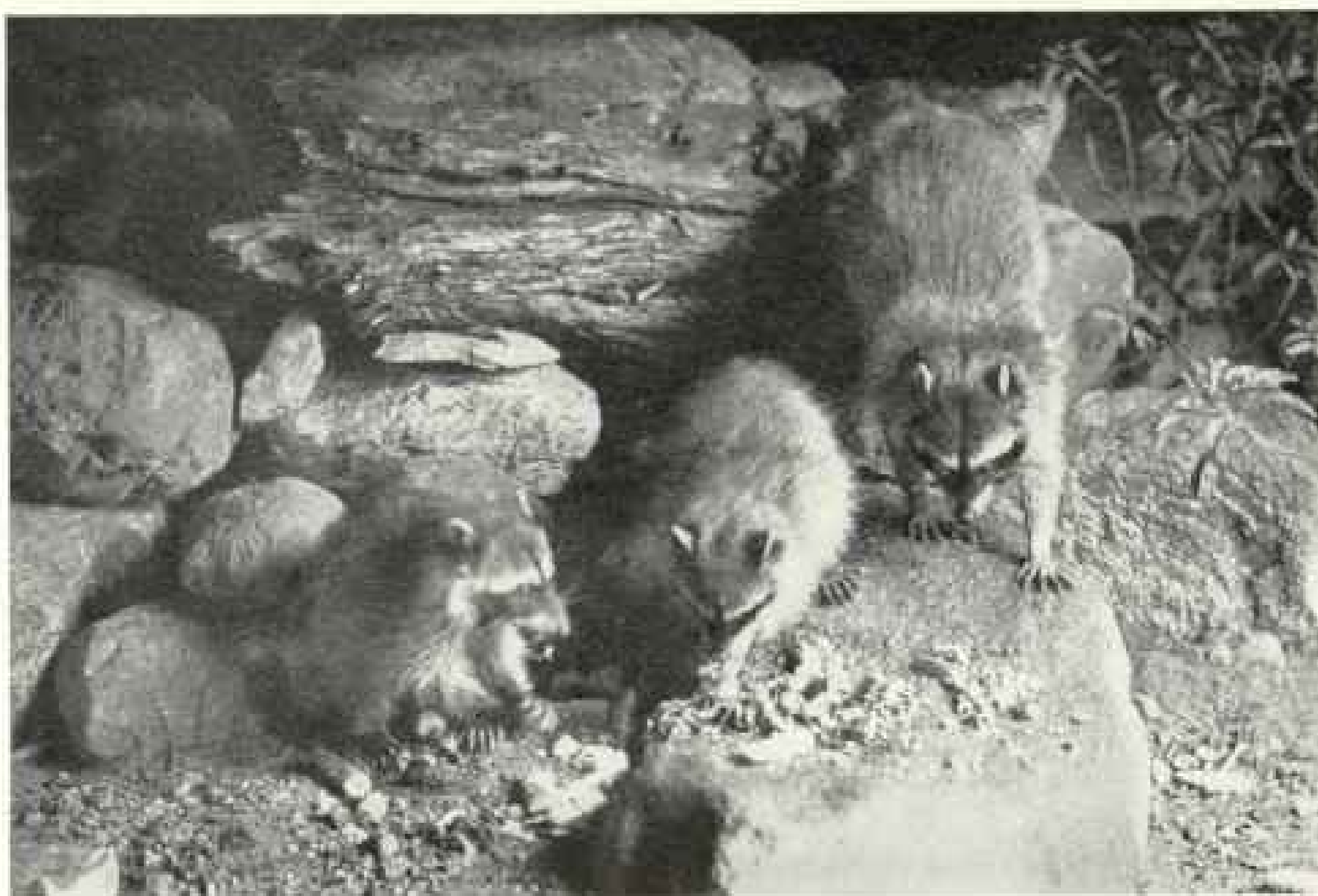
#### THE RING-TAILED CAT CAN BE EASILY TAMED

While the photographer was setting his camera one night, the friendly little animal came and sat down within two feet of him. The ring-tailed cat provides excellent insurance against rats and mice and is easily distinguished by its long annulated tail.



HELPING HIMSELF WITH BOTH HANDS

The raccoons were not shy about taking advantage of free meals. The father came first and, having approved the menu and satisfied himself that no danger lurked, brought his family along on later visits. Coons are intelligent animals, quite easily tamed, and make interesting and amusing pets. Their front paws are more like hands than feet (see, also, text, page 213).



MRS. COON AND HER FAMILY ENJOY THE AUTHOR'S HOSPITALITY

The old lady frequently brought her children to the feast, but she was always careful of their behavior and sometimes boxed their ears and sent them from the table for making too precipitous an entry. When they can, raccoons like to wash their food before eating it.



A LITTLE SPOTTED SKUNK ASSUMES A BELLIGERENT ATTITUDE AT BOTH ENDS  
He isn't much afraid of other animals, but he doesn't just know what to expect of the flash  
cord that has caught against his ear.



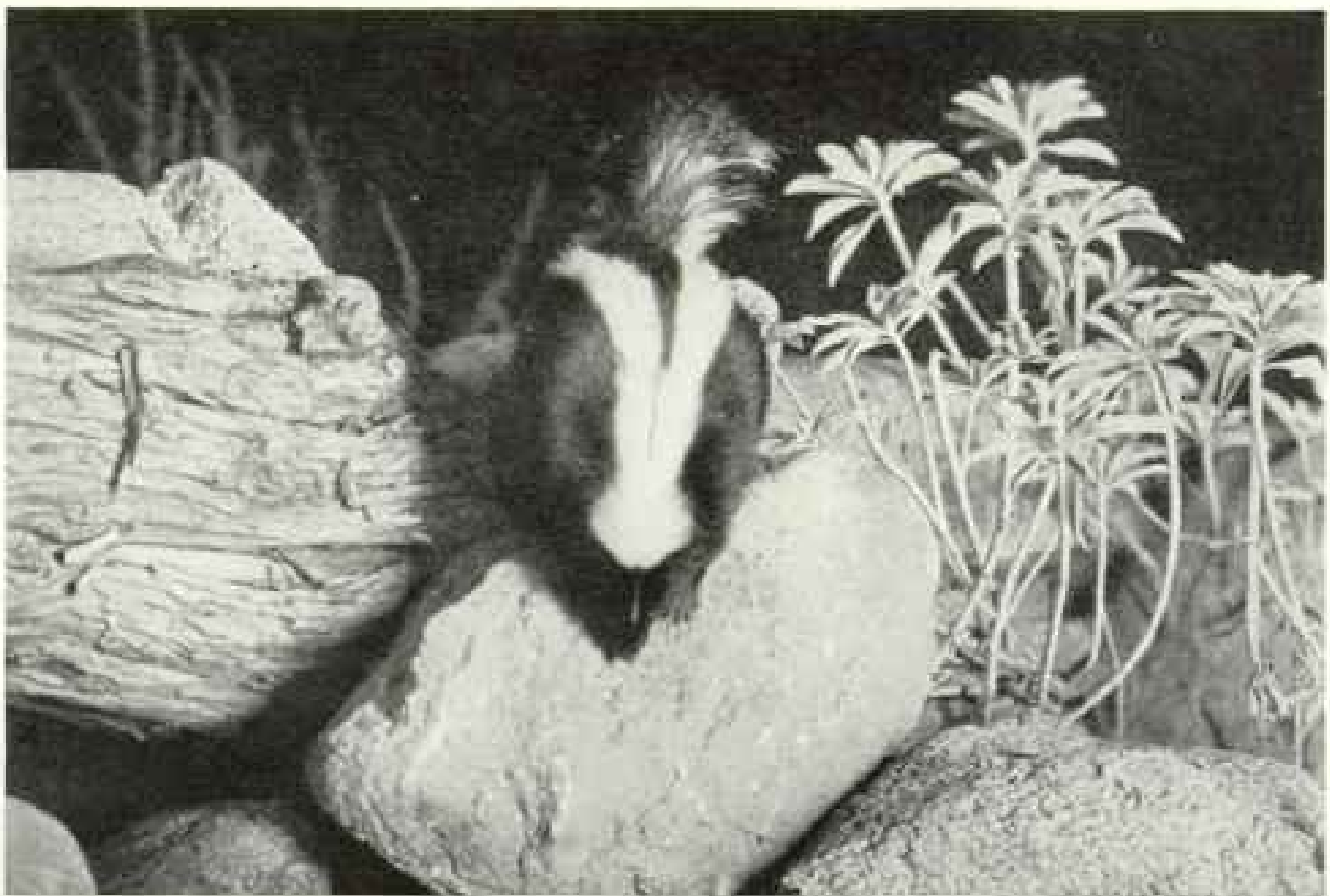
HE DIDN'T HAVE TIME TO MAKE A GET-AWAY

The photograph was taken one-seventieth of a second after the first grains of flash powder were ignited and with an exposure of only one-thousandth of a second. The skunk has had time to react mentally and has changed expression, but has not had time to change his position.



NOT VERY LARGE, BUT OH HOW POTENT!

Occasionally a fox attempted to dispute the skunk's possession of the festive board, but he usually lived to regret his mistake. Note grapes in left foreground for food.



NIGHTLY VISITS HAVE MADE HIM INDIFFERENT TO BEING PHOTOGRAPHED

He has been eating fruit here, but really prefers bits of broiled lamb-chop bones. Black or striped skunks, considerably larger than their spotted cousins, were among the first of the wild folk to frequent the author's feasts.





CALIFORNIA CANNOT CLAIM BR'ER POSSUM AS A NATIVE SON

Although introduced only about half a century ago, the opossum is now common all through the southern foothills of the State.



TRYING TO FRIGHTEN THE CAMERA

A flash cord in contact with his nose has called forth this display of dental equipment, but the possum is no fighter. He so excels in the art of bluff that "playing possum" has become a synonym for shame.



DESPITE HIS REPUTATION, THE SKUNK IS NOT USUALLY AN AGGRESSIVE CREATURE. His weapon is primarily a defensive one, and when the animal is kept in captivity and the scent sac is removed, he makes a safe and affectionate pet.



#### MUCH OF HIS LIFE IS SPENT IN THE TREES

The possum uses his long, prehensile tail with almost as much expertness as does a monkey, for it enables him to get about easily in the trees in search of his favorite foods, persimmons and grapes. He is America's only marsupial (see page 214).



A GRAY FOX STANDS ALERT, LISTENING, AS ITS MATE CALLS FROM THE DARKNESS



LOOKING TO SEE IF MR. AND MRS. SKUNK ARE SAFELY OUT OF THE PICTURE

The fox is a frequent visitor to the feeding station, but he has learned by sad experience that skunks do not like to be disturbed at their meals (see text, page 201). His favorite item on the bill of fare is lettuce with mayonnaise dressing.

supper to her little family. If they had been allowed to stay out in the open, Mr. Great Horned Owl, one of the few birds known to dine upon skunk meat, might have seen them and swooped down to seize what he would consider a dainty meal.

#### BABY SKUNK SWALLOWED WHOLE

A baby skunk can use its weapon, but it is of no concern to Mr. Owl, so quickly does he, with his large claws, grab his little victim by the back and fly quietly away into a near-by tree to enjoy his supper. He swallows the little skunk whole—skin, tail, and everything. Later he ejects from his mouth the bones, hair, and all indigestible parts.

Mother Skunk may have been trying to teach her children to be careful of bright lights. They learned their lesson well. We did not see them again until they were almost as large as their solicitous parent.

The night the coon family came to supper Father Coon was the first to poke his funny little head and nose above the rock wall. He was full of wit and caution, and only showed the tips of his ears and just enough of his head to keep his eyes in the shadow of the rocks. If the light did not shine in his eyes, he could see what was going on. How quiet we were! We feared almost to breathe.

Seeing that the coast was clear, Mr. Coon came slowly over the wall, followed cautiously by Mother Coon; but the two babies just came tumbling over the rocks, not a afraid of anything. Sometimes Mother Coon would box their ears for being so



OPOSSUMS ARE NOT AS ALERT AS SOME OF THEIR FELLOW WOOD FOLK.

To prove that they are more sluggish than smaller animals, this photograph was taken at one-one-hundred-and-fiftieth of a second. The flash powder was partially ignited, but there has been no change of expression and scarcely any movement (see, also, page 210).

careless and send them back over the wall to stay until she called them, which she did as soon as she made sure that there was no apparent danger.

How they did eat! They did not pick and choose like members of the skunk and fox families; any and everything was good to them. Most of the time they would sit back on their haunches, look all around, and at the same time feed themselves with their front feet, which are more like hands than feet and which they use as squirrels do.

Mr. and Mrs. Ring-tailed Cat, relatives of the raccoons, are frequent guests at our



A MALE ADULT CALIFORNIA VALLEY QUAIL.

The California State bird was photographed at the author's animal feeding rock, on the edge of Eaton Canyon, at the foot of Mount Wilson.

banquet. They are easily tamed. Their eyes are very large and sad and look as if they would shed tears at the least provocation. We learned to respect these dainty four-footed friends, who are delighted when we put sweet chocolate, prunes, cakes, and other confections out to tempt them (see illustration, page 204).

#### NEWS TRAVELS QUICKLY AMONG THE WOODS FOLK

In the spring our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, bring their three baby foxes up to get food and to show us what beautiful, soft, fluffy babies they are—playful little bunches of fur, climbing on their mother's back and under her feet. They are not

afraid so long as mother and dad are near, but scamper over the rock wall and back again like kittens.

Surely there is gossip in the animal kingdom. One fox will tell his relatives and friends about the good food to be had for the taking. Many evenings we have eight or nine grown foxes at our table.

We enjoy our opossum friends, too. Mrs. Possum brought her pouch full of babies to show us, but we could only see their tiny heads, for she was taking no chances by letting them ride on her back, her favorite way of toting them as soon as they are large enough to leave the pouch.

Opossums are first cousins to the Australian kangaroo and are the only marsu-



THE CALIFORNIA JAY IS A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING BIRD, BUT, LIKE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY ELSEWHERE, HAS A SHADY REPUTATION AS A NEST ROBBER

pials, or pouched animals, in this country. The babies are only about half an inch long when they are born.

After each meal Mr. Possum sits up on the rock wall and washes, first with one foot and then another, like a cat washes its face.

Our most interesting visitor was a beautiful coyote, sleek and careful, each movement sheer grace. Everything was new and strange to him. He was suspicious of all sounds. The least sudden noise sent him swiftly over the rock wall, a distance of only a few feet. Such a majestic creature he was! We watched him night after night, fascinated. Not a sound could we make while he was our guest; our breathing was almost too loud. No other animal came while he was around; they were afraid of this powerful neighbor, and they knew that Mr. Coyote is particularly fond of small-animal meat.

No picture was taken of Mr. Coyote; we wanted him to get better acquainted with us before we disturbed his nightly visits by a flash-light explosion; but he has

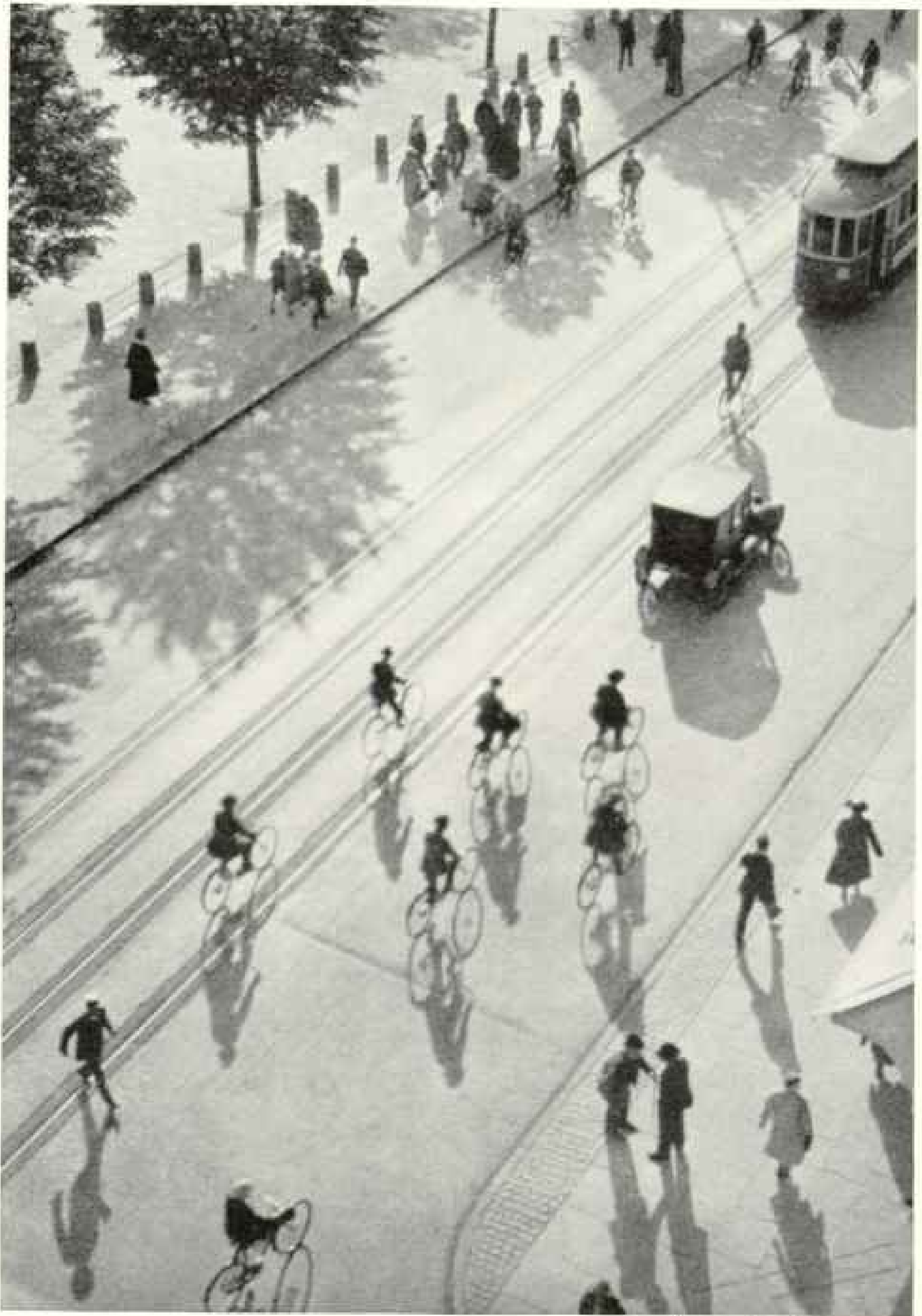
never returned to have his picture taken. The other animal families do not object now to having their pictures taken. The sudden, bright flare of the powder only sends them scampering over the wall; they come back again in a few minutes to look things over and see what it was all about; then go on eating their supper as if nothing had happened.

#### SKUNKS ARE THE DOLDEST OF THE AUTHOR'S ANIMAL FRIENDS

In the summer, when the evenings are too warm for us to dine inside and the twilight lingers longer than usual, we have our dinner out on the wide terrace, which extends to the edge of the arroyo bank. Often our friends the skunks are there waiting for us. We toss them pieces of food, which they come very near our table to get, then scamper under cover of rocks or bushes to eat. Before we know it, they are back again for more.

All our animals are becoming tamer each year. This five-year experiment is really only just commencing.





Photograph by Herman Ilesio

#### COPENHAGEN IS A CITY OF CYCLERS

There is seldom trouble in finding a seat on the trams, since most Danes pedal or walk to work, rain or shine. There is one bicycle for every third man, woman, and child in the city.

## ROYAL COPENHAGEN, CAPITAL OF A FARMING KINGDOM

A Fifth of Denmark's Thrifty Population Resides in a  
Metropolis Famous for Its Porcelains,  
Its Silver, and Its Lace

By J. R. HILDEBRAND

AUTHOR OF "THE COLUMBUS OF THE PACIFIC," "THE PATRIFINDER OF THE EAST," "THE WORLD'S GREATEST  
OVERLAND EXPLORER," ETC., IN THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

"**T**ICKET to Copenhagen," agreed the Hamburg hotel porter. "By air?"

"No, by rail."

A puzzled lift of bushy eyebrows. "A pleasant trip by rail, but a long one: two ferry rides. And then you will wish tickets to somewhere else?"

"No. I am staying at Copenhagen."

"Oh, I see, business." But it was apparent he did not see. He had been attuned to the tourist who must go places at top speed; and, having gotten there, must move along in a hurry.

Two major streams of travel pour into Copenhagen each spring and all summer long, but not by way of Germany.

The English arrive in jaunty steamers from Harwich, land at the peninsular port of Esbjerg, and span the flat, water-furrowed breadth of Denmark by rail and ferry.

Most Americans come by liners that cross Kattegat, salute the gray towers of Kronborg Castle at Hamlet's Elsinore (see page 246), and steam south between the more rugged coast of Sweden and the fishing villages, woods of green beeches, and the well-groomed villas that line the Danish shore; then nose into the channel that cuts the heart of Copenhagen like a giant cleaver.

There is something to be said for the leisurely approach from Germany through vast fields of rye, potatoes, beets—now all "factory crops" bound for bakery, distillery, and refinery—and fine stands of silver firs, pines, spruces, and larches.

That approach emphasizes one of Europe's sharp border transitions—this transition being to the level ride across the rambling islands of Danish Falster and Zealand, with their neat dairy farms, the world's most scrupulous pig pens, thatched cottages nearly always painted red and

white—frequently so small they seem merely the base for the lofty storks' nests—platforms atop poles planted on their roofs.

But before Denmark the train halts at Lübeck, proud Hansa capital that once signed itself "head of 22 cities," where vendors swarm around the station with that curious confection, marzipan, compounded of sugar, almonds, rose oil, and fruit conserve. And soon thereafter, with incredible ease and lack of jerks and bumps, the train glides on a commodious ferry with the interior whiteness of an enameled bathtub.

THERE IS ALWAYS AN ENGLISH-SPEAKING  
DANE AT HAND

"You can eat on the train, but why not go aloft (aloft from the train!) for your first Danish meal?" advised the English-speaking Dane who shared the compartment.

There is always an English-speaking Dane at hand in Denmark. When a country of some 206,000 "chain-store farms" sells in a single year 38 million dollars' worth of bacon, 40 million dollars' worth of butter, and 35 million dollars' worth of eggs to England, it very naturally learns the language of its best customer.

Luncheon was served. Ready at each diner's place was an amazing array of foods, colorful as a flower garden, diverse as samples at a food show, each tidbit patterned neatly as a German hedge, all on spotless, blue-tinged porcelain.

"Pickled herring, fish pudding with capers—that's chopped herring with radishes and egg—crayfish tails, fresh lobster (tiny but true), liver paste with cucumber," pointed out my gustatory guide. There were others.

"You Americans come to Denmark and right away get indigestion. That's all because you don't have *snaps*. Try this," and he held to the light a glass of liquid





*Photograph by Jonals*

COPENHAGEN'S MODERN—AND MODERNISTIC—BUSINESS CENTER

The great Town Hall, to the right, with many novel architectural features (see text, page 222, and illustration, page 245), has more than 600 rooms. Its elevators require no attendants, being moving platforms that ascend and descend on a belt, like buckets of an old-time well. One must watch his step to enter or leave as the platform passes his floor. To the left is the ultra-modern Palace Hotel, where it seems as if infinite pains had been taken to be different in every detail—in lighting effects, in furnishings, in decorations, even in the designs of knives, forks, and spoons.



Photograph by Donald McLeish

"DOWN BY THE DOCKS" LIVES DENMARK'S KING

But the docks are immaculate. While traffic streams flow through busy Bregade, Copenhagen's upper Fifth Avenue, on one side, and steamers, tugs, yachts, and ferries ply the harbor waters on the other, the Amalienborg Plads is so sequestered that it has been called the "silent square" (see page 237). At noon crowds throng the tessellated pavement to see the changing of the guard (see text, page 236).



Photograph by Donald McLeish.

#### THE "WHITE HOUSE" OF DENMARK

The guardsman is always on sentry duty at the Ionic entrance to the palace square, the Amalienborg Plads, when the King is in residence. He embraces his rifle in the peculiar Danish fashion (see, also, Color Plate VIII, and text, page 236).

clear as water. "Try this, and don't bite your drink."

"Bite my drink?"

"I mean take it at one swallow." I did. The fiery, gasping result, for the uninitiated, has all the rigors of a tonsil operation. Even the highly spiced fish and the pungent smoked meats were an alleviation. Perhaps that's the idea.

"A most enjoyable luncheon," I observed, after sampling half a dozen of the offerings. And it was.

My mentor, who up to that moment had not smiled, burst into a hearty, deep, Danish laugh, throaty and from the stomach, like his language.

"Why, that's only the hors d'œuvres."

This is not a story about a Danish meal—though meals are matters of high import in Denmark and fit topics of frequent conversation, as I was to learn—so there is not space to follow through a fresh fish course, a meat course of chicken with prunes, a formidable salad; nor is that all, for we adjourned to the smoking room and were promptly faced not only by coffee, but also by Danish pastry—a solid, substantial, authoritative pastry, which has none of the frivolity of the French variety.

The flat landscapes of the north countries have an eerie, exotic quality. Approaching Copenhagen toward evening, the



Photograph by Donald McLeish

#### A FLOWER MARKET GRACES DENMARK'S "CAPITOL PLAZA"

Many of the "flower girls" from Amager who set up their stalls and booths on Højbro Plads are gray-haired women. Christiansborg Palace, in the background, is occupied by the Rigsdag, or Parliament, and the Supreme Court of Justice. In the middle ground is a statue of Bishop Absalon, founder of Copenhagen.

vast spread of stone and mortar is etched softly in a purple haze, while the final rays of setting sun seem to hammer out sparks on the enormous, gilded, striped dome of the Marble Church (see page 237).

#### THE CAPITAL OF A PAINSTAKING, PERSISTENT PEOPLE

"Begun, 1749; completed, 1894." The terse statement of your guidebook about the church helps explain the sense of permanence that pervades the city; hints at the imperturbable quality of its painstaking, persistent people.

It is not that Copenhagen is old. Rather it is a modern city, sometimes ultra-mod-

ern, built for centuries to come. Once it was mostly wood, and it burned down, here and there, time and again, and stone was utilized, until now your train seems to be gliding through tunnels—tunnels of buildings made of rock—until it emerges in a station called "one of the finest in Europe." Certainly it is among the neatest.

One of the city's numerous towers, the tower which remains of St. Nicholas Church, though the church is gone, is a reminder of the days, or nights, of frequent fires. There a king stationed a watchman, who, like our rangers, scanned the forest of timber structures, and when he saw a blaze he would cry, "Brand, brand!" All

over the town nocturnal windows would go up, heads come poking out, and cries of "Where, where?" would be answered by pedestrian Paul Reveres, who gave the fire's location. Residents of the vicinity of the blaze would place tubs of water before their doors, each ready to save his own home, while those beyond the danger zone would go back to bed.

#### OVERLOOKING COPENHAGEN'S REASON FOR BEING

The new Town Hall, stalwart and impressive, sixth in the succession of the town's municipal buildings, typifies Copenhagen's new architecture. It is a conglomerate mass of rust-red brick, granite, limestone, and terra cotta—a strange blending of ancient Danish and Italian touches. Its five tiers of windows, for example, are each of a different design; there are additional casual oriels that would be at home in Nuremberg, and battlements on the roof suggest the peak line of a modern New York skyscraper.

Implanted upon its façade is a bronze relief of Bishop Absalon, the Romulus of Copenhagen. Along its roof are figures of the town's ancient watchmen, flanked by polar bears. An ornate pigeon-cote houses the birds that flutter about its "mussel-shell" mosaic pavements.

A lofty tower, 342 feet high, which seems to have no bearing whatsoever upon its accompanying building, is proclaimed "highest of its kind" in northern Europe, which may well be true, since its design approaches the unique (see illustrations, pages 218 and 245).

To the layman's eye the strange ensemble achieves a surprising dignity and charm. As for an architect, "Well, it was worth doing once, but I hope no one but a Dane tries it again; then it would be a mess."

It is worth while climbing the 300 steps of the Town Hall's tower, because from its lofty platform, armed with a few facts of Denmark's history and geography, one may catch a bird's-eye summary of Copenhagen's reason for being.

Fanwise to the northeast spread acres of bronze and copper domes, steeples, and towers—towers of hotels, business buildings, even the railway station, as well as churches—and an expanse of "fish-tile" gable roofs with dormer windows that make the city's roof surface look like a

choppy sea. To the right is the Sound, narrowing into the channel that gives Copenhagen a "down-town" harbor central as an American union station.

Beyond the smokestacks and masts in the harbor curves a promenade—one of Europe's most famous and beautiful promenades—to the Citadel, the city's one complete survival from the era of America's Plymouth and Jamestown, and beyond the Citadel is a city within the city, the famous Free Port, key to present-day Copenhagen's commercial prosperity.

Some 10,000 or so years ago all the area your eye now scans was a submerged reef of chalk and lime. About that time, the Glacial Period, mammoth ice sheets a mile or more thick, like those of Denmark's Greenland to-day, thrust ponderously south from Norway. They piled up their earth and stones as they crunched and ground upon this reef, gradually forming the island of Zealand to the west and Amager to the east.

The channel which cuts through the heart of Copenhagen to-day is merely a fortunate furrow in the wake of these glaciers.

This happy whim of the glaciers carved a water passage to the great Baltic Sea—opening to world trade the present-day Sweden, Finland, Russia, Latvia, Estonia, Lithuania, Poland, and even part of north Germany; also, it cut an outlet to the south of the Baltic, not to the north, as in our Hudson Bay, which was a mighty factor in the progress of all the Baltic lands, and most especially of Copenhagen.

#### AMAZING ACTIVITY IN THE FREE PORT

The site of Copenhagen was a mere fishing village in the twelfth century; but as shipping flourished, the town astride this outlet became exactly what its name implies—Merchants' Haven.

For centuries it fattened upon the toll of passing ships by levying a tax known as Sound dues—a tariff so profitable that it was called "Denmark's gold mine." Naturally, such payment became irksome to maritime powers, and in 1857 the practice was abolished. Opening the Kiel Canal brought further loss to Copenhagen's shipping, but the city found a way out in its Free Port.

It requires considerable explaining, even in this least formal of all European

DENMARK, LAND OF FARMS AND FISHERIES



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Natural Color Photograph by Gustav Heurlin

SVENDBORG CLINGS TO A FAST-VANISHING TYPE OF POWER MILL

With wind power giving way to electric or water power, eventually these old windmills will disappear. Fyn, Denmark's second largest island, is so fertile, so prosperous, that it is known as "the garden," and Svendborg, on its southern coast, is one of the most charming places in the kingdom.



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AARHUS TURNS BACK TO YESTERDAY

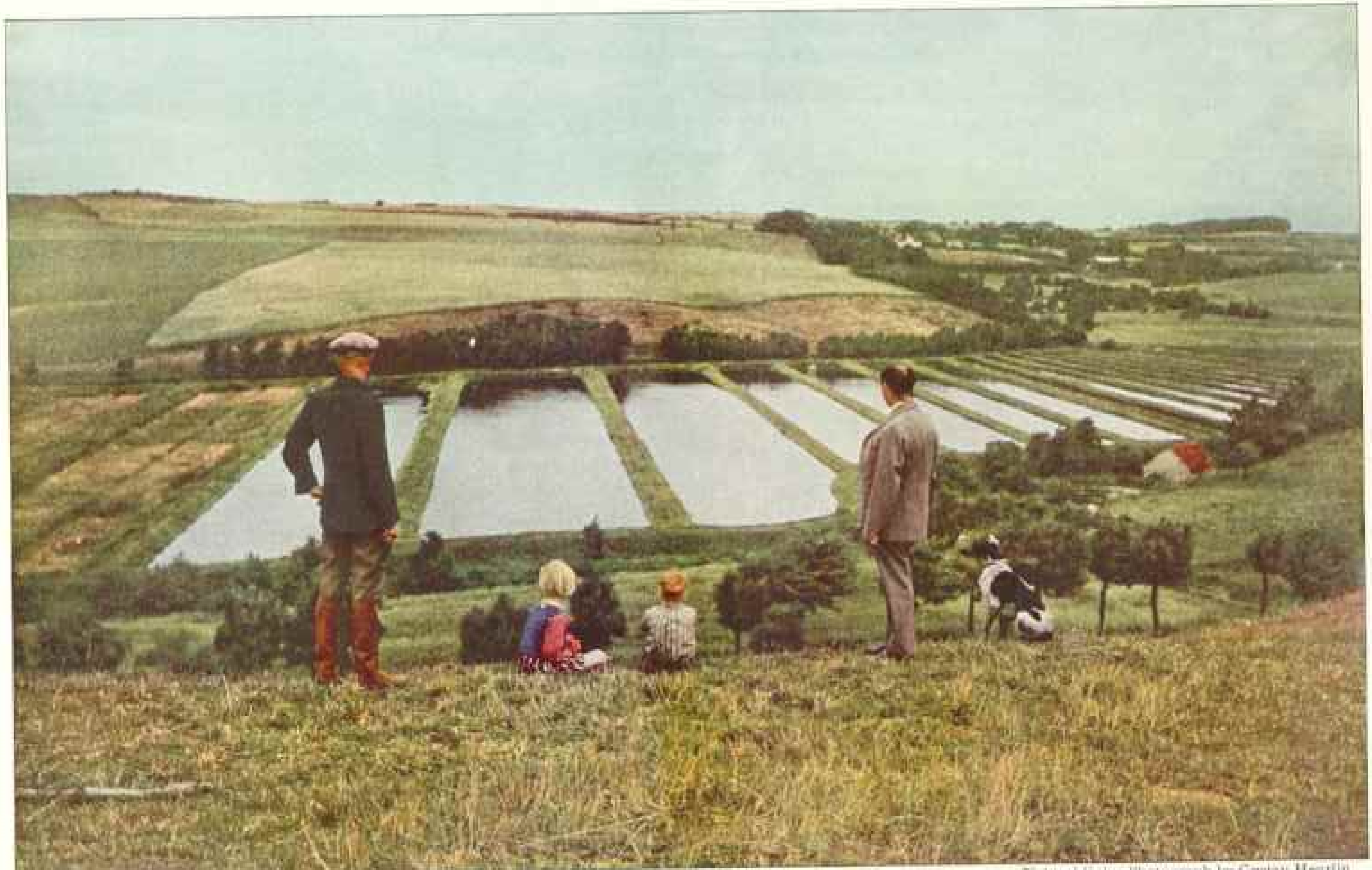
At the town's open-air museum (see also Color Plate VI), national costumes are seen in all their pleasing phases of style and color.



Natural Color Photographs by Gustav Heinrich

A TABLEAU IN RED

Students at the high school in Snoghoj, Fredericia (see also Color Plate IV), a ferry station near the old town of Fredericia.



© National Geographic Society

Natural Color Photograph by Gustav Hearllia

FISH HATCHERIES VARY THE LANDSCAPE ALONG THE RAILWAY NEAR KOLDING





VIBORG REFLECTS ITS PAST IN BLUE WATERS

Across the lake rises the 12th-century Cathedral, the city's most notable memorial of the Middle Ages.



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Naturel Color Photographs by Gustav Heinrich

A GARDEN INTERLUDE AT SNOGHOJ FREDERICIA

Young students at the Folk High School and Physical Culture School for Women are training to be teachers of gymnastics. National dances are included in the curriculum.

DENMARK, LAND OF FARMS AND FISHERIES



PEACE AND PLENTY ABIDE AT BRAHETROLLEBORG

Scattered about the island of Fyn (Color Plate I) are numerous castles, manors, and country estates.



© National Geographic Society

Natural Color Photographs by Gustav Hearnin

THE DANE IS A LOVER OF FLOWERS

Open-air flower stalls are numerous, and every morning men and women come to buy fresh blooms for the home. A stand outside the Cathedral wall of Aarhus, Denmark's second-largest city.



© National Geographic Society

THE "OLD TOWN" AT AARHUS

When progress threatened the destruction of these old, half-timbered houses, they were re-erected here to serve as an open-air museum. Objects of Danish handicraft and national costumes also are preserved here.



Natural Color Photographs by Gustav Heurlin

RIBE IS POPULAR WITH STORKS

To many readers of Andersen's fairy tales, the stork, though known in other lands, will always be a Danish bird. A wagon wheel makes a good nest for this pair. In the background is the 11th-century Cathedral, one of the oldest in Denmark.



© National Geographic Society

BERRIES, BLOOMS, AND BELLES OF VEJLSE

Natives, all, of one of the most charming towns on the east Jutland coast, situated at the head of a lakelike fjord bordered with trees and meadows.



Natural Color Photographs by Gustav Henrlin

A BRIDE OF FANO AND HER MAIDS

Its inhabitants fish for a living, but to outsiders Fano is a delightful summer playground. The island is one of the few places in Denmark where old costumes are still worn.



THE CASTLE OF KRONBORG IS REDOLENT OF HAMLET.

Denmark has a firmly fixed tradition that Shakespeare, when a boy, came to Helsingør ("Elsinore") with a strolling troupe of players. The Flag Battery is the "platform before the castle," where the Ghost appeared.



© National Geographic Society

Natural Color Photographs by Gustav Heurlin

THE ROYAL GUARD GOES ON DUTY AT AMALIENBORG PALACE, COPENHAGEN

The Changing of the Guard ceremony is similar to London's spectacle at Buckingham Palace. The Guards, in bearskin busbies, make a smart appearance. In one of the four Amalienborg buildings resides King Christian X; in the second and third, the Crown Prince and other members of the Royal Family; while the fourth contains rooms for coronation and state ceremonies.

capitals, to procure permission to pass the sentries who guard every entrance, even the railroad tracks, into the Free Port.

Once inside, the visitor stands amazed at the compact conglomeration of docks, derricks, grain elevators, gaunt cranes, ships, enormous warehouses, and puffing little engines scurrying about amid incredible mounds of goods (see page 232).

Here is an array of American harvesters, piles of plows, harrows, farm tools, odorous resin timber, mountains of coal, wheat, and corn, soy beans from Manchuria, sunflower-seed cakes from Russia, cotton-seed meal from our South, and heaps of auto parts of a familiar American make. These are assembled within the Free Port.

In the best of times a thousand tons of these parts arrived weekly from New York; a Copenhagen plant was assembling one car every six minutes, day after day.

"Five basins here, sir; 128 acres of land, 82 acres of water; three miles of piers, 40 electric cranes, 7 steam cranes, 7 coal elevators," reels off your guide, which is the polite Free Port euphemism for the watchman who guards against smuggling.

"Those elevators and pneumatic tubes can unload 12 or 13 hundred tons in an eight-hour day, from that side, while that slip on the other side is discharging a hundred tons of wheat an hour."

There are forty warehouses here, a grain silo that dominates them all, a floating crane that can toy with 50 tons.

The Free Port is a complete community. It has its own power plant, banking branches, police, postal, and telegraph stations, restaurants, telephone booths, display rooms, and trading sheds. The rest-rooms that look like clubhouses are waiting rooms for workmen awaiting jobs.

Trams and liners are disgorging goods and grains and machinery from England, the Americas, even from Australia, while others are loading cargoes consigned to all the great Baltic ports. Trains of laden freight cars, pygmy size to the American eye, halt for inspection at the iron gates; then steam away on direct hauls to Central Europe, even to Sweden, by way of the short ferry crossing to Malmö.

Emerging from the bustling, modern Free Port, one comes upon the stately, mellow Citadel, remnant of the fortifications

King Frederick III built in the sixties of 1600.

Around it is the mosaic of lagoons and gardens that compose Copenhagen's beautiful park, sloping toward the famous Langelinie (Long Line) that bends gracefully from the Free Port to the city's own harbor to the south.

Seaward lies the Sound, with ocean liners and pleasure yachts, ferries and freight boats, and in the distance the shores of Sweden. The Dane should be cosmopolitan; he can scarcely take a walk or scan the view from his wide apartment window without seeing the flags of many nations and the shores of another land. Landwise a long line of automobiles—American, French, German, and an occasional Italian car among them—punctuated by hordes of bicycles, glide over the level road with scarcely perceptible rises where it crosses the viaducts that knit the patches of land.

#### THE STORY OF TWO FAMOUS STATUES

It is a week day, work day; comparative quiet affords opportunity to view two of the city's finest statues.

One is a majestic fountain, that of Anders Bundgaard, "Gefion Plowing up Zealand," which, whether so intended or not, probably is the world's only monument to a glacier.

Once upon a time there was a long period when no warrior entered Valhalla, so the gods sent the beautiful Gefion to earth to find out why. But Gefion, arriving at the Court of Sweden, forgot her mission, fell in love with the stalwart king, and gave birth to four terrestrial sons.

As the years rolled on, she repented and decided to return to Valhalla, but before leaving the earth she asked her royal lover for a gift of land for her sons. The crafty king told her she could have all the land she could plow around in a day.

The wily goddess chose a peninsula with water on three sides, transformed her sons into oxen, and yoked her miraculous team to plow across the land from the Baltic Sea to the Kattegat. At sundown the waters rushed into the canyon furrow, formed what now is the Sound that separates Denmark from Sweden, leaving her sons and their descendant Danes the island that now is Zealand.



Photograph by Deutscher Aëru Lloyd

#### THE FREE HARBOR, A CITY WITHIN A CITY

Herein vast volumes of foreign goods which never pass Danish customhouses are deposited, to be transhipped to all the ports of the Baltic (see text, page 231).



Photograph by Branson De Cam from Ewing Galloway

#### COPENHAGEN'S "WATER FRONT" PIERCES THE HEART OF THE CITY

To the left is the curious dragon tower of the Stock Exchange. Danish architecture is a law unto itself. Any random snapshot is likely to show some towers—in this case four.



Photograph by Donald McLeish.

"GOING TO MARKET" IS A DAILY HABIT IN COPENHAGEN

From daybreak until 9 o'clock in the morning, this huge square, and many smaller ones, will be congested. By 10 a. m. the stalls and booths will have disappeared, the farmers will be on their way home, and the usual auto and bicycle traffic will be resumed.

The colossal figure of the goddess lashing her oxen sons surmounts three tiers of rugged boulders, over which a cascade of waters pours down into a gigantic basin (see page 234).

In contrast to the mighty, truly majestic Gefion is the idyllic "Little Mermaid," an exquisite, eerie figure, beloved by children, who think it no sacrilege to sit astride her bronze shoulders. She winds her coppery fish's tail around a barnacled rock in the harbor, as her woman's head gazes in very human curiosity at the passing ships (see page 247).

The mermaid is the fairy princess of a tale by Denmark's Hans Christian Andersen, whose whimsy vies with the Norse sagas in so much of Copenhagen's lore and art. The story goes that she was first set up on land, but, at the happy suggestion

of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, then U. S. Minister to Denmark,\* she was removed to her present offshore habitation.

These two statues have been accounted among the finest bronzes in all the world; there are many others scattered among the flower gardens of marigolds, geraniums, pansies, and snapdragons, among the wooded walks and clumps of trees, and along the sea walls of Langelinie. There also is an architectural gem, the English Church of St. Albans, with a graceful spire, rising among trees beside a tiny lake formed by the moat of the old Citadel.

A week day is the time to sense the idyllic charm of the park. Sunday is for those who seek the color and vivacity of crowds.

\* See "Denmark and the Danes," by Maurice Francis Egan, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for August, 1922.





Photograph by Donald McLeish

#### HERE'S HOW DENMARK, MYTHOLOGICALLY, WAS BORN

The fountain and statue by Anders Bundgaard commemorate the legend, "Gefion Plowing up Zealand" (see text, page 231). They were erected with funds left by the wealthy brewer, Carl Jacobsen, who did much to beautify his city (see, also, text, page 250).

On Sundays the entire city's population seems to have come there afoot or awheel, for boating or yachting, just to stroll around, or to sit in the pavilions and sip the flavorful Danish coffee or the city's famous beer, and watch the crowds go by.

The crowds arrive at an incredibly early hour. If you have stopped in a down-town Copenhagen hotel you surely were awakened Sundays by the outpouring of native and noisy citizens seeking the outdoors and the sun. Week days the Dane goes to work quietly, sedately pedaling a bicycle, which, after all, is not a boisterous vehicle; but Sundays you will be awakened by the shouts of boys and girls cycling to the coun-

try, hiking to picnics, or going in groups to railway stations for the cheap excursions on that day. The city sees to it that even the poor children get an outing.

Still, there are enough left behind to crowd spacious Langelinie. One wonders, at first, that there are not more games. Where are the tennis courts (there are a few), the baseball diamonds, the cricket fields, or the Danish equivalents thereof? Then the visitor recalls he is in a country where the climate for most of the year, as in Sweden, compels gymnastics rather than outdoor sports. The ruddy-checked youth, tall, stalwart, erect—who ever saw a stoop-shouldered Dane?—and the absence of



Photograph by Jonals.

#### WHERE TYCHO BRAHE STUDIED THE STARS

The Round Tower rises over a choppy sea of the "fish-scale" tiling and "stepped" gables that are characteristic of Copenhagen's skyline. The strange edifice, built for an observatory, has a spiral ramp which boys ascend on bicycles as a test of skill (see text, page 242).

any apparent "slenderizing" ambition, even among the Danish "flappers," attest the efficacy of the gymnasiums that are a part of every school curriculum.

The salt air, the quest of outdoors, hiking, pedaling cycle wheels instead of shifting gears, you realize, account for the disconcerting frequency and richness of the meals. You appreciate the truth of the Copenhagen journalist's inadvertent bon mot, "Denmark is famous for the high culture of its broad population."

Why not eat when you are hungry, and stop when you have had enough?

Well, you may wish to hear an outdoor concert, or sit in one of the Langelinie pa-

vilions, or go of an evening to that other amazing city park, Tivoli Gardens, or watch an outdoor "movie" or puppet show, or just rest while the crowds mill around Kongens Nytorv. If you do any of these things, you do not occupy a bench or engage a seat; you sit at a table, the price of which is an order of food. Go aboard a boat, even, and the railing is lined with tiny tables; a waiter stands ready to charge upon you with pastry or coffee.

#### A VAIN SEARCH FOR AN EATLESS EVENING

This visitor did conceive a project for an eatless evening. He carefully planned ahead for it. He cast about for a revue,

where there might be singing and dancing which would be intelligible, even if the language were not. He bought a ticket in advance, which forethought, strangely, costs more in Copenhagen. If one waits until a few hours before the performance, all prices are scaled down. But digestion demanded certainty of that seat.

He arrived late; the house was in total darkness for a dim-lit ballet, of which the Danes are so fond—almost total darkness, save for hundreds of tiny lights sprinkled like fireflies all over the pit and balcony. These, inspection disclosed, were tiny bulbs attached to semicircular shelves on the backs of the seats. And the aisles were busy with stealthy, ghostlike figures of waiters bearing to these shelflike tables schooners of beer, steaming cups of coffee, and huge platters of that national institution—smørrebrød.

#### THE SMÖRREBROD VS. THE SANDWICH

The American is very apt to find out about smørrebrød when he asks for a sandwich. Almost any waiter will launch out in greatest detail what is wrong with a sandwich, why no Danish aviator would go cruising the Atlantic with a sandwich, why smørrebrød is so far superior.

The complaint, one gathers, is aimed at that top slice of bread, at far too little butter, and at the fact that the sandwich is singular. People have been known to eat only one at a time.

There is no such thing as "a smørrebrød." Smørrebrød is as collective as oysters on the half shell, and it is a point of national pride to keep it so. It is four, more often six, sometimes eight, slices of black bread, brown bread, white bread, thickly spread with golden butter. On top the butter, openly arrived at, in plain view, are strips of smoked salmon, cheese, lobster, beef, veal, sardines, goose liver, anchovies. The result is a crazy quilt of rich brown, deep red, pink, tan, ocher, beige—all the colors of a silk-stockings advertisement—against the base of dandelion butter. It is far more esthetic and palatable than the translation of the name—literally, smeared bread.

Straight as an arrow to the heart of the city, out of Langelinie, heads Bregade—literally Broadway, but in character the Park Avenue, the Sixteenth Street, of Copenhagen.

Along this avenue are fine old homes, stately churches, the legations. One palace now houses an insurance company, another is a piano factory, but their original architecture is intact. And off it, toward the harbor, is Amalienborg Square, residence of the King.

#### FOUR SIMPLE "WHITE HOUSES"

Four palaces, simple and impressive as our White House, though not architecturally similar, are set at angles around octagonal Amalienborg Square, paved in mosaic (see pages 220 and 237). For 23 hours of the day this pocket, bordering on the busy docks and the city's great northern traffic artery, is quiet as a cloister. The only evidence that the monarch of Europe's oldest kingdom is in residence is the tiny scarlet sentry boxes.

A magnificent new palace was built for the Royal Family, but it was converted into a museum. King Christian, who has been described as "the most popular six feet and a half of royal humanity in Europe," chose to remain in the less pretentious, dignified Amalienborg.

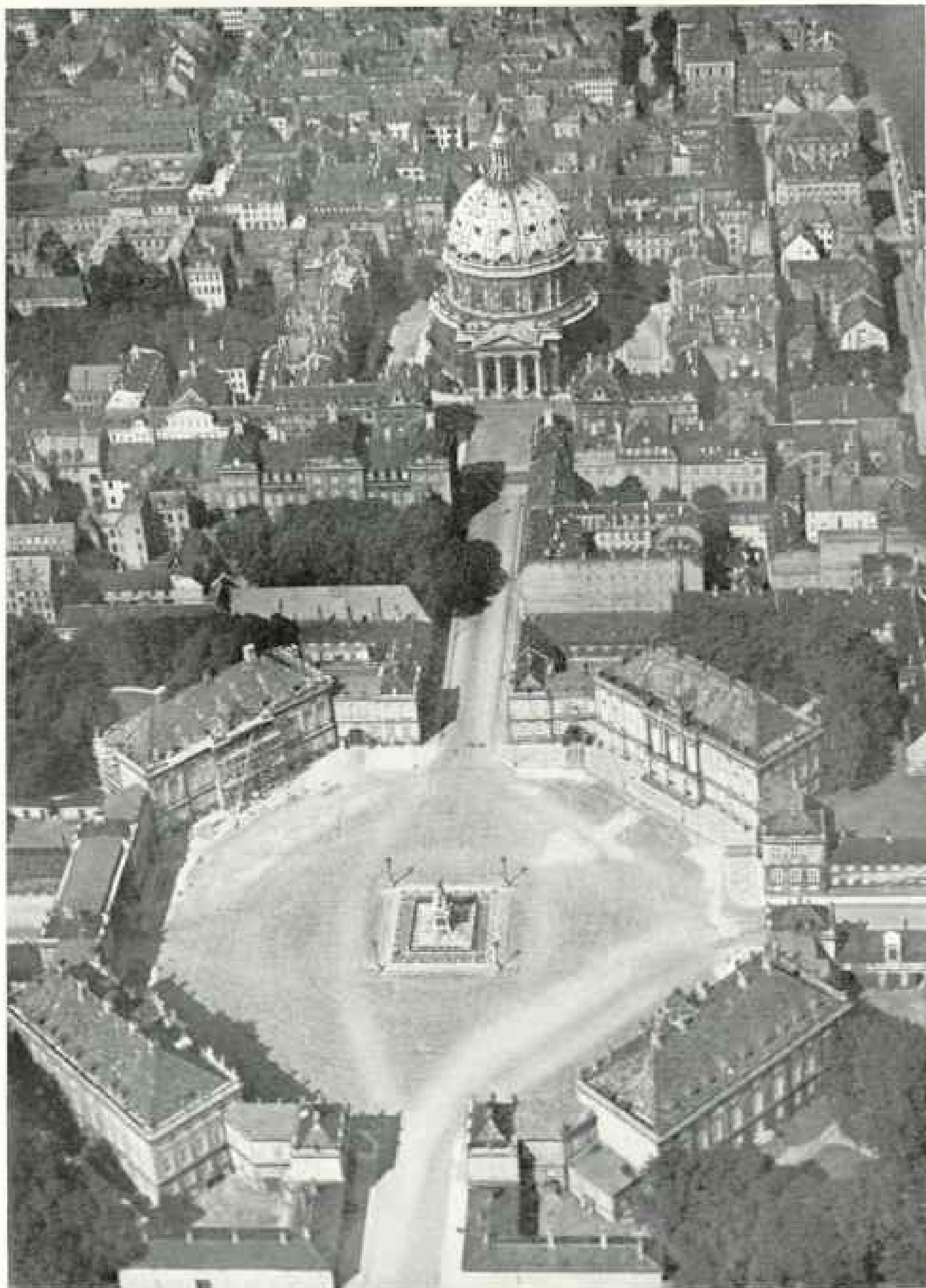
King Christian walks briskly through the streets unattended, greeting this and that citizen. On Sundays he often strolls through the parks. Even in crowds, he is easily recognized, not by any regalia, but by his height.

"Excuse me, sir, but there goes the King, if you have not seen him," said a street-car conductor in the busy shopping district one day, as he handed me change for my fare. His tone was respectful, but entirely matter-of-fact.

The Crown Prince, beloved as is the Prince of Wales in another domain, occupies the second palace. He appears at state functions, he reviews troops, but his personal love is music. He plays the violin.

The third palace is occupied by other members of the Royal Family; the fourth is used for state ceremonies and receptions. Two are connected by a wooden colonnade of singular beauty.

Before noon, each day, crowds begin to gather in the sequestered square. Headed by a military band, the tall guards, with their bushy, bearskin bushies and their wide white cross belts, march into the square. Those about to be relieved of duty snap their rifles to the peculiar position of the Danish military manual, grasping the butt



Photograph by Danish Air Traffic Company

#### THE "SILENT SQUARE"—AND BEYOND

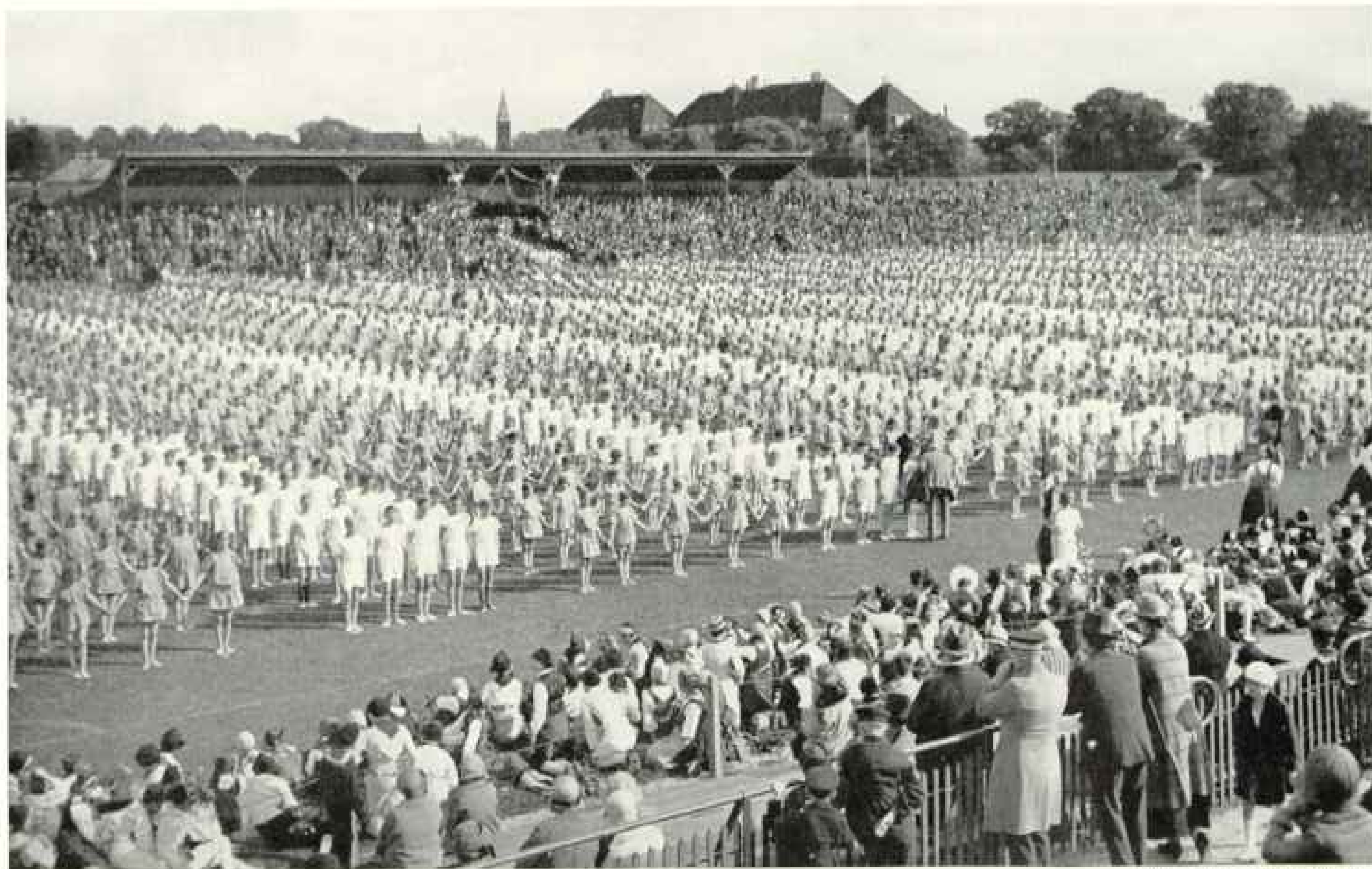
In the center of the group of royal residences is the bronze equestrian statue of Frederick V, who planned the palaces. This memorial, designed by the French sculptor, J. F. J. Saly, is famed for its costliness, its size, and the beautiful patina, or greenish tint, which is considered of such high artistic value in bronzes. In the background is the dominating, gold-striped dome of the Marble Church (see text, page 221).



Photograph by Herman Bente

SHORT WINTER DAYS MAKE SNOWS LAST LONG IN DENMARK

The small boy has a hard time finding a hill for coasting in flat Copenhagen, which is so near sea level that the water-supply and sewage-disposal systems represented difficult engineering problems. The Copenhagen harbor is open all winter and only occasionally are ice-breakers needed.



Photograph by Vittus Nielsen

A "GYM" CLASS OF 9,000

Physical education is a major subject of the curriculum, not a fad, in Danish schools. Exhibitions, such as this drill in the Copenhagen Stadium, give visitors the rare chance of seeing the national costumes of bygone days. The children wear them for folk dances. Gymnastics and Sunday outings are part of the Danish child's health training.



Photograph by Knud Sorensen

THEIR LANGUAGE IS SALTY; THEIR FISH ARE ALIVE

Danish housewives and chefs scorn to buy a dead fish (see text, page 247).

by the right hand while enfolding the barrel with their left arm. Guard mount is over, the crowd disperses, and the clean, quiet square is left to the sentries and the sea gulls (page 220, Color Plate VIII).

Bregade concludes its stately course in the city's magnificent uptown square, Kongens Nytorv, the Charing Cross of Copenhagen. Thirteen streets radiate from its 7-acre expanse. Around it are more old palaces, one now converted into a modern hotel with a sidewalk café under striped awnings, another utilized by the French Embassy for its offices; but dominating the square is the sculpture-bedecked, zinc-roofed Royal Theater, of opera-house proportions, symbol of the city's favorite art.

The play is the thing to Copenhagen that music is to Munich or painting to Dresden.

Royal is the name; in operation it is most democratic. The carpenters' union, the station porters' union, groups from every stratum of the city's life, engage the entire house for special performances.

Shakespeare is often played, especially "Hamlet." One hears more of Elsinore in Denmark than of Stratford in England. There is a marble bust of Ophelia in the

lobby, gift of Sarah Bernhardt. Season after season are played the comedies of Holberg; the early 18th-century Clyde Fitch of Denmark, and his satires are presented along with plays of Ibsen and other moderns, not as "revivals," as we might produce Congreve or Sheridan.

With the name of Holberg ranks that of Bournonville, creator of the ballets for which the Royal Theater is famous. The Danish ballets are more than pretty, graceful and rhythmic. They have a dramatic and narrative quality more nearly akin to those of the latter-day Mary Wigman school in Dresden or the spectacles evolved by Max Reinhardt in Berlin.

Herbert Corey saw London from a bus top, Melville Chater viewed French cities from a canal.\* There is only one way to see Copenhagen and that way is to walk.

SHOP WINDOWS BEAUTIFIED BY DANISH  
PORCELAIN, SILVER, AND LACE

Walk from Kongens Nytorv down to Raadhuspladsen, which we would call a

\* See "London from a Bus Top" and "Through the Back Doors of France," in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for May, 1925, and July, 1923, respectively.



Photograph by Junala

## A "LIGHT LUNCHEON" FOR A DANE (SEE TEXT, PAGE 235)

The "Kolt Bord" is almost as famous as the "Smørrebrød," the latter being a series of "open-face" sandwiches, colorful as Joseph's coat. Many phases of Danish "home life" can be seen in restaurants; for, since Copenhagen is a city of apartment dwellers, many families "eat out" evenings. Sometimes the children may be seen solemnly shaking hands with the parents after the meal, just as they would at home.

civic center, rambling occasionally to right and left along the way, and the life, color, commerce of the town—the Dane always calls Copenhagen a town—will be revealed.

The route lies through Ostergade, Amagerstorv, Nygade, Vimmelskaftet, and Fredericksberggade, which is not as difficult as it sounds; for even the Dane, who loves to wrestle with polysyllables, has shortened that mouthful of continuing streets to Stroget.

To the right is a mammoth department store, founded by a Dane who had visited Chicago, where one could doubtless order a yacht or a sailboat. Adjoining windows, on one day, offered costly rugs, grand pianos, and displayed signs placing the great emporium's services at your disposal to sharpen your razor blades at a cost of a fraction of our cent.

There are showrooms of the famous Danish porcelain, with its delicate decorations painted by artists often descended from generations of porcelain painters, baked into a paste made by a secret process,

and protected by a glaze of exquisite sheen. The scenes range from landscapes, castles such as Kronborg, to the familiar wire-haired terrier (see page 248).

The pieces of the royal factory are distinguished by three wavy lines, symbolizing the Danish waters, which the Danes refer to as the Great Belt, the Little Belt, and the Sound. Those of a private factory have a trademark portraying three towers, similar to the coat of arms of Copenhagen.

Fashionable shops, particularly on the Ostergade sector, display the Tonder laces, prized craft of housewives of the area around the little town of Tonder, in southwest Jutland. Once a king forbade any woman who made lace to leave the country, lest she be tempted to teach her art to aliens.

Other windows are given over to modern patterns of the ancient Hedebo, new designs after at least four centuries of patient needlework by the peasant women of Zealand. One encounters this embroidery in the most diverse places—altar cloths,





Photograph by Donald McLeish

#### STRANGEST OF COPENHAGEN'S SPIRES

A breezy, spiral climb of 397 steps brings visitors to a platform beneath the huge gilded ball which supports the figure of the Savior on the Church of Our Redeemer.

children's dresses, guest towels in Danish homes, adornment for aprons, curtains, pillowcases.

There is a silversmith whose branches also are found on the Rue St. Honoré, Fifth Avenue, Leipziger Strasse, and about thirty other main shopping streets of the world. Many stores show the graceful, severe, hand-wrought designs of pewter which have been imported or reproduced all over the world.

At certain hours of shopping days vehicular traffic is excluded from the Stroget; pedestrians crowd out from the sidewalks into the street, blocking passage even of the ubiquitous bicycles. One resident of every three in Copenhagen owns a bicycle; yet Denmark claims to have the largest number of auto owners in proportion to its population of any country in Europe.

A short walk up a street to the right discloses the Round Tower, one of the city's many architectural curiosities (see page 235). Its interior is given over to a ramp paved with brick, suggesting a circular parking garage. Tradition has it that Tsar Peter the Great drove a team of horses to the top when he visited Copenhagen. No one seems ready to explain how he turned them about and got them down again.

#### DENMARK'S BUILDER KING LEFT HIS MARK IN MANY PLACES

The Tower was designed in 1624 by Christian IV, Denmark's great builder king, who could sail ships and navigate tricky fjords, could ride longer, swim farther, and speak more languages than any man in his court. His brother-in-law, the bookish King James I of England, marveled at the tales of how much beer he could drink.

The period of many old buildings can be identified by the initial "C" or "F," with a numeral to indicate which Christian or Frederick sponsored the enterprise. Most frequent of all these royal marks is the huge "C" encircling the figure 4, that of the athlete-linguist builder, Christian IV.

The Round Tower he erected so Tycho Brahe might have an observatory to view the heavens; but that astronomer, who had been awarded a pension and an island by a predecessor, later had all his privileges rescinded by Christian IV, and he went to Bohemia. Thus to-day both Prague and Copenhagen claim him. The Danes love



Photograph by Donald McLeish

#### THE MUSEUM, AND MAUSOLEUM, OF THORVALDSEN

The Phidias of Denmark was the son of an Iceland wood-carver. The museum, strange blending of Norse and Egyptian architecture, is wholly devoted to his work (see text, page 240). His body rests in a tomb, overgrown with ivy, in its central court.

best to tell how he had his nose cut off in a duel when he was a youth, and constructed an artificial member of silver and gold which was so realistic that few ever noticed his loss.

About the same distance from the Stroget, in the opposite direction, is another strange, and much more beautiful, concept of this versatile king—the Stock Exchange. The building is plain enough, save for ornamented gable windows, but above it rises a slender spire formed by the entwined tails of four dragons, with the monstrous heads flaring out on a sloping base to the four points of the compass (see page 232).

Even more amazing is the steeple of the Church of Our Redeemer, in Christianshavn, on the Amager Island side of the city; for its steeple, rising nearly 300 feet, has an outside spiral staircase leading to the fine figure of the Savior at its peak. "Stairway protected by tall iron railings, ascent is easy and perfectly safe," reassures the guidebook (see page 242).

There are more advantageous places, with less effort, to get a view of the city,

and the time is better spent in the really beautiful interior, with its massive altar and beautiful marble sculptures, especially if one happens there when its marvelous organ of 1,001 pipes is being played.

All along the Stroget are flower shops; just off the Ostergade sector is the vegetable and flower market. Stout and testy Amager women shout their wares—colorful masses of mignonette, cabbage, carnations, phlox, potatoes, and a rainbow array of roses. The venders wear voluminous petticoats surmounted by a checked apron; old-fashioned square shawls are thrown over their shoulders; their poke-bonnets are anchored by red kerchiefs. They bargain, clash, and exaggerate—in fact, their shrewdness has passed into a proverb, "Ask Amager mother," which is the Danish equivalent of "Believe it or not."

These buxom ladies are reminders of the original colony of vegetable and flower gardeners King Christian II brought from Holland and colonized on Amager centuries ago. There their descendants, mingling with the Danes, have spread out over



Photograph by Branson De Cou from Ewing Galloway

ONE OF MANY AMAZING MODERN MONUMENTS.

A memorial to Danish sailors who lost their lives in submarine attacks during the World War.



Photograph by Janala

A TYPE OF SCHOOL UNIQUE IN DENMARK

The high schools are primarily for the education of young men and women of the rural districts—18 years is the minimum age of admission—and they are “finishing,” but not fashionable, schools for education in history, literature, and the sciences.



Photograph by Bramson De Cou from Ewing Galloway

THE "EMPIRE STATE BUILDING" OF COPENHAGEN IS ITS TOWN HALL.  
(SEE, ALSO, PAGE 218)

The lofty tower affords an incomparable view of the capital and its strategic location, astride a narrow channel, with an ancient foot planted on Amager and a modern heel resting on Zealand. This view was taken across the lake, in the adjacent Tivoli Gardens, unique amusement park in the heart of the city, where every night seems like a Fourth of July, because of the fireworks and myriad colored lights (see text, page 248).

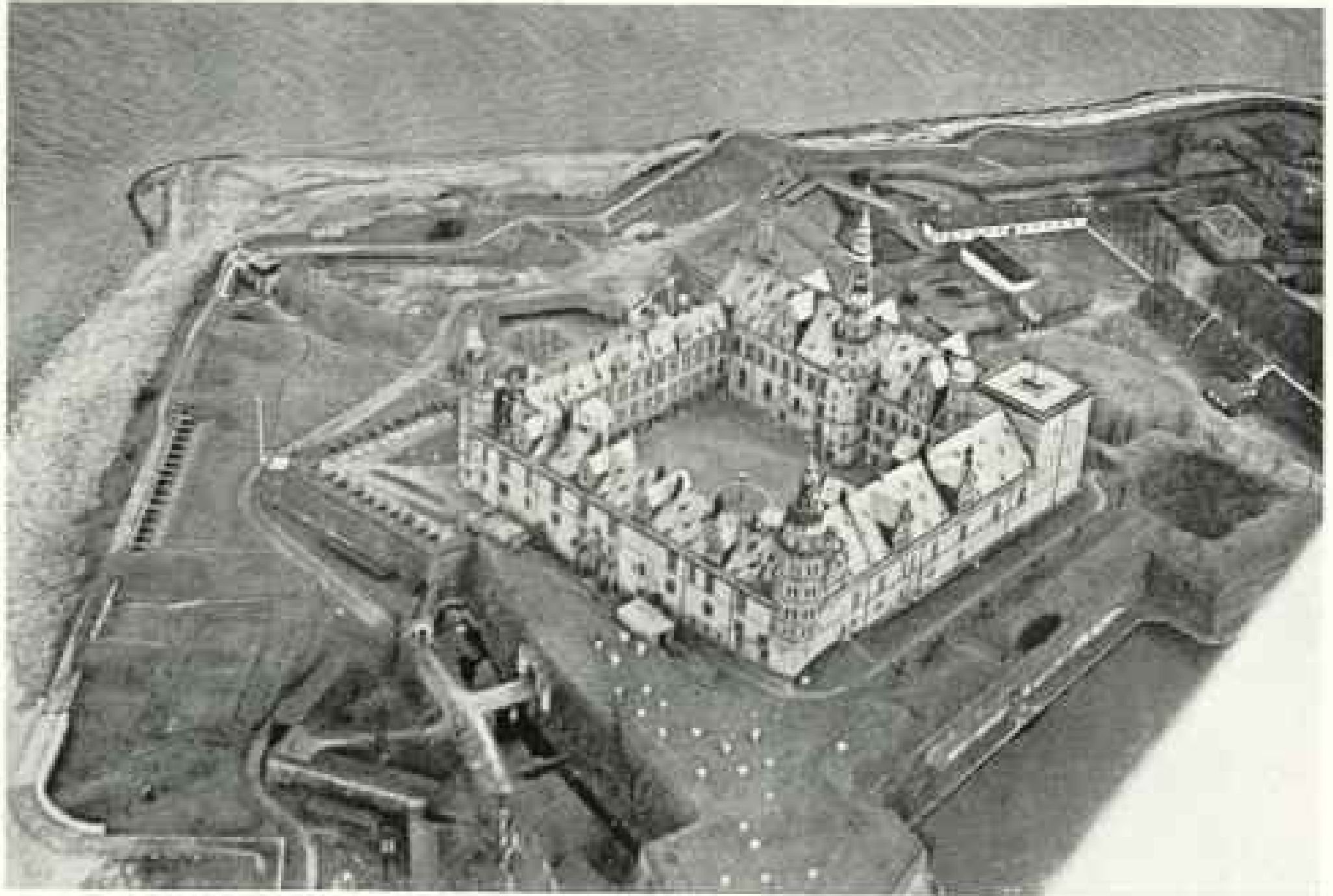
the island until to-day it is the market garden of the capital.

BIG LITTLE BUTTER-AND-EGG NATION

Many of the staple products of Denmark, few in number, enormous in volume, flow into the mammoth, spotless markets and warehouses of Copenhagen. A capital that comprises a fifth of its country's three and a half million population naturally consumes a goodly percentage of its own produce.

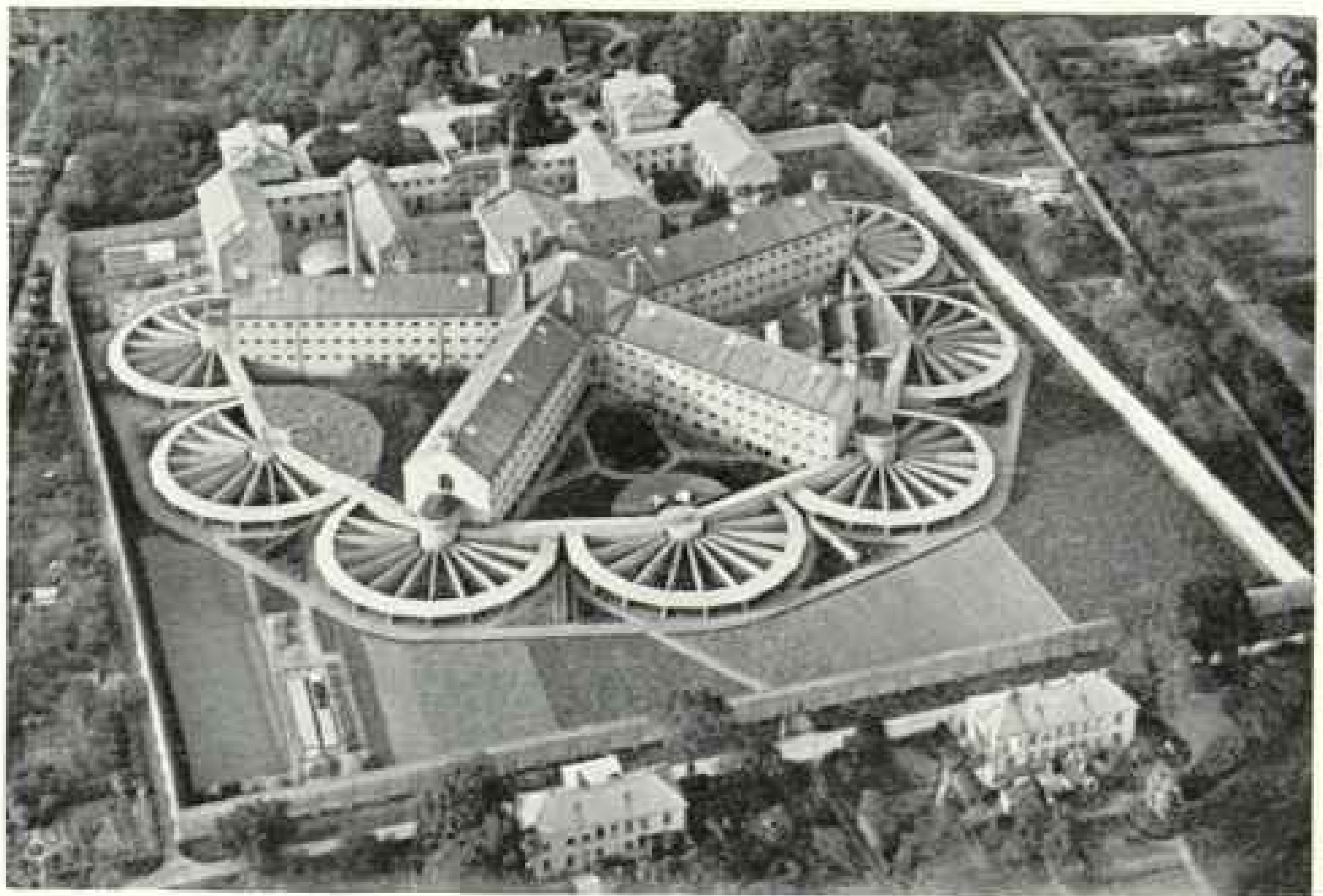
Even then, in 1930, Denmark shipped out 168,000 metric tons of butter, 306,000 metric tons of bacon, 165,000 head of cattle, innumerable tons of cheese and tons of milk (condensed), and enough eggs to supply 55,000,000 cash-and-carry market baskets with a dozen eggs apiece!

Normally, one-fourth of all the butter and one-fifth of all the pork and pork products that enter international trade originate in this country, which is one-third the size of New York State.



THE CASTLE WHICH HAMLET MADE FAMOUS

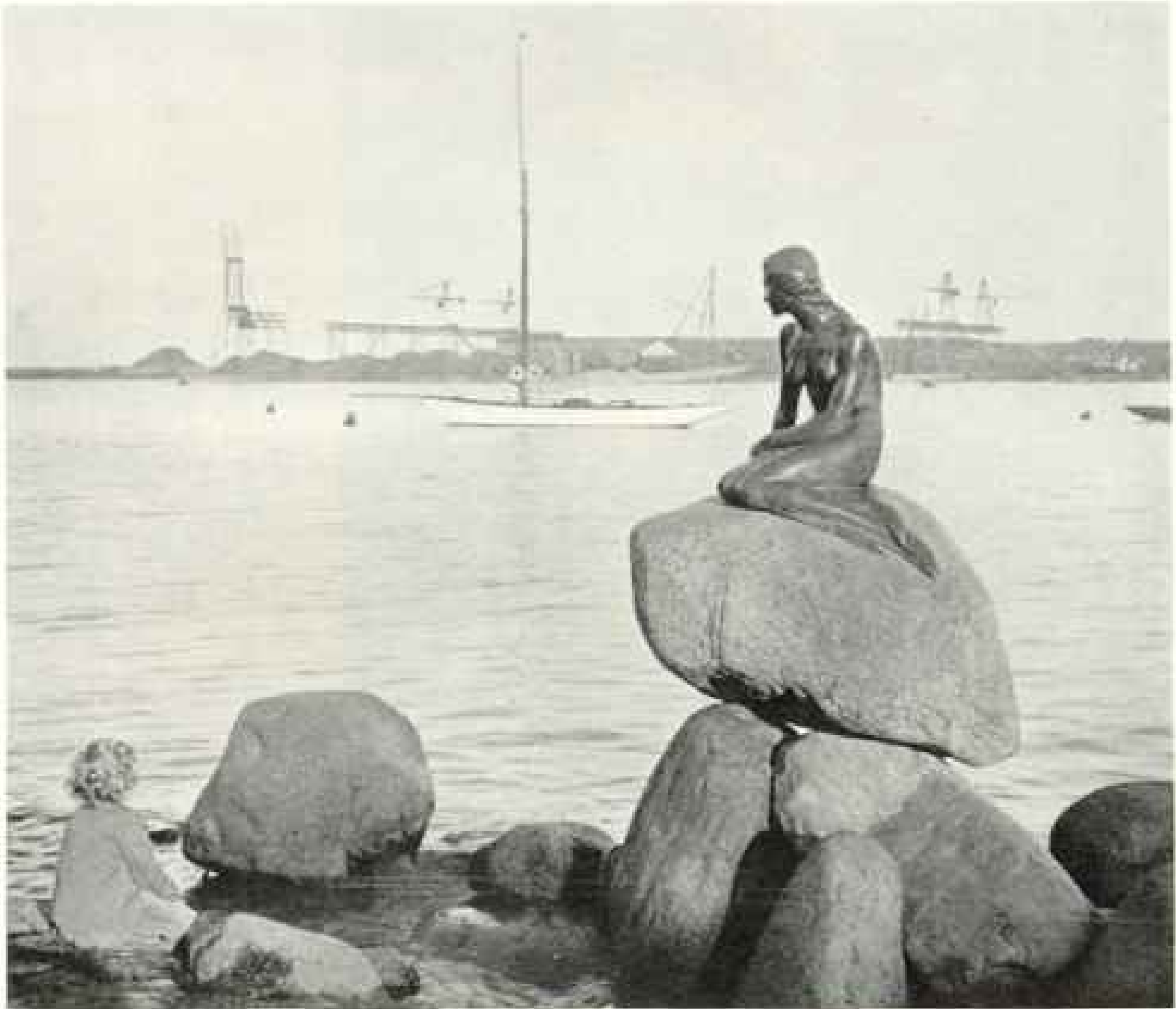
An aerial view of mighty Kronborg Castle, at Helsingør (Elsinore), which dominates the entrance to Øresund (The Sound), a water passage that has been the key to Copenhagen's prosperity through the ages (see text, page 217, and Color Plate VIII).



Photographs by Wide World

AÉRIAL VIEW OF THE "RING-RING" PENITENTIARY

From an airplane this strange prison near Copenhagen looks like a gigantic piece of machinery. Between the "spokes" of the "wheels" are the yards where prisoners take their daily exercise.



Photograph by Donald McLeish

### "THE LITTLE MERMAID"

The Danish sculptor, Edvard Eriksen, has transmuted into bronze one of the famous characters of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales (see text, page 233).

Lacking the coal and iron of Germany, the great forests of the Baltic countries, or the colonies of the Netherlands, except for icy Greenland, Denmark has developed the world's most highly specialized agriculture. Up to the seventies of the last century her farmers grew wheat and timothy, barley and apples, or raised a few pigs, poultry, or horses, each farmer according to his whim or custom.

The crops of Germany, grain from the States, and cattle from Argentina wrecked Denmark's markets, and within a few years the country experienced the greatest transformation of its agriculture in the history of cultivation. Denmark's "agricultural revolution" is comparable to the industrial revolution in England.

"Denmark enriched the soil with the gray matter in the heads of her farmers," one writer puts it. Almost to a man, her

farmers, 92 per cent of whom own the land they cultivate, turned to the great staples she markets to-day. Coöperatives were formed: there now are more than 1,400 coöperative dairy associations alone, and in no phase of her coöperative system, transport, packing, or marketing, is there any government subsidy or control. The Danish farmer has solved for himself the problem of how to coöperate and retain his entire independence.

Not far from the flower market is the Gammel Strand fish market, symbol of the second major source of Denmark's wealth.

Around the equestrian Bishop Absalon sharp-tongued fishwives preside over trays of sleek, squirming, wriggling fish. No Danish housewife or chef would buy a dead "fresh" fish (see pages 221 and 240).

In reality Denmark does have a colony, the economic equivalent of a colony, in the



Photograph by Donald McLeish

#### AN ARTIST IN DENMARR'S DISTINCTIVE INDUSTRY

Many employees of the Royal Porcelain Works and private factories of Copenhagen are descended from generations of porcelain painters. This artist is adding decorations to the smooth, unglazed surface of a china vase. Knowledge of the effects of firing is required, in addition to artistic skill, because some colors alter in tone after being subjected to the fierce heat of the glazing furnaces.

herring shoals of the Sound. Her seines gather heavier tolls from plaice, mackerel, herring, haddock, and eels than her collectors ever did from passing ships. Much of her catch is based on marketing the fish while still alive; hence the gentle seine instead of the rougher trawl.

Fishing, like farming, remains an individual or small-group enterprise. Virtually all the 13,000 odd boats of her fishing fleet are worked by their owners, usually from two to five men. There are no crews paid by great syndicates or companies,

It is a long walk, a walk that will take parts of several days for less than a mile, if the visitor yields to the lure of book stalls and art stores; the little shops that sell candies, hot chocolate, coffee, and tiny cakes; the jewelers who display Gargantuan diamonds, and the dealers whose windows are cluttered with "souvenirs."

Then there are the interminable slot machines, a major import from "the States." They dispense cigarettes and confections, matches and cigars, and even pastry and beverages; for the hard-working Danes have a unanimous distaste for labor after 6 o'clock.

Copenhagen claims to spend more on amusement *per capita* than any city in Europe. One suspects that is true, from the numerous cafés, music halls, cabarets, the opera, theaters, and the circus, which is a year-round institution.

And one is sure of it when he comes out upon the Raadhuspladsen of an evening

and sees the crowds entering the gilded gates of Tivoli Gardens, ablaze with lights, flanked by one more theater and a restaurant which proclaims itself "the largest in Europe."

Tivoli is a mid-city Coney Island, sometimes gaudy with its carousels and acres of colored lights, sometimes bizarre with its concert hall surmounted by Turkish domes and minarets, frequently beautiful with its terraces, trees, and sculptures—sculpture in an amusement park—but never cheap or vulgar.

There one may sip coffee on a terrace, go boating on an electric-lighted lake, see vaudeville, movies, pantomime, puppet shows, hear a classic or a "popular" concert, dance, dine, or just stroll about. On fête nights, when there are special illuminations and fireworks, 50,000 people have passed Tivoli's "golden gate."

#### CASTLES AND MUSEUMS

There are two castles and two museums, all four redolent of the past, among many more, which give a background to Copenhagen's teeming life and activity.

Christiansborg Castle, on the site of Bishop Absalon's first fortifications, houses the Rigsdag (the Danish Parliament) and the Supreme Court (see page 221); but it also is a treasure house of art objects and curios. For example, there is a pulpit carved by a woman carpenter, daughter of a cabinet member, typical of the variety of women's occupations in Denmark.

Then there is Rosenborg Castle, a unique "chronological museum," which holds an interest similar to the famous collection of gowns of Presidents' wives in Washington. In Rosenborg are the prized possessions of the Danish kings.

"It is crammed," wrote Arnold Bennett, "with the miscellaneous ugliness of generations of royal buying"; which is not quite fair, for there is a certain human quality even in its most homely household objects, and frequent beauty in its array of porcelains, Venetian and Bohemian glass, silver thrones, ebony cabinets, hunting horns,



Photograph by Jovals

#### A MODERNISTIC MEMORIAL TO A CLASSIC EDUCATOR

The Grundtvig Church is named for Denmark's pastor-poet, who also revolutionized its educational system. "Our schools are not teaching pupils to think; they keep them from thinking," was his complaint. So-called "progressive" and experimental schools of other lands are adopting the ideas of Grundtvig, which are already incorporated in Danish schools (see text, page 250).

golden vases, rich tapestries, and curious bric-à-brac.

Equally distinctive is the museum entirely given over to Scandinavia's greatest sculptor, Thorvaldsen, gifted son of an Iceland wood-carver. His works are housed in a strange structure, a sort of Viking-Egyptian Valhalla. His body rests in the central court, in a plain tomb swathed by trailing ivy (see page 243).

Two of the sculptor's finest works are to be seen elsewhere. His famous "Twelve Apostles" is the masterpiece of the city's finest church, the Church of Our Lady.





Photograph from V. E. Knutis

#### LOADING DIESEL ENGINES

Shipbuilding is an ancient vocation in Denmark. In recent years the yards have specialized in making motor ships. Half of the world's motor vessels are equipped with Diesel engines of the Danish type, either built in Denmark or by foreign firms under a Danish license.

Another nation, Switzerland, has the best known, the Lion of Lucerne.

Beer built the finest of Copenhagen's several art galleries, the Glyptotek. Brewer Carl Jacobsen developed it as a private collection and presented it to the city. It contains the most comprehensive collection of French sculpture outside France. The collection ranges from Greek works to modernistic Danish paintings.

#### COPENHAGEN'S TRILOGY OF IMMORTALS

But it is not his art, his fine buildings, nor even his beloved theaters, of which the Copenhagen citizen is most proud. Talk to a

Dane for a few minutes and he invariably mentions his schools.

Grundtvig, along with Thorvaldsen and Hans Andersen, rounds out Copenhagen's trilogy of immortals. Every American who sends his children to public schools falls within the scope of Grundtvig's influence, though he may never have heard his name.

His thesis was simple. "Too many books, too much reading; too much doing, too little thinking," was the gist of it.

"What we learn from books is valuable only when we do something with it. What we do is valuable only when we know why we are doing it."

Hence no Danish child is permitted to specialize until he has had a general education. When he takes up a trade or a profession he is taught its background, its relation to life, its philosophy.

More than a hundred high schools are the capstone of the Danish educational system. Rightly or wrongly, there is no "going away" to college. Is not the home a part of life? Then let the pupil learn while he lives normally at home.

Also, let him learn, first hand, on farm, in factory, at art galleries and libraries, in stores, theaters and zoos—let him learn where life is being lived. Perhaps that is why there seem to be so many children everywhere one goes in Copenhagen.

His schools, the Dane will tell you, are why his country is most nearly like ancient Greece in its moderation, its sanity, its lack of affectation, in the aforementioned "high culture of its broad population."

# ANTARCTICA'S MOST INTERESTING CITIZEN

## The Comical Penguin Is Both Romantic and Bellicose

BY WORTH E. SHOULTS

THE Adélie penguin resembles nothing so much as a solemn, rotund little old gentleman in starched shirt and swallow-tail coat. And the bird's habits are as strange as his appearance. He spends his whole allotted span within the Antarctic Circle, supplying that desolate region of ice and snow with one of its few notes of life. His wings are water-wings, which serve him for naught in the air.

Like man, he proposes to the lady of his heart by proffering her a stone. He walks erect, toddling along with precise and preoccupied mien, as though bent on some most important business, but more often than not this attitude is only a pose. Time is really no object to him, and after hurrying away in one direction he is likely to turn and retrace his steps or dash away in some other. Perhaps he may even stop suddenly and, tucking his head beneath a flipper, go calmly to sleep.

If pursued or desirous of moving over soft snow in a hurry, he turns himself into a toboggan by dropping down on his smooth-feathered breast and skidding gaily along, propelled by both feet and flippers. Indeed, his idiosyncrasies are legion, but they make him the most interesting of Antarctic creatures and endear him to every explorer of the desolate South Polar regions.

### ONCE LIVED IN TEMPERATE ZONE

This strangely manlike bird is truly an F. F. A. (First Family of the Antarctic), tracing his ancient lineage back to those halcyon days of the earth's youth before the coming of the great glaciers. Then, in a temperate or perhaps even tropical climate, it is probable that his ancestors flew like other birds. But as centuries passed into ages and cold crept over the land, killing all vegetation, the penguins were forced to seek sustenance in the sea. Eventually their wings adapted themselves to the new mode of life and became the flippers that they are to-day.

The Adélie is a gregarious creature, and in October and November (the Ant-

arctic spring) he congregates, along with countless thousands of his kind, in great rookeries. There the age-old business of choosing a mate is his first consideration; but, as with true love elsewhere, the course of his romance is not always smooth.

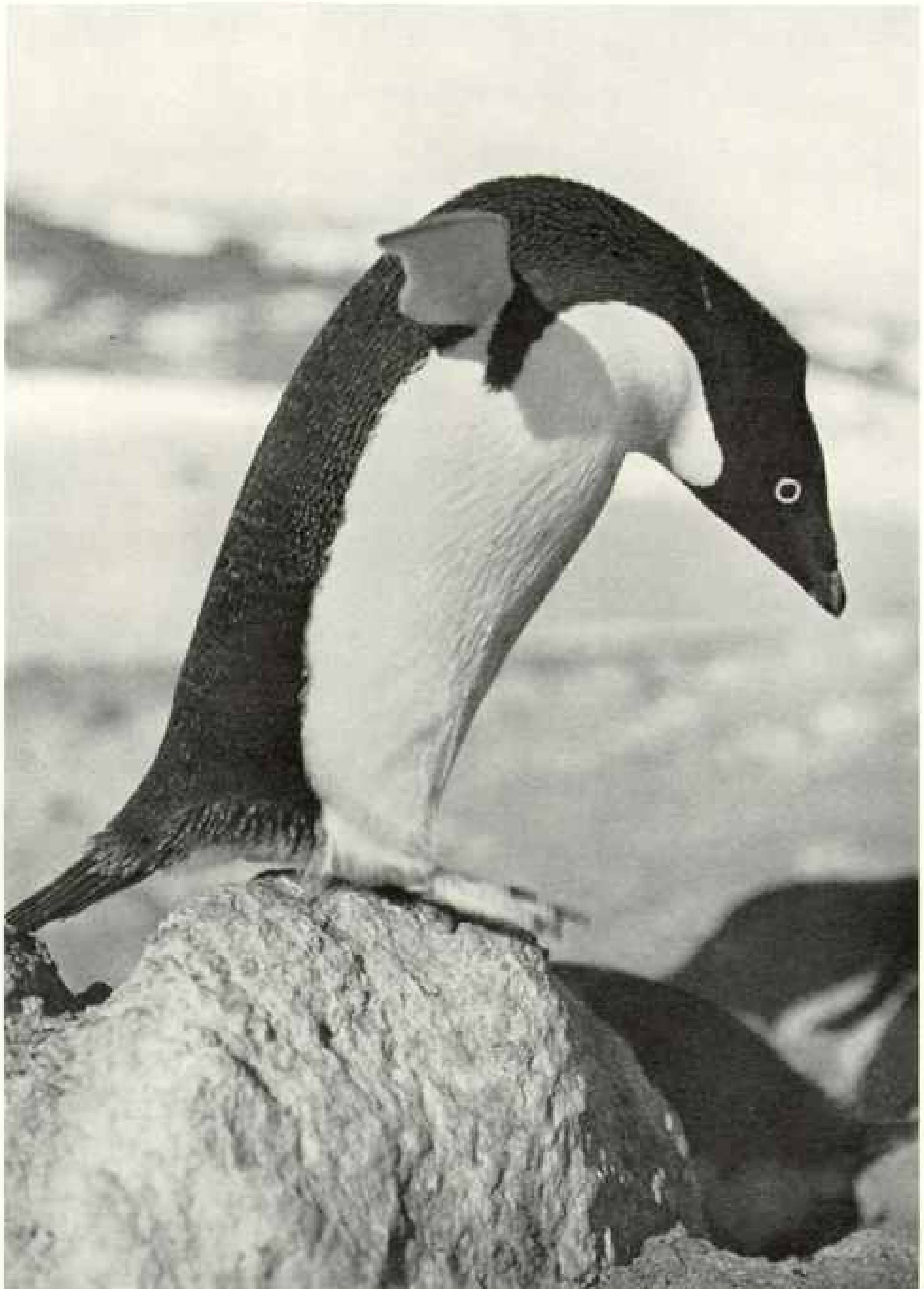
### HIS COURTSHIP IS PERSISTENT

After deciding in his own mind on the fair lady he would wed, he must not only win her favor but also vanquish whatever rivals may present themselves. In achieving the first of these designs, he takes a small stone in his beak and lays it humbly at the lady's feet. This gift is accompanied by a soulful gaze from his white-rimmed eyes and an unmelodious "quaark" from the bottom of his heart.

Very likely he will have to repeat this performance a number of times before he succeeds in breaking through her bashful feminine reserve; but he is nothing if not persistent, and finally she yields to his importunities to the extent of giving him a critical glance. Thus encouraged, he assumes his grandest posture and invites further inspection. If he pleases her, the lady squawks her approval, he adds his vocal efforts to make it a duet, and both sway and stretch and gaze heavenward in an ecstasy of penguinial bliss.

But gentleman penguins are not only good lovers, they are extremely pugnacious as well, and when more than one Romeo is attracted to the same Juliet, a merry fracas is likely to ensue. With beaks and flippers they go for each other, delivering vicious cuts and stabs and raining savage blows about them with such speed that the eye can hardly follow. If the fair object of all this excitement has a preference for one of the combatants, she may enter the fray on his side, but more often she will sit serenely by while her admirers do battle. Eventually one of them will beat a forced retreat and leave the spoils of war to his conqueror.

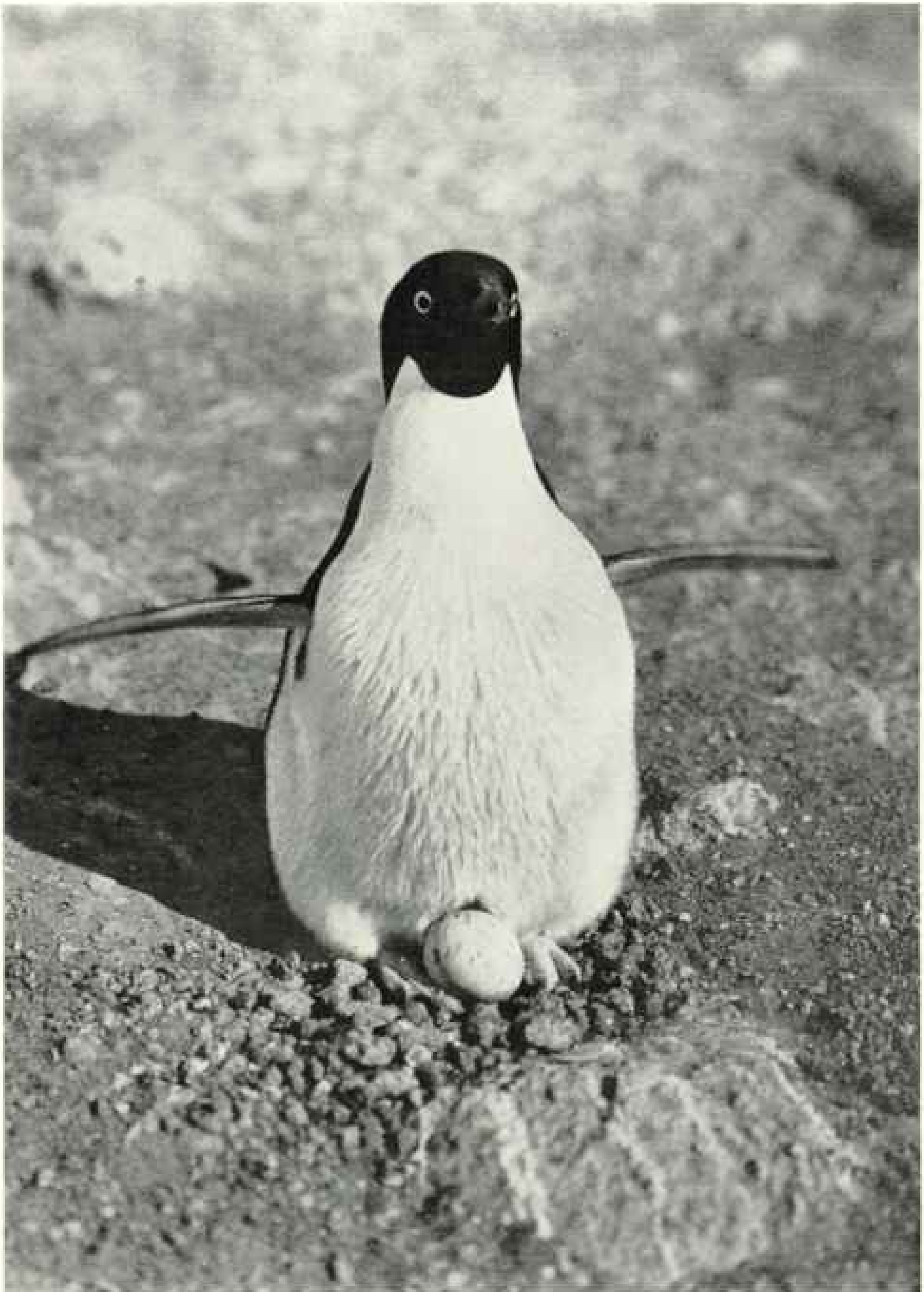
After courtship comes the important business of nest-building; and this, too, is accompanied by much ado. An Adélie's nest consists of a loose pile of small



© Herbert G. Puntling

## AN ADÉLIE PENGUIN PREPARES TO "TAKE OFF"

As the polar bear symbolizes the Arctic, so this bird has come to personate the South Polar regions of eternal snow. Not only does the penguin constitute a reception committee to greet the visitor to its frozen homeland, but it also provides a source of never-failing interest while he is there. Penguins cannot fly, but they go through all the preparations for a take-off, and then, with flippers outstretched, neck extended, and tail balanced, they make a two- or three-foot hop from one rock to another. Admiral Byrd reported that Adélies were the constant companions of his party at Little America. They seemed fearless and insatiably curious.



© Herbert G. Ponting

"SEE WHAT A FINE EGG I'VE LAID"

One marvels that penguins are ever able to hatch their eggs at all in the harsh climate of Antarctica. Their nests are not lined with down or other soft material and the eggs are kept warm by being inclosed in a deep crease in the thick feathers of the bird's lower abdomen. They are frequently turned, feet and beak both being used for this purpose. The Adélie's eggs are about the size of those of a goose and make excellent eating. The Emperor penguin builds no nest, but hatches her chick on the ice. To prevent the single egg from chilling during incubation, she holds it on her feet.



© Herbert G. Ponting

"BIRD-MEN" OF THE FAR SOUTH MAKE THEIR WAY ACROSS THE GREAT ICE PACK

When seen at a short distance for the first time, penguins might well be mistaken for the gnomes and elves of childhood fairy tales. For the first year or two of their lives, the Adélies do not leave the pack ice, for there they are comparatively safe from their worst enemies and are assured of an abundance of food.



© Herbert G. Ponting

THE PHOTOGRAPHER VISITS A PENGUIN ROOKERY AT CAPE ROYDS

The strange birds possess a well-developed bump of curiosity and have little fear of man. They made small objection to his presence on their breeding ground, and when he kept perfectly still paid little attention to him. One day, however, a penguin waddled up and with a friendly "quark" placed a pebble at his feet. This performance the bird repeated several times, until Mr. Ponting, thinking to encourage it, replied with a "quark" of his own. Whereupon the startled creature fled as fast as feet and flippers could speed it.



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## PENGUINAL DOMESTIC RELATIONS ARE NOT ALWAYS TRANQUIL

The Lothario on the left arrived late at the rookery and then attempted to shatter the marital happiness of the devoted pair by the nest. The husband squawked his protest in vain, and then set about defending his home and honor more vigorously. In the battle royal which ensued, virtue triumphed and the defeated interloper was forced to beat a wobbly retreat.



© Herbert G. Puntig

CASTING A COVETOUS EYE ON HIS NEIGHBOR'S NEST

Stealing nest stones might almost be termed a national sport among the Adélie penguins. This gentleman is about to attempt to purloin one from the outskirts of the nest before him, but he reckons without the watchfulness of the lady occupying it. She has her eye peeled for trouble.





COMING UP FOR AIR

© Herbert G. Ponting

Colonies of Adélies are sometimes completely snowed under while setting. They will not leave their eggs to seek shelter, but their breath keeps an airway melted through to the surface. After the storm is over hundreds of black heads protrude through the snow and numberless "gollywog" eyes look the situation over, probably with a view to deciding how long it will take wind and sun to remove the white blanket.



© Herbert G. Ponting

"COME BACK, YOU NAUGHTY BOY"

After the young birds get big enough to wander away from their nests, it is not long until many of them lose their identity entirely and never again find the parental stone pile. These waifs wander about the rookery in constant quest of food, and any penguin returning full of shrimps from the sea becomes a potential source of supply, to be besieged and importuned until he disgorges a meal for the hungry youngsters.

stones, quite unadorned or softened with lining; but, unfortunately for the peace of the avian community, there is not in the near vicinity a sufficient supply of such building material to go around. Thus does temptation enter into the life of a penguin. His soul is filled with a great desire and he longs to supply his wife with more and better stones for the construction of their little love nest, but there are none to be had, with honor.

Soon he covets those within his neighbor's stone pile, and, having thus broken one commandment, he skids farther along the downward path and before long is engaged in taking what he can while the neighbor isn't looking.

Constant vigilance is the price that must be paid for keeping a stone bungalow under one's feathers in a city of penguins.

After the newlyweds have become proficient enough at the gentle art of purloining stones to be able to maintain a nest, two eggs are laid and the process of incubation commences. This lasts about a month, with both birds participating, for they have a strong parental instinct and sit patiently for long hours at a time to protect their eggs from the harsh Antarctic blasts.

While sitting on the nests, hen birds amuse themselves by attempting to reach out with their beaks and lift a stone from the pile next door. If detected, and they frequently are, this is a signal for a squabble, and, without leaving their nests, the two ladies try to bite out each other's tongues. Happily, they seldom succeed.

When hatched, the chicks are little balls of sooty down, and they wear their "baby clothes" for some weeks before exchanging them for suits of feathers. They start getting hungry soon after they are hatched, and continue in a state of unappeased appetite as long as there is the smallest empty space within their elastic young bodies.

Adélies live largely on a small, red, shrimplike crustacean which occurs in amazing numbers in the Antarctic seas. There is little or nothing for them to eat on the land, and therefore, until the chicks

are fully developed and able to take care of themselves in the water, they must be fed. This their elders accomplish by means of regurgitation.

The bogy man for baby penguins takes the form of a skua gull. This unpleasant bird conceives its mission in life to be the prevention of overpopulation among the Adélies, and woe be unto the unwary chick which wanders away from its comrades. A marauding skua will drop down beside it and with a few savage blows of its strong beak end the chick's earthly career and feast upon the remains.

#### A VISIT TO PENGUINS IN THE WASHINGTON ZOO

Adélies have never been successfully transplanted from snowy wastes. However, some of their cousins have survived the milder temperatures of Europe and America and are to be found in certain of the larger zoological gardens.

I visited a pair at the National Zoological Park at Washington, D. C., and found them quite well disposed. As I entered the inclosure both of them came forward with grave and dignified demeanor and emitted several "quaarks" of greeting. Coming closer, they gave me a careful inspection, out of first one eye and then the other, and then sat down with an air of resignation and an expression of utter boredom. My feelings were a bit ruffled until the keeper assured me that their behavior was due to the keen disappointment they experienced on finding that I was not a fish.

When the new wing of the birdhouse at the Washington Zoo is completed, one end of it is to hold a large glassed inclosure. Within this, ice machines are to create an Antarctic atmosphere, in which it is hoped that a colony of penguins will live and flourish. Perhaps science will yet devise a means whereby those of us who cannot well travel to the South Pole may nevertheless enjoy the captivating drollery of the Adélie penguin, most interesting resident of Antarctica.

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*Members of the National Geographic Society and readers of the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE who visit Washington at any time, especially during the Bicentennial Celebration of 1932, are cordially invited to the headquarters of The Society, at 16th and M streets N. W., which will be glad to be of service in holding mail directed in its care.*

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**AT** an expense of over \$50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

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**NOT** long ago The Society granted \$25,000, and in addition \$75,000 was given by individual members to the Government when the congressional appropriation for the purpose was insufficient, and the finest of the giant sequoia trees of California were thereby saved for the American people.

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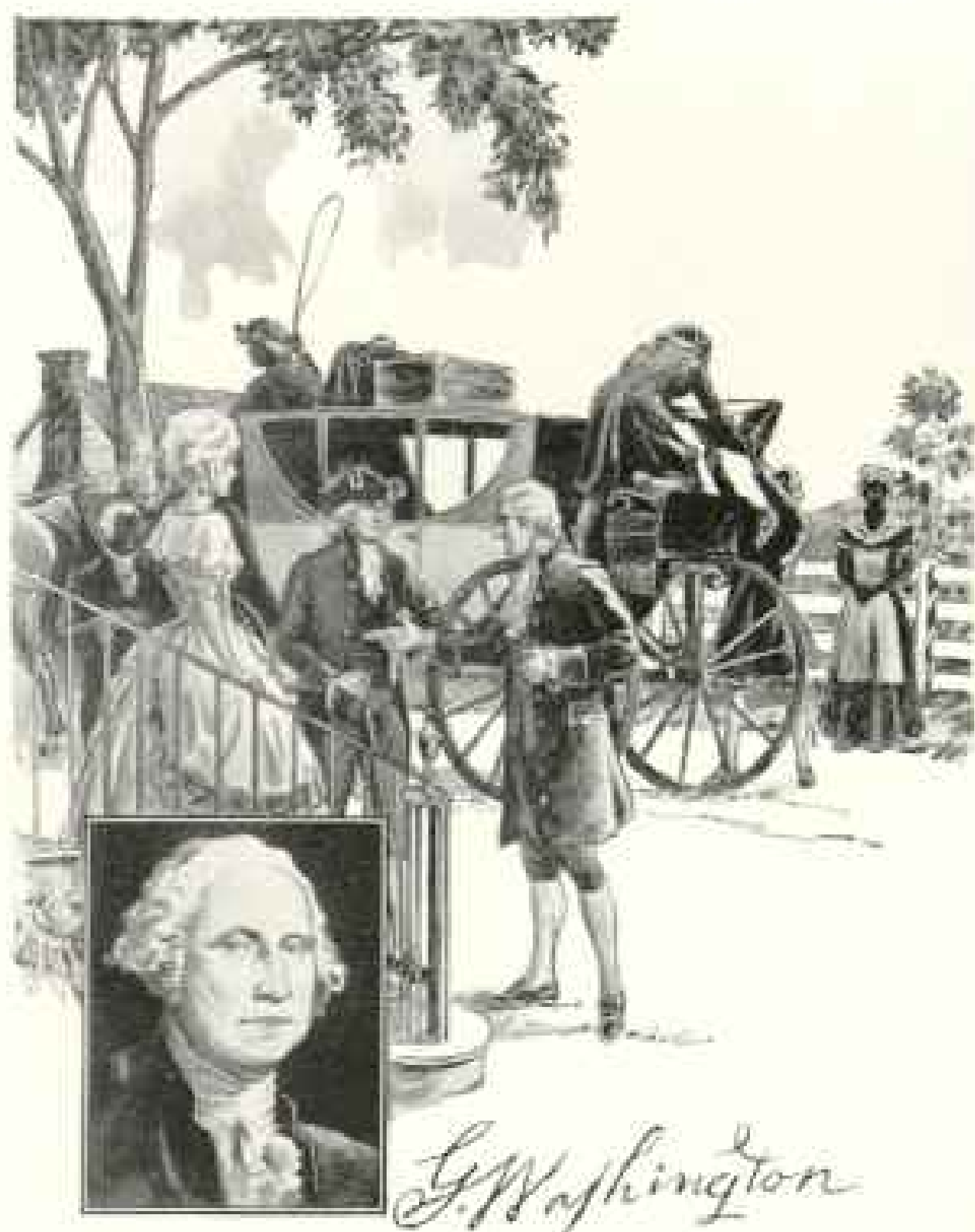
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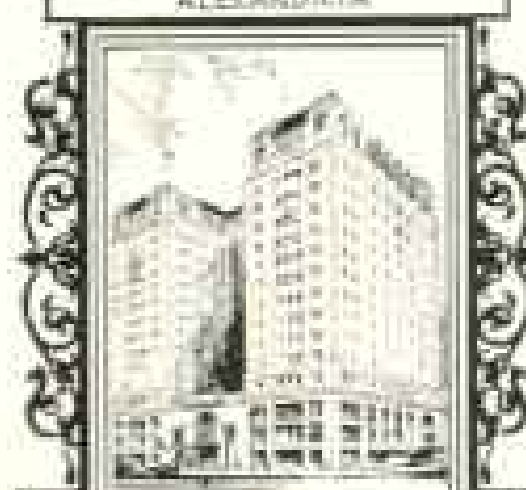
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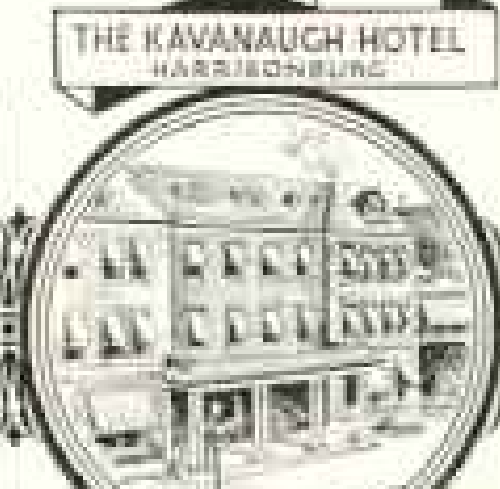
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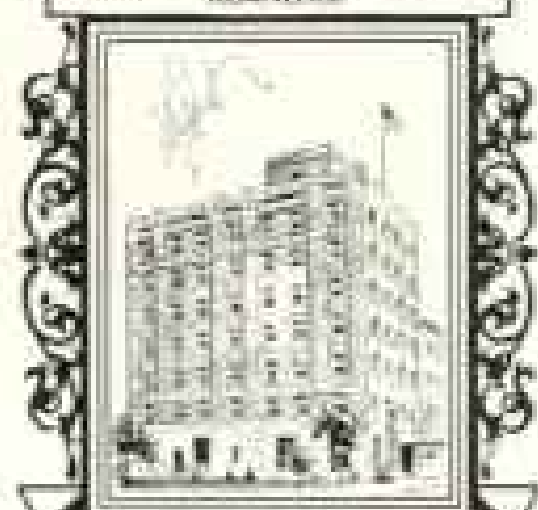
THE LORRAINE HOTEL  
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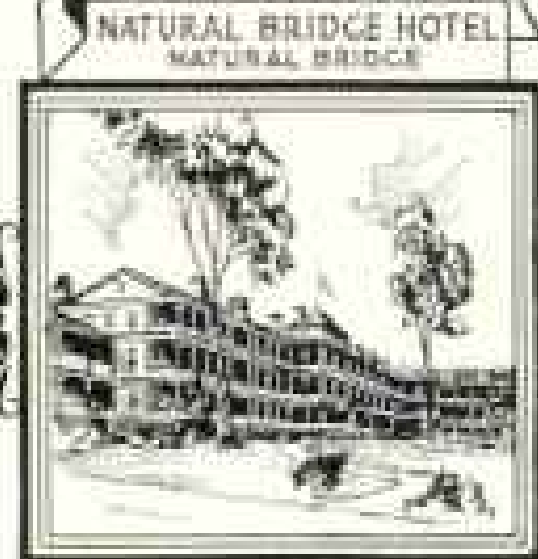
WARWICK  
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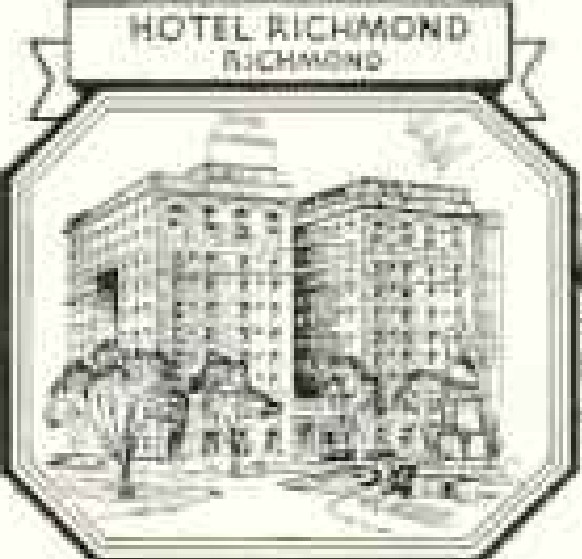
SKYLAND  
PAGE COUNTY



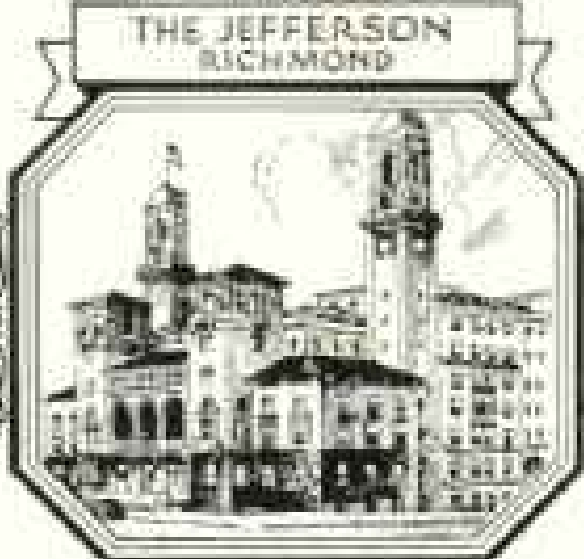
HOTEL MARION  
MARION



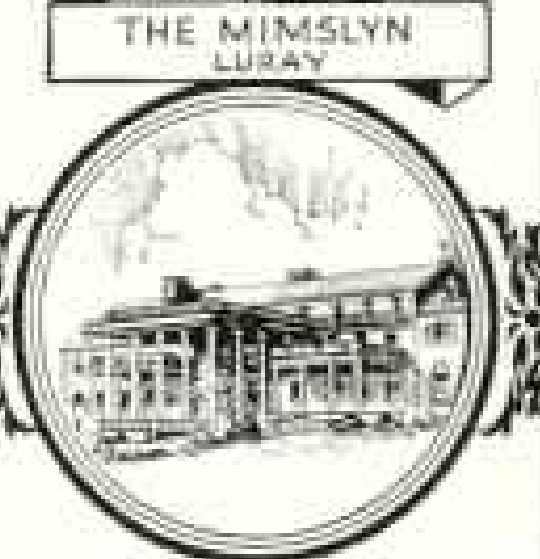
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Let Southern California give you a vacation you will remember all your life. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.

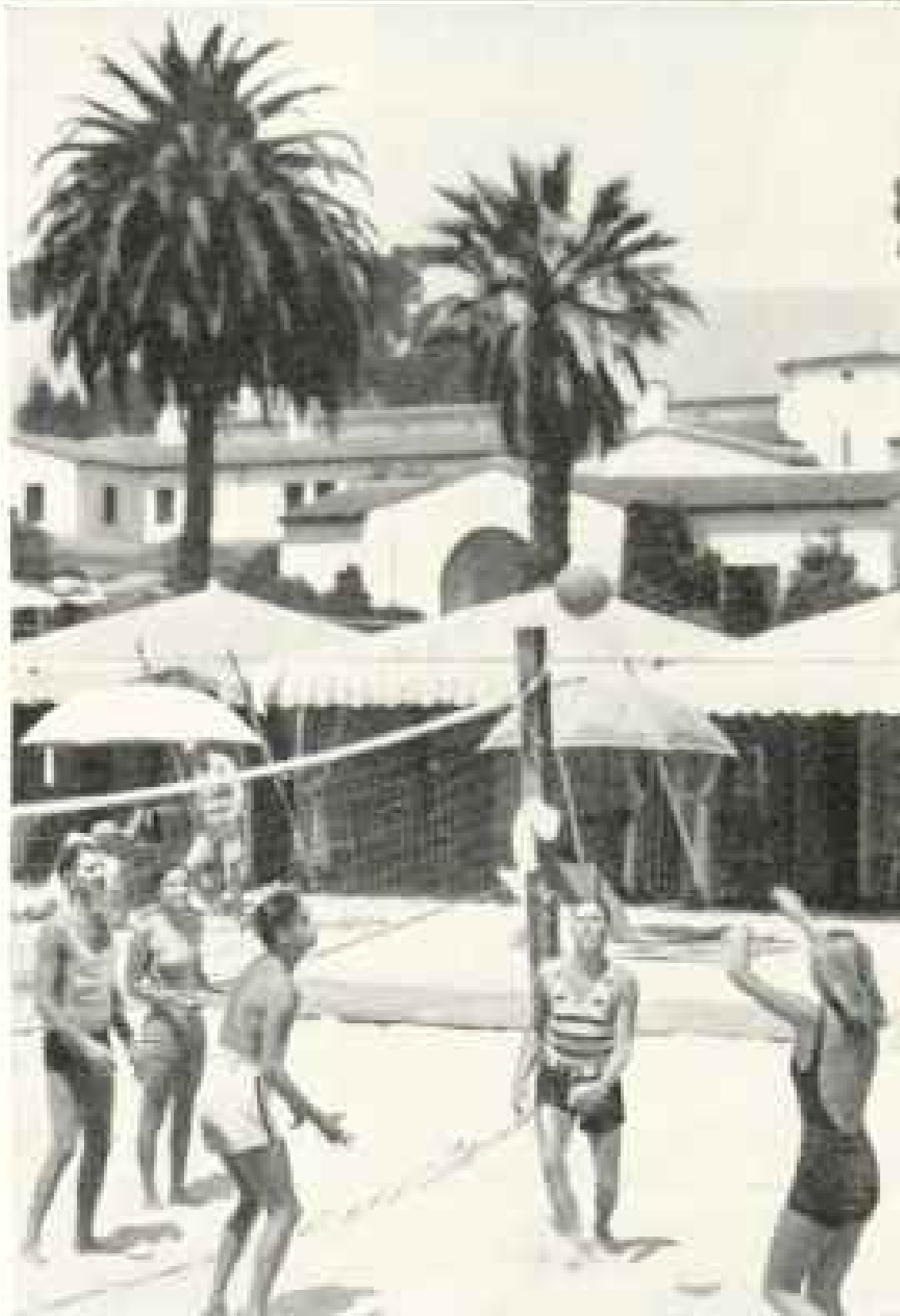
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By rail (new low summer fares) from most U.S. points, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least 11 days actually here. Costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. For in this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free.

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“I wish I was going to Thornton’s dance, but I will be out of town. Who is he going to invite? If all are as busy as me, he will only have a small party . . .”



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IF YOU were introduced to an attractive, prosperous-looking man or woman who constantly made crude mistakes in grammar and pronunciation, what would you think? You could not *help* thinking that this person was sadly lacking in education; you would feel that he or she belonged on a lower social level.

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You may not make such glaring errors as *I ain't*, *yow*, *veat*, and *between you and I*, but perhaps you commit other mistakes which offend the ears of those who know, and cause them to judge you unfairly. Perhaps you sometimes use *take* for *take*, or *would* for *should*? Are you always sure whether to spell words with one or two “c’s” or “m’s” or “r’s” or with “er” or “ir”? Do you ever say, “I did it already” or “He don’t mean what he says”?

Sherwin Cody found that under old methods rules are memorized, but correct habits are not formed. Soon the rules themselves are forgotten. The new Sherwin Cody method provides for the formation of correct habits by constantly calling attention only to the mistakes you make—and then showing you the right way. Correct English soon becomes “second nature.” Already over 70,000 people have used this method with the most marked results.

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All the Bran



# Let Him Hear



**M**ANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis, or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

There are millions of adults in the United

States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened. Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

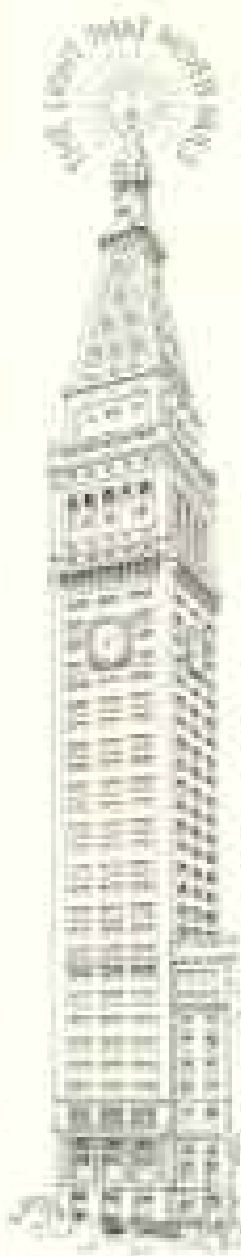
With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue to old and young. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.



*For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction. It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium telephone sets, amplified*

*radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids. It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1337-35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

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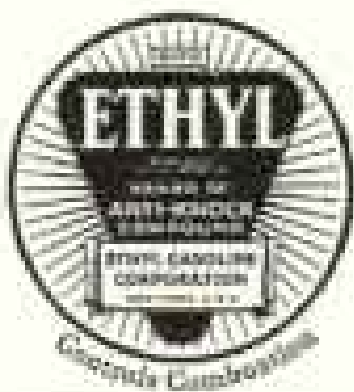
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ORDINARY GASOLINE is in the cylinder. You see the spark in the picture at the left. In the best the gasoline vapor starts to burn. More—more—more burns. Then suddenly, in the sixth picture—BANG! The remaining gasoline explodes. That is KNOCK. The last picture shows nothing but afterglow. Knock wasted the gasoline that should be working now.

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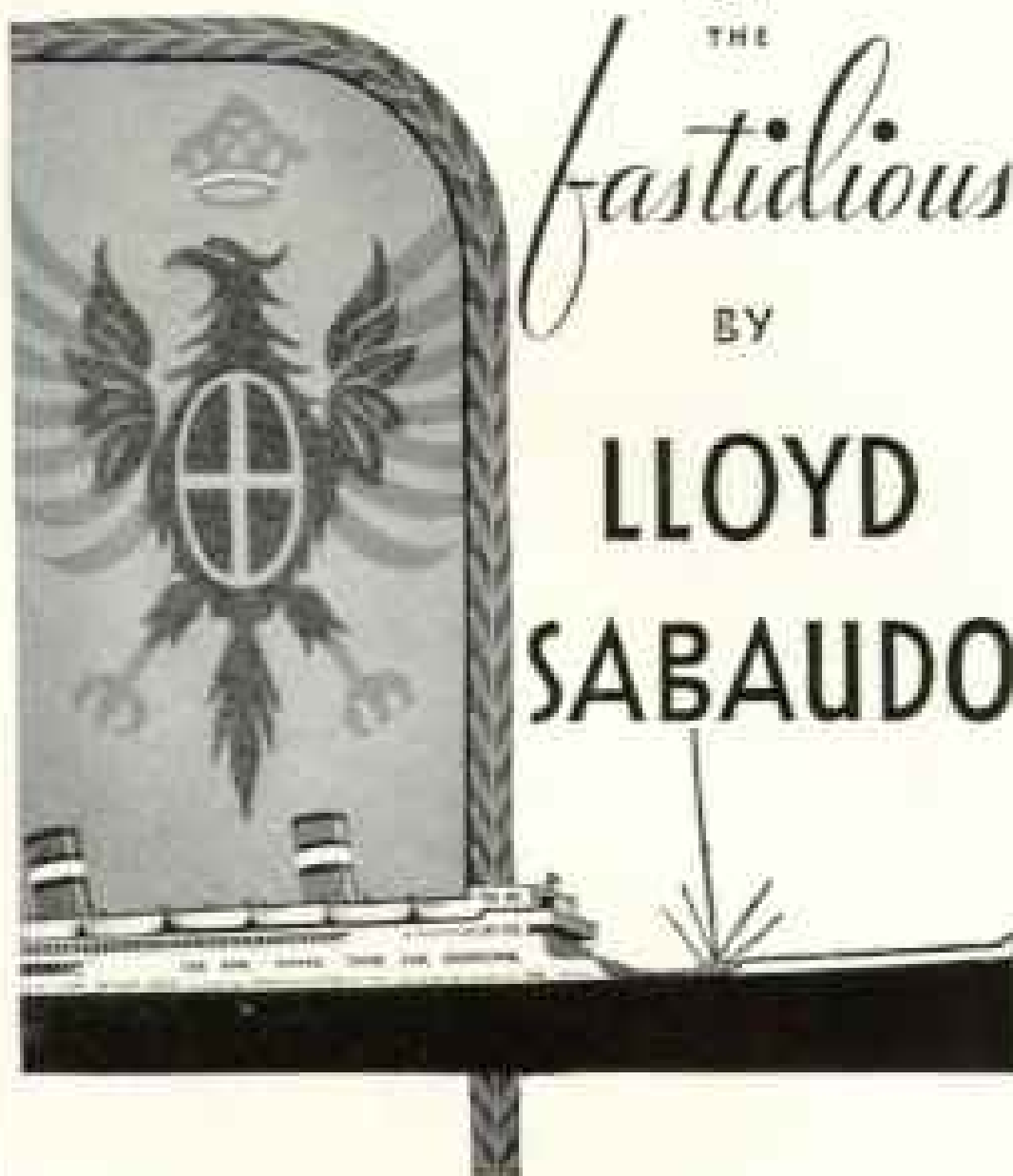
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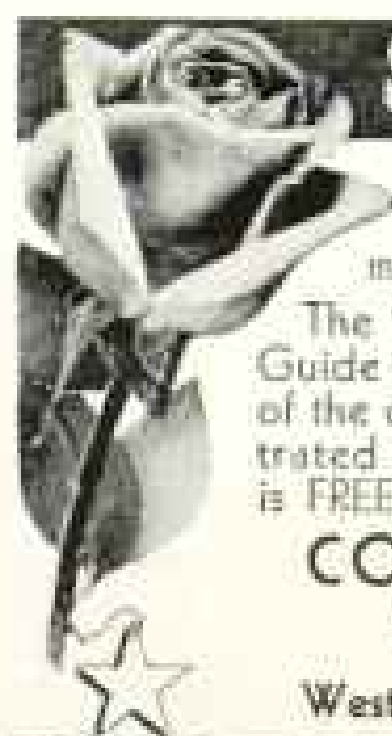
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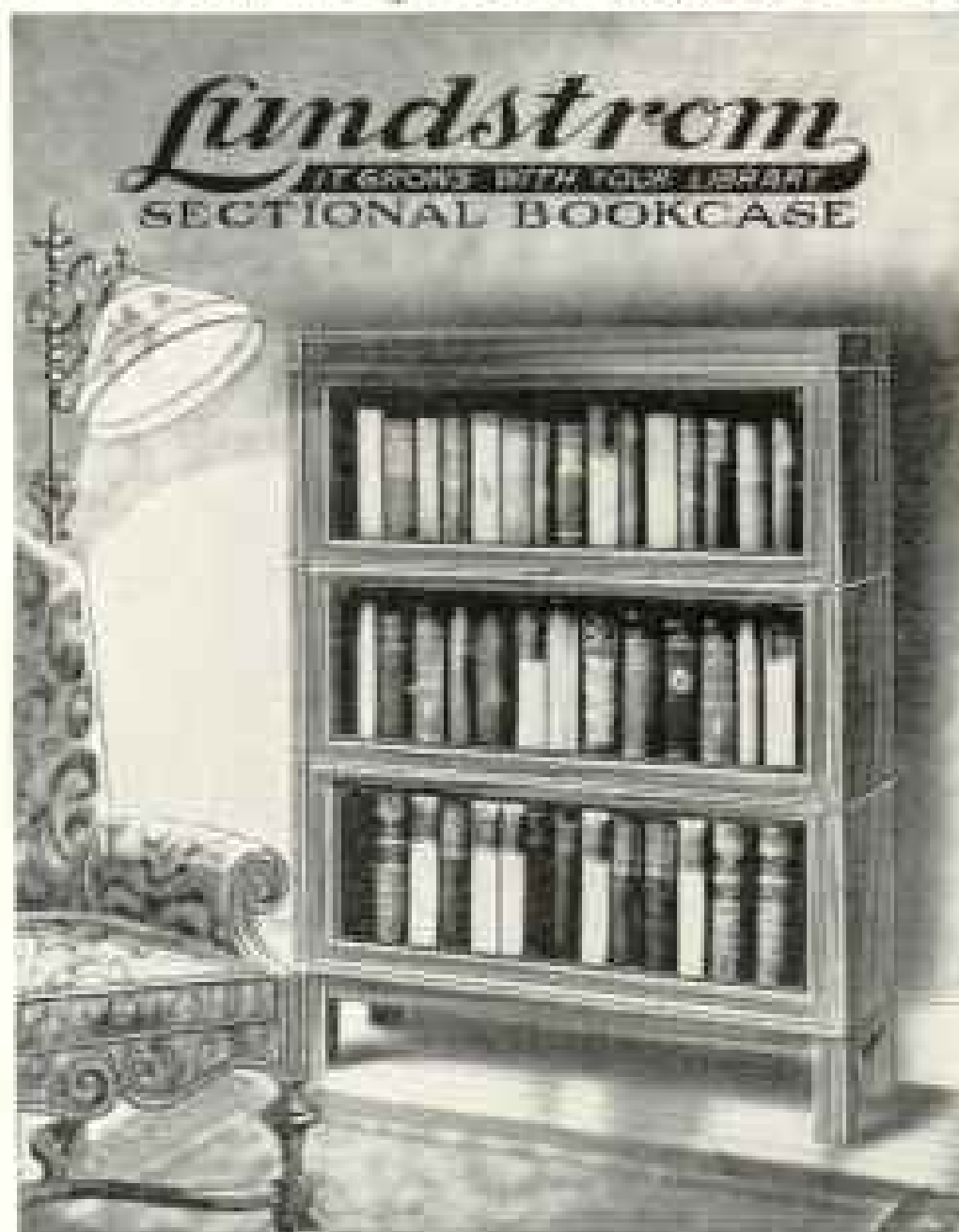
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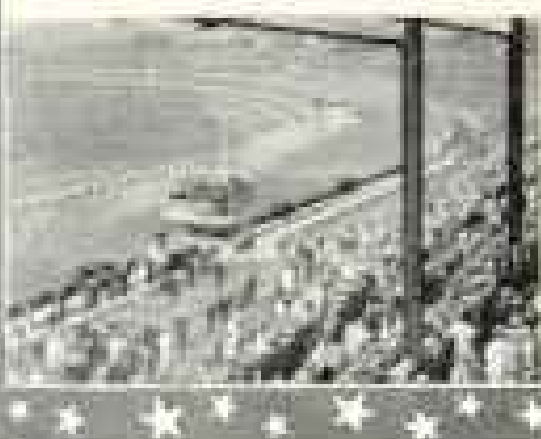


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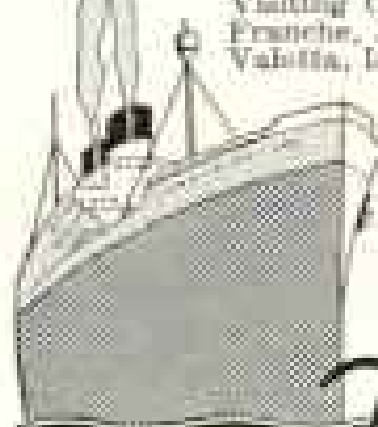
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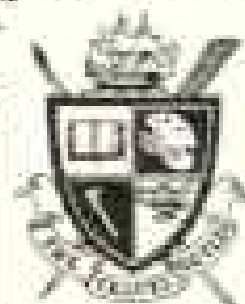
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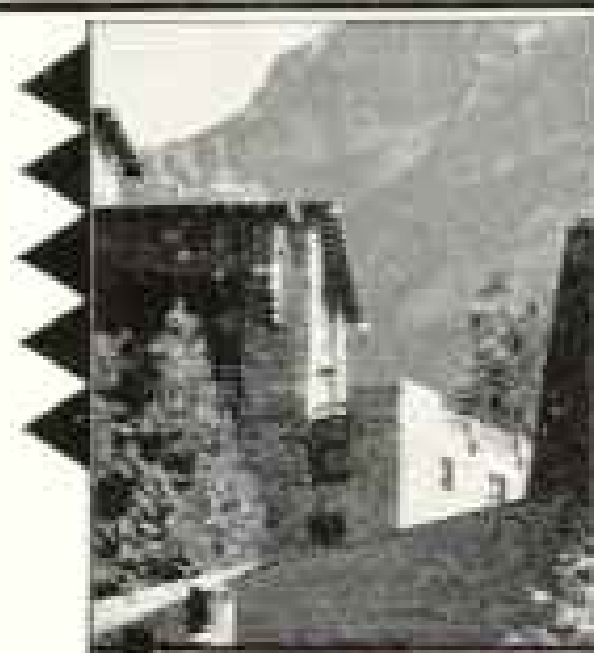
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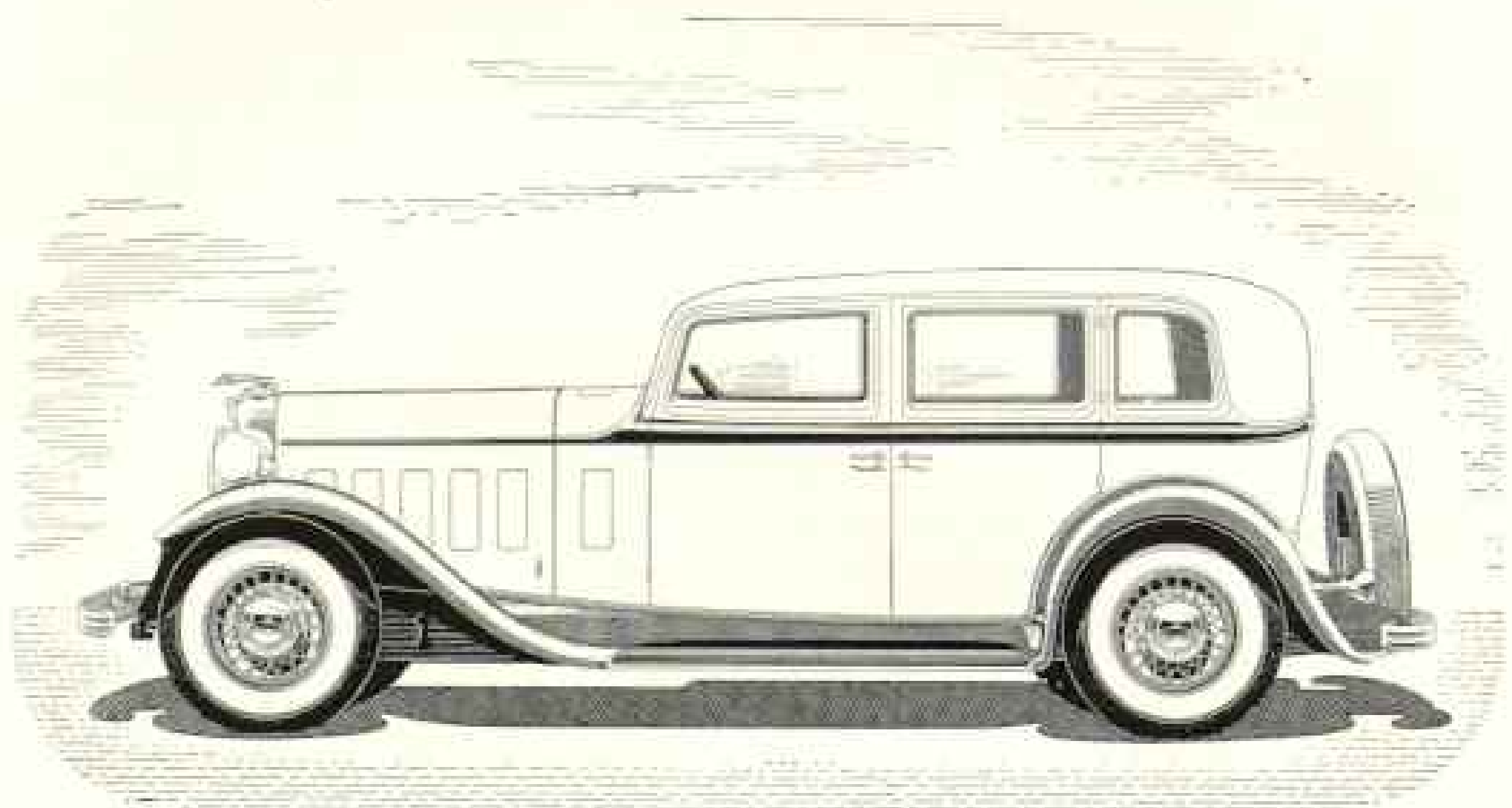
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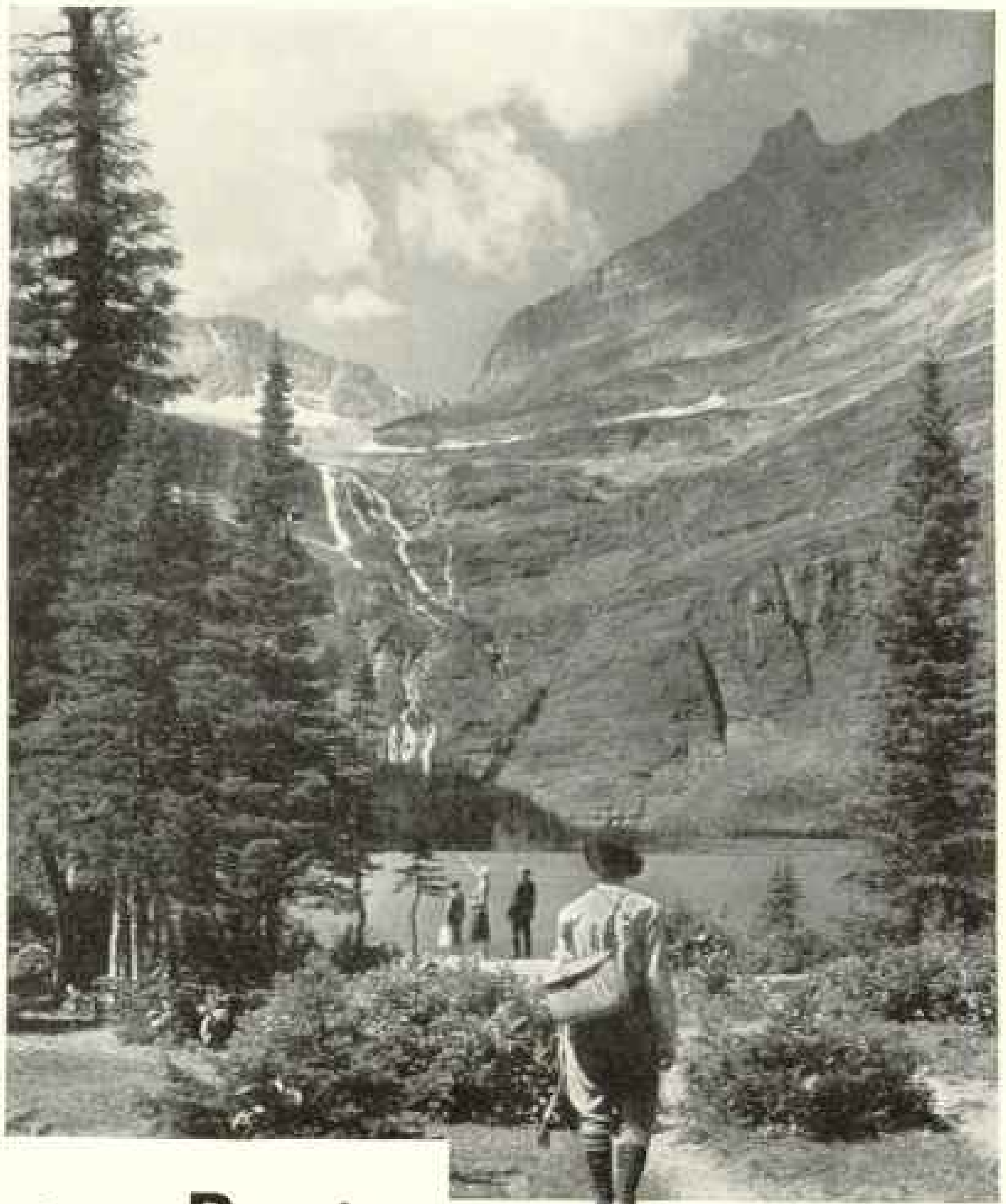
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