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CONTENTS

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To carry out the purpose for which it was founded twenty-eight years ago, namely, "the increase and diffusion of geographic knowledge," the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts from the publication are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge and the study of geography. Articles or photographs from members of the Society, or other friends, are desired. For material that the Society can use, adequate remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage, and be addressed:

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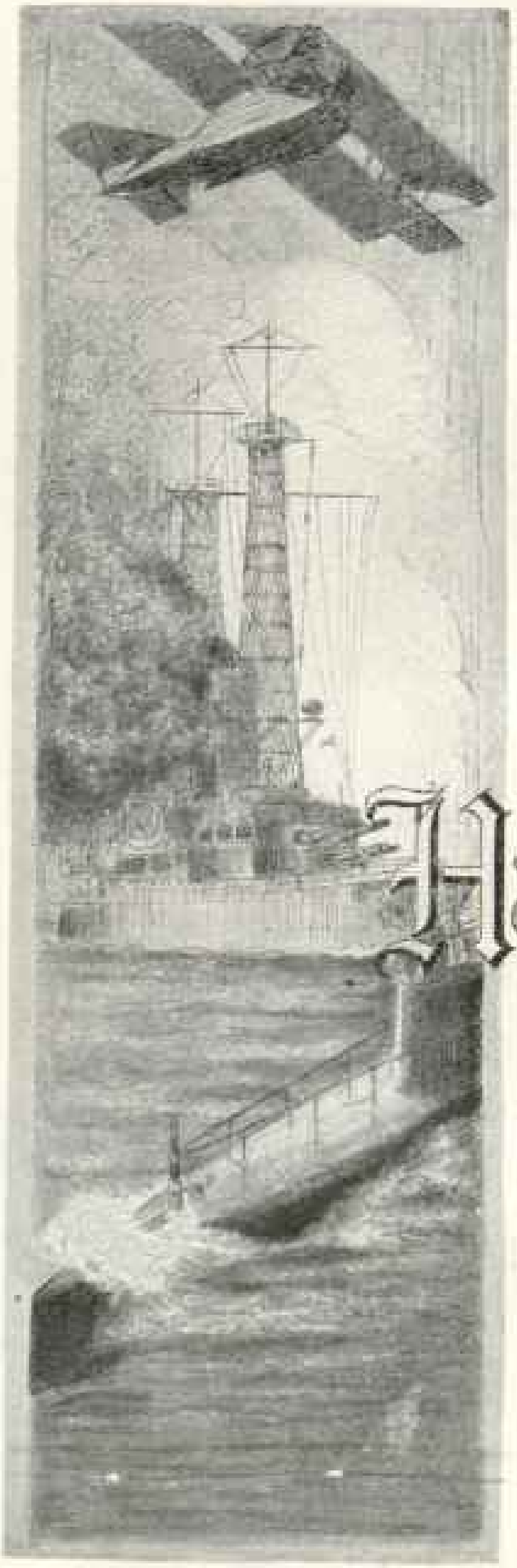

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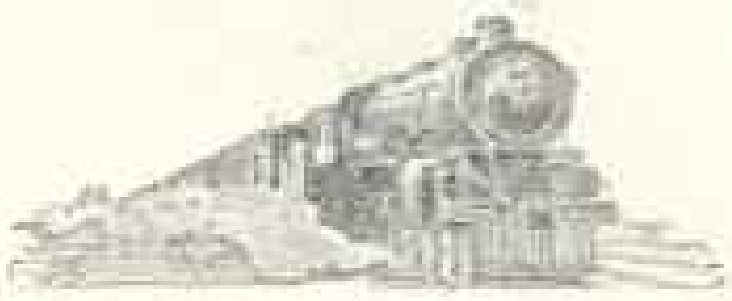

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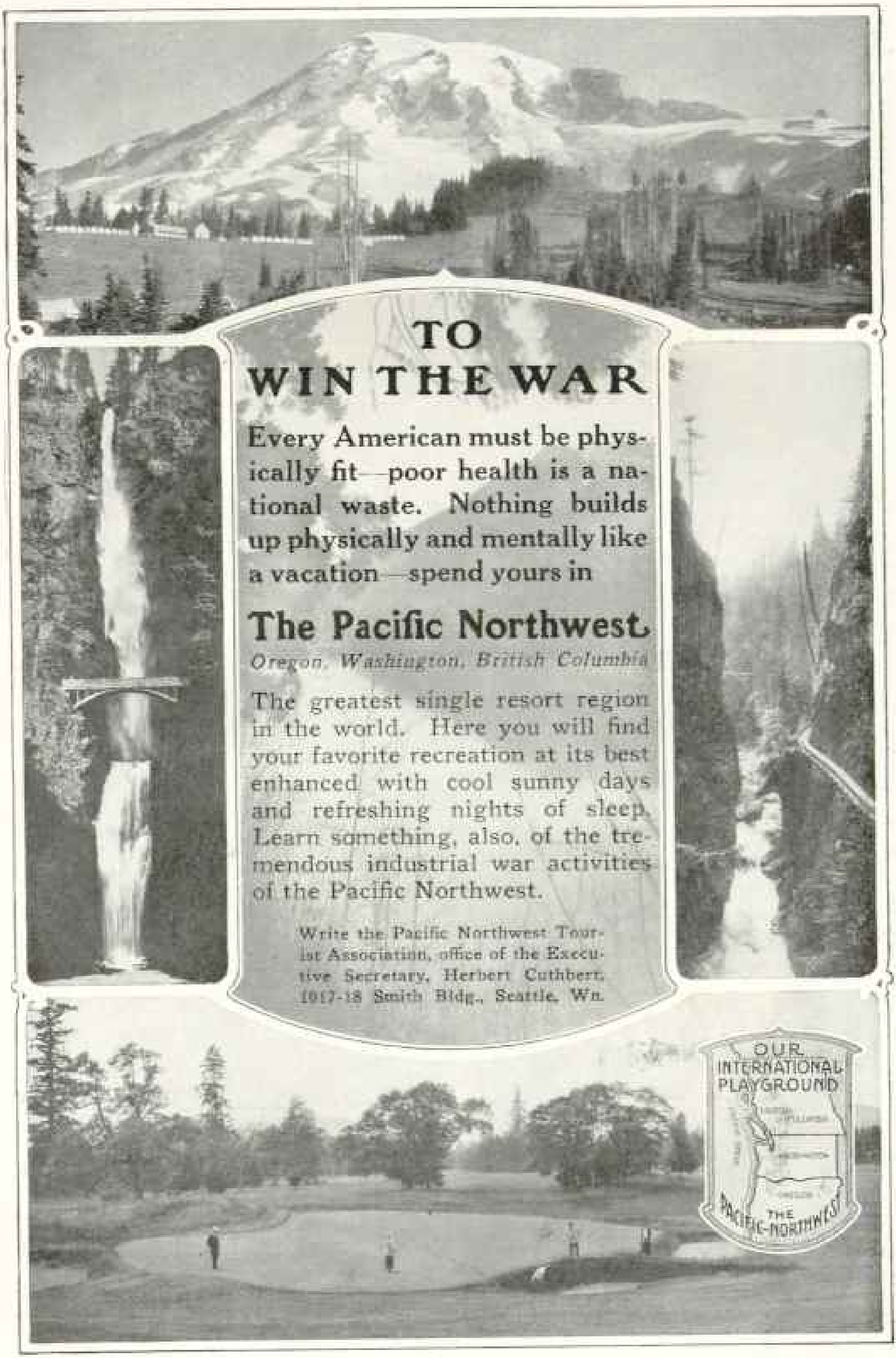
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* * *

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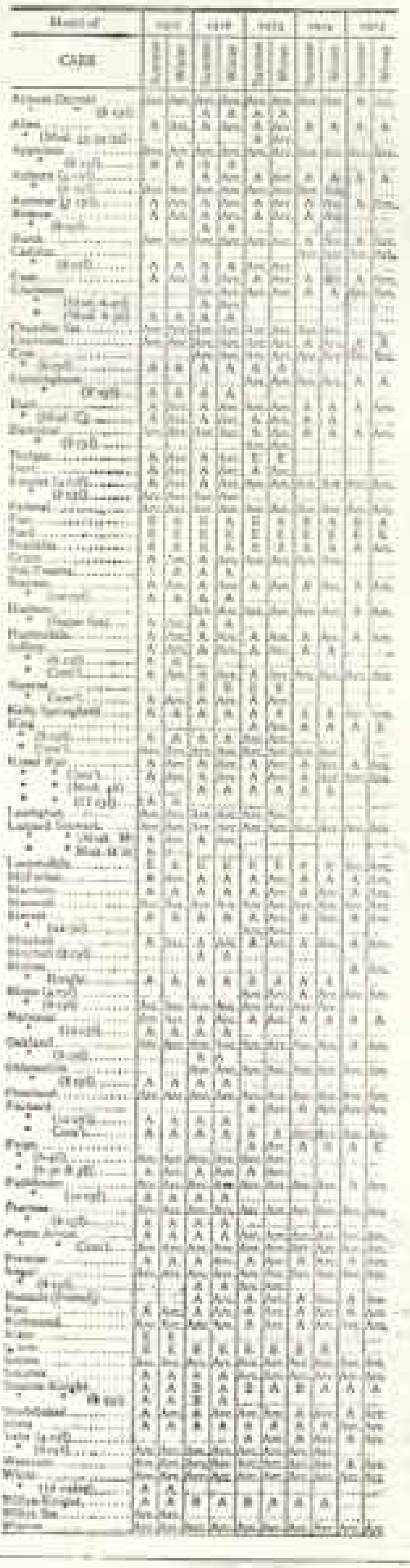
This Chart is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Co.'s Board of Engineers and represents our professional advice on Correct Automobile Lubrication.



House on Fresh Pond Parkway, Cambridge, Mass. *Charles R. Greco, Architect, Boston, Mass.*

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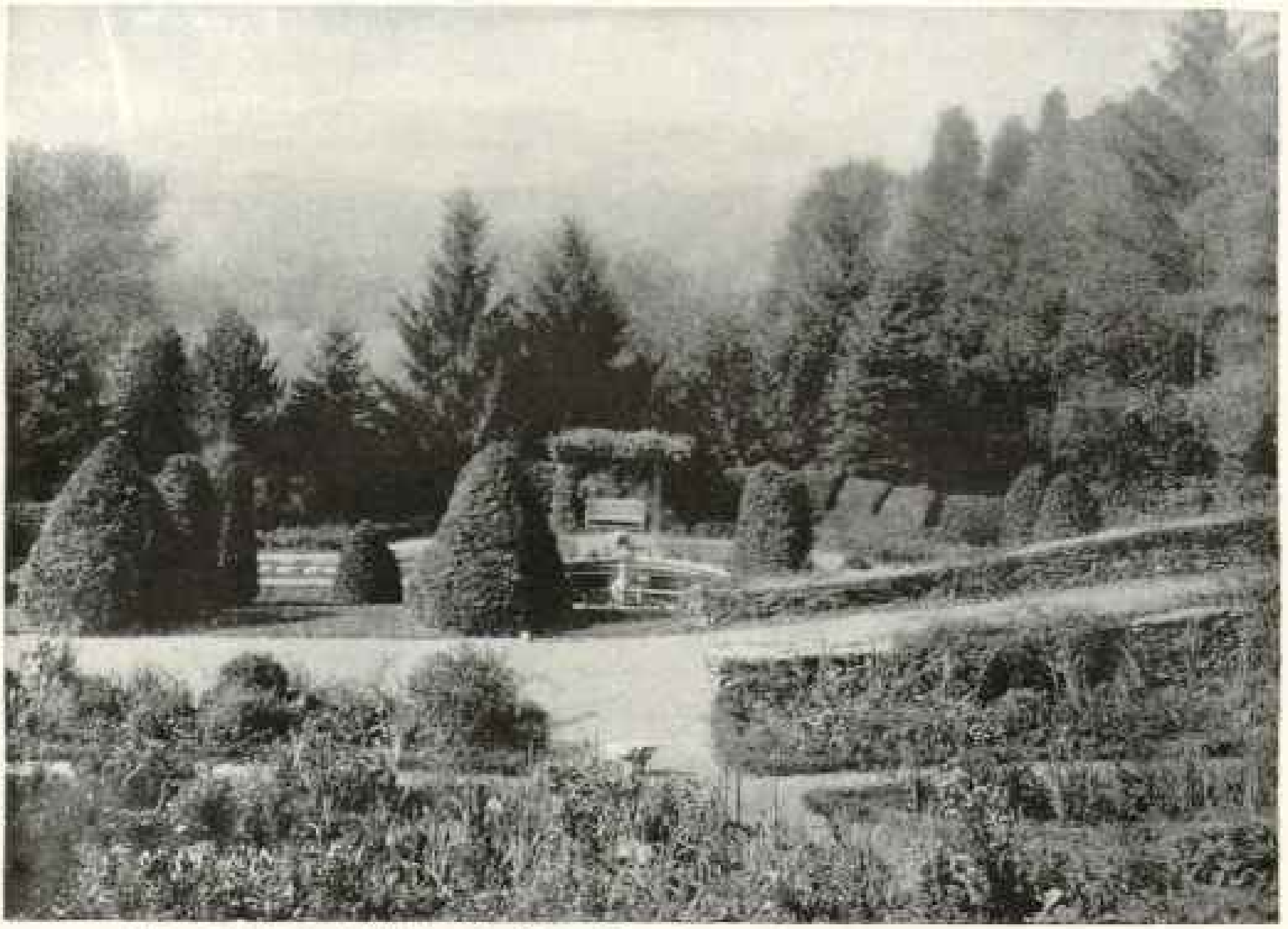

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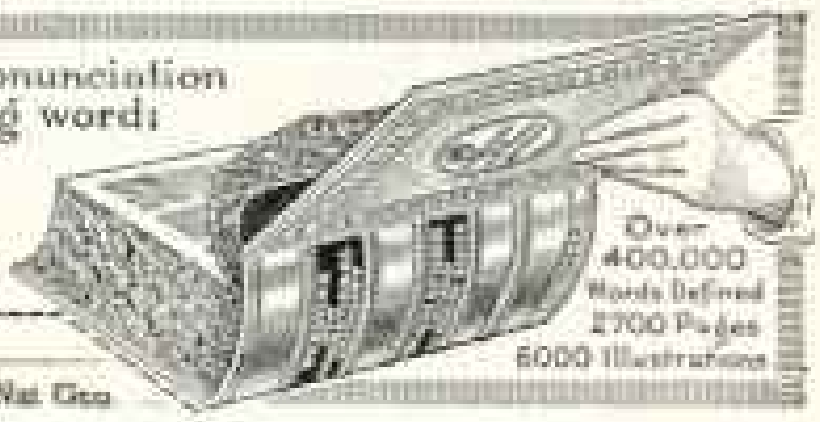

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VOL. XXXIII, No. 3 WASHINGTON MARCH, 1918

THE NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE

THE HEALTH AND MORALE OF AMERICA'S CITIZEN ARMY*

Personal Observations of Conditions in Our Soldier Cities by a Former Commander-in-Chief of the United States Army and Navy

By WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT

EARLY last winter disquieting reports gained circulation concerning the conditions in our National Army cantonments and with regard to the morale of the drafted men.

According to these reports, a large percentage of the men would be glad to leave their camps and return to their homes. It was said that they did not understand the issues of the war; that they did not think it necessary to send an army to France.

Dr. John R. Mott, the General Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association of the United States, and one of the great men of this generation, sent word to me of these reports, received from agents of the Association detailed for work among the drafted men.

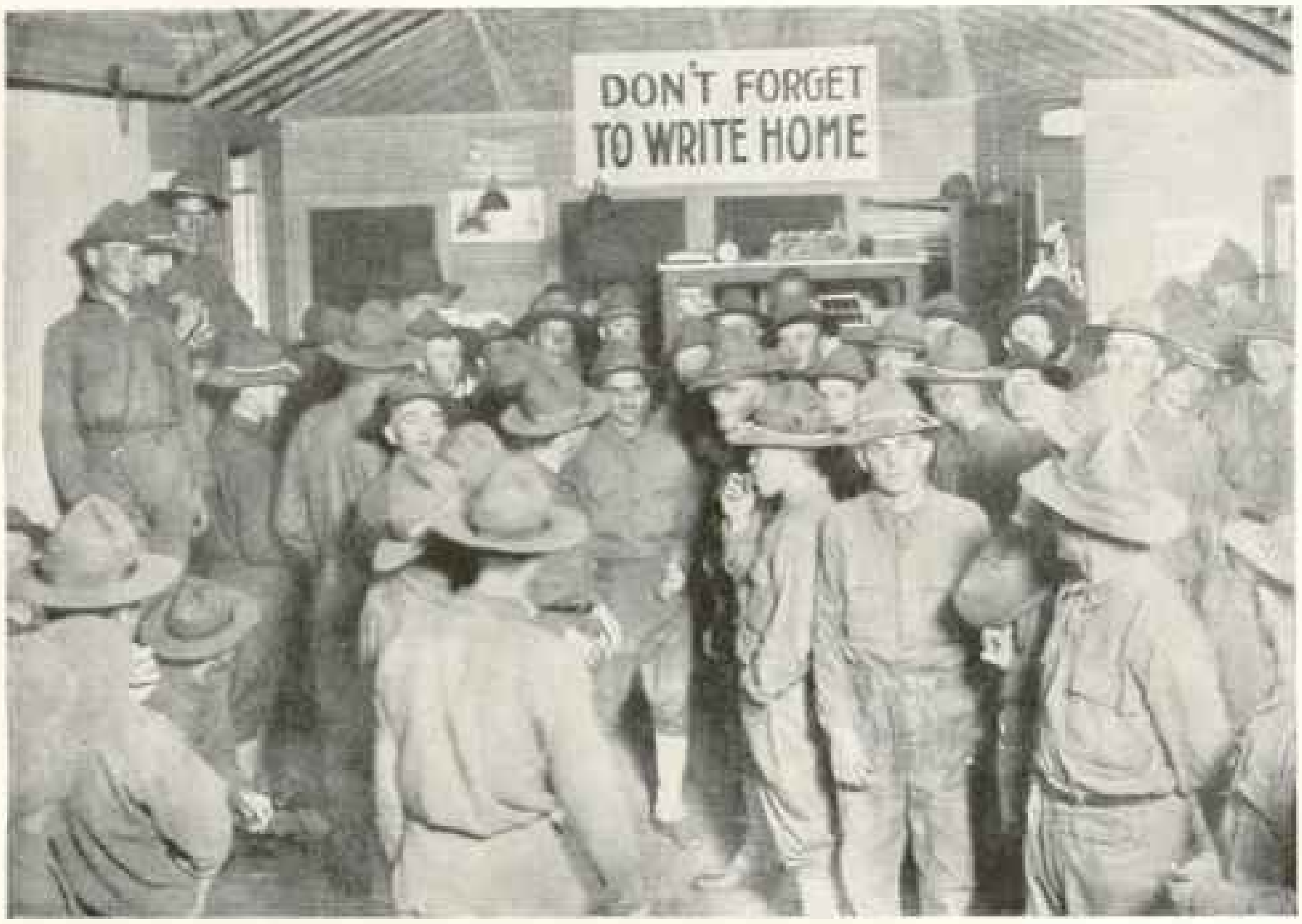
While there was neither sedition nor mutiny among the men, Dr. Mott deemed it of the highest importance that some one should go to them to explain why we were in the war, why an army should be sent to France, and why it was necessary to fight this war through as a battle for Christian civilization.

He said there were sixteen cantonments, one of which, Camp Lewis, at American Lake, on the Pacific coast, I could not reach, but the other fifteen he asked me to visit and to speak at length on the subject, twice a day, to the soldiers in each camp. Subsequently, Camp Dix, at Wrightstown, N. J., was excluded from my list because of a quarantine, and there were substituted Camp Sheridan, a National Guard camp, at Montgomery, Ala., presumably because it was the Ohio National Guard, and the naval cantonment at the Great Lakes, north of Chicago, where 25,000 men were in the course of preparation for the navy.

I doubted my power to attract the attention of the drafted men to the issues and to convince them, but I felt it my duty to go, if men like Dr. Mott and Mr. William Sloane, the president of the army branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, thought it would be helpful, as they said they did.

Accordingly, on New Year's Day I visited Camp Grant, at Rockford, Ill., and spoke four times there to audiences of 3,500 men each. Thence I went to Camp Dodge, near Des Moines, Iowa, and spoke there to similar audiences five times.

* Lecture delivered before the National Geographic Society, in Washington, D. C., March 15, 1918.



THE BOND BETWEEN THE BOY AND HIS HOME IS EVER PRESENT: INTERIOR OF A Y. M. C. A. BUILDING AT FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA

THE EXTENT OF THE TOUR

On January 24 I began a tour of the camps, including Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass.; Camp Lee, Petersburg, Va.; Camp Meade, near Baltimore; Camp Jackson, Columbia, S. C.; Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga.; Camp Sheridan, Montgomery, Ala.; Camp Travis, San Antonio, Tex.; Camp Pike, Little Rock, Ark.; Camp Funston, near Junction City, Kans.; Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky.; Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio, and Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich.

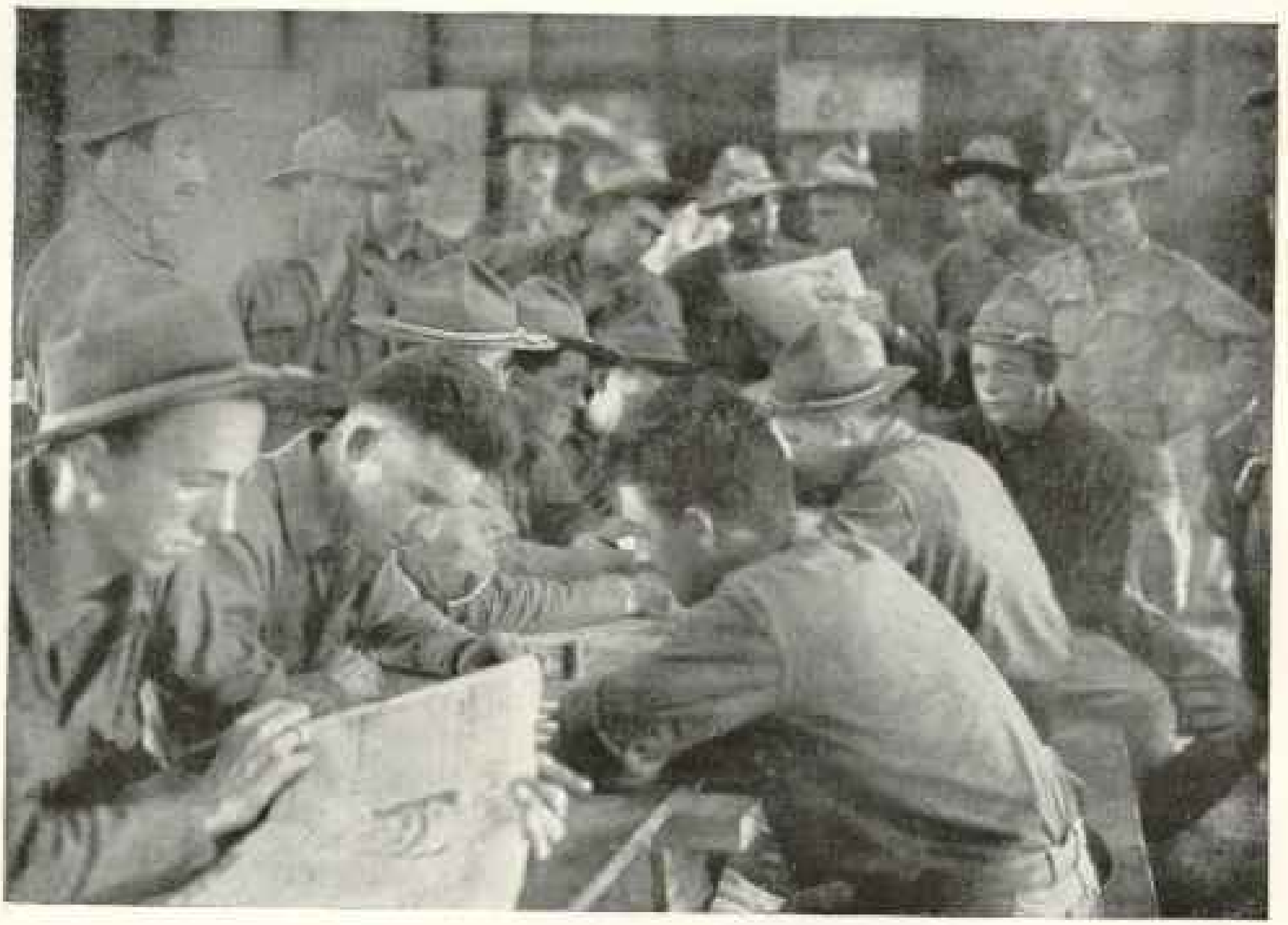
I finished the tour at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, on February 20, having made in all fifty speeches, at least an hour in length and sometimes longer.

In some instances the attendance was voluntary; in others there was a regular detail, but in all cases the men at one meeting were excluded from attendance at another.

This may seem to many who read it that it was cruel and unusual punishment and added a burden to the draft. However, on the whole, the boys stood it fairly well and listened with apparent interest and responsive attention.

In the course of my address I tried, by illustrations and stories in a lighter vein, to escape the somnolence that an argument on legal topics often produces, and I hope I succeeded in giving the boys more than one "seventh inning" in which to relax their mental muscles and take a rest.

What I attempted to do in these addresses was to argue out the case of the United States against Germany; to show that she forced us into the war by a violation of our national rights in attempting to fence off a part of the high seas against our commerce, and in murdering 200 of our citizens by sinking them on commercial ships within the zone without warning, and threatening to continue this course in the future. It involved a reference to the principles of international law and to a demonstration, by precedent, of the rule which required a belligerent, in destroying a commercial



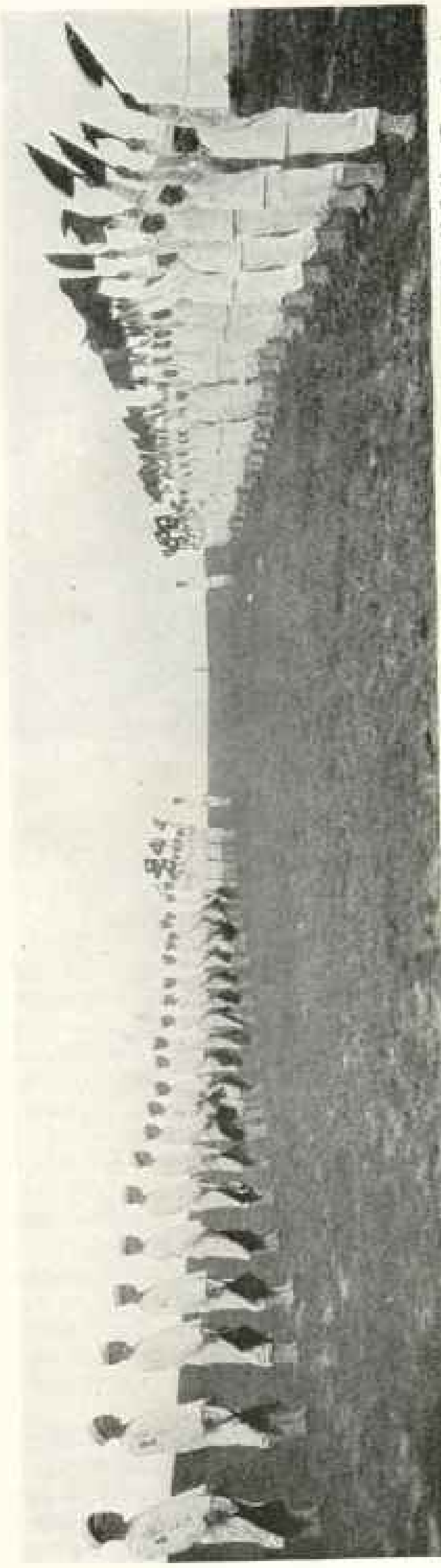
RELAXATION OF MIND IS AS NECESSARY AS GOOD FOOD

ship of its enemy or of a neutral on the high seas, to secure the safety of the ship's company of the destroyed vessel. I pointed out that Germany left no course to a government of honor, which professed to defend the rights of its citizens to life against murderous invasion, to do other than to declare war.

THE CASE OF THE WORLD AGAINST GERMANY

The second part of the argument was devoted to presenting the case of the world against Germany, and involved a tracing of the history of the German people from the time when they were 28 divided States, in the nineteenth century, to recent periods, when, through the education of Bismarck and the Prussian military régime, the people, following the law of William and the Potsdam gang, had become obsessed with the conviction that they were supermen in war and in peace, and were charged with what they called a divine destiny, and which was nothing but a lust for world power, in spreading German kultur over the world; and I attempted to enforce as strongly as possible the view that, having abolished in her rules of national living international morality, Germany, under her present leadership, was a perpetual threat to the integrity of every nation, and especially of democracies, and made a permanent peace impossible; that we must bring Germany to her knees by defeating her, which would necessarily turn the people against their leaders and their former false ideals and make them an amenable member of the family of nations; that if we made an inconclusive peace with her, only two alternatives were open to us: One was that of submission to the suzerainty of Germany; the other was the maintenance of our nation as an armed camp to resist German aggression in the future, with a certain prospect of another war with Germany as soon as opportunity seemed to her at hand.

I tried to make my statement of international law and the course of the argument as simple as I could, and if I can trust the expressed judgment of others and separate it from the promptings of



Photograph by U. S. Navy Department

SEMAPHORE AND WIG-WAG SIGNALING: NAVAL TRAINING STATION, NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

When a young American undertakes the patriotic job of becoming a fighting sailor, one of the first things he has to master at a naval training station is his "A, B, Cs," for he must learn to read, not the printed or written page a few inches from his eyes, but the wig-wag writing of follow-seaman hundreds or even thousands of feet away. The radio and the wireless telephone have accomplished marvels in facilitating communication between the units of a fleet, but the semaphore and the wig-wag flag still have their place in the service.

kindly courtesy, I think it helped the boys by fixing in their minds at least the logical and chronological sequence of events and in bringing home to them the vital concern we have in the issue of this war.

THE NECESSITY FOR PROPAGANDA

This war differs from other wars that we have been in, in the necessity for propaganda to explain its issues and its profound importance to the people of the United States. When it came on, in August, 1914, the whole people rejoiced that we were so remote from the seat of war, separated by the Atlantic Ocean, and so barred from it by our national traditions that we would escape the vortex of destruction and suffering that was opening to the European nations.

For three years we occupied as near a judicial position as the circumstances permitted and discussed the issues between the nations with an impartial state of mind. Then we were forced into war through a violation of our rights at sea. It was difficult to arouse our people to the importance of those rights in a zone of the high seas so far away as Great Britain and Ireland.

The statements of the President properly set forth as our object in the war certain ideals of a world character and importance. Our material interest in maintaining those ideals, however, it was difficult for the people to appreciate.

The issue was not as it was in our Revolutionary War, at our doors, and had not been the subject of political discussion for half a century, as the slavery and secession issue had been before our Civil War. Prosperity and money-making, high wages and high profits, absorbed the interest of our people, and it was difficult to challenge their attention to the inevitable consequence of German victory. Hence the con-

sciousness of the fact that we are really in war has but slowly been stealing over our people as a psychological fact.

The officers in command of the cantonments which I visited were general officers of the Regular Army. I had met them and known them all in the Philippines and in the War Office. They now wore stars instead of the captains' bars or majors' leaves which they wore in Philippine days. They talked freely with me about conditions, and with the information which they gave me and that which I derived from the numerous Y. M. C. A. secretaries, I feel that I obtained fairly reliable information as to conditions prevailing in the camps. I soon became satisfied that the attitude of the men toward the war and their service in it, as reported to Dr. Mott, which had induced him to ask me to make the trip, had radically changed. It must have been that his informants had sent word to him at a time before the men had become adjusted to their camp life.

THE FINEST MATERIAL IN THE WORLD FOR THE MAKING OF AN ARMY

The men when drafted were from 21 to 31; many of them had become more or less settled in life. Many of them were in receipt of compensation substantially greater than that which they would receive as private soldiers. The inconvenience and lack of comforts inseparable from a camp life they had not grown used to, and they naturally were at first in a state of protest and question over the change. When I went through the camps, however, they had grown accustomed to camp life. In the drill and manual training and instruction they had begun to understand the government's purpose and had become interested in fitting themselves for their new duties.

The commanders of the camps assured me that the drafted men were the finest material for the making of an army they had ever seen in any country. On the average they were better men physically, mentally, and morally than the average of the National Guard or of the Regular Army. They were a clean slate to write upon. They did not have to unlearn anything and they learned quickly. They manifested the known adaptability of the American. The difference between their appearance when they first reached camp and after three and four months' training was wonderful. Their appearance in review, as they went by with their lithe figures, their martial bearing, their military step, their bright, healthful color, gave one a thrill of patriotic pride. Their response, as they sat in a great audience, to patriotic sentiment showed that their hearts were in the right place. They are an object-lesson in universal military training and a powerful argument for its establishment.

EVERY SOLDIER MUST BE AN EXPERT

The German has so changed the art of war that every private soldier must learn his trade as an expert. Through discipline and practice he must acquire a knowledge of the particular duty assigned to him, so as to make his performance of his proper function second nature. This is being impressed upon them by their own officers and by the English and French officers, of whom there are eight to ten in every camp.

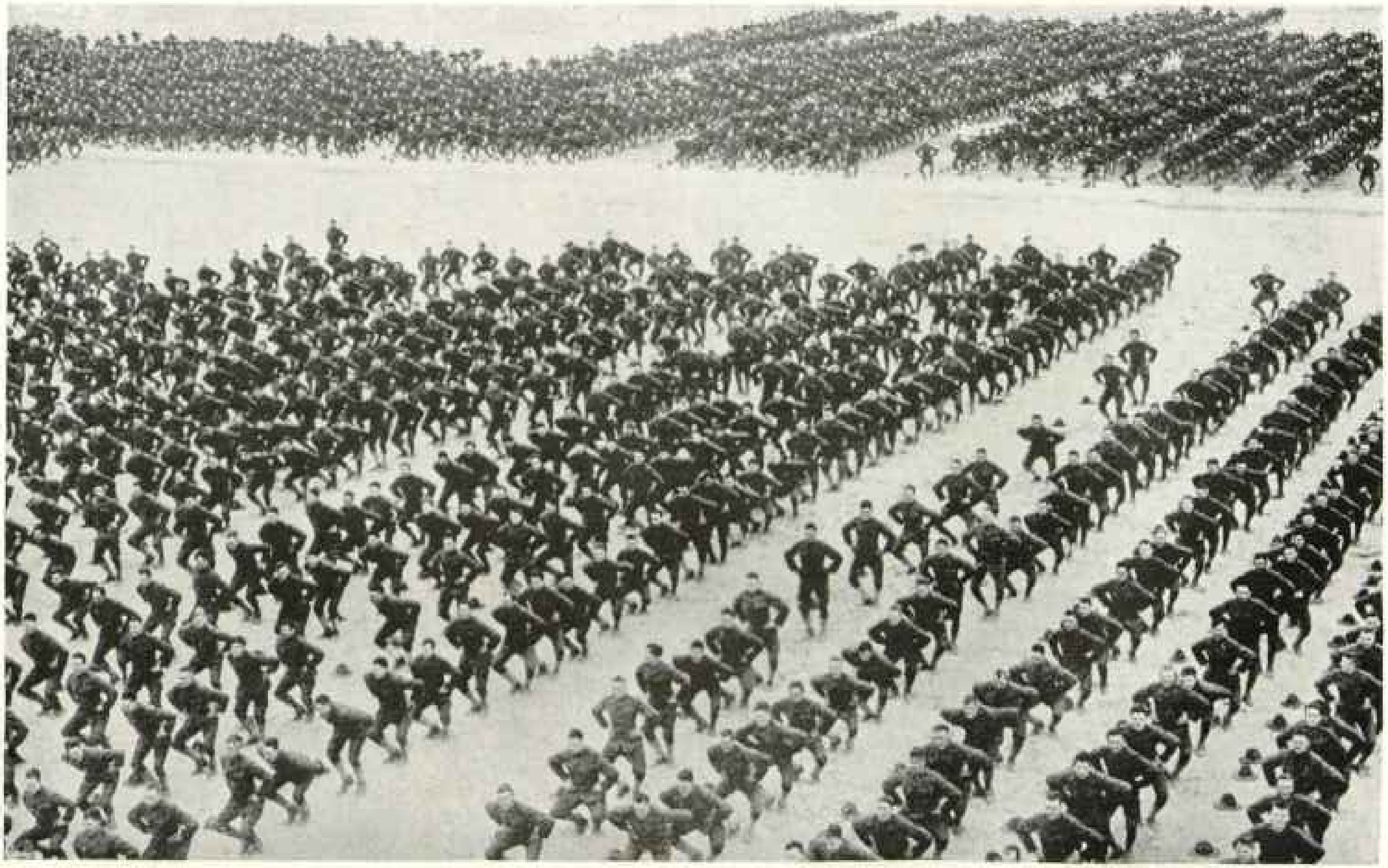
I ventured to point out in every speech I made the importance of discipline and practice and included a word on the necessity for the salute. The salute is said to be descended from the salute which one knight made to another in the days of chivalry by lifting his visor. It is only a recognition by one member of the craft of his association with another of the same craft. It does not involve inferiority or servility. The private salutes the officer. The officer is one of higher rank. The salute must be returned. The duty of initiating the ceremony is a recognition of subordination, a relation that must exist in an army if an army is to be an effective military machine and not a mob.

The progress in military science has been in the development of the machine-like operation of the different parts of an army. The private soldiers are cogs working into other parts of the machine and moving under control of their immediate and higher commanders, as cogs act with the wheels and other mechanism with which they coördinate. The salute is only a recognition of this relation of association. It was interesting to watch how the new men disregarded it and how

Photograph by Earle Harrison

INTENSIVE TRAINING

A three-inch gun in action under a camouflage of straw and sage-grass. First Virginia Field Artillery in training at Chickamauga.



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SETTING-UP EXERCISES: 10,000 MEN IN TRAINING AT CAMP HANCOCK

"The commanders of the camps assured me that the drafted men were the finest material for the making of an army they had ever seen in any country"

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A CORNER IN CORRESPONDENCE AT A SOLDIER CITY POST-OFFICE

Letters from home are vital factors in maintaining and elevating the morale of the men in camp. The student soldier works better and learns to fight harder when encouraged and heartened by words of cheer from those whose service to democracy lies in civilian fields of activity.

the men with more training gave great attention to giving it properly.

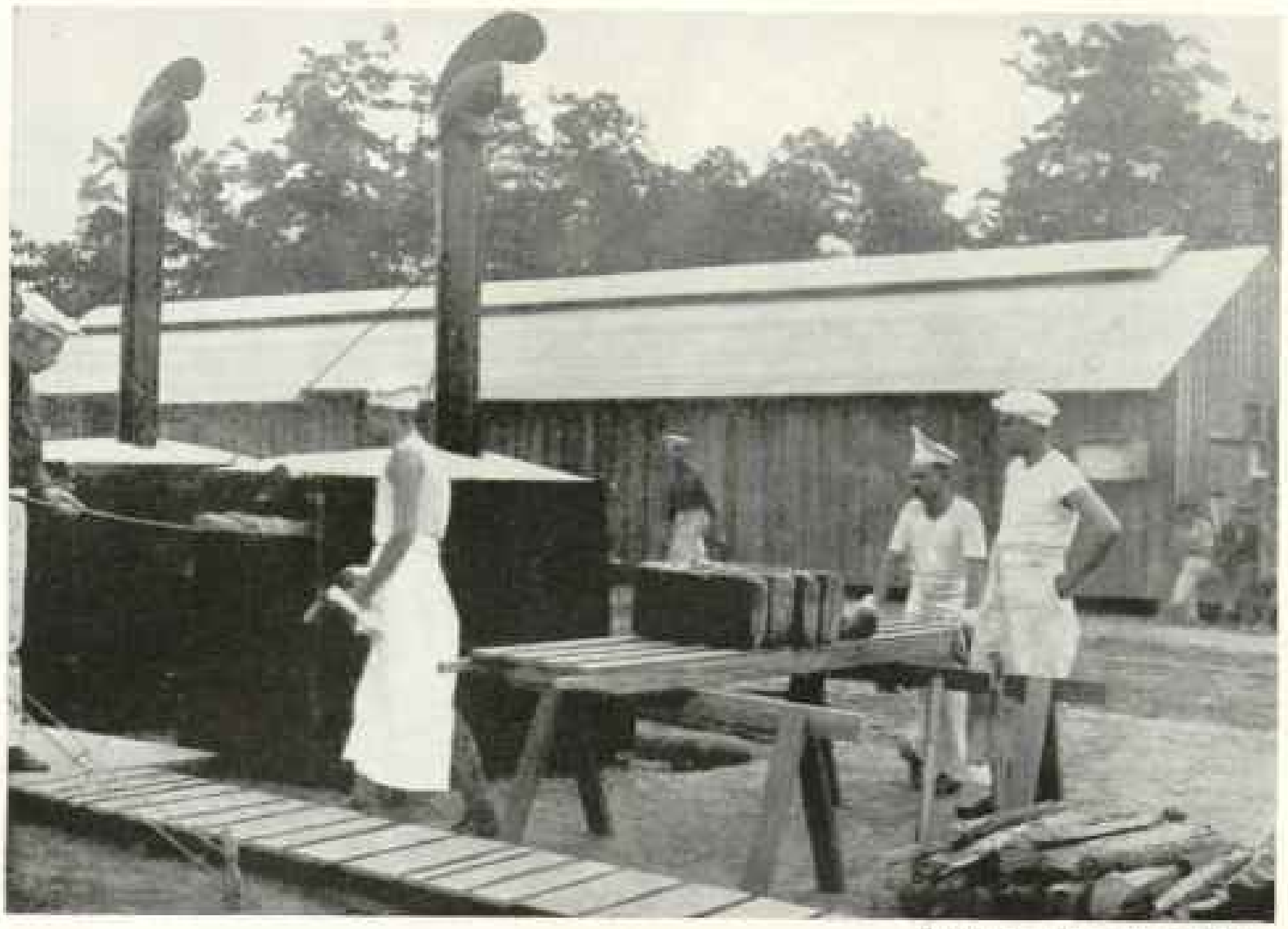
EXPLAINING THE NECESSITY OF THE SALUTE

I sought to win the sympathy and confidence of the boys by reference to the fact that my own son is an enlisted man in the field artillery. I think it enforced my argument in favor of the necessity of the salute, by pointing out that I would not be likely to approve it if it was any evidence of his inferiority or servility.

The freedom and independence that an American youth enjoys make it necessary to have the reason for such a ceremony explained to him. His self-confidence and his self-conceit make it irksome to him, at first, thus to register his subordinate position or to obey implicitly, as he must, if he would be a good soldier. His love of initiative and his intuitive lack of discipline make it hard for him to conform to the rigid requirements of military life, but after he has acquired the habit, then his initiative, his willingness to assume responsibility, his intelligence, and his independence add greatly to his effectiveness as a soldier.

It is these traits, under proper discipline, that are now making our brigade and division commanders so proud of their drafted men.

Next in importance to the control and influence exercised by their commanders is the environment and opportunities for occupying their leisure which the Young Men's Christian Association affords to the men of these cantonments. In a division there are frequently as many as 50 Y. M. C. A. secretaries. They are dressed in a neat khaki uniform, with a red triangle on their arms, and they live a life of soldierly routine. There is the principal headquarters of the Association in each camp and one great auditorium,



A FIELD BAKERY AT A NATIONAL GUARD MOBILIZATION CAMP

"Too many cooks" may spoil the broth in civil life, but it takes 32 bakers to produce the bread supply for one encampment. The capacity of a cantonment bakery is nearly 40,000 two-pound loaves every 24 hours of operation. At the National Guard camps, of course, the requirements are smaller.

which will hold 3,500 men. The seats in it are movable, so that the hall may be used as a gymnasium and for basket ball. At the headquarters and in the 12 or more Y. M. C. A. branch houses, one to a brigade or less, are local opportunities for reading and writing and all sorts of entertainment.

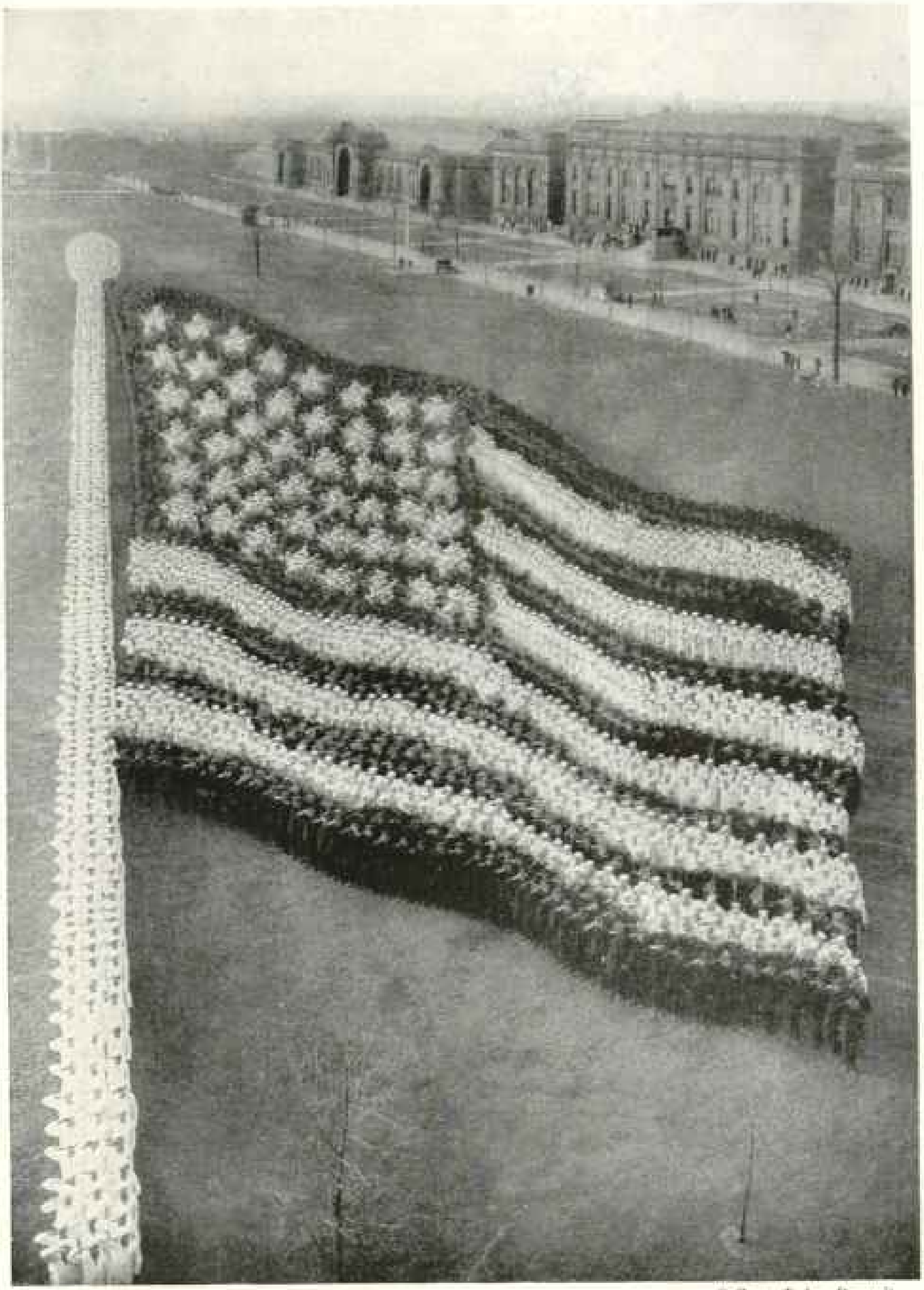
The Knights of Columbus have one auditorium nearly as large as the large auditorium of the Young Men's Christian Association, and a very comfortable place it is. There they hold the principal religious masses of the week.

Where there are agents of the Young Men's Hebrew Association, they are received by the Young Men's Christian Association and furnished an opportunity to help their Hebrew brethren.

Nothing is more gratifying than the complete cooperation among these three institutions of differing denominational origin. It often happens that as the camp is very large, the Catholic priests ask to use a local Y. M. C. A. branch for a mass for the regiment near which the branch auditorium stands, and the request is always granted. In every way there is a brotherhood spirit between the organizations which prevents duplication and makes for effectiveness.

NO SOLDIERS' CAMPS EVER BEFORE SO FREE FROM DRUNKENNESS

In some of the camps there is a large so-called Liberty theater, erected by the Fosdick Outside Activities Association. The theaters are well constructed and make good auditoriums, and here vaudeville reigns. It is not too much to say, however, that the agency upon which the commanding generals lean in dealing with the social side of their men and in filling their leisure hours with useful occupation and entertainment is the Young Men's Christian Association. Its organization



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THE GREATEST FLAG IN THE WORLD: 10,000 BLUEJACKETS FORMING A LIVING EMBLEM OF THE AMERICAN UNION

This animated Stars and Stripes, formed at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, covered an area of seven acres. The ball was composed of 250 men; the pole (not including the ball) was 550 feet long, four feet in width at the bottom, six feet at the top, and required 700 men; 1,600 men were required for the white stripes; 1,900 for the red, 1,800 for the stars, and 3,400 for the blue field. In order that the proportions should appear correct, many niceties of perspective had to be solved. For example, the topmost star was composed of 65 men, in order that it might appear the same size as the star nearest the camera's eye, with only 12 men.

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A HOSTESS HOUSE FOR BOYS IN TRAINING AT ONE OF OUR SOLDIER CITIES

Among the most effective social undertakings of the Young Women's Christian Association has been an arrangement whereby homes in the cities adjacent to the cantonments are thrown open to the men in uniform. Here they may enjoy that social intercourse of which they were suddenly deprived when they responded to the nation's call to arms.

Photograph from Burnell Poole

THE CHAMPION RACING CREW OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET

At the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, near Chicago, the navy is training 25,000 youths, most of them between the ages of 18 and 22. During the past winter they received instruction in two great drill halls, one of which is capable of accommodating 7,000 jackies.

AN AMERICAN OBSERVER AT HIS LOOKOUT POST

Instruction for the Intelligence Corps is a highly specialized course, and a school where this is taught is located at one of our cantonments. The observer shown in the illustration is a student at this school and is watching from his place of concealment the effect of his battery's artillery fire upon the enemy.

A KITCHEN BATTERY

Plenty of good food at the right time is one of the chief problems with which an army head must contend, and by means of these efficient ranges our soldiers can be fed along the line of march.

is so large and so complete and so effective that it enters into every soldier's life. Of course, on the other side, when we have casualties and many wounded, the functions of the Red Cross will assume the greater importance; but in the training camps it is otherwise.

It is most gratifying to be able to testify, from all the information I could get, that no camps have ever been so free from drunkenness as those in this present national effort. In most cases the nearest towns are dry, and the great cities where drink may be had are so far from the camps as not to prove a temptation. The same thing is true of the morality of the men, so far as I was able to learn from the commanding officers. There were some of the camps where the neighboring towns were wet, but the danger of selling liquor to soldiers as a violation of the commercial law has proved a very excellent preventive. I must think from what I saw that the activities of the Y. M. C. A. and these other institutions have played a large part in maintaining decent and proper living among the soldiers.

The sites of the camps seem to have been very well selected, so far as drainage and water supply were concerned. The sanitary features have been well looked after. In some, as at Columbia, S. C., the soil is so porous that a drill can be held without difficulty the same day after a heavy rain.

EACH CAMP A GREAT CITY

Each camp is a great city of from 1,400 to 2,000 buildings, sufficient to house and accommodate 40,000 men. The distance from one end of a camp to another is often three or four miles, and from one side of a camp to the other some two or three miles. There is always in the reservation a place for a rifle range, though it has not always been constructed, and in a number of camps there is room enough for an artillery range, though the field guns as yet are few and far between.

The appearance of the camps is interesting, but not beautiful. The buildings are unpainted and the sites have frequently had to be cleared of timber, leaving stumps that don't add to the beauty of the landscape. I observe that the Quartermaster's Department has asked for $2,800,000 to paint the buildings inside and out, and I think it would be a saving of money to the government if this could be done. Certainly it would greatly add to appearance. The Young Men's Christian Association does paint its buildings green, and one's eye rests with relief upon them in these oceans of weather-stained yellow boarding.

The camps differ much in the roads constructed within their limits. In many of them within the reservation the main roads are good, but in muddy weather in some of the camps they are not what they should be. It would doubtless have been better if the roads could have been built before the buildings had been constructed, because the weather would then have been good for the building of roads, and it would have made the cost of transportation necessary in construction very much more reasonable. The roads from the nearest towns or cities to the camps also differ much, and some of them in the winter and in wet weather try cruelly the springs of the automobiles and the nerves of their occupants in going to and from camp.

THE MEN ARE COMFORTABLY HOUSED

The men in barracks are very comfortably housed. There are two methods of heating—one by great furnace stoves and the other by steam pipes. In the hurry of the job, and because of the difficulty of getting sufficient pipe, the system is not circulatory and wastes hot water at one end. This should be changed, and the quartermaster has recommended it, so as to make it a double system, which would be a great saving in the matter of water. It would probably offer a better opportunity for regulation. The criticism that can be made on the system now is, because it must be turned on or off from outside the building, it either parboils one or leaves one frozen in cold weather.

With some actual experience, I got the impression that the men on the whole are comparatively more comfortable than are the officers. There was in the beginning, it seems to me, an unnecessary disposition on the part of the officers to deny themselves comforts that they might just as well have had without any great amount of additional expense. Often, in-

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RECONNOISSANCE TRAINING

"See all; know all" is easier said than done. Without training, men see many things which they do not know that they see. Military observers must realize the significance of whatever comes within their field of vision. To this end these Signal Corps men are testing their observation powers on their own cantonment and telephoning their findings back to headquarters.

IN CAMP EVERY MAN WHO CAN SING CHEERFULLY DOES HIS BIT

War songs are the order of the hour, and during the recreation period every piano is a lodestone attracting our soldiers-in-the-making

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THE SPIRIT OF CAMP CAN BE READ IN THE SMILE

Students of the ground school of aviation at Princeton enjoying the evening hour of recreation after a strenuous day

Photograph from M. Rosenfeld

HUNTING THE HUN IN THE BLUE ATLANTIC

The speed cruiser, making as high as 35 knots an hour and mounting rapid firers and depth bombs, is an effective means of combatting the "tin devil-fish" of Prussia, and abroad they have accounted for no small number of these marine monsters appearing within their cruising radius.

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HARDENING AMERICAN MUSCLES FOR THE BIG STRIVE

Former President Taft believes that 5,000,000 of these stalwarts may be needed to win the war

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RANGE-FINDING INSTRUCTION

The distance from the field-gun to the selected objective must be quickly and accurately found—oftentimes under fire. This class of non-commissioned officers is being instructed in the intricacies of a newly adopted range-finder, which properly adjusted gives the required information at once. The gunner is given the range, the gun roars, and an observer watching through his field-glass sees a German battery go up in smoke.

deed, the haste with which conveniences were arranged indicated that no planning had been given from the standpoint of comfort. Certainly a woman would not have arranged the rooms and furniture and conveniences as they are now arranged at headquarters.

Nothing in the construction, however, has affected detrimentally the health of the soldiers. Very little of the illness can fairly be attributed to insufficient clothing, because while overcoats may have been lacking, they had sweaters and undercoats that kept the men generally warm.

THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY

Another error probably made in the construction of the camps was the failure to build the hospitals first; but in every cantonment, when I visited it, was a large base hospital, admirably equipped and amply able to take care of all who were likely to be ill in a full division, except under most extraordinary circumstances. The truth is that on the whole, considering the very great severity of the winter, which could not have been anticipated, the health of the troops in the cantonments has been excellent.

I wrote to General Gorgas, the Surgeon General, and asked him to send me the health statistics concerning the army. I received from him the following letter and table:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE SURGEON GENERAL,
WASHINGTON, *February* 20, 1918.

Hon. WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, New Haven, Connecticut.

DEAR MR. TAFT: Yours of February 15 is acknowledged. The data which you request concerning health statistics are inclosed. I am very glad to furnish them. As you go around to the various camps I would like to have you, where you have time, to take a look into the hospitals. The picture that the country has in general now with regard to all hospitals is unfavorable, and I am very desirous of having the people know the true picture, and particularly I would like to have you get the true picture. Such a picture can best be acquired by your seeing the hospitals in their actual working condition.

With kindest regards and best wishes, I remain,

Yours very sincerely,
W. C. GORGAS,
Surgeon General, U. S. Army.

What strikes me most about these statistics is that we have done better in death rate than did the Japanese, who heretofore have been looked upon as the most successful military sanitarians.

Annual Death Rate per 1,000, Regular Troops in the United States

	1898	1899	1900	1901
All causes	20.14	7.80	7.78	6.90
Diseases only	17.45	6.56	4.83	4.68

Troops in the United States September 21, 1917, to February 8, 1918

	All troops	Regulars	National Guard	National Army
All causes	8.7	6.1	9.9	9.1
Diseases only	8.1	5.2	9.4	8.7

Average strength, Regular Army, September 21, 1917, to February 8, 1918	244,833
Number of deaths, Regular Army, same period—all causes	610
Number of deaths, Regular Army, same period—disease only	520
Average strength, National Army, September 21, 1917, to February 8, 1918	422,039
Number of deaths, National Army, same period—all causes	1,561
Number of deaths, National Army, same period—disease only	1,406
Average strength, National Guard, September 21, 1917, to February 8, 1918	375,427
Number of deaths, National Guard, same period—all causes	1,515
Number of deaths, National Guard, same period—disease only	1,430
Average strength, all troops, September 21, 1917, to February 8, 1918	1,042,299
Total number of deaths, same period—all causes	3,686
Total number of deaths, same period—disease only	3,446

Mortality from disease per 1,000 strength for all troops engaged:

Chino-Japanese War	14.8	(Japan)
Spanish-American War	25.0	(U. S.)
Russo-Japanese War	20.2	(Japan)

THE COST OF THE CANTONMENTS

The cost of the cantonments has been very great, but the hugeness of the task, the quickness with which it had to be done, the exorbitant prices which had to be paid under the circumstances doubtless explain the large expenditure and the great excess over the estimates. The estimates were $3,500,000 for each camp. As a matter of fact, the cost of the camps

ranged from $6,700,000 to $11,000,000, as follows:

Camp Travis	$6,700,000
Camp Dodge	6,800,000
Camp Taylor	7,000,000
Camp Gordon	7,400,000
Camp Grant	8,500,000
Camp Dix	8,500,000
Camp Custer	8,700,000
Camp Jackson	8,700,000
Camp Funston	8,700,000
Camp Pike	9,000,000
Camp Sherman	9,600,000
Camp Devens	9,700,000
Camp Meade	10,500,000
Camp Upton	11,100,000
Camp Lee	11,300,000

Of course, the National Guard camps use tentage, and the buildings there range from $2,000,000 to $3,000,000 for a camp.

The reported high commissions earned on these costs have not been understood. They were called "cost plus 10 per cent contracts," but this percentage decreased from 10 to 6 per cent when a certain cost was reached, and in no case could the commission exceed $250,000. The percentage which was earned by the contractors varied from 2 to 3 per cent.

There were two circumstances which added to the cost above the estimate, in addition. One was that the Surgeon General, after the estimates were made, insisted upon 500 cubic feet of inside space per man instead of 365, as had been estimated for. The other was that in August General Pershing's change in the tactical organization to what are called Pershing divisions necessitated an addition to the barracks, which added a very large sum.

The result was that the National Army cantonments cost, complete, about $141,000,000; the National Guard camps, $38,000,000; the embarkation camps, $14,000,000; the quartermasters' training camps, $3,700,000; the machine-shop units, $531,000; and the School of Artillery Fire, at Fort Sill, $680,000, or a total of nearly $200,000,000.

There was admittedly a good deal of waste in this expenditure, due to change of plans; but after reading the evidence on the subject, I cannot find that there is real ground for criticism, considering all the circumstances.

The task was a great one. It was done with much dispatch and the object in view was well served.

JUST COMPLAINT AT DELAY IN TRAINING

The complaint in the camps, from persons competent to make just complaint, was the delay in the proper training of the troops—due, first, to the severe winter, which prevented any satisfactory drill in the open in the northern camps, so that there was no real opportunity to do anything outside, except hikes through the snow, to keep the men in good condition.

The second reason for the deficiency in the training of the men, or its delay, has been in the absence of tools. It took a long time before the needed rifles were furnished, and everywhere was lacking a supply of machine-guns. The management of machine-guns, entrusted to separate companies in every regiment, is a technical matter that needs much training, and there were neither Lewis guns nor other guns with which this training could be had. A third great defect was the absence of field-guns. There were a few on hand, but wholly inadequate in number for proper training of artillery units.

I think it would have been wiser if all the camps in the northern States had been placed in southern States. Even to a layman visiting camps, the greater opportunity for drill was apparent in the marching of the men. A review of 25,000 men, which I was permitted to see at Camp Travis, in San Antonio, showed a degree of drill that could not have been equalled, I think, in any other camp. There I witnessed, too, bayonet drill, bayonet charges over trenches, a sham battle over trenches, with hand grenades, and everything but a barrage of artillery. The difference in progress between that command and those in the far north could not escape the observer.

HEALTH CONDITIONS BETTER IN NORTHERN CAMPS

It is true that the health of the troops in the northern camps was better than it was in the South. The camps which suffered most from pneumonia were Camp Travis, at San Antonio; Camp Pike, at Little Rock, and Camp Funston, near Junction City, in Kansas, where, while

Photograph by Edwin Levick

LEARNING THE ART OF MAKING ONE ROPE GROW WHERE THERE WERE TWO BEFORE

In the curriculum of the sea the gentle art of splicing is included, of course

LEARNING HOW TO GO "OVER THE TOP AND AT 'EM"

A class of non-commissioned officers of the 28th Keystone Division at Camp Hancock practicing an attack on the enemy trenches

Photograph by Edwin Levick

SEWING SHIRTS FOR SISTER SUSIE'S SAILOR

Knitted sweaters, socks, and helmets from the folks at home are welcomed by the men of America's navy, but there are certain emergency domestic jobs which the hand skilled in training a 15-inch gun has to perform with a portable sewing-machine.

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BAYONET PRACTICE BY U. S. MARINES IN FRANCE

they had cold weather, they had but little snow. These bad health conditions were doubtless due to the unseasonable and unusual conditions at these places.

At San Antonio and at Camp Funston the high winds blew the dust, so that it seemed to carry the germs. At San Antonio the prevailing trouble was influenza, followed by pneumonia. At Camp Pike the pneumonia came from measles. At Camp Funston the dust was dark and almost black loam. When I stepped from the train at that place a high wind was blowing and the dust was so thick that it darkened the faces of the regiment and its officers, so that they, although white, had the appearance of a colored regiment.

But, as already shown by General Gorgas' report, the health conditions are so much better than they ever have been in the past, that while we should not abate our effort to reduce disease, we certainly may felicitate ourselves and the War Department on the comparatively small percentage of deaths and illness.

As already said, at every camp there are four to five English officers and four to five French officers. The uniform testimony of our commanding generals is that these officers have been admirably selected. They are men who wear insignia showing that they have been in the trenches and in the places of danger on the front, have been a number of times wounded, and that they are very familiar with the needs of this modern warfare. They work very hard. They are admirable companions, they add to the enjoyment of headquarters life, and they are deeply interested in the work they are doing. They are often discouraged by the absence of tools, but in their lectures to the officers and with such guns and implements as they have had they are entitled to the greatest credit for the progress made.

SINGING AN IMPORTANT FEATURE OF CAMP LIFE

One thing that impresses a visitor to a camp is the real pleasure that the men can derive from singing. They must have a good leader—one who is active and rhythmic and histrionic and almost fantastic. There was one at Camp Devens, named McEwan, whose work with the boys was remarkable. The songs "Over There," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Smile, Smile, Smile," "Tipperary," and "The Long Trail" are most catching in their air and most stirring in their effect.

I had the pleasure of addressing four or five audiences of negro troops. I prophesy that they are going to make a very effective part of our army. They take training well and they make excellent soldiers if well led. We have seen that in the Regular Army, in the 24th and 25th Infantry and the 9th and 10th Cavalry, and in the old 48th Volunteers in the Philippines. They are great, stalwart men, capable of enduring much, loving military life, amenable to discipline, and anxious to fit themselves.

THE GREAT LAKES NAVAL STATION

My last assignment, as I have said, was the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, north of Chicago. It was very interesting to visit this and to compare what the navy had done in its one great cantonment with what the army had done. The navy had 25,000 men to drill and train, and this cantonment is therefore about the same size, or a little smaller, than that of the army. There is a great permanent station, with accommodations for some 1,200 or 1,500 jackies in training, and of course this offers conveniences that are used in connection with the cantonment. The buildings are somewhat more stoutly built. They are painted and constructed on somewhat different architectural lines, both of which make them a little more attractive to the eye. They have also what the army has not—two very large drill halls. They gave me a review of 7,000 jackies in one drill hall, and it was evident that these halls in the winter season had been of great advantage for needed training in large bodies.

Another difference was the difference in the age of the men. The men were really between 18 and 22, and in their naval uniform they looked like cadets of a high or preparatory school. They were under excellent discipline, as one could see. They needed no instruction as to saluting, for that seemed a second nature to them, from the discipline they had had.

They were not as well able as the older men to withstand the test of my long addresses, and I thought I discovered a little more somnolence among them than I did among the drafted army. Of course, they were not so mature, but they were very bright, and they were certainly well drilled in the manual of arms and in the calisthenics with their rifles. It would be difficult to select a site where the winter winds have freer sweep than at this training station, but the buildings seemed to be well heated and the command in excellent health.

THE SELECTIVE DRAFT LAW VINDICATED

On the whole, the result of my trip was to confirm me in the view that the selective draft law has vindicated itself in every way. Its democratic provisions, reaching the rich and poor alike, its opportunity for selection of those who can do better work at home, are admirable features. It may be questioned whether the age limit should not be reduced to 18 years and from 31 to 28. Between 18 and 21 young men are less likely to have become settled in life and are required to make less sacrifice in becoming soldiers than men between 28 and 31, and it is not too much to say that men between 18 and 21 will make as good private soldiers as men between 28 and 31. Therefore the cost to the community in lowering the age limit is made less.

The draft law doubtless needs amendment, as defects appear in its administration, but it is a great tribute to the self-governing capacity of the American people that, with so little prepared and trained machinery and so few salaried officers, it has been possible to call upon the body of the country for locally self-created tribunals to administer the law and carry it through effectively.

AN ARMY OF 5,000,000 NEEDED

The law should be amended so as to authorize the President to increase the army from 1,500,000 to 5,000,000 men with the colors, or more. We must win the war, and we should now lay our foundations abroad so as to make that inevitable.

Of course, airplanes, artillery, and other instruments of war are necessary in a modern campaign, and we should increase the supply as far as our resources will permit, but in the end this war, as other wars, must be won by trained man power. We should look forward with large vision and make ample provision so as to strengthen our allies, give confidence to our own army, and convince our enemies now of our determination to win the victory.

I am frequently much concerned to gather in perfectly loyal quarters the impression that the war will be over in less than a year. One may note in many centers of sinister influence suggestions that peace is to be brought about by negotiation with Germany. If this is the outcome of the war, it will be most humiliating to the United States and will only postpone further evil days for her. We have said, through our national spokesman, that we can have no confidence in a treaty made with William of Hohenzollern and his Prussian military régime. This was assumed before Germany's treacherous defeat of Russia through the disintegration of her army. In spite of her phrases of high principle she has disclosed again her real lust for territory and power, in placing her paw on the valuable parts of Russia. Now, therefore, we should be more determined than ever in our purpose to defeat German militarism before we consent to close this war.

WHEN THE WORLD WILL BE FREE AGAIN

We can raise as fine an army and as large an army as there is on European soil, and if we transport it as rapidly as we may and have it all upon European soil within two or three years, our object will be attained and the world will be free again.

On the whole, the deepest impression that is made by the camps and cantonments on the impartial visitor, without technical military knowledge, is the evidences on every side of the loving care of the American people for their boys in the service. Their food is of the best. My own boy in the ranks has told me that they have a tradition among the men—and think it is sustained—that their food is better than that of the officers. The provision in the hospitals, in the Y. M.

C. A., the Knights of Columbus, and the Red Cross, the theaters, the visiting musical, theatrical, and lecture entertainments, all carry the impression of which I have spoken. The men have to work hard. They begin early in the morning and they continue through. Of course, they have hours of leisure, but one of these cantonments is no idle place for any one. It is a manual training school with long hours.

On the whole, therefore, I came away with a conviction that we had begun right. The draft law will win the war through American manhood, with its native courage, independence, and adaptability, instructed and trained in modern scientific warfare.

VOYAGING ON THE VOLGA AMID WAR AND REVOLUTION

War-time Sketches on Russia's Great Waterway

By William T. Ellis

NO TRAVELER fully knows Russia who has not sailed down the Volga River — "Little Mother Volga," as the people affectionately call it — the stream which unites the cold North with the glistening sands of the Caspian depression; which flows through Europe and ends in Asia; which runs from furs to cotton, and which links the Baltic with the Caspian. To journey down the Volga amid the ferment of war and revolution and economic upheaval is to have as good an opportunity as can anywhere be found for studying the composition and mind of this bewildered and bewildering nation.

Naturally, there is no tourist travel in Russia during the war, and an "Americanski" is a marked and favored man aboard the comfortable Volga steamers. Since it befell that duty called me from Petrograd and Moscow to the Caucasus, with an obligation to observe Russia by the way, I followed the circuitous and slower route, in the latter part of August, 1917, thus building up, little by little, day after day, impressions of the people that were clearer than those obtainable in the two chief cities.

This Volga journey is so different from that across Siberia, which I have twice made, that one seems in another world — though both reveal imperial possibilities. These experiences spell in large letters the potentiality of the Russia that is yet to be.

The Story of the Volga

Largest of Europe's rivers, and ranking high among the great streams of the earth, the Volga follows a tortuous, leisurely course, through a watershed three times as large as France, for 2,305 miles, until it pours its waters, through a wide delta of many mouths, into the briny Caspian, the largest inland sea in the world. Its rise is far up in the north, not greatly distant from Petrograd, with which it is connected by canals and the River Neva, thus linking it to the Gulf of Finland.

A large motor-boat or a yacht could doubtless sail from America to the Baltic Sea, and so, through the Neva and connecting canals, down the Volga to the Caspian Sea and the shores of Turkestan, the Caucasus, and Persia. So far as I know, no adventurer has yet essayed this romantic trip, so rich in historical associations and in human interest.

The story of the Volga is the story of Russia. Slav, Tatar, Mongol, and German all have left their impress upon its banks, not to mention the score of minor nationalities and tribes who still fill the eye of the traveling American. Khan

Photograph by Charles E. Berry

A LANDING ALONG THE VOLGA

"The idea of Russia's plenty is visualized along the river. Upstream ships are laden within and without with great hampers of fruit. At some small ports there are literally thousands of watermelons on display. Much of the fresh produce must go to waste" (see text, page 264).

and Mogul, the Golden Horde and the armies of the Czars, have written their stories about this water. The tangled tale of Russia's people and history can best be understood when read in the leisurely comfort of one of the steamers on the Volga.

Everybody has heard of Nizhni Novgorod, famous chiefly for its cosmopolitan annual fair, the greatest in the world, and for the capital place the city has long occupied in the history of Russia. Under normal conditions, Nizhni is only a night's journey in a sleeping car from Moscow. It is the chief city on the Volga and the beginning of navigation for the larger steamers.

A DESERTED CITY

So it was at Nizhni that I began a wartime journey down the river, after a dreary day in the city of the great bazaar; for now the grass grows in the fair section of the Nizhni streets, and the rows upon rows of shops, to the number of about four thousand, are closed as tight as Philadelphia markets on Sunday.

The war has, for this year at least, put out of business the Nizhni Bazaar, to which for centuries merchants have been coming annually from out of the steppes of Tartary; from the villages of far Persia; from the hidden towns of Arabia, and from India, Japan, China, Turkey, and all the lands of Europe. This market-place has been unique in several particulars, one being that all the goods traded in were actually present on the spot. The annual volume of business is given by one authority as 250 million roubles.

Now, by those mysterious news currents which baffle understanding, the tidings had run to the remotest places of earth that there would be no Nizhni Ba-

Photograph by Charles E. Berry

OPEN MARKET AT ASTRAKHAN, ON THE VOLGA

"Russia is huge, and inchoate, and potential. Her people are at present adrift in their minds, as so many of them are adrift physically. They are in the grip of a great negation. Nevertheless, as surely as the turbid and tortuous Volga finds the shining sea, so surely will Russia one day emerge from her muddled and wavering drifting into the clear calm of a great and purposeful and brotherly national life" (see text, page 265).

zaar during 1917—though I was assured in Moscow that it was in full blast! No action to this effect was taken by any official body. Far from it. Nizhni, with the prosperity of its hundred thousand people at stake, hoped until the last. In two of the largest fair buildings, where pathetic trifles were sold to neighboring peasants, brass bands blared daily, in an effort to stimulate life and activity. As if by some occult agreement, the merchants simply failed to come. The shutters of the once busy bazaars, in the height of the historic fair season, were turned like blind eyes toward a world that gave no heed.

The Nizhni Fair of 1917 was one of war's casualties. Whether this archaic institution will ever again revive its ancient glories is a moot question. Will not trade turn to the great city centers of the world and to the conventional channels and usages of purchase and sale? The economic upheaval which has accompanied the world war may easily wipe out this picturesque survival of an ancient order, established at the confluence of the Oka and the Volga.

TRAFFIC ON A BUSY WATERWAY

Even though the Nizhni Fair should pass, the traffic of the Volga is certain to grow, with the reorganization of Russia's transportation system. There are riches of many kinds to be gleaned along the banks of this imperial river, and its waters are rich in fish which are the chief source of the world's supply of caviar. Lumber, hides, grain, wool, fruit, vegetables, and dairy products are among the commonest articles offered to the needs of the many by this productive region. Cotton, too, comes up from Persia in great barges, while the oil fields at

Baku send in large, low-lying tankers only a fraction of the amount of petroleum they are capable of supplying to the upper reaches of the Volga. River craft use no other fuel than oil.

One of the sights of the stream is the huge rafts of lumber, many of them more than 500 feet long, towed at an almost imperceptible rate of speed by side-wheel steamboats. The size of these rafts is indicated by the fact that the wash of the big Volga boats does not have any apparent effect upon them. So long is the Volga journey for the raftsmen that they build log houses on their rough craft, and even occasionally raise vegetables and flowers in miniature gardens. As these men sit gathered about their camp-fires, floating downstream, they afford one of the delightful night scenes of Volga travel. It is woodsmen's life afloat.

As scenery, the shores of the Volga cannot compare with those of many an American river. Along the upper reaches the right bank is hilly and pleasant, but lower down the stream enters the depression that once held the larger Caspian Sea, and here sand-dunes are common, with occasional stretches of real desert. These steppes are inhabited by Tatars, whose cattle come to the river bank to drink and whose camels give a touch of the ancient East to the landscape. Towns are not as numerous as might be expected along so famous a river, although some of the cities have occupied an important place in Russian history.

THE BOLSHEVIK IDEA OF FREEDOM

Recently half a dozen of the Volga cities have made more than a little trouble for the central government by declaring themselves independent republics and so continuing for a few days. What does liberty mean, reason these simple-minded folk, if not the right to do as one pleases? In Nizhni the soldiers rose against their officers and slew many, so that a force had to be sent against them from Moscow. As there was no capital punishment in existence at the time, the insurgents were simply distributed among other military units.

Overshadowing every mile and minute of the Volga journey is the fact of the war and the revolution. It is the topic of private conversation and of public discourse. "Swaboda," or "freedom," soon becomes a familiar sound, even to alien ears. No boat is without its soldier passengers, traveling, apparently, on individual initiative.

Immediately after the revolution, when all sorts of radical conceptions of liberty were abroad in the land, groups of wandering soldiers would take complete control of ships, driving first-class passengers from their state-rooms, on the argument, which I have since heard frequently advanced, in somewhat similar conditions, that the revolution overthrew the rich, and that now the poor should have the best. If the bottom does not come to the top and the top go to the bottom, wherein is the revolution? In one case the soldiers decided, after traveling a day, that they wanted to return to the port of embarkation, so they compelled the captain to turn the ship about and retrace that day's journey!

RAW MATERIAL FOR A MATCHLESS ARMY

That these big blond fellows, in grayish-brown fustian and khaki, could do anything lawless or really vicious seems hard to believe. They are like overgrown, good-natured country boys. They lie about the decks, sleeping most of the time, and as inoffensive as so many St. Bernard puppies. Their capacity for endurance seems limitless. They ask no bed but a board, and can curl up into the smallest space imaginable. For food they have nothing but the soggy black bread, which plays so great havoc with the digestion of foreigners; and often even that is not in evidence. Yet I have seen a group of these hungry soldiers travel for two days alongside great hampers of fruit and never touch a plum.

It is unthinkable that the lawless youngster which is dormant in every American soldier would not have possessed within an hour this unguarded provender. Thoughts of American militiamen clamoring for Pullmans are bound to recur to the traveling Yankee, as he sees the way in which Russian soldiers are herded on cold decks or, worse, in triple tiers of wooden bunks in box-cars.

Everywhere that one goes in Russia

Photograph by William T. Ellis

A VOLGA STEVEDORE

"They heartily bend their backs to unbelievable burdens. Often I have watched processions of them going up steep gang-planks, each man bearing a packing case—a full-sized, full-weight packing case, such as two draymen in America move only by turning from side to side" (see text, page 261).

one sees soldiers. It is estimated that there are 15,000,000 men under arms here, though most of them are by no means at the front. The unorganized way in which they drift about the land is an endless source of wonder. Seldom are they seen by companies or regiments. Only once, and that was in the big training camp outside of Moscow, have I chanced to see soldiers drilling. It is commonly said that the purpose of the old régime in raising so large an army was to create industrial and economic chaos, with consequent disturbances, which would permit Russia, according to the treaties, to make a separate peace.

THE SEDUCTIVE INFLUENCE OF FREE TRANSPORTATION

Whatever was the mind of the old bureaucracy, it has wrought something like a paralysis of industry among the Russian peasants, who, while the women work, are enjoying respite from toil and the pleasures of roving from place to place, with free transportation provided.

Evil propagandists, "exiles" returned from America and from Germany, have greatly demoralized the army. No more fertile field for leadership, either good or bad, can be found in all the world than the Russian soldiers. Of late, however, the leadership has been mistaken. Given a clear vision of duty, these simple, trustful men will do it to the uttermost.

Partings of wives from soldiers are a sad spectacle, witnessed at almost every port of call. There are not many words and usually only the silent sobbing of the women, until the boat starts, and then there may be a violent outburst that is heartrending to the listener. Much is said of the moral laxity of the Russian people and of the lightness of the marriage tie, but the story of true domestic affection is revealed in too many of these

Photograph by Gilbert Grosvenor

BEGGAR AT NIZHNI NOVGOROD

Russia has many beggars. But even among them one sees, in spite of their rags, faces that proclaim good hearts and genial souls. Better a beggar without even a crust of black bread than the well-fed barterer of his country's weal!

scenes of separation for the observer to accept entirely such cynical generalizations.

Often they have their lighter side. At one wharf it was the wife and son who were leaving the soldier husband and father. Into the midst of the parting came a procession of stevedores, bearing great sacks of sunflower seeds, a common Russian delicacy. One man's burden struck a snag, there was a rent in the burlap, and forth poured a flood of the black and white seeds. Instantly the soldier's cap was off and he was holding it under this stream of unexpected bounty. What spilled to the ground other soldiers and small boys gathered, heedless, as they cracked the seeds skillfully in their teeth, of either dirt or germs. Thus the strain of one separation was relieved, for the wife, aboard the boat, was glad to see her husband's larder enriched.

WIVES TRAVEL WITH SOLDIER HUSBANDS

Occasionally, as in Mexico, the wives accompany their soldier husbands, their household effects wrapped in bundles and a baby or two on their arms or clinging to the mother's skirt.

Only one glimpse did I have on the Volga trip of the women soldiers, of whom I had seen many in Petrograd and Moscow. This was at Saratov, where a company of women soldiers were marching through the streets, led by a man officer. A moment before a company of male soldiers had passed, singing lustily the unforgettable Russian marching songs, which are their military music; but these women moved in grim silence, with set faces.

All of them were young—the youth of the Russian women soldiers is the first characteristic that one notices—but their cheeks were bronzed and their uniforms, which are the same as those of the men, were old. Many of them did not have puttees, and their footwear was varied, canvas shoes predominating. All of them wore their hair short. Clearly, for this particular group, the stage of novelty and enthusiasm had passed and had been succeeded by sheer resolution. Most of the glamour of soldiering had disappeared.

They marched in good formation, but

Photograph by Gilbert Grosvenor

CAB DRIVER AT NIZHNI NOVGOROD

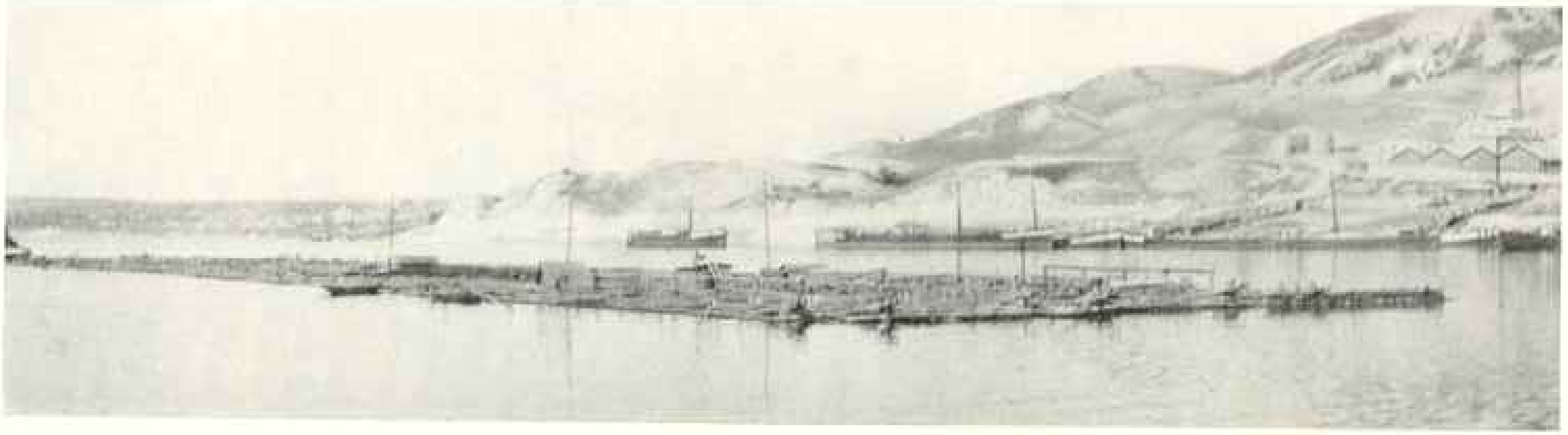
The great fair city, where once the buyers of the world journeyed for barter and trade, is now almost as much a deserted place during the fair season as once it was in the northern mid-winter. Like Russia's martial spirit, it lies dead—perhaps beyond the hope of resurrection!

with more of doggedness than abandon or sprightliness.

All of these women soldiers belong to the everywhere popular "battalions of death," who are pledged not to retreat or surrender. Their effect upon the men soldiers has been twofold: some regard them as inspired saviors of the country, a sort of Joans of Arc; while others are inclined to jeer and make scurrilous remarks. In no instances, though, have the men given evidence that they regard the formation of women's battalions as a reflection upon themselves.

SPRING BEDS UNKNOWN TO THE MOUJIK

But, then, these private soldiers, over whose sleeping forms I have often stumbled on the dark decks and in unexpected corners of docks and highways and sta-



VOLGA RAFTS ARE HUGE

Sweeping down through eastern European Russia from a point southeast of Petrograd, first east to the great bend at Kazan and then south past Samara and Saratof to Astrakhan, the Volga, unparalleled by a railroad, and only occasionally crossed by one, is a great artery of trade up which move the products of Trans-Caucasia and Turkestan, and down which comes the commerce of northeastern Europe bound for southeastern Asia.

A TYPICAL VOLGA TOWN

Photograph by William T. Ellis

In times gone by many of the cities of the Volga region were wealthy and prosperous, taking toll from a rich river trade. Now they are all but starving. It is dishonorable now in Russia to be provident, and unpatriotic to advocate the keeping of international covenants, and prosperity can never dwell in any country that entertains such sentiments.

tions, are not a keenly sensitive lot. They are used to a rough life; hardships are no new experience for them. When I would commiserate them for sleeping on iron decks or on wooden shelves or on the ground, I recall that they have never known spring mattresses. The black bread that makes ill those unaccustomed to it has always been their usual fare. A care-free, singing, sleeping—especially sleeping—lot of boys on a holiday they are, lacking the ebullient spirits of youth.

Only the manual laborer can understand their enjoyment of respite from toil. Most of these men, whom our boat so casually takes on or gives up at ports on the way, had never, before the war, been 25 versts from the villages in which they were born. Now they are tasting the irresponsibility of the open road, adventuring into far places and new scenes, learning as they go all sorts of new facts and theories about life. By way of its soldiers the whole of Russia has suddenly been put through a course in cosmopolitanism. These men are of themselves unenterprising and strangely lacking in initiative. They are not trouble-makers; a more inoffensive crowd of patient and long-enduring men may scarcely be imagined. Perhaps the simplest explanation of the absorbing phenomena of the Russian soldiers is to say that they are at present merely raw material—men in the making, but for the moment only children. They are sorely befuddled by the lack of leaders and slogans and standards; therefore they are drifting aimlessly about the land—unorganized, undisciplined, undirected, and ready to follow the mad radicalism of the first "boulshevik," or extreme socialist, who gets their ear—and the Maximalists have shown an efficiency in propaganda that has been their one achievement in revolutionized Russia.

WHAT LEADERSHIP COULD ACCOMPLISH IN RUSSIA

If, instead of the radicals, the real patriots and democrats of Russia were instructing and inspiring the soldiers, so that the troops would have a comprehensible battle cry and a simple objective, there would be no withstanding these physically virile fellows.

Quite different were the group of soldiers who came aboard our boat at Kazan. Such as had uniforms seemed to be wearing those of the Austrian army, as we had come to know it from observation of German and Austrian prisoners in many towns and cities of Russia. These men, 30 in number, were singularly alert and well kept, their uniforms, or semi-uniforms, being in an admirable condition of spruceness. Each man wore a red and white ribbon somewhere on his coat, and we speedily learned that they were Czechs, or Bohemians, who had been conscripted into the Austrian army, and at the first opportunity, during the battle of Lemberg, two years before, had voluntarily surrendered to the Russians.

After the revolution the request of these Czechs to fight on the side of liberty had been partly acceded to. At the recent debacle on the Galician front these Czechs had behaved so valiantly that Kerensky had given them permission to form a separate Czech unit, and our fellow-passengers were on the way, via Samara and Kiev, to join their compatriots on the eastern front.

When asked what would befall if they should be captured by the Austrians, they cheerfully and graphically explained that they would be hanged; but that it was an unwritten agreement among them that before falling into the hands of the nation from whose power the Czechs seek liberation they would do as other Czechs had done at the time of the eastern retreat—shoot themselves.

THE CZECHS DESERT TO LIBERTY'S ARMIES

The ardor and intelligence and patriotism of these men, going smilingly to death for the old cause of self-government, was refreshing. When we proposed photographing them, they asked that it be beside their red and white flag, which flew from the steamer's top deck. This standard bore the words, "Czech Volunteers. Forward for Liberty!"

Every man of the thirty has relatives among the two million Czechs, or Bohemians, who have emigrated to America, most of them being found in Pennsylvania and in Chicago. There are eight million left behind, and these, we were told, are a unit in desiring independence.

Photograph by Gilbert Grosvenor

TWENTY-FIVE MEDALS DECORATING A POLICEMAN AT NIZHNI NOVGOROD

In the old days decorations were widely bestowed in Russia. Almost every supporter of the dynasty could wear one or more of them. But now who wears a badge is bourgeois and anybody who has anything is anathema. "Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

We saw our Czech friends later, marching in fine formation through Samarra, to the music of their own weird, staccato song, going gaily forward, buoyed up by the greatest of purposes, to the line of battle. They broke their discipline long enough to salute and then cheer their American friends—one more of the countless moving tokens of the kinship which all the freedom-loving people of earth have with the great Republic of the West.

To be an American, anywhere among the allied nations at the present time, is to be the recipient of uncounted marks of consideration. The two "American-skis" on the Volga boat were especially favored in every way, and telegrams evidently preceded them at all points of change or debarkation; so that, amid all

the riot and clamor of a congested traffic, with the impossibility of providing accommodation for those desiring it, the Americans were cared for at every step of the journey.

RUSSIANS LIKE THE "AMERICANSKI"

Officials of the boats, army officers, and private citizens vied with one another to show courtesy to the Americans. While Russia is full of stories of the malicious efforts of the returned radicals from America—some of them unquestionably paid pro-German agents — to foment a feeling against the United States, and to attribute all sorts of sinister motives to our efforts to serve Russia, the experience of an American who has already traveled 8,000 miles in Russia is that the eyes of even the peasant and the soldier light up with new interest and friendliness at the word "Americanski" or at the sight of the little button flag on the coat lapel.

When we were introduced aboard the boat to Kerensky's assistant minister of war, en route to inspect the great munition plants at one of the Volga cities, the general straightway gave us an autograph letter to the commander in the Caucasus, ordering that all things be placed at our disposal, clear down to the front line of fighting, simply because we are Americans.

As the clear waters of the Kama, itself an imperial river, flow into the turbid

Photograph by William T. Ellis

ARMENIAN CHILDREN OF THE VOLGA REGION

Until the hand of history ceases to write down the chronicles of man and its records are forgotten, the world will never look into an Armenian face, be it that of youth or age, without recalling with a shudder the tortures these people have endured at the hands of the Turk. Their poverty is bad, their lack of human liberty is worse; but their bitter persecution ranks with the cruelties of the darkest ages and the most despicable tyrants of history.

Volga, keeping distinct for a time, like the waters of the Yellow Sea and the Pacific, but ultimately blending, so the Volga River basin represents the great blend of the diverse races that go to make up this marvelous Russia.

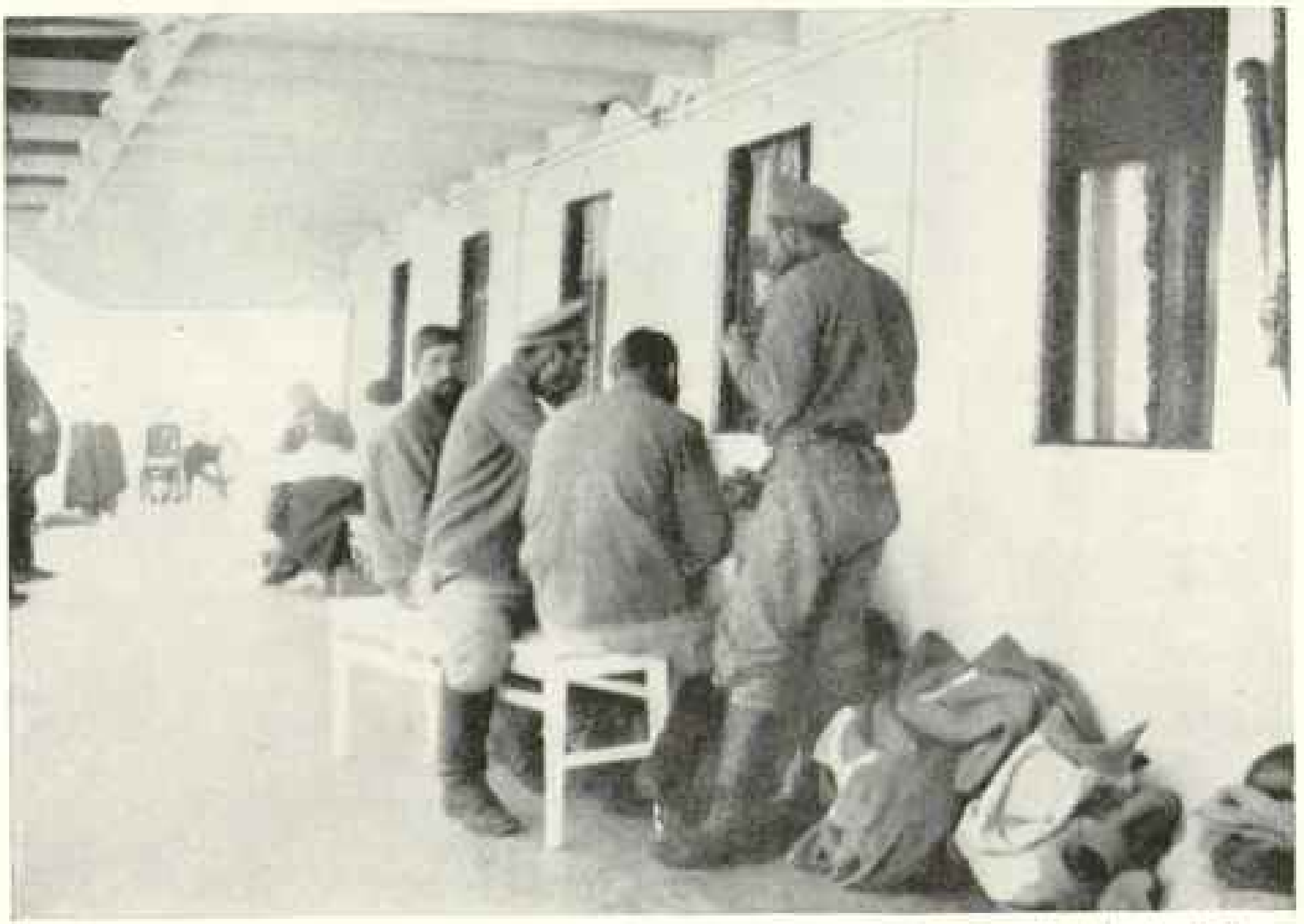
A POTPOURRI OF RACES

The distinct types are ever clearly before one, and also the amalgamation of the Slav and the Teuton and the Tatar

Photograph by William T. Ellis

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS ON A VOLGA BOAT: EVENING

Creature comforts are almost as unnecessary to the Russian peasant as are sheer luxuries to the people of the western world. He never slept in a bed with springs in his life, a bath-tub is all but an unknown quantity to him. Give him a pillow for his head, black bread and soup for his stomach, and simple clothes for his body, and he has fewer worries than the ox that grazes in the pasture.



Photograph by Charles E. Beury

WAKING HOURS ON A VOLGA RIVER STEAMER

"The story of the Volga is the story of Russia. Slav, Tatar, Mongol, and German, all have left their impress upon its banks. Khan and Mogul, the Golden Horde and the armies of the Czars, have written their stories about this water. The tangled tale of Russia's people and history can best be understood when read in the leisurely comfort of one of the steamers on the Volga" (see text, page 245).

and the Semite. It is not easy to tell which of one's fellow-passengers are predominantly Slav and which are Mongol; Persian and Armenian sit side by side at the table, and until pork is served the American cannot tell them apart. So do costumes blend. Yonder Chinese (or is he a Mongol?) wears a wholly Russian costume, and our tall Cossack may be either a Georgian or a Circassian, though he looks like an Armenian.

As with the blood and costumes, so also is it with customs. Below us, on the forward deck, sits a family drinking tea from bowls, which they hold in uttermost Chinese fashion, rather than from glasses, in the Russian mode; yet one of the women wears a wrist watch and all are dressed as Slavic peasants. Alongside of them sits a woman who is combing her own hair, for various little reasons, while another is performing the same office for her neighbor, in the friendly fashion of India and of all oriental mothers.

The hair is a point of pride with both men and women in this country. Not only aboard ship, but even in the best restaurants, I have seen men publicly combing both beard and hair; frequently I have observed it among men at table. Even in the midst of the church service an occasional Russian priest will comb his flowing beard and locks; and I saw bishops and archbishops, in the anteroom of the procurator of the Holy Synod, make a complete toilet with huge combs which they carry hidden somewhere in their robes.

EXAMPLES OF HIRSUTE EFFULGENCE

On the other hand, there are apparent Nazarites who give no heed to their wild, unshorn locks. For example, there was the young chap whom we dubbed Horace Greeley, with his soft, straggling beard and a quizzical look behind his ill-fitting, silver-rimmed glasses, as if he were ever in the glare of the sun. His straw hat was fastened by a string, and he carried a carpet-sack, from which he was continually drawing forth food, so that his time was divided, like that of most Russians, between smoking and eating.

Many peasants and soldiers pay no other attention to hair, apparently, than to cut it off square before it reaches the shoulders. For hirsute effulgence, however, commend me to the genial izhvostiks, or drosky-drivers, of Nizhni Novgorod; their whiskers are as ample as their coats, which, as all who have seen Russian Jehus know, is superlative speech.

The greatest blend of Volga River travel is found among the fourth-class passengers. First-class cabins, high-ceiled and spacious, with no upper berths, are forward on the upper deck, with plate-glass windows in dining-room and music-room. Second-class passengers are aft on the same deck, with cabins and their own dining-room, the overflow sleeping in the dining-room. There is no distinction on deck between the two classes, and even the third and fourth classes, in addition to the soldiers, promenade the upper deck, in a merging consequent upon the revolution.

SCENES WITHOUT PARALLEL IN THE WESTERN WORLD

The third-class passengers have bunks, two tiers high (I have even seen men sleeping on the narrow luggage shelves above the bunks), while the fourth class simply camp down amid their luggage on the deck—forward, aft, along the rails, or wherever else they can find a foothold. The footway alongside the oil-using engines is lined at night with sleepers—men, women, and children—with faces screwed up beneath the glare of the electric light.

This is a scene with no parallel in the western world. Slavs, Mongols, Jews, Persians, Tatars, Circassians, Armenians, and gypsies all herd together in what appears to be a conglomerate and inextricable mass of misery. Each family or group is perched on or beside its bundles—bundles of cloth or of oriental rugs, some of them beautiful—and its baskets. Occasionally there will be seen an imitation leather gripsack or a gaily-colored tin trunk.

As most of these people are traveling with their household goods, it is easy to see what a family prizes. This one has a battered dressmaker's form. Yonder one iron dumb-bell, weighing 15 pounds or so, which a woman carefully treasures.

A VOLGA STEAMER

"As the clear waters of the Kama, itself an imperial river, flow into the turbid Volga, keeping distinct for a time, like the waters of the Yellow Sea and the Pacific, but ultimately blending, so the Volga River basin represents the great blend of the diverse races that go to make up this marvelous Russia" (see text, page 235).

Photographs by William T. Ellis

LANDING GRAIN FROM A VOLGA BOAT

Germany's scheme in the East is to open up the wheat fields of southern Russia by the separate peace route and move foodstuffs up the Danube into the heart of the Teutonic Alliance. Therefore, every ounce of butter, every pound of flour, every piece of meat you save for the Allies is America's answer to Teutonic designs.

Photograph by William T. Ellis

LOOKING DOWN ON DECK PASSENGERS

It's a motley medley of human freight you see on the river boat of Russia in 1918. These steamers are packed and crowded and jammed. White Russians, Red Russians, Little Russians, Kirghiz, Turkomen, Gypsies—a great medley of humanity, few seeming to feel or care that the world is on fire and western civilization in the balance, so long as they can rest from the burdens of the time.

Musical instruments are common, and a huge gramaphone horn is not infrequent. A child's toy sometimes has a pathetic first place. Sewing-machines are not rare. But mostly the array is bundles, huge and shapeless. Frequently baskets of fowls are carried. One sunny morning I made count of what I saw on the iron main deck, aft, in a space 25 by 45 feet.

SUCKLING PIGS AND SICKLY CHICKENS TRAVEL WITH THE FAMILY

There were 60 persons in all visible, besides luggage. Fifteen of them were asleep and 45 were awake. Most of the passengers were women; some of the groups had not a man among them. But, then, the Russian peasant woman asks no odds of man in any test of strength, intelligence, or capability. Two of the women below, as I watched, were coddling sickly chickens in their arms, the fowls evidently having been victims of the congestion in the baskets. Another woman was airing a suckling pig on her knee. Two women were knitting socks and two were making the toilets of children.

One woman was counting her money and wrapping it up in a rag—the dirty paper currency, which, in denominations of 30, 25, 20, 15, and 10 kopecks, is in the form of postage stamps, while the one, two, three, and five kopeck notes are larger, the 50-kopeck note being larger still. There is no clink of currency in Russia now. Metal currency has disappeared, save for some coppers down in the Caspian region. An American gold piece is worth five times its ante-war value; and in the bazaars, owing to the many-fold depreciation of the rouble, one may secure incredible bargains by the display of a gold coin—which is no little comfort, after the staggering war prices that are one's daily experience.

To return to the deck scene: Half a dozen of the women are eating and drinking, while one woman is selling scrubby apples, which customers cut into bits and put into their tea—almost anything edi-

Photograph by William T. Ellis

SOMETHING TO EAT AT A RIVER PORT

"That these big blond fellows in grayish-brown fustian and khaki could do anything lawless or really vicious is hard to believe. They are like overgrown, good-natured country boys. For food they have nothing but the soggy black bread which plays so great havoc with the digestion of foreigners; and often even that is not in evidence. Yet I have seen a group of these hungry soldiers travel for two days alongside great hampers of fruit and never touch a plum" (see text, page 248).

ble being an acceptable addition to the ubiquitous glass of tea. Four men are playing cards for money, while an eager company of spectators throng about them. Others are talking, smoking, eating, or scratching. Nobody seems unhappy, despite the huddled mass they all compose.

HANDS AND FACES GO UNWASHED

In this same space, occupying a fair half of it, we had earlier carried a company of dirty, ragged gypsies, who went ashore gypsy fashion, the man carrying the baby, and the woman carrying the tent-poles. I had noticed the man sewing on his corduroy trousers, while his wife stitched the tent. These people, with their black-eyed elves of youngsters, had contrived to improvise a tent on the deck; so they had a measure of privacy, though there was evidence that it was not privacy, but protection for their heaps of nondescript bundles, that they desired. The gypsies were troubled even less than the other passengers by the lack of opportunity to wash their faces.

Perhaps a woman could have told how these deck passengers were dressed; it baffled me, for the raiment of the women seemed to be a general wrapping up. The distinctive and attractive costumes are worn by the men.

In one particular the peasant women of Russia and most of the East really have an advantage over their Western sisters: they and their husbands are freed from the tyranny of the milliner, for they wear nothing more than a kerchief or a shawl about their heads. Often these are the soft and beautiful Persian and Cashmere weaves; and I have seen on the heads of peasant women shawls richer by far in texture and color than any creation of a Fifth Avenue milliner. Their blend of harmonious hues and graceful designs is

so beautiful that the traveler covets them every one.

FORMIDABLE HEADGEAR

Even the elaborate headdress of the men is never so delightful as the best of the shawls worn by the women; but it is more striking, especially as the traveler draws near to Persia and the Caucasus. Huge lamb-skin shakos, of all shapes and no shape, are the accepted headgear even for August. I have seen them two feet high and almost as wide.

To counteract the warmth, or for other reasons, the Moslem keeps his head shaved; and the appearance of a man with a heavy black beard and no hair above his ears is at least unfamiliar to Americans. At every landing one catches new suggestions for comic costumes for stage use.

We carried from Astrakhan to Petrovsk a Persian whose lamb-skin hat, never seen off his head, at meals or at night, was no blacker than his villainous beard, which did not conceal the fact that his chin was only an inward slope, and that his teeth lapped fondly over each other. His eyes roved perpetually, in different directions, and he was ever on the grin. His coat was a long, gray one, with spreading skirt, and his shoes were picturesque green.

He was no more picturesque than the long-haired "anarchist"—who may have been merely a genius from New York, visiting his native Russia!—wearing what appeared to be a suit of pajamas, braided with black cord and frogs, and a black Windsor tie. He did not, however, as do many Russian men, wear a bracelet. At least he looked cool, whereas not a few of his fellow-passengers wore furs, making no change of costume the year around.

WHERE BATHING SUITS ARE UNAPPRECIATED

Nobody here sees any incongruity in persons clad in heavy furs and woolens looking over the rail at the natives—men, women, and children—bathing unclad. I have seen many bathers in various parts of Russia, but I have yet to see the first inch of a bathing suit. Even at Petrograd I passed a woman bathing in the Neva within a hundred yards of passing tram-cars.

This leisurely travel gives occasion for philosophising upon many of the vanities of life. Thus, I have observed a greater number of handsome men at Volga landings than appear on all the moving-picture screens of America. Most of them were hamals, or coolies, or, as we would say, stevedores, dressed in rags, with a cumbersome pack-saddle on their backs, upon which they commonly bear loads of two and three hundred pounds. Unlimited material for matinee idols—Persians with regular features, black moustaches, and large, languishing eyes—is living its life of merry jest and cheer along the Volga, carrying burdens which two men would not essay on the docks of San Francisco or Philadelphia.

They have never heard that "Beauty is its own excuse for being," so they heartily bend their backs to unbelievable burdens. Often I have watched processions of them going up steep gang-planks, each man bearing on his back a packing case—a full-sized, full-weight, packing case, such as two draymen in America move only by turning from side to side. Nothing is carried except on the back. I saw a large drop-forge being borne ashore a few days ago, and while three other men were steadying it, the weight of the machine, which could not have been less than 500 pounds, came on one man's back. These professional burden-bearers of the Near East, Kurds and Persians and Armenians, carry heavier loads than even the Korean coolies or the hill-women of the Himalayas.

SONGS AND HORSE-PLAY LIGHTEN THE TOILING HOURS

As they toil they sing. Quips and jests and horse-play are common with these human drays as they race with one another up and down gang-planks. Songs of the Volga toilers are known everywhere, but I never heard them so well done as one night at a port where a square box, evidently containing a stone of many hundred-weight, was to be dragged aboard. It was placed on a long plank, as if to increase the friction, and this was drawn by ten men, pulling upon one rope. An extra stone, weighing two or

three hundred pounds, was carried on top of the box, as a mere unconsidered trifle.

At home, of course, rollers would have been put under the plank and the whole moved forward easily; but labor-saving devices have yet to find their way into this land, where man-power is the cheapest of commodities. As the team of ten men strained at the rope, they sang. Their leader, or cantor, was a long-whiskered patriarch who would have made a model precentor for a Presbyterian church—provided he left his dinky little round hat in Russia. He carried the solo parts of the chantey, and the chorus came crashing in with deep responses, richer by far than anything heard on the Potomac or the Mississippi. The performance would have gladdened a musician's heart, who straightway would have transcribed its melody. How the hardest toilers sing, the world around!

The Russian love of music appears in many forms. Frequently at ports of call we would be serenaded for alms by a crippled soldier and his family or by a group of maimed comrades. The man would play the accordeon—the piano of the peasant—and his companions would sing, and sing effectively, as apparently all Russians do.

SING, EVEN THOUGH YOU SUFFER

There is a strain of plaintiveness in these folk-melodies, even as in their church services, where the unaccompanied choirs make music that is famous for depth and richness. These long nights on the river, with an accordeon or the Russian triangular guitar usually within sound, gave one a fondness for the strains of this simple music. After all, it is a fine philosophy that these cripples and peasants teach: Keep your music portable; and if you suffer, at least sing. To rafts and docks and shores and passing craft, as well as from the fellow-passengers crowded on the deck below, I owe a remembered debt for Volga music.

Occasional landings break the monotony of the voyage down the river. Between Nizhni Novgorod and Astrakhan, the two terminal points of the steamers, there are several cities of historic and commercial importance—Kazan, Simbirsk, Samara, Saratov, Tzaritzuin. Passengers have time to go ashore for sightseeing and for shopping, although the latter, nowadays, has to do strictly with the food supply.

From the American's viewpoint, Saratov is the best city of the group, although many an American town of one-fourth its size is better built and kept. These lower Volga cities show the predominance of the Germans, who were settled there by Catherine the Great and who lately have been more than a little inconvenienced by their German sympathies.

This element accounts for the presence of conventional western church spires in these cities and towns, for the settlers have remained Lutherans. Roman Catholic churches are more numerous, also, in this section. Even along the lower Volga the Greek churches and cathedrals, some of them very old, since this is not new country, dominate the landscape. Frequently the great church, with its domes and campanile, will be the one pretentious structure in a community. The vogue of the campanile, some examples of which, like the churches to which they are attached, are really beautiful, is sure to be remarked by the Volga traveler.

APPROACHING THE HABITAT OF THE MINARET

Not until he comes to a few picturesque Tatar mosques, as the boat nears Astrakhan, does the minaret appear; and even in the surprising and motley city of Astrakhan the mosques are few and humble and their minarets resemble the steeples of small country churches at home. One who has traveled much in the Near East, and is accustomed to the subordination of the church to the mosque, takes a rather unchristian satisfaction in the spectacle of an oriental region where the church buildings dominate the landscape.

That this is the East, one's ears make clear at every port. The noise is the babel of human voices; not the rumble of machinery or of motor-cars or of railways, but the shrill shoutings of the Orient, which does nothing without clamor. Quarrels are almost entirely verbal. I have not seen one stand-up and knock-down fight in all the turbulent experiences of travel in Russia; the nearest to it was

when two cabbies, or izhvostiks, clutched each other's big padded coat and pushed and pulled while they cursed.

The Russians really are a peaceable people, of a surpassing kindliness. In some of the worst jams aboard the boat I have heard the women use language such as on the battle front is transmuted into bullets; but of the good nature which usually prevails amid congested travel conditions, one cannot speak too highly.

FOOD THE PRINCIPAL OCCASION OF EXCITEMENT

Most of the excitement at ports of call has to do with food. This phase of the Volga voyage, or of life in Russia itself, deserves a chapter apart. The meal hours on the big passenger steamers were simply incomprehensible. Of course, "chai," or tea, was served, or made, in one's cabin or in the dining-room, at the time of arising, which might be anywhere from 9 to 12 o'clock. Nothing is served in the dining-room or from the kitchen and pantry between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock at mid-day or between 6 and 8 o'clock in the evening! This is the rest-time of the servants.

Since the revolution all sorts of radical changes have come about in the lot of waiters, cooks, chambermaids, and other domestics. For one thing the fee system has been abolished, except in the case of hotel porters. Fifteen or 20 per cent is added to one's bill for "service."

Reforms in the hours of labor have also taken place; so that, for example, in Astrakhan it was impossible to secure a morsel of luncheon before 1 o'clock at the city's one leading restaurant. The night before it had been 8 o'clock before the Arcadia restaurant opened, though the hungry Americans got something to eat an hour earlier by being admitted to the city's leading gaming club, which had a buffet attached. On the boat, as I have indicated, there was strictly no business done in the culinary department within the hours when all Americans are accustomed to their meals.

As it worked out in practice, one's order for luncheon was taken at 2 o'clock and he was lucky if he got something to eat by 3. Commonly, we sat down to dinner in the evening at 10 o'clock. If it were not for individual stores of food and tea-making outfits, there would be real suffering, since the distance between tea and bread upon arising and luncheon at 3 is of Marathon magnitude to a hungry American.

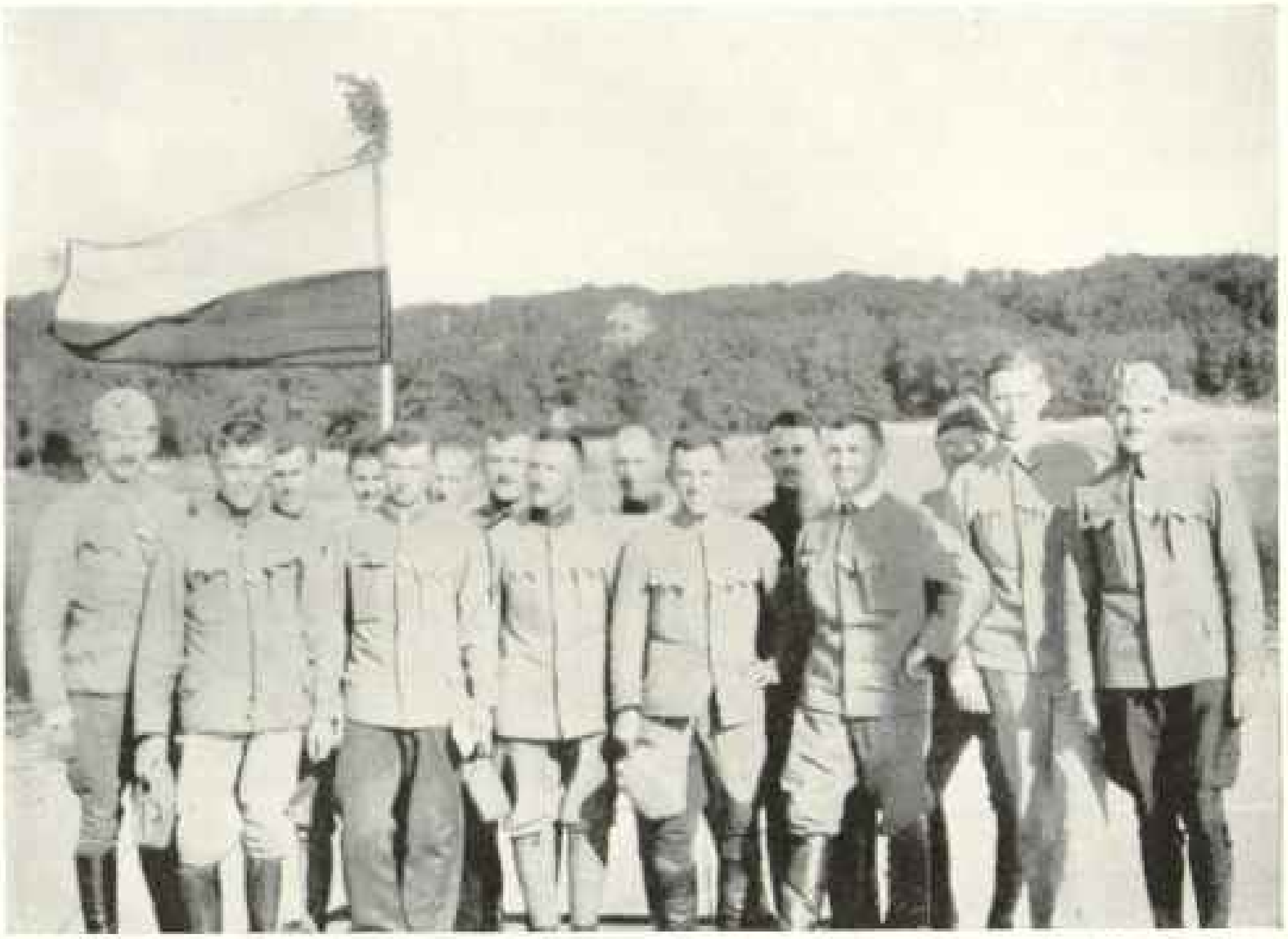
Contrariwise—and Russia is a land of contraries—the very next steamer we took, from Astrakhan to Baku, on the Caspian, served meals promptly at western hours—"little breakfast" at 8, luncheon at 12, and dinner at 6. So the eating habits of Russians may not safely be generalized upon, except that they eat with frequency and with disregard of standardized usages.

FORAGING AS A FINE ART

War's gentle art of foraging is no new acquisition for Russia. All travel is based on the assumption that most of the passengers will carry food with them or secure it en route. It is the rare person who depends entirely upon the dining-car or the ship's restaurant.

It is perfectly *au fait* for a gentleman, and even for a military officer, to enter the dining-room with a box of caviar, or a loaf of whitish bread and a couple of cucumbers, or a jar of jam in his hands. It may be that he carries dried fish by their tails or a watermelon under his arm. It is to secure these supplies that passengers rush ashore at every stop. Most have come from the sad and soggy black bread of Petrograd and Moscow; and before they are far down the Volga they find themselves in the realm of plentiful white bread, or near-white bread, and even, in some places, of real pastry.

There is abundance of grain in some of these towns, but the local committees will not permit it to be shipped out—another illustration of the everywhere-apparent fact that Russia's fundamental need is organization and transportation. The traveler has scarcely come out from under the depression of the bread lines of the North, and the nightmare of black bread, when suddenly, at Astrakhan, he finds himself once more in the black-bread-line zone. Of dairy products and fruits—milk, butter, cheese, eggs, melons, potatoes, onions, egg-plants, tomatoes,



Photograph by William T. Ellis

SOME OF OUR CZECH FELLOW-PASSENGERS ON THE VOLGA

"These men were singularly alert and well kept, their uniforms, or semi-uniforms, being in an admirable condition of spruceness. Each man wore a red and white ribbon. They were Czechs, or Bohemians, who had been conscripted into the Austrian army, and at the first opportunity, during the battle of Lemberg, two years before, had voluntarily surrendered to the Russians. After the revolution the request of these Czechs to fight on the side of liberty had been partly acceded to" (see text, page 253).

beans, apples, peaches, pears, plums, and luscious grapes—there is no stint in Astrakhan; but bread and sugar are procurable only by ticket.

Many river ports have food in plenty and the peasant women bring it down to the wharves. During the time the steamer is at the dock the scene is a busy one, passengers milling about, like cattle in a corral, as they pass from vendor to vendor, seeking bargains. This frequent exodus to the shore of shoppers for food is the most absorbing spectacle of the Volga River journey. It never loses its human interest.

WHERE GERMS ARE NOT SUSPECTED

The peasant women and children are patient, pleasant, and shrewd merchants. Neither they nor their customers are bothered by such trifles as dust or germs; for the only booths of this bazaar are baskets and a few feet of earth along the dusty dock or its approaches. Here round loaves of dusky bread, 18 to 24 inches in diameter, are displayed, that they may later be gathered to the bosoms of hungry passengers and borne to their cabins. Lucky is the soldier who can pillow his head upon one of these loaves by night and munch upon it by day.

The idea of Russia's plenty is visualized along the river. Upstream ships are laden within and without with great hampers of fruit, carefully sewn beneath cloth covers. At some small ports there are literally thousands of watermelons on display. Small fruits are abundant. Some things are even cheap at places, as a watermelon for 10 or 15 cents and a loaf of bread for about the same.

Much of the fresh produce must go to

waste. The passengers on the boats do their utmost to prevent that undesirable fate for edibles, for they seem to be always eating, eating, eating. I cannot recall a single stroll around the deck, at any hour of day or night, when I did not see somebody eating and drinking. The overcrowded peasants on the deck below and the saloon passengers above are alike in this, that they are continually producing from their stores some sort of food to be eaten with the ever-present tea.

Still, one need not always study his fellow-passengers. There is the scenery of the shore, which, further down, includes the villages of the various Tatar tribes, with their round houses that look like haystacks; and far reaches of rolling meadow land and wheat fields; and hills and forests, and sand-dunes and towns and cities, with the wild ducks and geese flying between.

AN ENDLESS PROCESSION OF RIVER CRAFT

Then there is the incessant procession of boat life; 2,000 steamships regularly ply upon the Volga. Big barges, in groups of five or six, with half a dozen small boats clustered like barnacles behind, are towed by side-wheel tugs. Fishing craft, manned by Karmacks and other natives, glide by or are passed at anchor. From the shore comes the sound of church bells, made musical by traveling over the water.

Sunsets of surpassing loveliness, and sunrises which few Russian passengers see, cast a spell of peace over one's spirit, and the war seems for the moment distant and unreal. It is difficult to realize that upon every incident of the trip is stamped the grim seal of Mars. Every soldier on the decks; all the man-work done by women; each scramble for food; the almost total absence of pleasure-seekers from these passenger steamers at the height of the Russian travel season; the partings by the way; the munition factories on the river banks; the driving of all passengers indoors when the ship passes under the great railway bridge across the Volga—all these spell the life and death conflict, internal and with a foreign foe, which Russia is waging.

As the reader has perceived, I have been endeavoring to portray enough characteristic incidents of a large and representative section of Russia to make clear something of the condition of the place and the people.

Russia is huge and inchoate and potential. Her people are at present adrift in their minds, as so many of them are adrift physically. They are in the grip of a great negation; the old order of autocracy has been cast off forever. But the great essentials and affirmations of democracy have not yet taken hold of this conglomerate and simple-minded mass of children. Nevertheless, as surely as the turbid and tortuous Volga finds the shining sea, so surely will Russia one day emerge from her muddled and wavering drifting into the clear calm of a great and purposeful and brotherly national life.

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

OUR PARTY, ALONG THE WADI MÖTAHA, ENTERING THE HILLS IN SEARCH OF FRANKINCENSE TREES: SOCOTRA

THE ISLE OF FRANKINCENSE

By Charles K. Moser

Formerly United States Consul-General to Aden, Arabia

SINCE the days of the ancient Egyptians, frankincense has been employed in the religious rites of many peoples. Intrepid merchants of Persia and of Phœnicia sailed their argosies to the edge of the unknown in search of the fragrant resin equally prized by the high priests of Judah, the vestal virgins in their incense offerings to the gods, and the Romans who employed its perfume in the celebration of triumphs to their victorious Cæsars.

Frankincense is a gum resin obtained from certain trees of the genus *Boswellia*, found in East Africa and Arabia. An incision having been made in the bark of the tree, a milky juice exudes and slowly hardens in tear-shaped drops of yellowish hue. These are gathered as olibanum, or the true frankincense. The idea that frankincense was originally a product of India probably arose from a confusion of it with other odoriferous products of that country, and because of the fact that imported frankincense is sold with native Indian products.

In the Roman Catholic Church today it is recommended that frankincense constitute as large a proportion as possible of the incense used. In the Russian Church benzoin is much employed. The silver fir tree of Europe furnishes a resin which is the common frankincense of the pharmacopœias.

Among ancient and medieval peoples frankincense was the physician's cure-all, being confidently administered for fevers, boils, internal disorders, leprosy, as an antidote to hemlock poisoning, as a sedative, a stimulant, and a tonic.

Socotra, Ancient Source of Frankincense

As a chip hurled from the woodsman's ax, Socotra seems to have been torn off in the making of Africa and flung away into the Indian Ocean. In ancient times Socotra and the southern Hadramaut produced all the frankincense in the world, but today the largest supply comes from the Warsangli country, in Somaliland.

This fragment of the Dark Continent, 73 miles long by 35 miles wide in its widest part and lying 543 miles east of Aden, is said to be geologically older than eastern Asia; yet in the centuries which have elapsed since the argosies of Persia and Tyre sought it out for its precious balsams it has been almost forgotten. The Europeans who have visited it could be counted on one's fingers. Every ship that passes through Bab-el-Mandeb, east or west, sights its cloud-belted peaks—and gives it room; for Socotra has no harbors, and the monsoon snarls about its uncharted rocks like a hungry lioness lying in wait for her prey.

It was my good fortune to be one of a party, headed by His Britannic Majesty's Resident at Aden, which left the latter city with the intention of adventure and a week's camping-out in the cool Socotran Mountains.

Awaiting a Royal Visitor

By great luck we had excellent weather, and at dawn on the third day we dropped anchor in a shallow bay, smooth and transparent as glass, about three miles from a long, curving, yellow beach backed with palm fronds. Still farther back stood a vast rampart of gray limestone mountains sticking needle-pointed peaks up into the clouds. These were the peaks of Haghier and we were anchored in Tamarida Bay. Before us, smothered in the palms, lay Hadibo, the capital of the island.

For an hour we awaited some signal to indicate that our presence had been observed. A royal visitor was expected to breakfast—His Highness the Sultan Hassan ibn Imad, lord of the isle of frankincense and of Kishn, on the south Arabian coast. Sixty feet below us, through the

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

COMING DOWN OUT OF THE MOUNTAINS: SOCOTRA

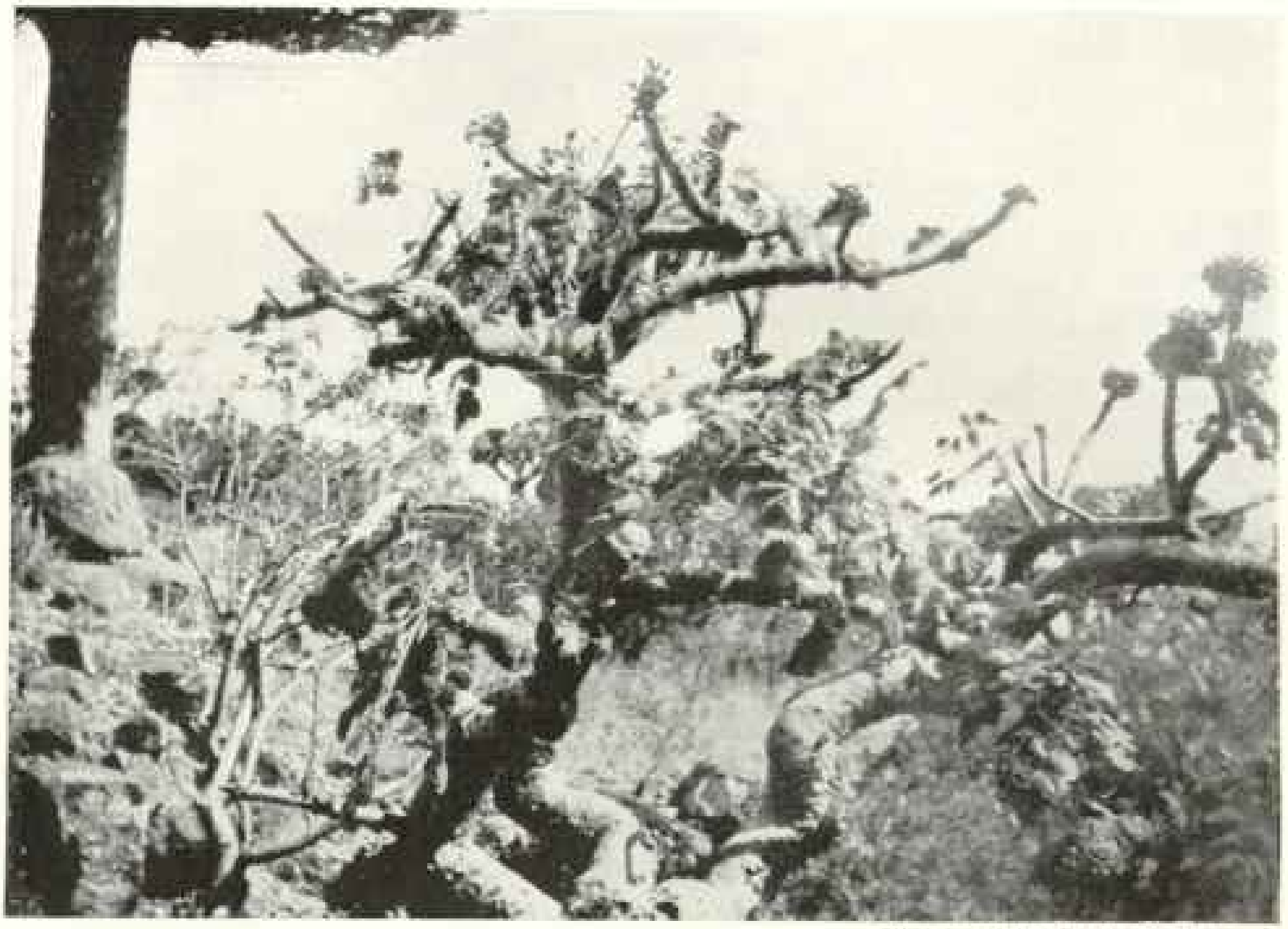
marvelously clear water, could be seen sponges and pink corals growing on the bottom; not more motionless were they than the life on shore.

Finally, a lonely figure detached itself from the beach and came shoveling (there is no other word to describe it) a three-log raft through the vitrescent water. He proved to be an ancient fisherman so remarkably like little Alice's friend that one of the ladies dubbed him the "Gogglywoggle" (see page 275). He had shells, fish of brilliant colors, and striped pots to sell; but at first trade languished. To every tender of money the Gogglywoggle shook his head. We were puzzled until an inspired Lascar offered him a handful of rice. Ten minutes later the old fellow had disposed of his entire stock for a few pounds of rice and a dozen ship's biscuit.

Breakfast and the long morning passed without any sign from the Sultan beyond the raising of the Union Jack above the palms. Chagrined and annoyed, we passed the hours watching the native divers—magnificent black Tritons—bring up small coins from the bottom. They disdained all but the silver coins, which they melt to make gewgaws for the women. Socotrans have no use for money among themselves, though they can make use of it in their dealings with Arab traders.

WELCOMED BY THE SULTAN'S NEPHEW

In the afternoon, when the sun had somewhat abated, our party went ashore. A great gathering had assembled; hardly a man on the island but was there to meet us, saving only its lord. On the fringe of the throng and lurking shyly among the trunks of the palms were even a few women. Not many of them had seen a white face before. They crowded to survey us, and a nephew of the Sultan presented himself with many salaams and excuses. His Highness had a slight indisposition and was sojourning at his summer house in Haulaf, some eight miles away. Undoubtedly he would come tomorrow. Meantime, on behalf of his



Photograph by Charles K. Moser

FRANKINCENSE BLOSSOMS AND FRUIT

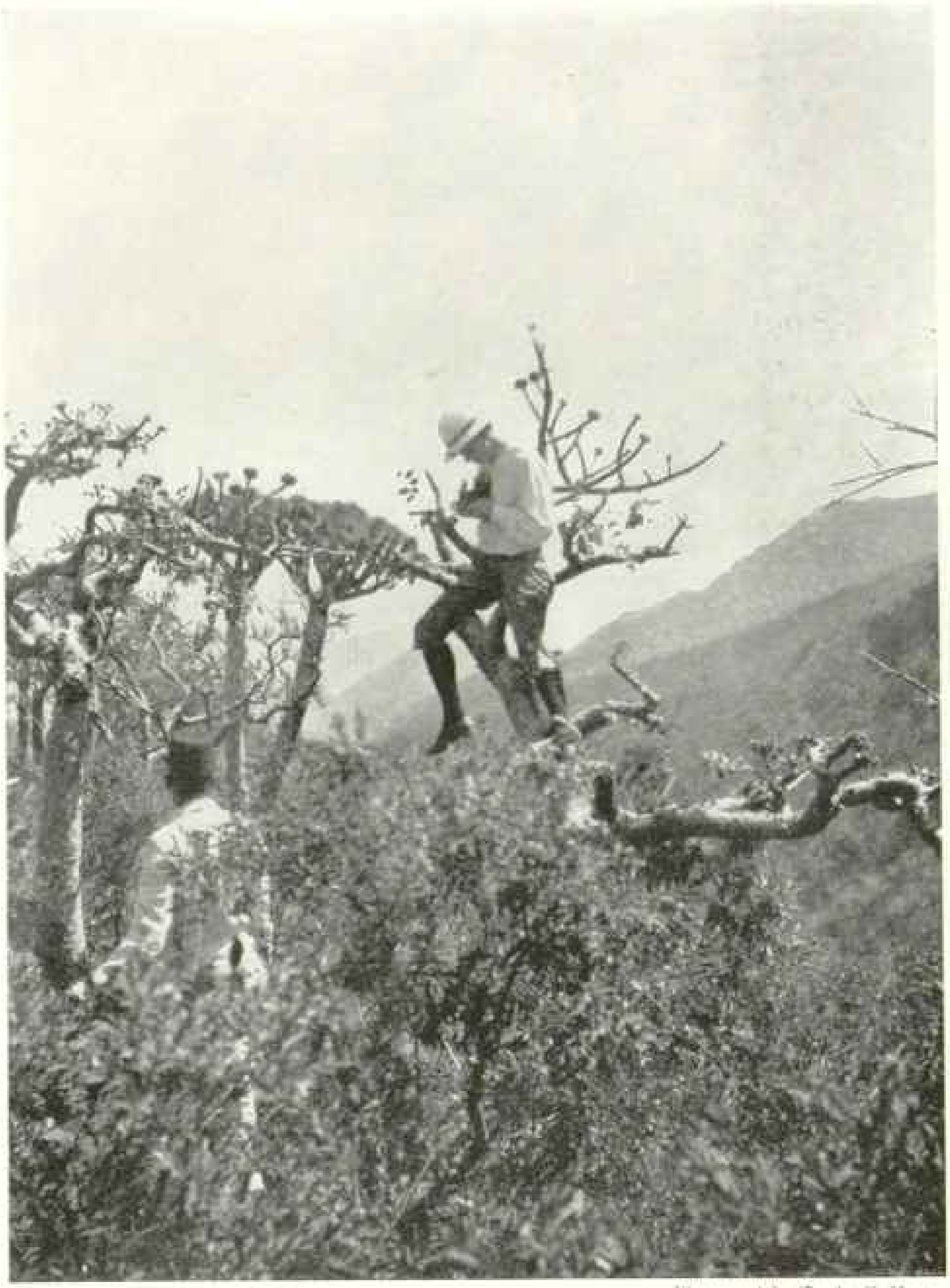
royal uncle, he presented us with the island and all it contained. The nephew was a big, upstanding, coffee-and-cream colored Arab, with a great scimitar of a nose and fine bushy whiskers, which he continually stroked with loving pride. He carried a superb jeweled sword that must have been a gift to the kings of the frankincense country from some Maharajah long ago.

Hadibo, or Tamarida, as the Arabs call it, from *Tamar*, the date-fruit tree, is a collection of flat-roofed white houses scattered among the palms. The Sultan's "palace" is a large mud structure with flat towers, and the two prayer houses are suggestive of the graceful Arab mosques only by contrast. The poorer population, chiefly of African descent and much older in the history of the island than its Arab aristocracy, lives in huts of thorn and plaited grass, invariably overrun with luxuriant gourd vines. Surrounded by tiny garden plots, in which tombac, or native tobacco, lentils, melons, and yams grow abundantly, they are more picturesque outside than inside.

There is not much to be seen in Hadibo. The principal amusement afforded the visitor is that of being seen; one is fortunate if any part of his person or belongings escapes much handling, as well as the sharpest kind of scrutiny. Yet they are a kindly folk, hospitable and quite harmless. Quarrels among themselves are said to be almost unknown.

THE LEGEND OF THE SIRENS OF SOCOTRA

They took us into their huts and showed us their few poor possessions—a primitive loom, a quern for milling grain, many unglazed earthen pots oddly striped with dragon's blood, some goatskin bottles to hold *ghi*—with none of that air of mingled resentment and loftiness affected by the Arab at such times. The women for the most part kept shyly veiled, or crowded behind the doors, while the men brought out their small stores of skins, dried tombac, lumps of frankincense, and aloes for our inspection. It is said that in ancient times the Socotran women exercised the arts of magic, and among the Arabs the legend still survives that they



Photograph by Charles E. Mauer

PHOTOGRAPHING THE LEAVES AND FLOWERS OF THE FRANKINCENSE TREE

One variety of the Dragon's Blood is the tree seen in the middle, with two frankincense trees, *Boswellia neglecta*, right and left. The trunks are about 30 inches in circumference, the height 25 feet. They are growing in very rocky soil at an altitude of 2,800 feet.

were wont to sit on the rocks and lure mariners to disaster with their smiles. Possibly the Socotran women were the Circes and the Sirens, so fatal to the old Greek sailors; but if so, their charms have sadly deserted them since, or the sailormen of that day were even more impressionable than sailors are now.

We returned from our visit to the capital along the banks of the *khor*, or lagoon, that winds its placid way through the palms. Strangely enough, a strip of sand not more than 50 feet wide divides its sweet waters from the brine of the sea. There are several of these silted-in lagoons along the coast, and that eminent traveler, the late Theodore Bent, thinks they are the remnants of ancient harbors in which the smaller ships of those times easily found shelter.

Nothing could be lovelier than the sight of slender Socotran cattle grazing knee-deep among the grasses and the palm branches that line the banks of these khors. Clouds massed above and mountains near behind; long shadows dappling the water, and the sun turning to gold the tawny flanks of the cattle makes a picture of pastoral beauty rare to behold in this part of the East.

THE SULTAN'S DELIBERATE AFFRONT

By the middle of the next afternoon it was apparent to every one that the Sultan's continued "indisposition" was intended as a deliberate affront. He had no intention of receiving us. The thing seemed inexplicable, as Socotra is under British protection, and the Sultan, as the recipient of a bounty of 350 dollars a year, is liege to the British Resident at Aden. Nevertheless, there it was; such an affront as official dignity could not dare overlook in this ceremonial East. Worst of all, it was quite impossible for the party to attempt its camping trip in the mountains without the Sultan's aid. He had been notified of the visit weeks before, and we had expected him to meet us with camels, carriers, sheep, and all the impedimenta required for such a trip. We found nothing ready and our host supremely indifferent. Reluctantly, General Bell ordered our whole adventure to be abandoned and the captain to weigh anchor.

But for many months I had been endeavoring to get to Socotra to secure some frankincense trees for the Bureau of Plant Industry at Washington, and all my hopes of success had been centered on this trip. I knew I should never have a like opportunity again. As the result of my urgent importunities General Bell generously consented to keep the ship in harbor another 24 hours while I made a quick bolt into the mountains to find my trees, if possible.

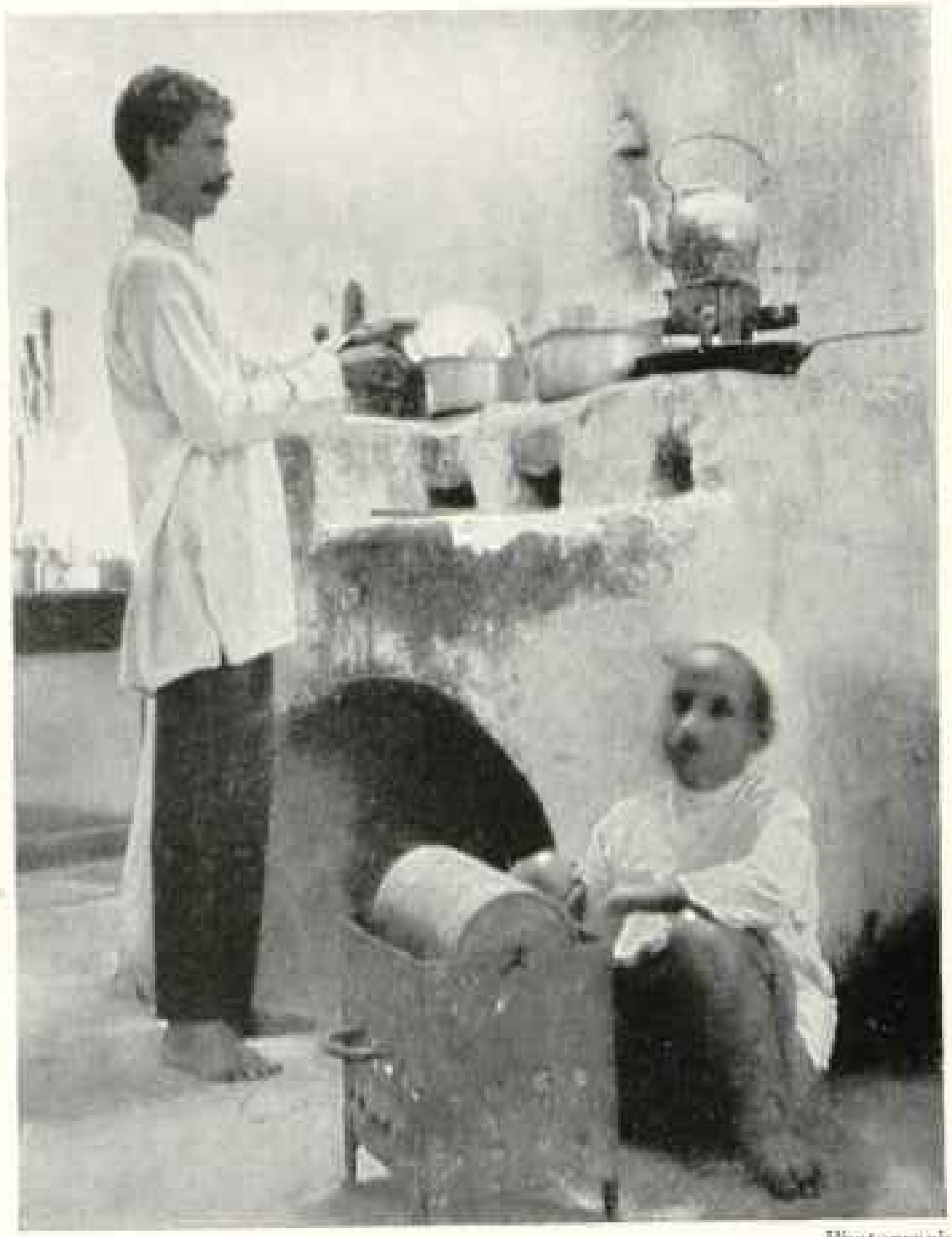
Twenty-four hours is very little time in which to penetrate a mountain wilderness and bring back any sort of game, especially a rare tree, but there was no choice, and some quick action was necessary.

BLOWS AND HONEYED PROMISES FOR THE ARABS

Captain Arthur Mitchell, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, at Aden, elected to accompany me, and Major Jacob hurried his invaluable interpreter, Ali Hussain, off to find us camels and guides. An hour later we were ashore with all our baggage and provisions. By the aid of a tongue that fairly dripped honeyed promises of "baksheesh," and ship's biscuit, Ali Hussain had assembled a small regiment of camels and donkeys and their drivers.

Bedlam ensued. Each man wished only to throw the smallest parcel he could find on his beast, rope it and sneak away. There were not even enough parcels to go around. The Sahibs were a golden harvest, sent by Allah, for the especial enrichment of camel men. Ali was everywhere, bestowing here a kick, there a smile, and sometimes both together; but without the aid of Major Jacob, a master of the Arab and his vitriolic speech, I doubt if we should have ever got started.

In the end, our relatively small amount of baggage, servants, guides, drivers, and interpreters were bestowed upon six camels, five donkeys, and twelve men! It was an enormous robbery, but the Socotrans had a complete grasp of the situation. Our head guide, a fat Arab rascal, who had not felt a rupee in his hand probably for a year, demanded 15 rupees, or about $5, per day for himself and his servant! He got it, too. Yet



AN ARABIAN KITCHEN AT ADEN: COOK AND BOY ROASTING MOCHA COFFEE

THE AUTHOR, THE GUIDE, AND HIS CAMEL MAN WITH THE YOUNG FRANKINCENSE TREE

Photographs by Charles K. Moser

these were the same people who had preferred a handful of rice to a silver dollar only two days before.

Our caravan had scarcely cleared the khor and got well on to the three or four miles of fertile, scrub-covered plain which divides the sea from the mountains, when the guide proved his mettle by suggesting that we camp there for the night. He had been made to understand clearly that his whole business was to bring us into the frankincense country at a point where we might be sure of securing some little trees that could be carried back to the ship, and he had glibly promised to introduce us to those trees by the middle of the next forenoon. Now the promises were so glibly renewed that my mistrust of him became certain and, much against his will, he was forced to push on. Even so, it was after sundown when we reached the glen behind Hadibo, where the Wadi Motaha broke a way for us through the solid wall of Haghier.

AMONG THE BEDOUIN CAVE-DWELLERS

The trail up the narrow gorge of the Motaha, worn by camels' feet and the torrential rains, is narrow, rocky, and exceedingly steep. In places it is scarcely wider than the width of one's beast, and the great thorn bushes beside it tear with insatiable claws at flesh and clothing. Flowers—yellow, blue, and crimson—some familiar, but most of them strange, and creeping vines over low trees gave the whole jungle the appearance of a lovely, unkempt garden—like a woman with disheveled hair. Occasionally one encountered the hideous cucumber tree, with its swollen and whitish stems, looking like enormous candles which had guttered horribly. This tree grows nowhere else, and the rest of the world is none the worse for it. Its proper foliage consists of a few tufts of leaves, with little yellow flowers at the top of its knobby branches; but we saw vultures roosting in nearly every tree and they seemed its fitting fruit.

After dark, when we were perhaps 1,000 feet up, lights appeared in the faces of the cliffs. These were the bedtime fires of the Bedouin cave-dwellers, who live on nothing but the products of their herds. They are a folk so timid that we caught no more than two or three glimpses of them; but we heard their shepherd calls in the morning, and all through the night the lowing of cattle and the bleating of goats betrayed them.

At 10 o'clock, when we had been climbing on foot and dragging the animals up after us for some three hours, tired nature refused to be longer denied. We made camp on a partially bald knoll, littered with mounds and ancient gravestones, near a place called Dahamis. While our Indian servants put up the tent under a spreading euphorbia, the men of Socotra ate a few handfuls of dates and rolled themselves against their prostrate beasts to sleep.

AN ENTRANCING SCENE

We were now about 2,000 feet up. The air was deliciously cool and toward morning it became even biting. Through the tent flap one could look down upon the whole valley behind us, bathed in a heavy dew. Eight or ten miles away the sandhills by the sea glistened in the full moonlight like mounds of silver; nearer, every leaf and stem in the scrub stood out in black and silver filigree; euphorbias and adeniums, gouty and pompous above the scrub, seemed like the fantasies on a Japanese screen. The whole landscape was a series of wonderful traceries in moonlight and shadow, entrancingly lovely.

With the dawn we were scrambling up the slopes again. Animals and baggage were left behind as useless. Guns were even discarded; the wild goat was free to kick his heels in our faces, if he liked, with perfect impunity. I, at least, was obsessed by the one idea to get my trees and get them back to the ship by the time I had solemnly promised.

We were now in a region of much larger trees, many of them very curious and all of them strange to me, except one which resembled, and most probably was, a species of the African baobab. Most interesting of all were three species of the famed dragon's blood—whose ruby-red fluid was used to dye the robes of olden queens—which stood all about us on the slopes, like battalions of skirmishers half hid in ambush.

The natives call these trees *d'ara-reib*

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

SHEIKS OF THE SOCOTERI: THE LARGE-BEARDED MAN IS THE SULTAN'S NEPHEW

and their resin *M'soila*. In ancient times Socotra was known as the only home of the dragon's-blood tree, but nowadays Sumatra and South America furnish the world's supply. It is rarely used as a dye now, but chiefly in the preparation of varnishes. The Socotrans themselves employ it principally for streaking odd designs on their earthen pots.

HOW THE FRANKINCENSE RESIN IS GATHERED

The guide, ordinarily a taciturn man, had been discharging a rapid fire of jargon, more than Greek to me, for some moments, when my nostrils suddenly caught a thin but rich balsamic fragrance in the air. We turned a few yards off the path and the guide, who had been frantically trying to prepare us for the moment, waved a triumphant arm:

"*Tee-lef-ah!*" he exclaimed. . . .

We were in the presence of what was undoubtedly a tree, but it looked nearly as much like an enormous sea-serpent in the act of shedding its skin, so awkwardly contorted and alive it seemed. Tiny, whitish peels clung loosely about stems and bole of a peculiarly livid, blotchy hue. The woody fiber of the tree, distended with its viscous sap, was like nothing so much as decomposing animal flesh, and even the few bright red, geranium-like flowers on short spikes and the sparsely scattered tufts of sumac-like leaves could not soften its repulsive aspect. But it was indeed the frankincense tree we had come to seek, the *tee-lef-ah* of the Socoteri, the *olibanum*, or *al-luban* of the Arab, and the *Boswellia socotrana* of science. The fragrance hanging all about and the partially dried, resinous "tears," exuding from wounds in the bark made by insects, testified to its nature.

The guide, proud at last in the virtue of accomplishment, gathered us about him to drink a bowl of goat's milk and learn how the natives gathered *luban*. The process is simplicity itself. About a month after the rains begin, say in June, when the tree is swollen with sap, the Socotran gathers his household about him

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

THE "GOGGLYWOGGLE" (SEE PAGE 268)

and they go among the wild trees which tradition has allotted him as a family inheritance. Each tree is given ten or a dozen deep, oblique slashes two or three inches in length, and a wrench of the knife tears the lower end of the wound open to form a kind of pocket. In these pockets the amber-colored or whitish "tears" of resin collect, hardening slowly. At the end of a month the collector returns, rips out the partially hardened resin with the point of his knife, and makes more wounds in the bark. He repeats the process once a month until the end of September.

As soon as the *luban* tears are hard they are ready for the market, and they are usually bartered to an Arab trader for kerosene or cotton cloths from America. A tree in Socotra will produce annually about 8 pounds of *luban*, worth 10 cents a pound; a Somaliland tree will produce twice as much and of a quality twice as valuable.

This was all very fine; but as it was now nearly noon and all the frankincense trees in sight were 20 feet high and from 8 to 10 inches in diameter, I told the guide to hurry along and bring us to the little trees which we could take back to the ship.

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

A TYPICAL SOCOTRAN FRANKINCENSE TREE

"Why, Sahib," he exclaimed innocently, "these are the ones."

"Yes, yes, idiot. But where are the *little* ones?"

"FRANKINCENSE TREES HAVE NO YOUNG"

Such an expression of mingled astonishment and rascality came into his face: "Sahib, there are no little ones. Frankincense trees have no young!" . . .

When it was made plain to him that this answer had not appeased the Sahib's wrath, he sullenly explained that smaller trees were no nearer than two days' journey beyond the next pass. Diligent search of the adjacent slopes convinced us that he was at last speaking the truth. There really were no small trees to be found in the whole gorge. The scamp had deceived us from the very start.

We were now about 3,000 feet up, 15 miles from the ship, and it was past noon. There was no time to go any further. I called the nine camel men together and promised a fat "baksheesh" to the man who brought me in a tree small enough to transport to the ship. Six of them did not display the slightest interest in the proposition, but the other three scampered away up the cliffs like goats. The rest of the party returned to the camp.

In about two hours one of the men returned with a tree 3 inches in diameter and 8 feet tall, which he had dug out of the hard red soil with his fingers. Half an hour later another came in with a smaller and better specimen. The third man we never saw again, as we lost no time in hurrying back to the ship. The two trees had to be carried all the way on the backs of their finders, as it became evident that if they were made part of the camels' burdens the thorns would destroy them. We reached Hadibo less than an hour late, but completely exhausted, and it was not surprising that howls arose from our followers for more pay and "baksheesh."

SOCOTRA'S EARLY CIVILIZATION

Aside from its strangely varied and odd vegetation and its bizarre scenic beauties, there is not much, perhaps, in this fertile, almost forgotten, island of Socotra to attract the tourist unless he

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

SOCOTRANS DIVING FOR COINS

be a student of ethnology. Old geologically, there are also still to be found in the ruins of Zoko, the ancient capital (Suk, the Arabs call it), traces of a very early civilization.

During our brief trip into the mountains we stumbled over four or five old burying grounds on the summits of easily accessible knolls, their flat and crumbling gravestones inscribed with what the traveler, Bent, declared to be Ethiopic graffiti. Christianity, undoubtedly of Abyssinian origin, gained an early footing in the island and probably survived, according to Bent, as late as the seventeenth century. Marco Polo and St. Xavier both report having found a debased form of Christianity among the Socoteri of their day. The churches have all disappeared under the intolerant heel of Islamism, but there are several ruined villages still remaining which the inhabitants point out as the work of the cursed Nazarines.

Though the word Socotra is supposed to be of Hindu origin, the old Greeks called it Dioscorides. Their ships visited it often for myrrh and frankincense, aloes, dragon's blood, and spices. Here the Greek sailors probably saw their "mermaids," too—the shallow Socotran bays are breeding grounds for strange sea creatures—and in their tales at home invested them with a beauty only possible to the Greek imagination. The two specimens of the manatee, male and female, taken in Socotran waters and brought to Aden are monstrous and horrible to look at, but startlingly half human, half fish.

Today Socotra exports practically nothing except *ghi*, a rancid butter, made from goat's milk and highly prized in Zanzibar. The inhabitants number about 5,000, and the bulk or them are of African descent, though Bedouins live in the mountain caves, and the ruling class is Arab. The language is distinct in itself, though possessing many Arabic and Mahri words. It has a wondrous wealth of gurgles and impossible noises in the

Photograph by Charles K. Moser

OUR FRANKINCENSE CARAVAN GATHERED ON THE BEACH

throat. There are no words for horse or dog, because these animals are not found on the island. A fine breed of camels and donkeys, which are the tamed sons of the wild asses roaming in thousands on the interior plains, are the beasts of burden.

THEIR "TELESCOPES" MADE IN AMERICA

The Socoteri are for the most part a pastoral people, living upon their flocks and herds. They have neither inclination nor skill for the industrial arts. The baskets they weave and their earthen pots, fashioned with a bit of cocoanut rind in lieu of a potter's wheel, are rude imitations of the southern Arab's handiwork. Those who live by the sea catch fish or dive for mother-of-pearl. They have a most ingenious "telescope" for spying out the wonders that lie at the ocean's bottom. It is simply a kerosene oil can, "made in America," with a sheet of glass set into one side. Into the opposite side the observer thrusts his head, and with the glass bottom well down in the water he is rowed slowly back and forth, mouth and eyes well protected from the salt water, which further serves him as a magnifying lens.

Having got our precious trees aboard ship, we lost little time in getting under way for Mokalla, on the south Arabian coast. There the Sultan met us in a motor-car and took us to his electric-lighted palace, where he was given the presents we had intended for his brother of Socotra. The frankincense trees, planted in a large packing-case half filled with their native earth, are still alive and give promise of some day throwing their fragrance to the breezes of Arizona.

A UNIQUE REPUBLIC, WHERE SMUGGLING IS AN INDUSTRY

By Herbert Corey

Author of "On the Monaster Road," "Shopping Abroad for Our Army in France," etc.

IT WAS quite by accident that I found Llivia. I had started out on a hunt for Andorra, that joyous little republic on the crest of the Pyrenees which is trying to live up to its medieval traditions by making an honest living as a smuggler during the world war. It is not every day that one finds a cheerfully outlaw State in the midst of moderately innocent outlawry. In Barcelona stories were told of the flagrantly public leave-taking of the mule smugglers from the great square of Vieille Andorra, and of the narrow paths by which the contrabandists who specialized in tobacco made their way into France. A visit to Andorra seemed imperative.

I had never heard of Llivia. Not one guide-book in three mentions it. Those that do give it a slighting four-line paragraph as "a Spanish village in France," and further impair a reputation that has been blown upon for centuries by alleging that the principal trade is in articles of contraband. Its stern old church and the lowering little fortresses the Llivians believe are homes, and the narrow, winding alleys in which mounted men were once helpless against cross-bows do not attract tourists.

Tiny electric lights now make the Llivian night visible, and there is a telephone in the Bureau of the Guardia Civile, at the corner of the Plaza de la Constitucion. But these modernities do not impair Llivia's status. Even its enmities are of the seventeenth century. Its people do not permit themselves to forget that they are Spanish people in a Spanish town set down by the accident of an old war in the land of France. One reaches them by a neutral road.

Because the Andorran smugglers furnish the reason for this narrative and Llivia is but the incidental decoration, the story of Andorra should be told first. But I find it difficult to keep away from Llivia. There is something exquisitely anachronistic in this little town—it has but 600 people in all—whose men work in the fields by day and run loads of contraband into France by night. The hand of every officer of the law is against them. The neutral road by which one reaches Llivia from Spain is guarded by two posts of French and one of Spanish soldiers.

VISITORS REGARDED WITH JUSTIFIABLE SUSPICION

Strangers who wish to visit Llivia are regarded with a justifiable suspicion. When the carrier's cart in which the Spanish mails are carried jolts down the road, the bell on the neck of the fat old horse jingling merrily, the soldiers look into the cart and poke inquisitive fingers into packages. It seemed to me that the Llivians do not smile as do the cheerful Catalans on the one side or the French people on the other. They regard one dourly from under drawn brows.

But it is necessary to make a start for Andorra.

I left Barcelona, then, at six in the morning, the one hour of the day in which sleep seems desirable in this gay city. At 7 o'clock the rag-pickers begin their noisy rounds in the little donkey carts from which the "La Defensa" flag of their union floats defiantly to the breeze. By 9 o'clock the sellers of lottery tickets are in full cry. At 10 o'clock the *ramblas* are full of people, who gossip as they walk between the bird markets on the one hand and the flower stalls on the other. Many pretty girls, clad in the lightly floating costume suited to the Spanish summer, appear by noon, and from 1 o'clock on all Barcelona eats as

THE START FROM SEO D'URGEL FOR ANDORRA

though eating were a rite. The revolutionists fill the streets at 5 o'clock and the government is freshly torn down with each fresh edition; and from dinner time until that hour in the morning when the last reveler nods sleepily to bed, the café concerts thump and squeal, and trams rattle and taxis hoot, and an unending stream of blind operators upon instruments of music stops before the restaurant terraces while their maimed agents clash coppers in little pans. The pan, it appears, serves as a cash register. The clank of a copper in the tin never fails to register on the sensitive musical ear, no matter with what fervor its owner may be attacking a difficult harmony. Decidedly, 6 o'clock in the morning has its somnolent attractions in Barcelona. It is cool then and the streets are wide and empty, and quiet comes to one as a balm.

TRAVELING IN THE SORT OF CART IMMORTALIZED BY DON QUIXOTE

At Ripoll a carrier's cart, of the sort that was cursed and immortalized by Don Quixote, waited. It had the body of a prairie schooner swung on two wheels, while beneath the axle a net carried such baggage as could not be thrust upon the laps of the passengers or roped on the conveyance somewhere above the water line. We climbed in through a gate at the rear and sat facing each other, eight of us, all knees rubbing and all voices going at once. Later on the trunk of the boy who lived in Andorra and was on his way home from his first venture in the world was tied across this gate. Then we climbed in and out of the front end by clinging to the shaft and the harness of the rightfully dissatisfied wheel mule.

One was compelled to sympathize with this cynical beast. He did his part—one would say that he overdid his part—and certainly tugged quite as stoutly as did either of the horses that led the caravan. But the old man who drove the cart had two whips—one for the horses and one for the mule. The horse whip was a long and ornamental affair, with which he flicked at the rumps of the lead team; but the mule whip was a short, stout, business-like bludgeon, with which he battered that unfortunate. When the

SKETCH MAP OF SPAIN, SHOWING LOCATION OF ANDORRAN REPUBLIC ON THE FRENCH BORDER

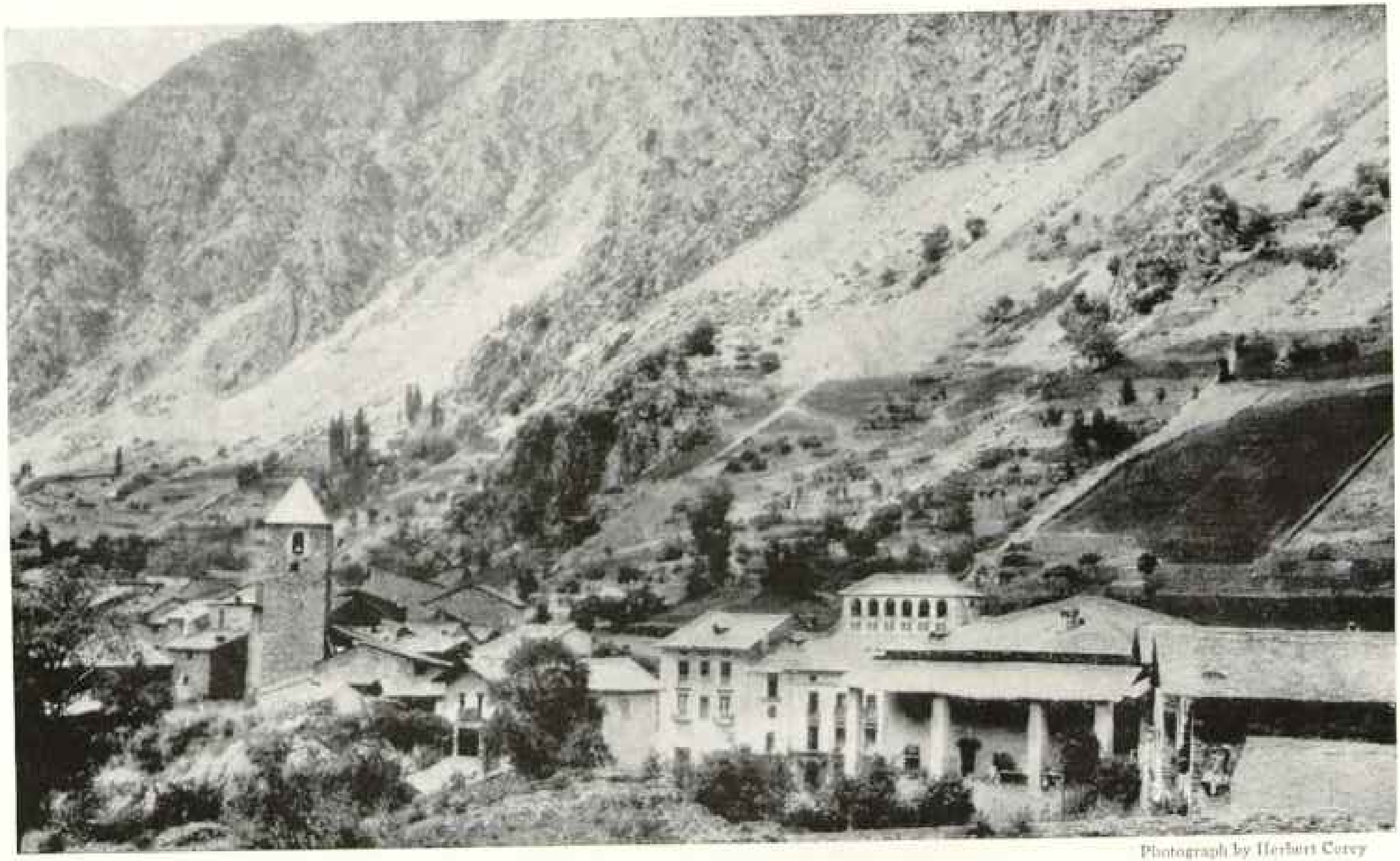
whip-popping and the shouts which accompanied failed to stir the leaders into action, it was the old man's habit to lay aside his reins entirely and whack the mule until the noise startled into action the team ahead. One agreed with the mule that this seemed hardly fair.

From time to time the items of the human cargo changed. The home-coming boy, who had worked in a restaurant in Seville, was distressingly inquisitive. He had a few words of French, and kept at me until he had extracted every bit of information that our joint vocabularies could convey. Then he told the others.

His round, china-blue eyes stared unwinkingly during the eight hours of our cart companionship, but what he missed in courtesy was more than atoned for by the other passengers. Not one gave me more than a glance on entering, though they listened to the boy's story with grave attention. A girl insisted on sharing a basket of fruit, and a bent old peasant woman on her way to work in the high fields, a leather bottle across her knees and her wardrobe in a pathetic little basket, helped to find lunch in a wayside inn. The pretty daughter of a hidalgo of the countryside pointed out the views that were revealed at each turn as we climbed the pass.

A MOUNTAIN COUNTRY RESEMBLING COLORADO

For the better part of sixty kilometers to Puigcerda, we drove through a mountain country familiar in every gray hill and green valley to one who knows our own Colorado. Sheep dotted the landscape, and the narrow meadows were farmed to the last inch. Now and then a golden ribbon wound about the dark shoulder of a hill where grain was being harvested. A terrace had been built there and fertile earth carried in baskets and the water from some overdaring spring coaxed to vivify it. Some of these little hillside fields seemed no wider than a cradle blade is long, and wandered in



Photograph by Herbert Corey

THE CITY OF ANDORRA, SHOWING TERRACED FIELDS ON THE MOUNTAIN SIDES WHICH OVERHANG THE TOWN

CHILDREN OF ANDORRA REPUBLIC, SPAIN

Photograph by Herbert Corey

THE PORTALS OF THE HOTEL DE VILLE, ANDORRA

The arms and the Republic's motto, "Domus Concilii, Sedes Justicias," are above the door. The horses of the 24 councilmen are stabled on the ground floor when they meet. The deputies sleep, eat, and cook their own meals on the second floor.

the most decorative fashion along rocky slopes that seemed hardly fit for sheep pasture. It was as though a mural artist of the Titans had painted garlands on the canyon walls.

The carrier's cart jolted into Puigcerda through a country that might be France, except that a political accident made it Spain. Mountains hem in the little valley in which this old town stands. The trees were of that gray green to which one is accustomed across the border. The sound of running water fills the land. Everywhere little rills prattle down from the mountains and are trapped in irrigating ditches and tinkle away over stones and under overhanging tufts of sod in the most friendly and intimate fashion.

At first one wonders at the work that has been done upon this country, in comparing it to some portions of our own barb-wired and clapboarded farming States. The fences are boulder walls and the houses are of heavy stone; the irrigating flumes and larger canals are of rockwork that would almost withstand an earthquake and are concreted against the loss of a single drop. Then one recalls something of history. Men have been at work on these farms for more than thirteen hundred years. There was a bishopric at Urgel, the next stop after Puigcerda on the road to Andorra, in the sixth century, and the same bishopric is still there. Puigcerda was the capital of the land of Cerdagne more than a thousand years ago. There is a marble tablet in the old church which tells of the burial of a well-loved lady in 1310, and Puigcerda and the church were gray in age even then.

WOMAN AND DONKEY TOIL TOGETHER

At first one looks with a wholly American contempt on plowing done by oxen and marketing in which an old woman collaborates with a panniered donkey: but this gives way to respect. The farmers here make their hay with wooden forks cut from a conveniently molded sapling. After the mules have trodden out the grain they toss the wheat into the air from wooden shovels for the wind to winnow it, just as the Moors did before they were driven out of Cerdagne. The

Photograph by Jesse B. Alemany

THE BYZANTINE CHURCH OF SANTA COLOMA, ANDORRA REPUBLIC

plows never have more than one handle and are sometimes mere crooks of wood shod with iron. But the sheaves piled high in the fields told of an intensive cultivation that has only made these fields more fertile in the centuries of use.

I had already learned there are two sorts of Spaniards. At Barcelona one is asked if one speaks Castilian or Catalan. At Puigcerda my national pride was somewhat abated by the discovery that there are two sorts of Americans. I sought to negotiate with the soft-voiced girl in the shop nearest the hotel for some postcards. A question revealed my status.

"Mother," she cried. "Mother, here is an American."

Mother came from the dark rear of the little establishment and smiled in a pleasant and wholly friendly curiosity. At first she was incredulous. Upon listening to the disjointed conversation she made known the reason for this skepticism.

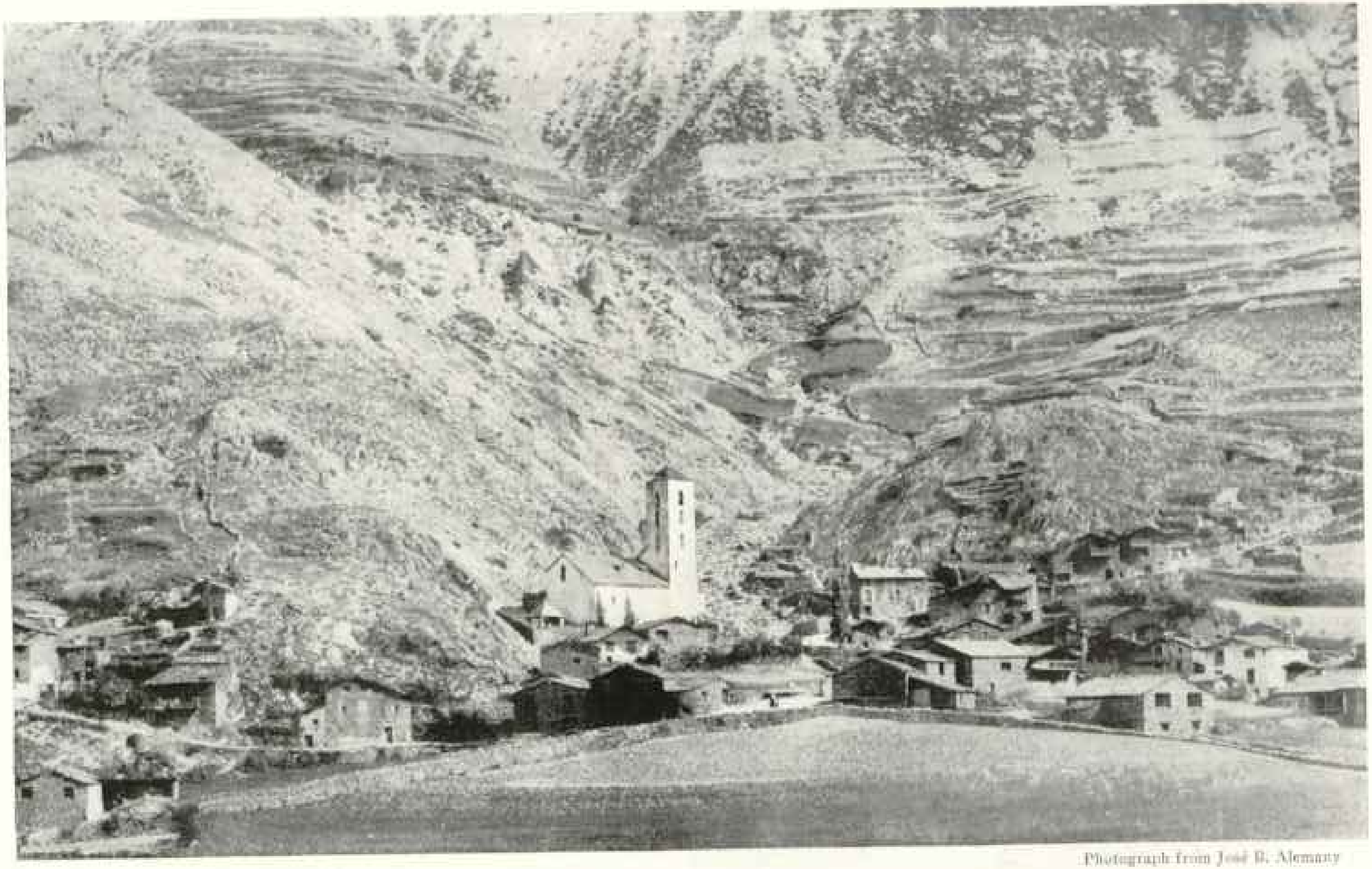
"The stranger," said she, "is a Frenchman. Does he not speak French?"

"He is a North American," the daughter explained.

It was most flattering to have my French accepted at its face value. Heretofore it has only passed current among the graduates of schools of languages. Perhaps my heavy buying of postcards gave the girl a clue to my habitat, for she asked me if I had ever been in New York. Upon the admission she fairly beamed.

"I have something here from New York," said she.

She delved under the counter and produced a pasteboard box in which cartridges had been shipped by a firm in New York State, and pointed out the name to me in real pride. We turned it over and over in our hands as though it were a curio. She seemed to have kept the box in much the same spirit in which our grandmothers once kept the lacquered packages in which tea had been shipped from China.



Photograph from José B. Alemany

CANILLO, ANDORRA'S NORTHERNMOST TOWN: ALL HOUSES ARE BUILT OF STONES

Photograph by Herbert Covey

THE CARRIER'S CART IN WHICH THE START WAS MADE FROM RIPOLL, SPAIN

Photograph from José R. Alchúniry

BRIDGE AND CANYON OF SANT ANTONI, ANDORRA

It is said that on this bridge Charlemagne and the Count of Urgel signed the treaty of the liberty and privileges of Andorra

But the old lady was not satisfied. She had been revolving apparent discrepancies in her mind, and when I left she asked another question:

"Do the North Americans also speak English?"

SPAIN DRIPS WITH SPIES

In war time one wanders in Spain without the annoying formalities of travel in the belligerent lands. It is difficult to get into Spain, and much more difficult to get out, for the country drips with spies, and Spain's neighbors are insistent as to the credentials of travelers. Inside the line one wanders as he wills. An occasional visé from a police official is all that is required, and the police are even willing to abet mild errancies. It was from the host of the Hotel Europe that this was learned. Llivia's existence had just become known.

"It is difficult to go there, you understand," said he. "It is a Spanish village, true; but it is inside French territory, and the French do not like to have strangers go there. It is true that one goes there by a neutral road."

The situation seemed difficult, but Catalan kindness conquered it. If the host of the Hotel Europe seems singled out, it is only because he is typical of all other Catalans with whom I came in contact. I was traveling without other visible luggage than a camera. My pockets bulged disreputably with the various necessities of life. I entered his hostelry filmed with dust after eight hours in a mule cart, and yet he went to infinite pains to aid me. With that fatuity that sometimes comes upon one, I tried to tip him. This is a public apology. It was he who solved the problem of getting to Llivia.

"I shall see the chief of police," said he.

These worthies contrived a plot against the laws of two countries. The chief wrote out a paper which, upon transla-

tion, seemed to be an asseveration in Catalan that I had long been favorably known to him as a resident of Puigcerda. The host of the Hotel Europe enlisted the carrier in the stratagem and drilled him in the story he was to tell. I was to say no word, for my pitiful incapacity in all tongues known in the Pyrenees would have betrayed me at once.

"The carrier will say what is necessary if the soldiers stop you," said the hotel keeper. "At the worst, you will only be inconvenienced for a few days."

A SPANISH TOWN INSIDE THE FRENCH FRONTIER

The chances of arrest seemed excellent, but they also seemed worth taking; for there is but one Llivia. Away back in the seventeenth century Spain paid for an unwise war with France by ceding 33 villages and the territory surrounding them to the stronger power. But after the Treaty of the Pyrenees was signed, Spain "rued back" on a part of the bargain. She yielded the 33 villages, as agreed on, but exempted Llivia on the plea that it was a town and not a village.

So for 250 years Llivia has remained a Spanish town inside the French frontier. It is Spanish in everything but location. The Spanish mails go there, and Spanish taxes are occasionally collected there, and Spanish money is taken, and there is a post of the Guardia Civile upon the public square. As one jolts down the neutral road toward Llivia in the carrier's cart, one could toss his hat on either side into France. The very water that runs in the irrigating ditches at the sides runs in French territory.

"The principal trade of Llivia," according to the guide-books, "is in articles of contraband."

At Llivia the stranger suffers from the unjust suspicion that he is an officer of the law. Elsewhere in Catalonia the people are friendly and of an American self-respect. The boy who brought the morning coffee at Seo d'Urgel shook hands affectionately when we parted. The carter of Puigcerda cheerfully perjured himself when the French soldier abandoned his midday drowse beneath a tree and came to look at me. The carter said we were friends, and later took the franc with which this divagation was rewarded rather under protest. He was understood to say that any one would do as much for a comrade. Everywhere one encounters the most open-hearted and open-handed kindness. But at Llivia one is watched sullenly. Too often, perhaps, smuggling confidences have been betrayed.

So, I wandered unhappily through Llivia's tortuous thoroughfares, conscious of this civic distrust. There was a little girl who was blowing with a hand bellows upon the coals in the bottom of what seemed an early form of the tailor's goose. Ashes spurted out of vents at the side, and the coals at last glowed a yellow red in the hollow of the pressing iron. All this was magnificently new to me, and I beamed upon the girl and prepared to take a photograph when a long arm stretched from a doorway and girl and iron were retrieved. Then a door that would have withstood a battering ram closed softly in my face.

A TOWN READY FOR A SIEGE

But perhaps this pessimism is general and is not confined to the unvouched-for individual. The windows are barred with thick steel. Sometimes these bars are set with knife-like spikes, the edges of which have once been sharp, to catch the predatory arm that sought to reach through.

When a housewife goes to the municipal fountain to draw water or wash the daily salad, she closes her great, nail-studded door behind her and locks it with a key that might weigh a pound or more. If the municipal pig bothers her too greatly, she may withdraw this huge key from her girdle and throw it at him, so that it clangs loudly on the uneven cobbles in the rebound from his dusty hide.

There are overhanging balconies from which an attacking force might be resisted, and slits in some doors through which the caller is inspected before the bars are drawn. One might say that Llivia could stand a siege today, if only medieval means were used against her medieval defenses.

Even the church seems fort as much as sanctuary. One long old wall is pierced by loopholes for archers and is bare of any other window. It is defended at the corners by loopholed bastions. One gains

Photograph by Herbert Covey

THE SPANISH YOKE

This cruel method of harnessing oxen, which makes it impossible for them to move their heads, has descended unchanged from Roman times

Photograph by José R. Alemany

ANDORRA LA VIEILLE AND THE MAIN VALLEY TOWN OF LES ESCALDES FAR IN THE BACKGROUND; ANDORRA REPUBLIC

Photograph by Herbert Corey

THE PUBLIC SQUARE OF LLIVIA

On the first floor of the house facing the square the mules are stabled, while the family lives above; in the bitter cold of a Pyrenean winter the arrangement has its advantages

entrance to the only vulnerable side, in which the great old door is set, by climbing a flight of steep stone steps, in their turn flanked by a tower which alone remains of the original defensive works.

The courtyards, in which oxen are kept under their owners' windows, much to the injury of the village sanitation, are thick-walled inclosures whose gates are great affairs of plank, well barred against aggression, and always overlooked by a window from which they can be defended. The town breathes age and a state of arms. One learns to look with distaste upon the parvenu Café del Progreso on the Plaza de la Constitucion. It is a mere newcomer, this café, with its date of 1791 carved above the lintel. It is only when one learns this marks the time of its reconstruction that it is received into favor.

LIFE OF LLIVIA CENTERS UPON THE PUBLIC SQUARE

It is upon the public square that the visible life of Llivia centers in the daytime. Now and then a wanderer called at the Café del Progreso for one of the mild and sugared drinks to which the Spaniard is partial. A man shrouded in a great cloak and wearing a wide black hat pulled well down over his eyes passed and repassed. He had been a cart passenger and the carter had quite gratuitously assured me that he was a traveler in commerce. He was the breathing image of an operatic conspirator.

A small boy led a pig by a cord attached to a foreleg, and at intervals graciously permitted other small boys to hold the cord while he instructed them in the technique. A yoke of oxen swung slowly by, hauling a cart piled high with hay. But of the male residents of Llivia nothing was to be seen. If one smuggles by night, it is to be assumed that one sleeps by day.

The town crier was making his rounds when we returned to Puigcerda. He seemed as wholly out of date to an American as though a megatherium had been found strolling through these placid streets. He was an old man, most leisurely in his movements, and with an ex-

pression of confirmed melancholy. At first I attributed this to his knowledge that he was out of the modern picture. At intervals he blew a long brass horn, fishmonger style, so that I was entranced by it and followed him.

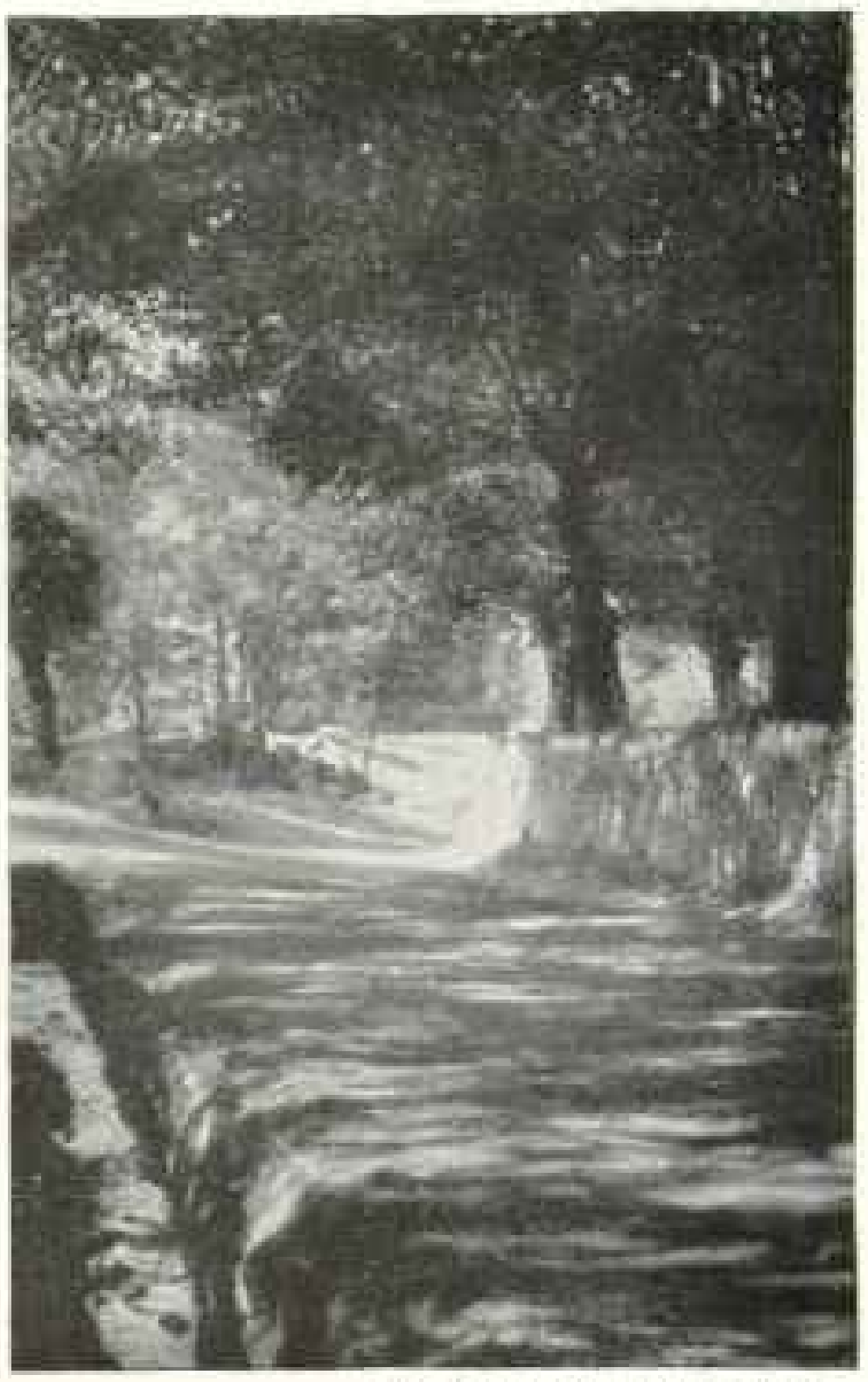
I had been watching the rope-walk under the eaves of the church, where an old man walked slowly backward all day long, a wad of hemp fastened to his girdle. He spun rope yarn from the spindles that were whirled by the belt from a wheel an irritated small boy turned. Later he twisted the yarn into rope in the same fashion.

The crier had not recognized at all that the time had passed for his leisurely method of diffusing information. When we reached the public square of Puigcerda, where a crowd waited the autobus that was to carry us to Seo d'Urgel, it became evident that his dejection had been occasioned by the lack of a proper audience. To the stranger and to the curious small boy who had trailed the stranger he had mumbled at intervals—always preceded by a stirring blast upon the trumpet—that a thrilling film of the life and adventures of Cristoforo Colombo was to be presented that very evening at the municipal theater.

AN ART IN TOWN CRYING

But in the presence of the throng in the public square, before that Hotel de Ville that was built in 1400, and which still bears the half-obliterated wheat sheaves of Puigcerda's arms on its walls, he became a different person. He registered emotion, as a movie man would say. His voice soared until it reached an oratorical climax, and then dropped to low and thrilling tones as he dwelt upon the pathos of this marvelous film. We who waited fairly hung upon his words. There is an art in town crying.

With every revolution of the wheels of the autobus toward Seo d'Urgel we moved farther toward the days of the Knight of the Mancha. Oxen began to wear fringed and beaded veils upon their patient faces. Men came down from the hillside farms, driving before them donkeys on whose pack-saddles were racks resembling five barred gates on which wheat sheaves were tied. Wheeled vehicles are current only on the main roads. Pack-mules jingled with bells and wore heavily brassed saddles on which every form of package was securely roped. The authentic diamond hitch was in use everywhere, so that one saw where the art of our Western packers was born. Chains stretched across the roads at the posts of the Guardia Civile stopped traffic for examination.



Photograph by Herbert Covey

THE NEUTRAL ROAD TO LLIVIA

The wall at the right and the water which chatters in the stone-lined irrigating ditch at the left are in France, but the road is neutral.

On the hilltops are the remains of castles and fortified farms, reminders of the days, not so far distant, when each man took what he could and held what he might. The twin inventions of repeating firearms and the Guardia Civile have made rural life in Spain fairly safe now and the bandit no longer roams upon these roads. Nevertheless, the passer-by sometimes carried a rifle in the crook of

Photograph by Herbert Corey

A RAG-PICKER AND HIS CHARIOT FLYING THE "LA DEFENSA" FLAG OF THE RAG-PICKERS' UNION: MADRID, SPAIN

his arm, and the priest, who later rode down from Andorra with me, indicated that the knife is still a ready solvent of difficulties.

Perhaps I misunderstood him, as we talked by signs and scattered words, lacking any common language; but he shook his head sadly over the backwardness of his flock and pantomimed a dispute in the hills in most illuminating fashion. First the injured party shook a petulant forefinger at his antagonist; then there was an outburst of violent speech; finally the priest's hand flew to the belt of his black cassock, withdrew an imaginery knife, and thrust it so swiftly at my own girdle and with such a venomous air that I shrank coldly. He was a good priest, though. For slow miles he struggled with a statement until I finally made it out:

"AMERICA WILL BE THE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD"

"It is good," said he, "that America has entered the war. For all the other nations would seek to be masters if they won; but America will be the friend of all the world."

At Seo d'Urgel a temptation was resisted. The guide-books pay little attention to Seo—the country folk call it "Saao"—because it is off the beaten path. I had no time to explore it thoroughly. But certainly the "float," as a prospector would say, offered rich finds to the interested digger. There is a street of heavy, arched arcades, under loopholed walls, through which little streets pierce at intervals, which takes one back at a glance to the Middle Ages.

They are for the most part two men wide, these little streets. Some of them are roofed over, and dim lamps twinkle in their twisty lengths. They tell of the days called good, when men were killed fervently in them with axe and sword, instead of being scientifically entered upon the casualty list by cold-blooded mathematicians hidden miles away behind hills, and who would be helpless without their books of logarithms.

Photograph by Herbert Corey

A BUSY SCENE ON THE PLAZA DE LA CONSTITUCION AT LLIVIA, THE SPANISH TOWN IN FRANCE

The open doors of the shops afford glimpses that tantalize the stroller. Shopkeeping in the bishopric of Urgel seems to run largely to the sale of pack-saddles, coils of rope, and firearms, and the fragrant scent of leather comes to the nostrils. It was just opposite the great pots built in a stone oven under the arcade, from which bean soup is served to travelers on market and feast days, that I encountered the temptation.

THE SHOP OF SKIN FLASKS

There is a shop there, a cavernous, dark, windy shop. The floor is clear of the riffraff of rope and leather that one sees in other business houses. In the farthest corner a single candle is screened against the draft from the open door, and its tiny flame casts long, moving shadows of objects that swing lightly from the heavy rafters. There was a mysterious similitude of life about these things. They were faintly recognizable. It was as though many of the common domestic animals had reversed their normal habit and had attached themselves flylike to the half-seen ceiling.

Then came enlightenment. These were wine sacks made of pig and goat skins, which by the art of their maker had preserved a horrible likeness to their original inhabitants. There was one small wine sack there—it had been the earthly integument of a tiny pig—that I coveted with all my heart. It swung in the breeze from the open door, the half light concealing the imperfections of its present and emphasizing the plump coquetry of its original state. Twice I walked past the door and twice I was redeemed from folly. A dusty wanderer whose solvency was only vouched for by the possession of a camera must have added to his handicap by the surreptitious fondling of a wine sack that uncannily resembled a little pig.

Many old costumes have disappeared from the Pyrenees. The men rarely wear sabots, and then only when they are at

Photograph from José B. Alemany

THE "SARDANA," THE NATIONAL CATALAN DANCE, IN THE CENTRAL SQUARE OF ANDORRA LA VIEILLE (ANDORRA THE OLD)

work irrigating. Their footgear is usually the rope-soled alpargatax. Some wear a wide sash, but the crowd-color is chiefly furnished by the velveteens, which, chosen for their wear-resisting qualities, have with age and patches taken on almost Turneresque hues. Now and then one sees the scarlet Catalan cap, which folds longitudinally of the head and falls over one eye in the fashion once beloved of sea adventurers. Only on Sundays and fête days do the girls don the short skirt and low shoes of the artist's peasant. For the most part the skirt is short for utilitarian reasons, and all beauty of line is destroyed by their clumsy shoes.

SMUGGLERS REAPING A GOLDEN HARVEST

Doubtless Andorra smuggles at the best of times. That is the conclusion I reached, at least, from the perfect openness with which every one discussed the free-trade proclivities of the Andorrans. One might have thought they were talking of the spring plowing or the price of lambs. And yet Andorran secretiveness has become a proverb in the hills. "Tell a thing to an Andorran and it is lost," is one form of this saying. Nowadays, with the neighbor France in the market for everything that Andorra can furnish, and too busy fighting to watch her douanes very carefully, the men of Andorra are reaping a golden harvest. Scandalous rumor has it that the Spanish frontier guards look with a certain complacency on the illegal traffic.

"I have a cousin who is a frontier guard," a man in Barcelona told me. "He says that if the war lasts another year he will retire. At ten dollars a mule, he is already rich."

The situation of this quaint little survival of lost ages favors this form of activity. The Republic of Andorra measures about 25 miles in one direction by 20 miles in the other, and is located right on the crest of the Pyrenees. It is as though the little State were a wedge driven in and dividing France and Spain at this point. Charlemagne gave the Andorrans a certain measure of freedom because of their services in the field. They streamed down out of their hills and helped Louis the Debonair fight the Moors, with whom, however, they had a very lively quarrel of their own. For that he gave them a franchise.

"IT IS A POLITICAL CURIOSITY"

Napoleon looked the little State over. "It is a political curiosity," said he. "It must be preserved."

Andorra has maintained itself as a political entity for more years than has any other republic in the world. The tiny State of San Marino, in Italy, vies with it in point of diminutiveness, but Andorra was hoary with age when San Marino was born.

It is not worth fighting for, and it makes no trouble that a few policemen would not quell. Nevertheless it is a real State.

Andorrans pay almost no taxes at all. Each year a small tribute must be paid to the Prince Bishop of Urgel and to the Republic of France, and a levy is made on the incomes of the Andorrans for the purpose. There are almost no other costs attached to the operation of the republic. Each of the six cantons in which the little State is divided elects annually four councilors, and the 24 select one of their number for president. They are paid a few sous each when they attend a meeting of the council. Their horses are fed by the State and they have their meals. Now and then the hall of the council needs a new slate on the roof. The annual budget stops there.

The carrier's cart left Seo d'Urgel when it was just light enough in the morning for me to see that my neighbors were all peasant women on their way to St. Julian de Loria, the first Andorran village one reaches and a famous resort of smugglers. Not so long ago a mere mule track connected Seo with the capital, but now a fairly good road follows the winding course of the torrent of the Valira. Coffee is not to be had out of hours at a provincial Spanish inn, and we were more than sharp set when the carter turned us out at St. Julian and made us walk up a grade the mules could not negotiate with a full load.

A FÊTE DAY IN ST. JULIAN

It was a fête day in St. Julian, it appeared. A stand in the public square, which was a mere bulbous enlargement of the cart road, had been decked with

Photograph by Herbert Corey

THE OLD ROPE-WALK: PUIGCERDA, SPAIN

greenery. A girl dressed in the fête-day costume of the hills—a white bodice cut modestly low, operatically short skirts, and low shoes—ran to meet the discontented little violiniste who had frowned on us and on her peasant mother from her place in the crowded cart. The violiniste was dressed in the cheap finery of Barcelona, with high-heeled shoes of poor leather, badly scuffed and run over at the heels, while around her neck she had wound a boa that had been built of chicken hackle. The sister was charming, but the feminine in her led her to admire the awful tawdriness of the violiniste.

"Thou art in grand *tenue*," I heard her say.

There was time to see that the public square was filled with men putting impatient feet against the ribs of rebellious mules in the effort to pull tighter the ropes of the diamond hitch. Loads were going across the hills, fête day or no. Other tired men straggled in at the heels of tired mules, the pack-saddles empty, after a successful trip into France. Small boys were importantly aiding. Girls clung to the arms of the *contrabandista*, and old women waddled about with parcels that looked like provisions for the departing. Then came the call to breakfast, and the smugglers were forgotten.

There were tiny trout served at this one *peseta* breakfast, and toasted bread and doubtful coffee; but the undoubted *pièce de résistance* of the table was an automatic fly-swatter that ran by clockwork, and which at least made the swarming flies respectful. Wine was served in the two-spouted bottles from which one pours the fluid at a distance into a thirsty mouth, and which are such a snare to the unaccustomed wayfarer. The old woman who was mistress of ceremonies hunted about behind the counter of the tiny store which was an adjunct to the inn and found a fly-specked letter-head.

"Thou shalt have this," said she. "It will serve to save us from forgetfulness."

All the way to Andorra I had cherished a secret hope that I might be permitted to accompany the smugglers on one of their illicit trips; but when I

reached the capital this vain hope was blighted. It was not that there was the slightest suspicion of a stranger, or that the march over the hills was considered too difficult for tender feet; but the Andorrans felt they must consider the state of the stranger if he were discovered in France without a proper visé on his passport. It was felt that he might have the greatest trouble to explain himself, and that in the explanation an official and undesirable attention might be directed toward themselves; so I was regretfully refused.

But the operations of the smugglers were made quite clear to me. In these Pyrenean hills a tobacco is raised by which the rankest Connecticut second growth might class as Havana. This frightful stuff is labeled in accordance with the tastes of the prospective victim. One may have a Havana cigar, or one ticketed from the Canary Islands, or marked Carolina or Virginia or Gibraltar. Even the revenue stamps are counterfeited, so that, so far as externals are concerned, the elect would surely be deceived. But an outraged palate would discover the deception.

In the tobacco factory of Andorra these cigars and cigarettes are put up in packages, and packed in haversacks which are just a load for one man. If the smugglers run a haversack through to France they are paid eighty pesetas. If they are forced to abandon the load en route they are still paid twenty pesetas. The packages of cigarettes which one buys for twenty centimes in Andorra sell, according to the stamp upon the package, for eighty centimes outside; so that the smuggling profit is not to be despised. But the most profitable trade is in mules.

CHIEF TRAFFIC IS IN SPANISH MULES

Spain has been fairly robbed of her mules by the needs of the Allied armies, and so the further exportation is frowned upon by the government. Likewise, although these mules are bought for the French army, France still maintains an import duty upon live stock. The Andorrans procure mules by hook and crook from Spain, and lead them over the hills at night by unfrequented paths into France. The share of the gendarmes in this traffic, as previously stated, is ten dollars a mule. There is no record that an Andorran smuggler has been recently injured in the practice of his vocation.

There is a prosaic stability about the business of smuggling in Andorra that detracts from its interest to the visitor. I turned my attention to the study of history in Andorra, but here I was somewhat disappointed. It was possible to get into the old council hall, in which the horses of the councilors are stabled on the ground floor, while the council hall and their sleeping quarters are on the floor above. There is a fine old fireplace there, in which the administrative meat is roasted, and a cupboard with six locks, in which archives are kept that date from the days of Charlemagne.

But each canton has a key, and the keepers of the keys were on the hills, smuggling or watching the cattle that furnish the most permanent source of income here; so that my inquiry into Andorra's past was a somewhat scanty one.

TITLES ONCE OBTAINED ARE NEVER RELINQUISHED

The total population of the republic is about 6,000, and those men that have arms serve in the army. There are no uniforms in the army, but this shortage is made up by the surplusage of officers.

Artemus Ward's regiment of brigadier generals might well have had its inspiration here. The man who once gets an office never relinquishes the title, and as offices seem to go somewhat by rotation, the untitled man in Andorra must be a poor stick indeed. Nor is there a finicky precision in the matter of arms for the army. The man who served lunch showed me with pride a blunderbuss made by Tower, in London, in the days of one of the first Georges, and assured me that he was a soldier in good standing. It was a good blunderbuss, too—clean as a watch and obviously up to anything. I did not wonder at the pride he took in it.

"It is a hard country," said the priest who shared the mule cart on the way back to Seo. "The cattle begin to straggle down from the hills when the snow falls early in September. The winter is long and very cold and my people are so poor. But for the smuggling they would suffer. What would you?"

PLAIN TALES FROM THE TRENCHES

As Told Over the Tea Table in Blighty—A Soldiers' "Home" in Paris

By Carol K. Corey

Author of "From the Trenches to Versailles," etc.

ALL the long tables are ready for tea. The cloths are blue and white and so are the dishes. The milk pitchers are full to running over, the jam bowls too, and the large plates of fresh, sweet-smelling bread and butter are just where they ought to be. And there's cake—the good kind, full of raisins and currants and nuts. Why, there's even plenty of *sugar!* So, as I tie on my absurd little apron I say to myself that it doesn't look like a war-time tea at all.

But it is, in the fullest sense of the word; for in this big, cheerful, sunny room every guest will be in uniform. He may be a "Tommy," a "Canuck," or a "Scotty." If he's a New Zealander he'll call himself a "Pig Islander," and if he's Australian he's an "Aussie" for short. If he's French Canadian we never ask his name—just call him "Pierre," at which he smiles and shows his nice white teeth.

Never mind, he's a soldier on leave, else he wouldn't be in "A Little Corner of Blighty." Everybody knows that "Blighty" is just another name for Memory, or Courage, or Strength. Briefly, it's *home*, the beginning and end of the soldier's long, hard trail.

The first three to come to my table are "Kangaroos"—tall and straight, freshly shaven, uniforms brushed and pressed, boots of a dazzling brilliance; happy faces, happy laughter, happy hearts. "By these signs ye shall know them," for they are "just in."

"JUST IN" AND WHAT IT MEANS

To be "just in" means everything for which you have longed during twelve, fourteen, sometimes even nineteen or twenty months. It means *Paris*, with money in your pocket. It means freedom from discipline. It means *sleep in the morning*. If your pal's sharing your room, the last thing you say to him at night is, "Call me at six," *just* so you can tell him to "Go to," etc. Then you turn over again.

Often a glistening new alarm-clock is carried in, hilariously wound, and cursingly set for some unholy hour. And when it attempts to fulfill that mission for which all alarm-clocks were invented, it is sleepily but vigorously kicked into space to an accompaniment of "That sure was worth the price." It's nice to be "just in."

Before very long the three have learned the name of the best theater in town, and that of the finest and most expensive restaurant. The smiling one asks if the circus is still on, and when informed that it is he immediately decides for the other two:

"We'll go there tonight, though we're all pretty tired from the long ride down, and I suppose we *ought* to go to bed, inasmuch as we've got eight full days here. Indulgence leave, you know, only for good boys. And the best part of it all is that we're together. 'Two more 'birds' from our 'divvy' came to town day before yesterday, and we're all going to meet here. We've heard a lot about this little village and now we're going to prove it. Wright, here, didn't want to come to tea at all. Said he wanted to look 'em over. My word! The girlies are scrumptious in this old town. I'm saying to myself as I listen to your talk, dear friend, 'don't move; she might vanish'; for we haven't heard a lady speak English in seventeen months.

"Last night we saw a girl; she was plowing, and I don't mind telling you she got us going, at that. Wright hung out of

the car window and gave a good old Australian 'cooee.' But she just shook her head 'cause she didn't 'compree.'"

BARTY'S REQUIEM

Just here a fourth man wearing the same divisional colors on his sleeve joins our group to the gay shout of "Hello, Digger," which is only another name for "mate," you know.

Then: "Where's Barty? Didn't he come along with you?"

The newcomer shakes his head, and when he is asked "Why not?" answers simply, "Dead." To a further question of "When?" he replies, "Monday." And Barty's only requiem from three husky throats is, "He was a good bloke."

As I say "Hello!" to three New Zealanders, I see that something is very wrong with them, for they fairly radiate gloom—so much so that the smiling Australian, who has just lighted a "fag," again takes the floor. He wants us all to "gaze on this procession of joy-killers." And he goes on like this:

"Say, fellows, this is '*Parus*.' Don't you know that? And don't you know you're damn lucky to be alive?"

"That's no news to us," says one of the newcomers, a stretcher-bearer. "But on the last afternoon, when in spite of ourselves we feel a little down, we come in here and a lady begins to sing 'End of a Perfect Day.'"

When I look at these three nice boys facing no one knows what, in spite of all talk about "encouraging the morale of the men," I can't help saying:

"If you happened to steal another day, you wouldn't be the first."

The big-eyed one, who is a bomb-thrower, shakes his head mournfully as he tells me it can't be done, for "We've got to think of the other fellows who are waiting their turn. Anyway, it's a terrible risk."

THE UNBELIEVABLY PERFECT GIFT

And when I ask if the risk isn't worth the result, everybody present acknowledges vociferously that it is, but—at which the third kid, who up to now has eaten steadily and said nothing, breaks into the conversation with "Oh, hell, lady, we're three days overdue now!"

Some one touches me on the shoulder and I turn to greet a serious, anxious-looking soldier with whom I have a great secret. His first words are:

"Did you get it?"

And in a stage whisper I answer, "Yes."

Then he asks, "Is she pretty?"

And I say:

"*Wonderful*—really, truly curls and a white lace dress, and all the little underthings hand-made, with ribbon bows everywhere. And she can be dressed and undressed a hundred times a day, because there are regular grown-up 'snaps' on everything. Even her hat's got a hat-pin and she's wearing gloves. And she says, 'Mamma' and"—

Here I am interrupted with, "Can she say *papa?*" And I swear it.

Having kept the best till last, I tell him that she *walks*. All you have to do is to turn a little thing in her back and she starts. She's so cunning I almost want to keep her for myself, though I shudder when I think about the price.

"*Price*," scorns he, "do you think I care a hang about the price? Please remember that child o' mine is four years old now, and when I saw her she was exactly seven months. Don't you suppose I want her to know she's got a daddy?"

I take advantage of the lull in the rush of serving, and sneak him through the kitchen, where no soldier is allowed, into the room where we hang our coats. The chief tea-maker begins to expostulate, then recognizes my companion and only smiles; for she, too, has seen Miss Dolly. I allow daddy to open the box. As he lifts from the many sheets of pink tissue paper this unbelievably perfect gift he only gasps, "Oooooohhhhh," but I am repaid.

"WAR'S A GOOD THING FOR A LOT OF US"

I return to the tea-room to find a hot-headed chap storming indignantly:

"There you go again, talking about the war. There ought to be a law"—

"That's so," interpolates his neighbor. "What else do we know after three years of it? You pick a nice, new, interesting subject and tell us about it. Why not give us a little lecture on the *mud?* That's always interesting to the ladies.

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WHAT BLIGHTY MEANS TO OUR BOYS

The sailors on leave from their ships and the soldiers from the trenches bring to the city their high-hearted, indomitable youth and the motto, "This is Paris, and we're lucky to be alive."

They say 'Poor dear' so sweetly that you forget to tell them the one good thing about it, which is that it keeps you warm. I never had a cold till I got here and cleaned it off. And look what a 'beaut' I've got now. I tell you, Missus, the mud's never hurt me. Neither has the war. Why, I used to have asthma somethin' fierce; but now it's all 'partee.' If we get home with all our arms and legs and eyes—or just enough to get on with—this here war's goin' to be a good thing for a lot of us.

"Of course, I ain't sayin' it's pleasant; far from it. There's the route marches and the everlastin' salutin' and the bully beef and the bumps on the ground at night. But there's compensations. Take my case. I had *three* sisters all learning the piano at once, and all of 'em dubs

at it. Yeah, it could be worse. Pass the cake, Kid."

Two more Australians, whom I know only as Phil and Steve, are ready for tea. As I pour, I ask the big one, "What's that you're wearing in your hat?"

To which he replies unsmilingly, "Kangaroo feathers, of course."

And when I want to know what his friend carries that enormous knife for in his belt, he unhesitatingly answers, "Appendicitis."

"Say, this is a boshter (fine) place, eh Phil?" says the red-haired one.

Phil nods in hearty assent, though his mouth is truly too full for utterance. After a little while, however, he slows up, and begins to tell me about some of the fun they've been having. The best evening was the one on which they began by beating up a taxi driver because he refused to take them five miles into the country.

"By thunder, lady, that bloomin' blighter was a funny sight, wasn't he, Steve?"

THE AUSTRALIANS' DINNER PARTY

Steve says, "Righto, especially when his nose bled the most."

The aunt of another pal, having discovered their presence in Paris, invited them to dinner. They left their hotel "perfectly good citizens, at peace with all the world." After they'd finished with the chauffeur they got into his car, pulled down their sleeves, leaned back, and "lighted up." Arrived close to their destination they stopped the taxi, got out, overwhelmed the frightened and bloody driver by the size of the tip, and then proceeded the rest of the way on foot, 'cause they "had the wind up" at the thought of eating with a lady.

"You tell the rest, Pete," says Phil shyly.

But Pete insists that he "hasn't brought his music," so Phil continues:

"You see, we really wanted to meet Sam's aunty, and we really wanted to eat that dinner, but the nearer we got to her house the scairder we got. We went past three times, and once Pete had his foot on the lowest step; but we got seasick again and hurried away. Fourth time, just as I said, 'Let's smoke one more before going in,' the door opened and a little, round lady, with nice twinkly eyes, came out and said: 'This is the house, boys. Come right in. Dinner's almost ready.'

"So we did, and first thing you know, Pete here was having a fine time, like he always does. We both spied a big photograph of Sydney harbor on the wall, and that gave Pete something else to talk about. As for me, well, I just couldn't think of a word to say, and I got to worrying about what the lady must be thinking of me. Poor soul! She married a 'Froggie,' but at that she *seems* happy.

"When the time came to go in to dinner, a lady servant with awful nice feet looked in at the door and said: '*Madum, eh survy.*' She looked right at *me*, too, and though I didn't savvy, I winked back. But nothing happened. Aunty just said, 'Mercy' (Merci), and we all 'fell in.'

"Mr. Froggie was very nice and very polite—very. Always saying 'Pardong' and making funny little bows. But I liked him at that; for of course he can't help his ways, now, can he? He told us that Madum was deelighted to have us in 'cause she'd never gotten over being Australian. Everything to eat was going to be Australian, not a single sauce on nothin'.

"When we got into the mess-room, first thing I noticed was a treemennjus bowl of Australian wattle blossoms."

"You're crazy," bursts in Pete. "It was French mimosa."

"MY NAME'S THE GUSHER, BUT TONIGHT I CAN'T SAY A WORD"

"Oh it was, was it?" shouts Phil. "You call it by any new-fangled French name you want to. It'll always be plain old golden wattle to me. As I said before, there was a huge bunch of *wattle* blossoms on the table. I gave one look and sniffled right out loud. I just couldn't stand it a bit longer; so I said: 'Mrs. Australia'—I called her that for, in the first place, I could never pronounce her Froggie name, and in the second place, I think 'Mrs. Australia's' *mighty* pretty, so I said, 'Mrs. Australia—most of us have got a nickname in the army. Mine's the 'Gusher,' 'cause I talk so much. But tonight I can't talk at all. I'm thinking of

Photograph by William Brandt

THE STRASSBURG MONUMENT

Today, the Strassburg monument is more than a memorial to Alsace, more than an expression of the proud spirit of France. No longer draped in mourning, but bright with the tri-color, it is a declaration that might does not make right.

home and I can't say a word—not a word.'

"Well, she just leaned over, patted me on the shoulder, and said: 'Then, why try?' She's dinkum (the real thing), she is—dinkum as they make 'em."

A Scotty takes a vacant chair and I go to the kitchen for fresh tea. As I pour it I see that it is unusually strong, and offer to bring hot water. But no; he wants it strong, very. I say: "My goodness, I should think you'd be too nervous to fight."

And most seriously he answers, "Beeleeve me, sister, *I am.*"

A solemn-looking boy, who hasn't said a word during all his tea, gets up, thanks me, and goes away. At which two of the others burst into hearty laughter as they inform me that "the poor boob is upset because he can't forget the face of the Fritzie he 'finished.'"

"LET'S NOT TALK SHOP"

Everybody at the table concludes that "he'd better wait until he's got something to worry about." But, upon questioning, most of them admit that sometimes the things one sees are not exactly pretty.

"For example," says one, "that time the 'big one' came just when sixty of us were coming out after 'fourteen days of it.'"

At which an elderly man speaks up:

"The saddest sight ever I saw was this morning, in Notre Dame. A nun came in with forty-eight children all in black. She told me that every one had been orphaned by the war.

"But, let's not talk shop. Let's talk about the funny things one sees. Once I was driving in a long line of transport lorries. Suddenly, it seemed almost before I heard the shell, I saw an overcoat sailing through the air. The sleeves were waving wildly and I laughed till I cried. I ran up to it and saw there was something inside; but I kept right on laughing. When I got back to my car I met a mate, who said: 'Say, I got a fine pair o' legs here. You know who owns what goes with 'em?'"

A disheveled boy, sinking exhaustedly into a chair, exclaims:

"Geeminy crickets, I'm tired. Paree or no Paree, I'm going to bed right after tea. My back aches and I'm full of bruises."

"Too bad," I say, "just in from line, I suppose."

"Line nothing," he sneers. "I've been learning to roller-skate."

As I fill his cup for the second time, a nice "homey" sort of a lad wants to know "where all the pretty workers come from." He goes on:

CHOCOLATES ALL GONE—TIME FOR THE WAR TO END

"Now that little one in black, with all the yellow hair, will *do* me. She told me yesterday that after the twentieth of the month you won't be able to find a *single* chocolate in all Paris. *Think* of *that*, fellows! Just about time for this nasty war to end, don't you think? This place is certainly top hole, and I wrote in the visitors' book how I felt about it. What did I write? Just 'Better than a married life.'"

"Proving, of course, that you are not married," I say.

"Proving, of course, that *I am*," says he.

After a minute I'm asked if I've seen Mack today.

"He promised to meet me at the corner of the Roo Day Rivullay and the Roo Fourth Day September, and I waited till my feet got sore. I say—here he is now. If you don't mind *too* much, Mack, I'd like to know"—

"Yes," fumes Mack, "all I had to do was to *find* that corner. After I'd hunted for it most of the afternoon I asked a Frenchy. He began with the first verse, which he did solo. When he got to the second quite a crowd had collected. So I said: 'I'm a peaceable man myself. Have it your way.' And here I am."

"Mack" seems a good sort and tells me he likes music. From the wide, soft, many-plaited band around his hat I know that he likes "swank," too. Also he likes books and asks me if I've read the story of Gallipoli, just published by an Australian. He goes on to relate that his mother has sent him a copy, but that it's "no bone" (*pas bon*), for the author contends that every Australian is a hero.

During the shouts of derision which follow this statement I defiantly announce that every Australian *is* a hero. At which five modest youngsters rise, make me a gallant bow, and exclaim as with one voice, "We nevah contradict a lady."

"I KNOW IRISH EYES WHEN I SEE THEM"

After they have gone there is sufficient time to permit me to clear my table and prepare it for the next "reinforcements." I slip over to another part of the room, where three "workers" are intently listening to a fourth, who is narrating something thrilling, beginning: "And *he* said"— But I shall never know what he said, for a glance over my shoulder shows me that again every seat at my table is occupied. So I hurry back.

"Why, you're all Canadians this time, aren't you? That's nice," I say, as I busy myself about my pleasant task.

"Easy, easy, lady," says a mischievous-looking baby. "I'll venture to say you smiled just like that at your last tableful.

Y. M. C. A. BARRACKS FOR AMERICAN FIGHTERS IN PARIS

Here is a home for the soldier "just in," where he can realize the dreams of months at the front and enjoy freedom from discipline, hot baths, and *sleep in the morning!* "Freshly shaven, uniforms brushed and pressed, boots of a dazzling brilliance, happy faces, happy laughter, happy hearts"—by these signs ye shall know those who are "just in."

and that there wasn't a Canuck amongst them. You see, I know Irish eyes when I see them."

I don't answer because my attention is fixed on a rough-looking individual who is making a violent arraignment against America and all things American. He is saying:

AN ATTACK ON FOOLISH AMERICAN BOYS

"They make me sick with their talk about their umpteen million men and their steen billion airplanes. And they send a handful of toy soldiers to France, and these guys sit in cafés and tell about how, since we couldn't finish the war ourselves, they've come over to do it for us, and that if they can't *win* Belgium back they'll *buy* it back, and that if their fathers' incomes could be added together it 'ud make something like"—

Here I can stand no more. "But surely you don't hold a whole nation responsible for the talk of a few foolish boys?" I demand as calmly as possible.

Furious at being interrupted, he wants to know why it's my funeral to "stick up for the rotten Yanks."

And when I reply, "Because I happen to be one myself," he only whispers, "Well, I'll be double damned."

As he goes out, however, he stops for a second to hiss into the ear of the first speaker, "*You* and your Irish eyes!"

An alert, middle-aged man is on my right, seated between two clear-eyed, upstanding boys. He introduces me, oh how proudly, to what he terms his "offsprings." All three are in the same regiment, and Eddie is twenty-one—celebrated his birthday day before yesterday, right here in Paris. What do you know

Photograph from W. W. Rock

THE PALACE OF THE TROCADERO, SEEN THROUGH THE ARCHES OF EIFFEL TOWER

The art treasures of Paris are clustered like jewels in a setting, and one need only turn from masterpiece to masterpiece. On the dome of the Palace of the Trocadero, seen in the distance, is poised Mercié's "Fame." In the beautiful park, which slopes down to the Seine and the Bridge of Jena, are several fine statues in marble and bronze, and one wing of the palace is occupied by a remarkable collection of sculpture, chronologically arranged for comparative study, with representative casts from the twelfth century forward.

about that? Freddie is nineteen and trying to raise a moustache. And isn't it *wonderful* to have leave together?

Freddie tells me it wouldn't have been possible except that father said he didn't mind; he'd postpone *his* leave till the kids got theirs. Which makes Eddie join in with:

"But you can always count on father. When you need him, he's *there*. Why, when Freddie got plugged in the leg"—

But father says, "Don't bother about that now, son."

And when I tell father what a splendid thing it is to see three such fine soldiers from one family, he only smiles, but he seems pleased. He explains that "his partner at home has a weak heart, but manages to keep the business going, so there was no reason why *he* shouldn't have come. And as for the boys, well, *look* at 'em!"

A BIRTHDAY DINNER, "JUST LIKE A BOOK"

Father himself, so he insists, is hard as nails and can stand the grind better than "either of these brats here." Then all three begin a recital of the interesting things they've done, and when I tell them of several places they haven't visited yet, Freddie marks them down in a little red book.

Then Eddie, with great enthusiasm, starts the story of the birthday dinner. How, not knowing one word of French, they couldn't make the waiter understand that they wanted oysters. When they'd pretty nearly given it up as a bad job, Freddie ran out into the street, returning with an oyster shell taken from a

Photograph by G. Frederick Atherton

A VIEW OF THE SEINE

The river has wound its silver thread through the stately, dramatic, and violent years of Parisian history, but never through a chapter more poignant or exalted than the present, when France has become for all civilization the symbol of heroic sacrifice.

great stack on the sidewalk. *Wasn't* he clever?

And father ordered *two* kinds of fish, though, of course, he hadn't meant to. And the only way they got nuts for dessert was by imitating a nut-cracker with their hands. Even the waiter laughed, and the proprietor gave each of them a post-card, with a picture of the restaurant on it, to remember him by. Wasn't it *just* like a book?

And every night, no matter how tired, they wrote a joint letter to mother.

"MOTHER'S THE BEST SPORT IN THE FAMILY"

Freddie told her what they'd done from breakfast to lunch, Eddie how they'd filled in the time from lunch to dinner, and father how they'd passed the evening. So mother wouldn't think she was forgotten for a minute. I guess not. Why, every morning since they'd left her, soon as their eyes popped open, first thing they all did was to pull out her "pic," salute, and say, "Good morning, little mother."

And guess where they carried her? In their caps, of course. Easy to get at, you know.

"Gee! if she could only be along tonight! Going to *grand opera!* And the seats cost *something* — fifteen francs apiece, if you please. But, shucks, mother wouldn't mind. Why, mother's the best sport in the family." I agree to that.

As I pass the bread to a newcomer I recognize an acquaintance of yesterday. In answer to the usual question, "How long have you got?" he had informed me with a knowing wink and a dig in the ribs that he might be here a "considerable" time; for he is private chauffeur to the colonel and "the colonel's got his lady." He slips me a little bunch of violets under the table because I "was so good to him yesterday," but he'd like to know why I took so much trouble to direct him to the "booleyvard"? He grins as he asks:

"Why didn't you just tell me to walk till I smelled the perfume? I found it all right and it cost me a pretty penny, too. Say, I'll bet a guy could spend a thousand francs a day in this town and lead a righteous life. And if he lived the other kind"—

Grand chorus, "Ladies present."

A jolly, fat little soldier bounces into the room, throws his cap on the floor, and beams all around, as he fairly explodes: "*Oh*, what a beautiful Thursday!"

THE STORY OF A BATH

In answer to my unspoken question he explains that every day in the trenches is "like Sunday on the farm," whereas *here*—why, one actually remembers the day of the week. He knows that this is Thursday, for he got in on Saturday night, and getting in on Saturday was the luckiest thing that ever happened to *him*, because that's one of the two days when there's hot water in Paris.

"So," he says, "I turned it on and I stuck my head in the steam, and I filled the tub so full that when I dived into it I splashed all over the place. I hopped out and wiped it up as best I could—anyway, I had *another* towel. Then I slid back with a happy sigh into that bea-u-ti-ful boiling bath, and I soaked—just soaked.

"Some one knocked at the door, and it was the maid; but I said, 'Not at home. Won't *be* at home for quite some time.'

"You see, I can 'parler' a little; so I 'got her' when she said she'd come to prepare my bath.

"I said, 'What? I guess I don't need no lady to prepare no bath for me.' She seemed kinda surprised, and I heard her mumbling to herself, and I wondered what she was doing in my room so long.

"By and by, though, after 'bout an hour, I had a dandy rub-down with a towel that smelled *clean*, for I don't mind telling you that I'm in a real, regular hotel, with elevators and everything. Then I went into the other room and I seen what Maddymoizelle had been up to. I laughed out loud, 'cause she'd drawn the curtains tight—against Zeps, you know. She'd turned down the covers of the bed, all *pink*, and she'd lighted a little lamp, which was pink too.

"I says to myself: 'Curley, this is *y-o-u*, which spells *you*.' And I never was so happy since I got my first pay envelope. I wiggled into that bed slow and careful, so's not to disturb things too much, and of course I hadn't nothin' on. Catch *me* missin' the feel of them sheets. And I've got *five* more nights."

WHEN HE LICKED THE SPOON

I hand the jam to a fellow who wants to know if I've ever seen the Bairnsfather cartoon where poor Tommy, opening another tin of apple jelly, is saying longingly, "*When'll it be strawberry?*"

I nod, but tell him not to be afraid of this brand, because it was made by one of the ladies. So he decides to "take a chance." I notice that his "chance" is a liberal one. As he scrapes the bowl he volunteers the information that his mother always used to let him lick the spoon. At which everybody present yells, "Kamarad," including me.

I go to the kitchen for a fresh supply, and when I get back there is a great discussion about last night's air raid. A thin, nervous, jumpy little man is saying that he reached his room at 8 o'clock, straight from "Hell Fire Corner," and, dead weary, had fallen into bed; but the strange feeling of a mattress under him and four walls around him had chased away all thought of sleep; so he turned and twisted from 9 o'clock until the first bomb fell, at 11.25.

"Then," he concludes, "it was just like 'Home, Sweet Home' in my pill-box, and I woke up this morning at 8."

The two latest arrivals are old friends of mine. I've known them for a week and two days. Today, I'm not so glad to see them, for it's their night to "dee-partee," and I hate to say goodby; but they are not *too* sad, as they put it, and the blue-eyed one immediately begins a description of an afternoon spent in the "Looksumburg," and finishes up with, "Gawd knows I've seen enough of art."

ONLY TWO SPEEDS TO FRENCH TRAINS: SLOW AND FULL STOP

The brown-eyed one declares, "It'll be good to get back to the 'mokes' (horses)—anyway. The worst thing about the whole business is the railroad ride back, because in France there are only two speeds for a train, to wit: slow and full stop."

We chatter on about many things until the time comes for me to wish them the

THE PLACE VENDÔME, PARIS

The column was erected to the "Glory of the Grand Army by Napoleon the Great." Bronze from 1,200 cannon taken from the enemy in the campaign of 1805 was used in the spiral band, which depicts scenes of that campaign. Pulled down by the Communards, the column was recast from the old molds and re-erected in 1875.

usual "Good luck!" The blue-eyed one begs me not to worry about him, for "Fritzie hasn't made the shell marked with *his* number"; and the brown-eyed one tells me not to worry about *him*, for he's going to try to live up to the rules. I know he means the rules of the Y. M. C. A., which are: "Live clean; be clean; fight clean; play the game."

We shake hands in true soldier fashion, and I wince as the ring on my finger presses into the flesh.

The blue-eyed one lights a "Players" and goes out whistling, "I know that she'll be waiting, as she promised she would do."

But the brown-eyed one seems to be thinking aloud, as I hear him say, "We who are about to die, salute you."

When I attempt to fill the cups of three new ones, I am stopped by an imperious gesture and a sharp command to bring "three whiskies, quick."

"Oh!" I say, trying not to laugh, "we only serve tea here, you know." And to a most indignant, "Talk about your *rotten* places," they stagger out.

A SUBMARINE SURVIVOR'S FIRST SPEECH

A white-faced, delicate boy in civilian clothes, with a handkerchief around his neck in place of a collar, his ill-fitting coat much too small, and his painfully new shoes squeaking as he walks to the center of the room, begins to speak:

"Hi in't never mide no speech before. Hi in't," he commences in truest Cockney accent. "But hi hintend to mike one now, hi do. Hi and me mites was submarined the other dy. It's the fyshion to be submarined nowadays; so you see we hare very fashionable. Ha, ha! We swimmed a good piece, we did. We got picked up off the coast o' Barcelona, where we wuz took in by kind people. The consul give us these nice clothes to wear. 'E was a good cove, 'e wuz. 'E give us our train fare tom'ere; and I want to say that I never was treated better nowhere than I been treated right 'ere in this 'ere place, and I want to give three cheers for the ladies in Blighty, and—and—well—Gawd sive the King!"

I know it is getting late, for the "reg-

ulars" are beginning to come in. One drags a leg, another trembles constantly, a third has a hacking cough—gassed, you know; but, "once you're in this game, you just naturally got to stay for the finish." Consequently, though for these three the war is over, they are still in uniform.

The first drives a motor transport, which meets the 'on leave' men at the trains, the second's a batman, and the third is in the army post-office. As their wages are not exactly high, the teas in Blighty help out considerably.

The coughing one comes to my table and immediately begins a monologue. He gives us all the news of the day, interlarded with much home-made poetry. He goes on at such a rate that I have to assure the others that he is perfectly harmless, "it isn't shell-shock at all."

"TEA IS SO WEAK IT'S LIKE KISSING SISTER"

According to him, the tea is so weak today that to drink it is like kissing your sister. And he wishes to know if we've seen the startling news in all the papers, that Charlie Chaplin is in first line. This announcement falls like a 5.9 and creates a wild storm of abusive contradiction. Above the din I am able to make out:

"I guess that *that* would be a little *too* much. If the Allies want to end this war quick, just let 'em put Charlie's feet in danger. Why, Fritzie could make his own terms and no one 'ud give a tinkers." That's what it means to be a hero of the screen.

The room is nearly empty now and almost quiet. I've about decided to leave when a gaunt, cadaverous person slouches in. Apologetically he asks if he is too late for tea. Because he looks so wretched, I reply in the negative, just as he notices the signs, "No tea served after 6.45." He smiles gratefully at me, with a smile that changes all his face. We are silent for a few minutes, partly because I'm a little tired, I guess, and partly because I feel a bit timid before this most unusual type of visitor. Suddenly, without a word of warning, he informs me:

"You're right. I *am* a rough customer. I'm just out of clink" (jail).

I say, "Ha, ha! Caught with a camera, eh?"

"Worse than that," says he.

So I guess again: "You took all the temper out of your tin hat when you cooked eggs in it."

But he finds no humor in that ancient joke. When I state positively, "You're not the sort for an S. I. W.," he murmurs sadly:

"No; it takes nerve to go in for a 'self-inflicted wound.'"

His face is pinched and drawn, though almost triumphant, as he finally admits his offense: "I hit an officer."

In spite of myself I gasp a little, for this is serious business; but I say nothing, for he has started a very flood of talk.

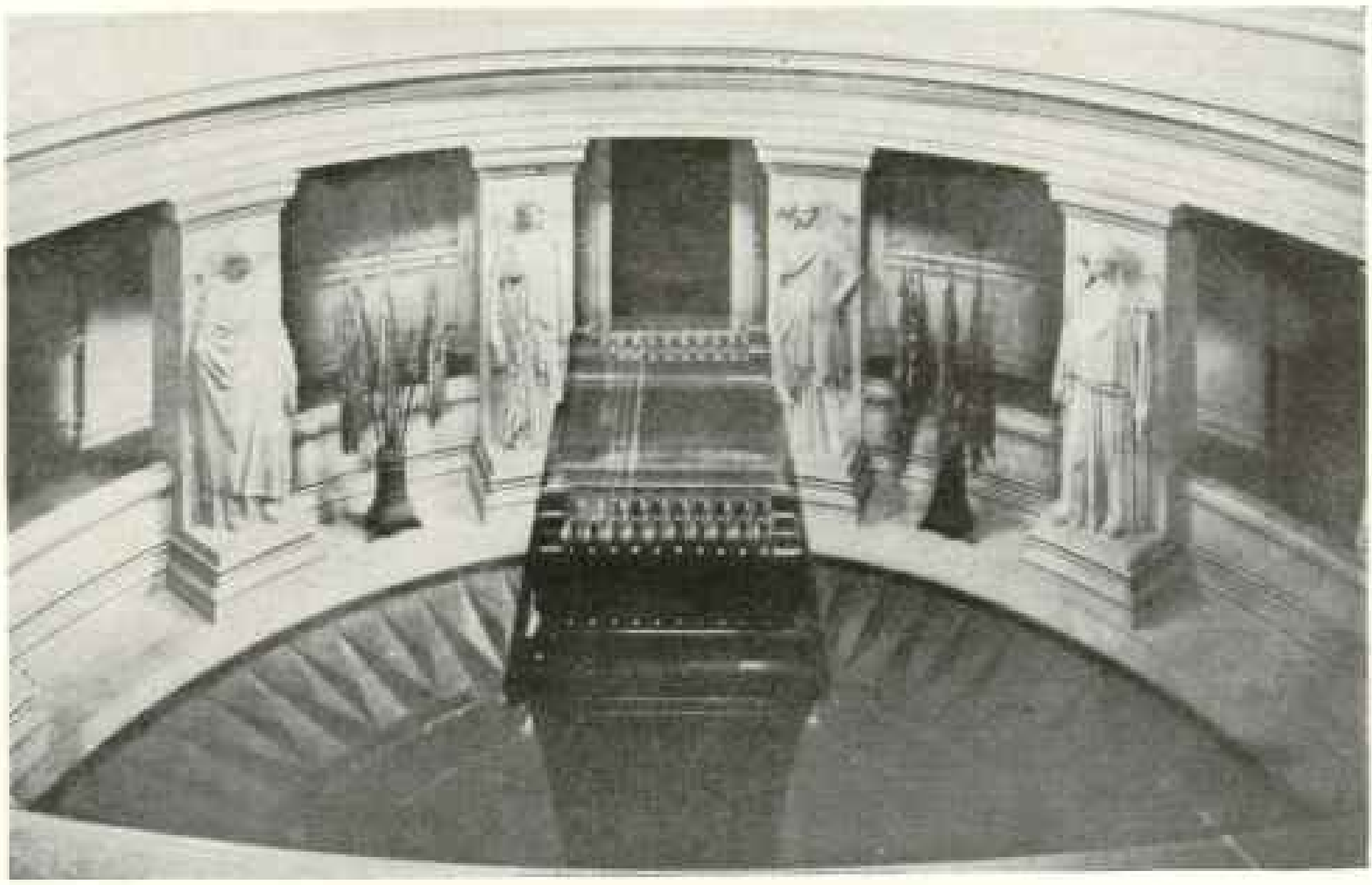
THE FIRST VOLUNTEER FOR HIS TOWN

"I was the first volunteer from my town," he tells me, "because then I thought the war was right. My three brothers came, too. One is blind and two are dead. The littlest one was the prettiest boy I ever saw—absolutely the prettiest. I found him right after they 'got' him, and he looked as though he'd just come from a party. His face hadn't been hit at all, and not a hair was out of place. I helped to bury him; then I sent the cable home. I'm forty years old, and all my life I've had men under me. My father owned a big horse ranch, where I learned how to treat men. And when that young, impudent whipper-snapper dared"—

"Yes, yes," I break in. "I know, but"—

"*You* know," laughs he. "*You* know *nothing*. You get up in the morning, in a steam-heated room, and you look out of the window. If it happens to be drizzling, you say to yourself, 'My, my, today I'll get my little boot soles wet.' When you've had to leave a mate to die in the mud, standing up, because you have only sufficient strength to pull your own legs out, then you know something about war and its glories. Oh, but it's cruel, that mud of the Somme! And that night, when I'd worked in it, slept in it, and swallowed a lot of it in my rations for ten days, that insufferable cad, that unmentionally odious tuppenny ha'penny captain"—

"Can't you forget it for a little while now? Your tea will be stone cold. Be-



THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON

No soldier on leave from the trenches ever visits Paris without at some time visiting this matchless monument, reared by the French in memory of the foremost captain in the history of military science.

sides, one of these days we're all going home," I say desperately.

"Maybe so," he sighs. "But somehow, after more than three years, we sort of stop counting on it. You see I sailed from Sydney on what should have been my wedding day. I'd been engaged a long, long time, but wouldn't marry, for I'd bought a bit of land and wanted to be out of debt first. For exactly a year I lived alone in a hut. I was my own cook, and I tell you frankly I was low and dirty; but each month I knew I was getting a little closer to the end, because each month I was able to buy another cow or two. And there wasn't a happier cuss in the land.

"NEVER FEAR FOR ME; GOD HELPING ME, I'LL CARRY ON"

"Then—well, the war came. So I leased the place to a dirty slacker, and the next week the government gave him a contract for his whole output of milk and he's getting rich. As for me, all I ever asked of life was peace and quiet. Would you like to know how I've spent most of my leave in Paris? On a bench in a park watching the kiddies at play. If I could just wake up in my room, with the comfortable old furniture and with all my things in a drawer!

"If anything at all were to be gained by my being killed, don't you think I'd submit to it gladly? But what's the good of it? All my old friends are gone, and new ones come and are mowed down, and the war goes on, and each day some big brain evolves a cleverer and more ghastly way to do the slaughtering"—

"The little Padre is singing again," I softly venture. "Listen:

"'When I get home at eventide,
God will remember and provide.'"

My poor tired fighter gulps a little over the last mouthful, rises, and, looking down at me from his great height, says very simply, "Never fear for me, madam; God helping me, I'll carry on."

And as I remove the last of the dishes and the half-faded flowers; as I scrape up the crumbs and fold the cloth, I keep thinking, "That's right. God helping us, we'll all carry on."

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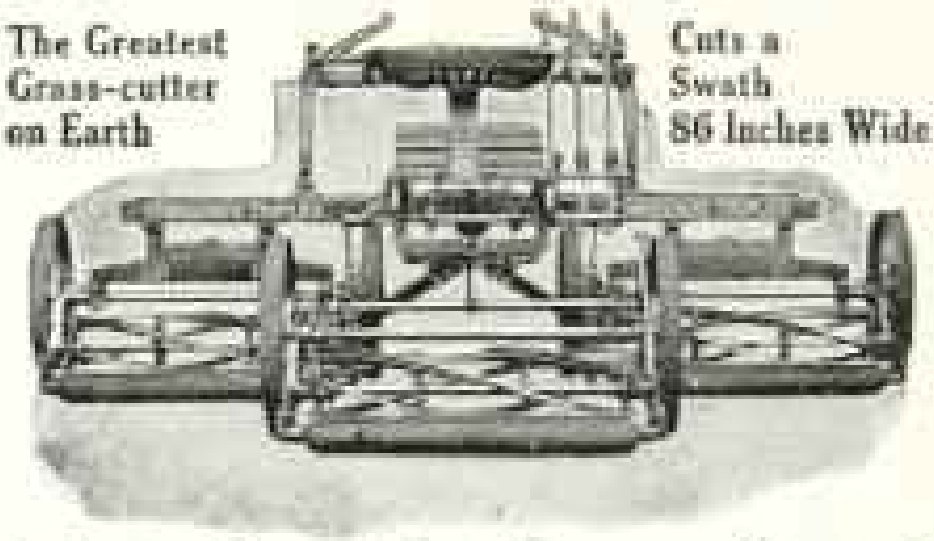

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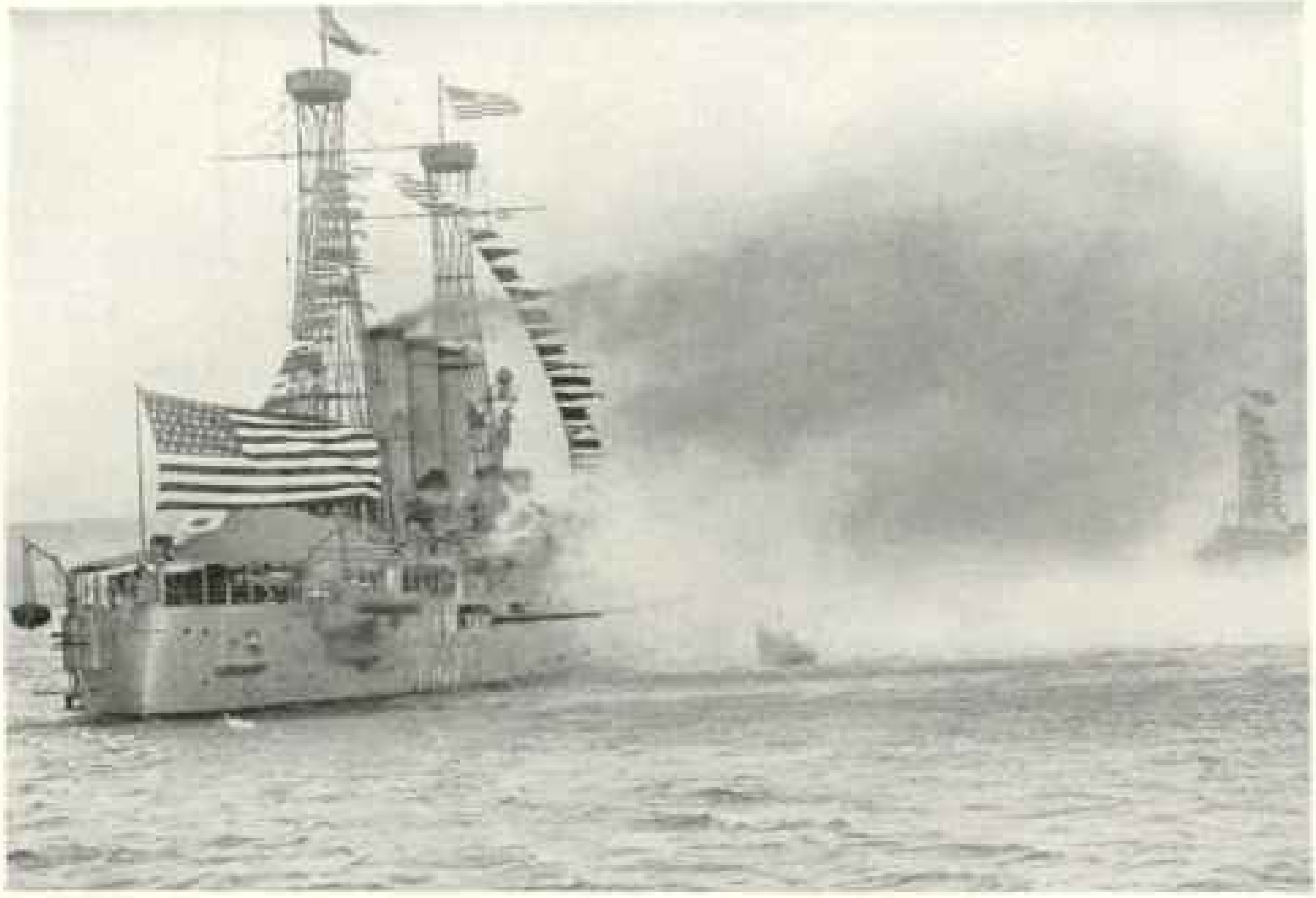

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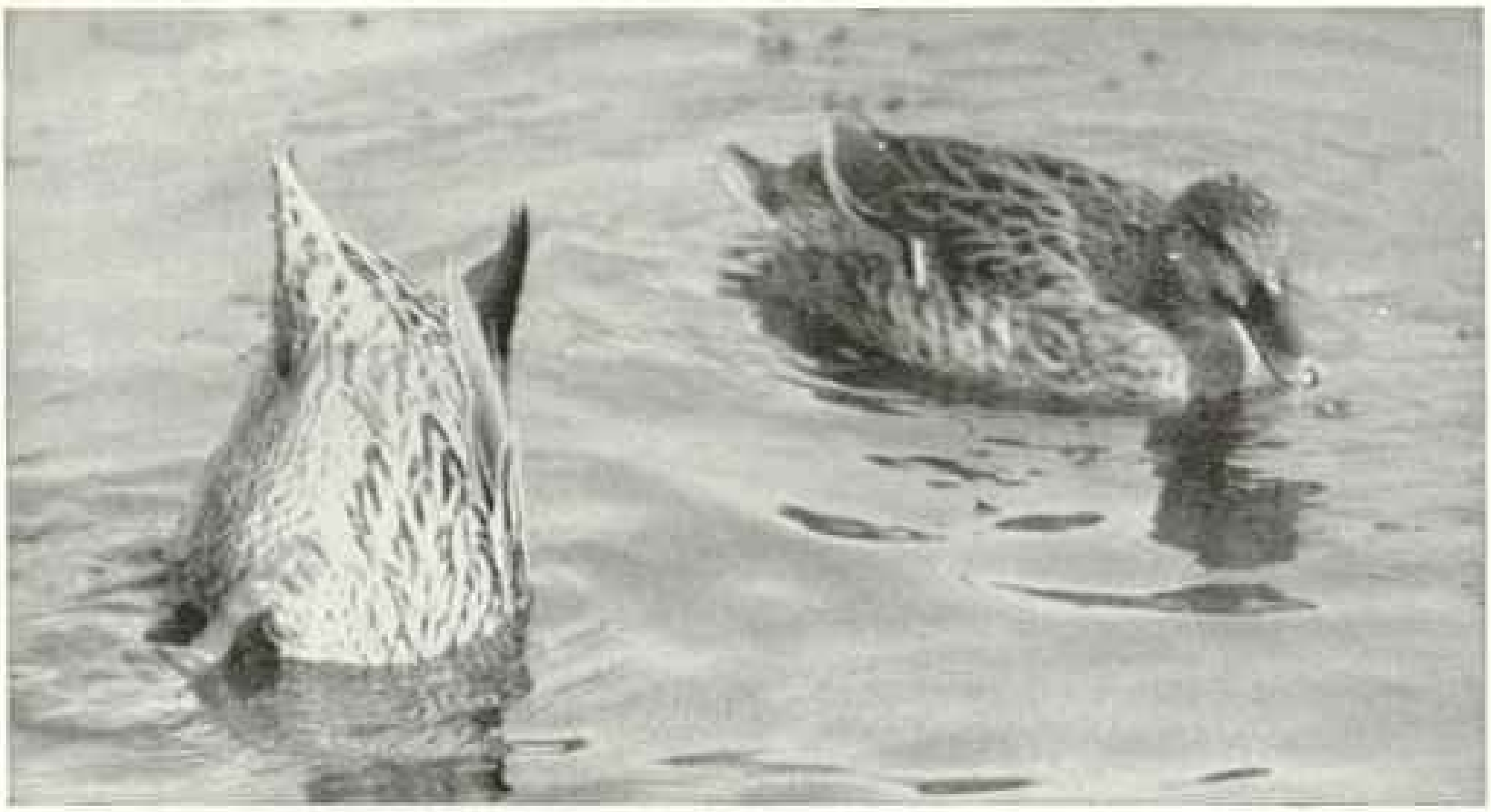

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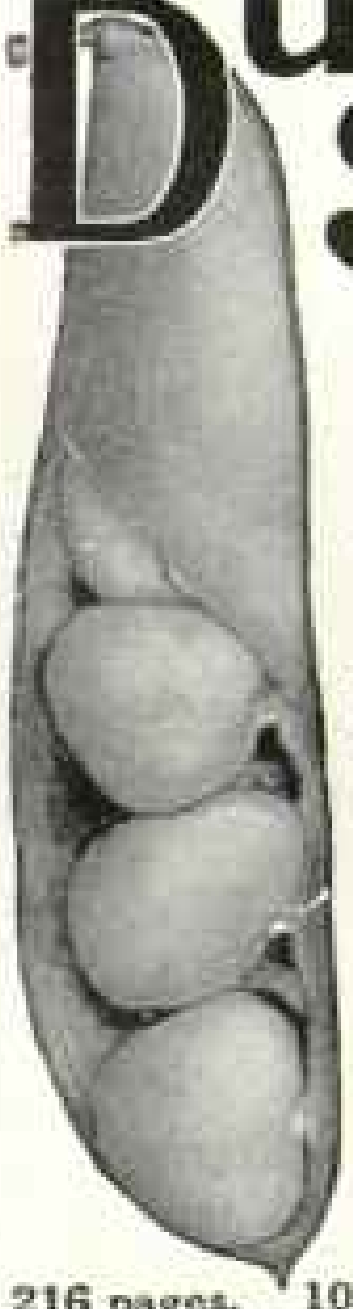

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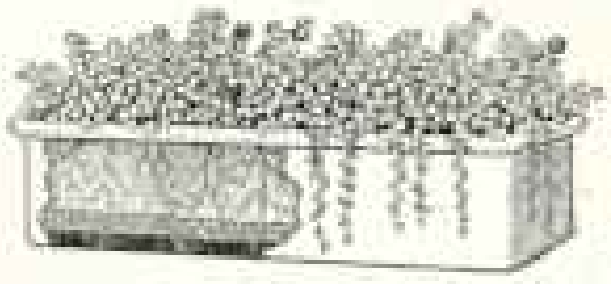

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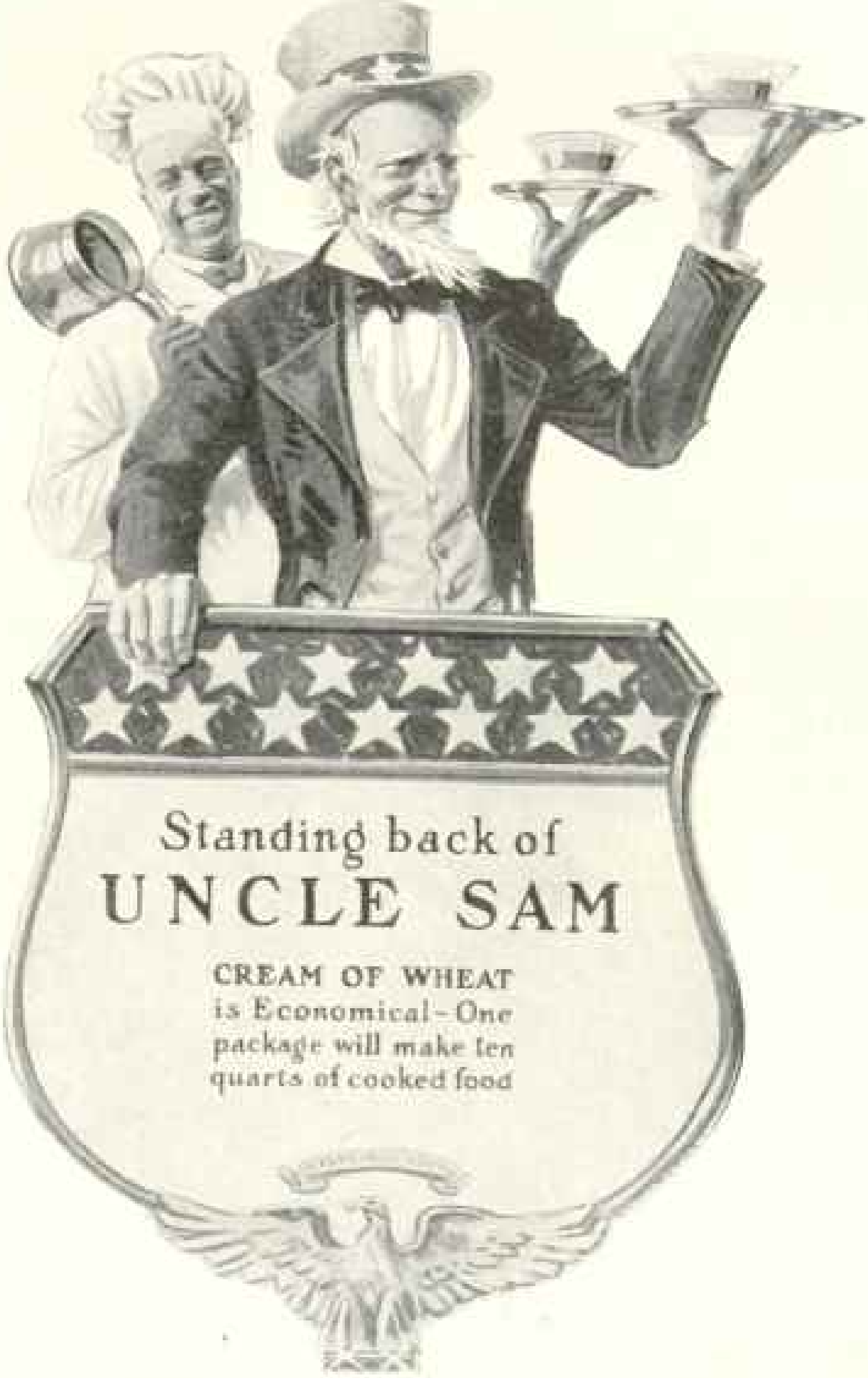

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