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HOLIDAYS AMONG THE HILL TOWNS OF UMBRIA AND TUSCANY

BY PAUL WILSTACH

TO NEARLY every one Italy is at once a land of memory or promise, of delights experienced or longed for. The very names ring and sing, symphonic in suggestions which beckon and invite. They are panoramic with incomparable visions of Nature and art; they are processional with emperors and popes, tyrants and criminals, saints and mystics, painters and poets and builders, every type of human agent of bad and good, best even and worst. How pleasant and pregnant the ear finds such phrases as the Seven Hills of Rome, the Plains of Lombardy, the Bay of Naples, the Canals of Venice.

Among such phrased names belong the Hill Towns of Tuscany and Umbria. Most of those who have journeyed between Rome and Florence have seen little more than the silhouettes of Orvieto and Chiusi and Arezzo, all skyward on their rocks. When opportunity offers, the byways lead some, however, up one or the other valley of these lower Apennines, to loiter in Assisi or Perugia or Siena. Other than these, the hill towns here are scarcely more than names or pictures seen in passing.

That it was so with me brought the suggestion to climb to Narni and Spoleto, Trevi and Spello, San Gimignano and Certaldo; to add a third dimension to the mere length and breadth of what had been only flat pictures seen only in perspectives.

In this idea of seeing a side other than the outside of these hill towns, I had great

comfort from the final desperation of an American friend. All her life she had traveled to and from New York City by the New York Central, on the Hudson's east bank. Once, late in life, she made the journey on the other shore, and declared that she had great relief in "seeing the backs of things she had always seen the front of before."

A TOWN IN THE SKY ON THE PATHWAY TO UMBRIA

Narni is found hovering over the chasm of the River Nera just above its union with Father Tiber. The enfolding forest-clad hills are already Umbria. They sit in silence, looking only at one another. Life would surely suffocate here if it were not for the long arms of valleys which at times reach in and push these hills apart to make room for snatches of Eden.

On its summit, in a natural cloister of mountains opening only eastward, where such a smiling valley spreads a little for the eight miles to Terni, Narni is a modest but authentic introduction to the smaller Umbrian hill towns.

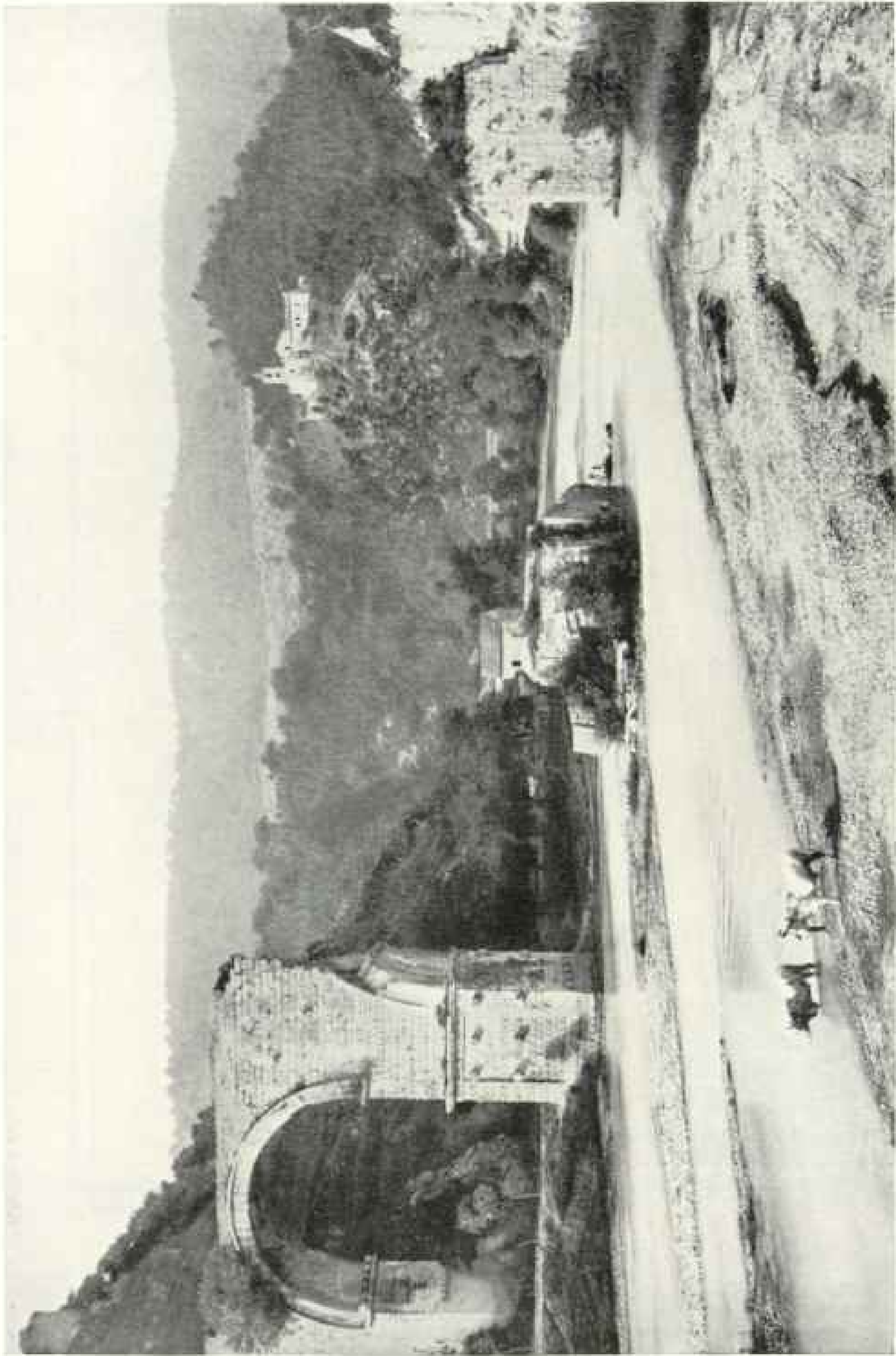
Trains deign to stop at Narni, but the time-tables do not always pause to record the hours of arrival and departure. Indeed, the town is so far in the sky that passers-by on the iron road may be quite unconscious of its existence, much less its significance, and from the car window spend their entire interest on the single lofty arch, which remains to suggest the superb bridge the Emperor Augustus here



Photograph by Alinari.

NARNI PERCHES ON A LOFTY HEIGHT FAR ABOVE THE NERA (SEE TEXT, PAGE 401.)

On one side of the town the cliff-falls sheer away to a ravine through which run river and railway. On the other sides, while the descent is much less precipitous, it provides a stiff pull. Narni was captured by the Romans 300 years before the Christian Era and the Emperor Nerva was born there.



Photograph by Alinari

ONLY A SINGLE ARCH REMAINS OF AUGUSTUS CAESAR'S BRIDGE NEAR NARNI

Sixty feet high and made of great cut stones fitted perfectly without mortar, one of the three arches of the old Roman bridge across the River Nera has withstood the vicissitudes of nearly two millenniums. The bridge was of prime importance in the days of the ancient empire, for it carried the Via Flaminia from Rome, safely across the river floods, to the Umbrian cities and to the north.



Drawn by A. H. Burnstead

A MAP OF ITALY, WITH A DETAIL (UPPER RIGHT) OF THE UMBRIAN AND
TUSCAN HILL TOWNS

From Rome the author traveled by train to Narni, on foot to Terni, and thence by motorcar to Spoleto, Trevi, Foligno, Spello, Assisi, and Perugia, along the shores of Lake Trasimeno, beneath Cortona and to the south of the Chianti Mountains to Siena; thence northward to Colle, San Gimignano, and Certaldo.

raised between mountain flanks to unite the broken ends of the Via Flaminia (see page 403).

This superb fragment so seen does not, however, suggest any part of the spell it works when visited in a silence and solitude broken only by the tender singing of the torrent underneath; whether one finds it grave and suggestive at the twilight of evening or dawn, or brooding and mysterious under the high coasting clouds of a moonlit night. Then, though its broken reach cannot bridge the torrent even, it seems indeed to bridge the centuries. So seen, it is easy to understand why this lofty stone remnant has for ages been regarded as one of the noblest relics of imperial times.

The town itself has played a rôle in history; it has its art treasures and it has contributed its quota of great personages. It has had its share of the advantages and disadvantages of its strategic position on the road to Rome.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTHPLACE OF TWO TACITUSES

The Emperor Nerva here first saw the light, as later did Pope John XIII; Galeotto Marzio, gallant captain of sword and pen, and Gattamelata, generalissimo of the Venetian Republic, whose valor inspired Donatello in 1447 to model his now famous statue, to be seen in Padua before the Church of Il Santo, the first equestrian monument which had been made in bronze since antiquity (see page 407).



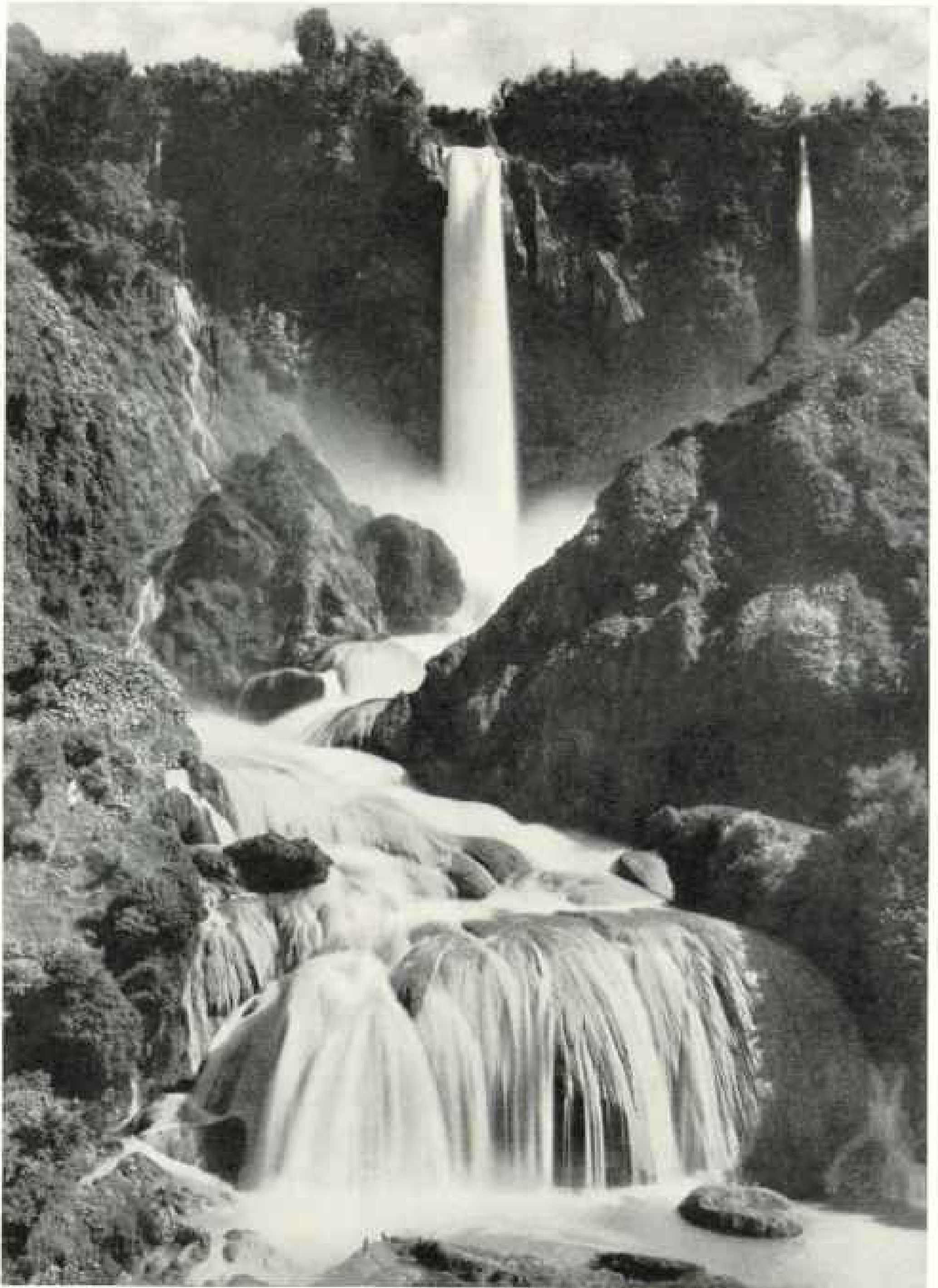
Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

ORVIETO, ISOLATED AND IMPREGNABLE

Because of its strategic and unassailable position atop a rock that rises 600 feet from the surrounding plain, this small city was an important stronghold in the turbulent Middle Ages. Near the city are many ancient Etruscan tombs.

From Narni we walked to Terni, at the other end of the valley, and it was the more friendly for its consideration in remaining at the foot of the mountains and not requiring the tribute of a climb. It is rather modern, after Narni, and in no way so picturesque; but it scores on other points, uniquely as the birthplace of two Tacituses, one the emperor and the other that historian who has been the plague of so many Latin lessons.

As to the spots, much less the houses, where these twin immortals were born, modern Terni places no restraint on the searcher's imagination.



Photograph by Alinari

MARMORE'S CASCADE IS ONE OF THE LOVELIEST WATERFALLS OF EUROPE

Near Terni the River Velino plunges almost 700 feet into a beautiful rocky glen to join the brawling Nera. It accomplishes this descent in three leaps, the first of which is a 330-foot drop from a tree-bordered cliff into a rocky caldron, whence it rushes over huge boulders and through narrow gorges to make a truly exquisite picture (see text, page 414).



Photograph by Donald McLeish

PADUA DOES HONOR TO A VENETIAN HERO

The statue of Gattamelata, general of the army of the Republic of Venice from 1438 to 1441 and a native son of Narni (see text, page 405), is by Donatello and was the first great piece of bronze cast in Italy since classic times. It was completed and set up in 1453. During the World War it was removed to Rome for safety.



Photograph by Florence Craig-Albrecht

AN AQUEDUCT THAT HAS SERVED ITALY FOR THIRTEEN CENTURIES

Built originally by a duke of Spoleto early in the seventh century, the magnificent bridge running between the town and near-by Monte Luco serves the dual purpose of bringing water from the mountain and providing a roadway across the intervening ravine. Donkeys have not yet been replaced by motor power along this route.

Little here, indeed, seems very old except deep in its roots. Anyone drifting back to Terni, say from the seventeenth century even, would recognize nothing except the strange newness of his still lovely Church of St. Francis, the Bernini façade of the Romanic cathedral, and the medieval gate on the side toward Spoleto.

In a town that seems superficially so modern, I came with surprise on a well-preserved relic which, in view of the swift march of progress, seemed indefinitely old in certain features of its out-of-dateness. It greeted me from the shelf of a tobacco shop, where it stood, alone of its kind, among the rolled and twisted and papered weeds, the salt boxes and match boxes of a typical little purveyor of the Government's monopolies. How came it to wander into such company? And how long ago? It was an English guidebook to this central belt of Italy, printed in 1843! We went out of that shop together and sat down in the piazza to open an acquaintance.

In matters historic and artistic the modern guidebooks are but its echo. It has its piquancy from its full and practical treatment of all the machinery of travel when central Italy was the Papal States and ecclesiastics sat in all seats of civil administration, and, too, when the steam railway had not yet penetrated the peninsula, and as well from its practical statements of what a traveler needed most to know of the inns and their reputation, of the direction and condition of post roads, the length of the posts, the price of cabriolets and carriages, and of horses and postilions, and of the points where extra horses, and oxen even, were needed and found to lift the vehicles over the hills.

Turning, for a practical test, to the information as to the inns of Terni, I found that, in 1843 as now, the Europa was its most conspicuous tavern. Having enjoyed its present hospitality, it was reassuring to know that nearly ninety years of landlords had maintained its standard, for the old guide notes it as "very good." It was,



Photograph by M. K. Peirice

IN THE SHADOW OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN GATE AT SPELLO

While this hill town of Umbria, seven miles southeast of Assisi and three miles north of Foligno, has many interesting ruins dating back to the days when it was known to the Romans as Hispellum, its chief treasures are the superb frescoes of Pinturicchio which adorn the walls of its cathedral.



Photograph by M. K. Penzler

TAKING THE FAMILY FIG FOR AN AIRING IN SPELLO'S MARKET SQUARE

The number of its saints and holy men has earned for the region round about Spello, Assisi, and Perugia the sobriquet "Galilee of Italy." Its quiet, pastoral beauty is reflected in the work of the Umbrian school of painters.



Photograph by M. K. Peirice

THE FRUIT AND VEGETABLE MARKET OF SPELLO



Photograph by Hans Hildebrand

"A FLOCK OF SHEEP THAT LEISURELY PASS BY"

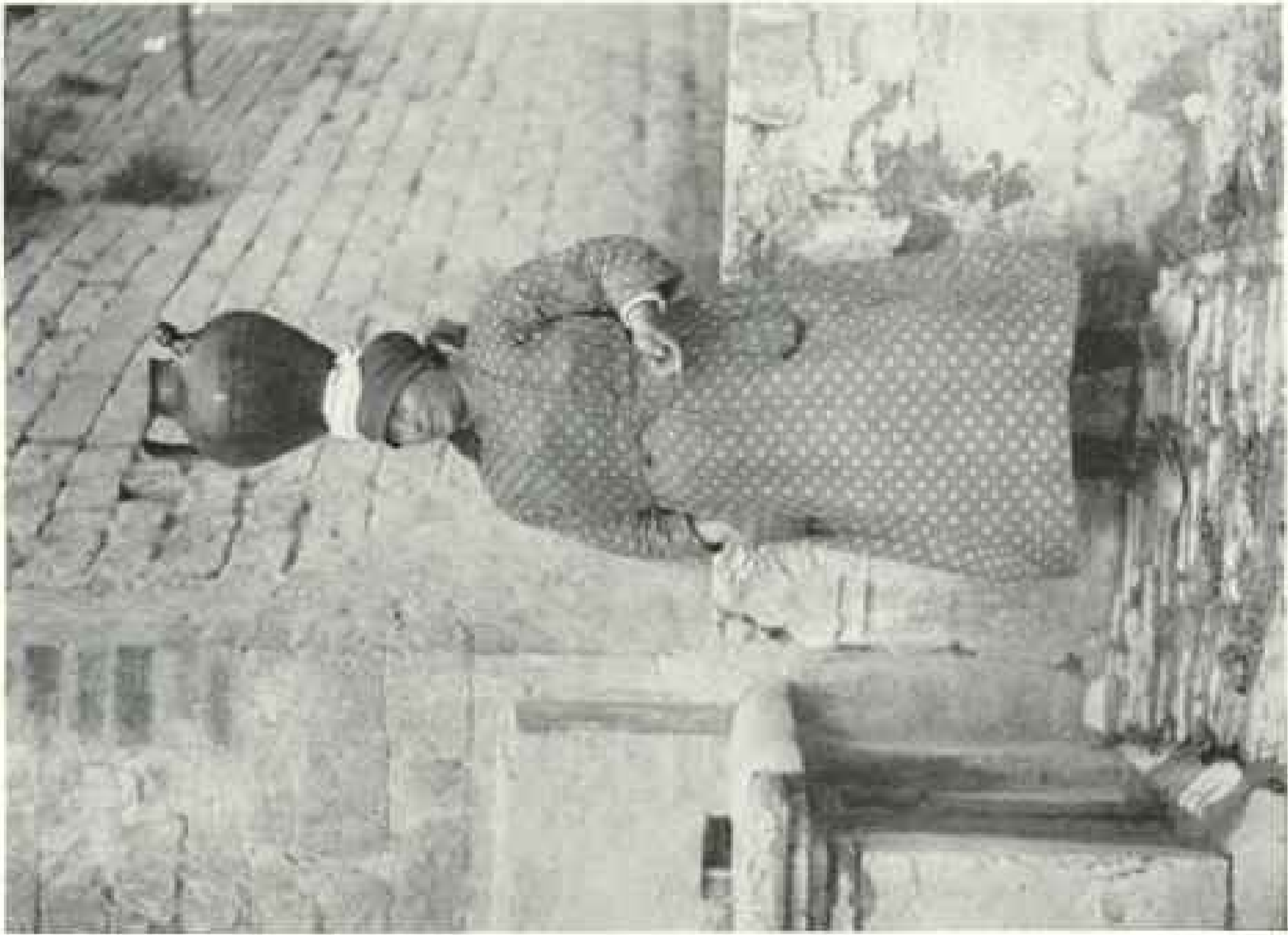
Peace has succeeded the tumult and discord that so long distracted central Italy. Such roads have often echoed to the tramp of soldiers' feet and the ring of steel, but now the shepherd and his flock have only the hurrying automobile to fear.



© M. K. Peattie

OXEN PLOWING IN THE OLIVE GROVES BENEATH THE BASILICA OF ST. FRANCIS

Within the walls of this structure at Assisi (see, also, Color Plate XVII) is one of the richest collections of medieval art in Italy, containing among its many treasures several works of the master painter Giotto. Some of the surrounding olive trees are older than the church itself (see, also, text, page 427).

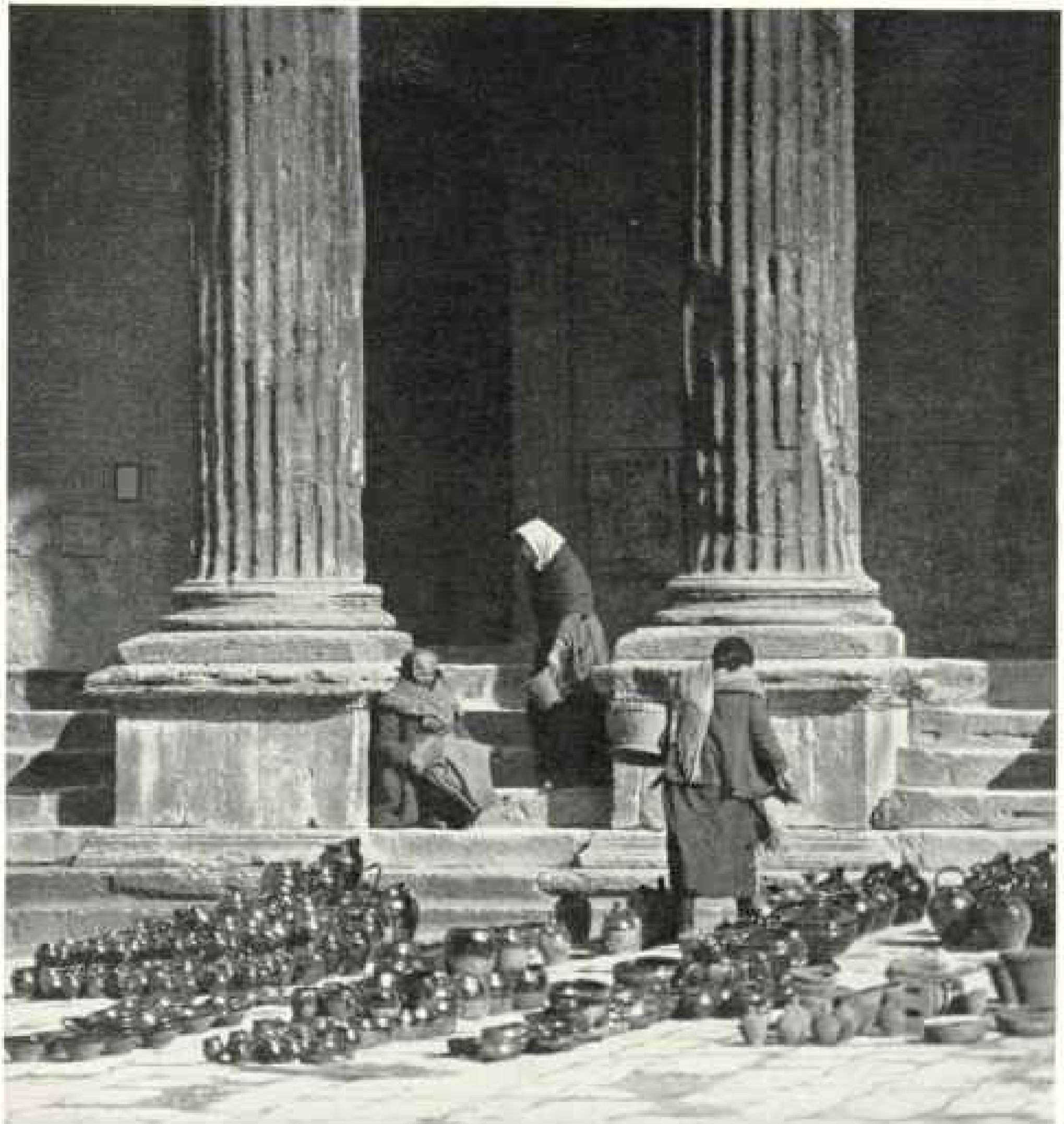


Photographs by M. K. Ferrico

AT SPELLO'S PUBLIC FOUNTAIN



OUTDOOR MERCHANTS OF SPELLO



© M. K. Penrice

ASSISI BUYS ITS POTTERY IN THE SHADOW OF THE ANCIENT SHRINE OF THE
GODDESS OF WISDOM

Probably the most interesting relic that remains of the earlier days of Assisi is the Temple of Minerva, which has been converted into the Church of Santa Maria della Minerva. According to legend, it was built about 700 years after the Deluge.

perhaps, not unnatural to wonder for how many other generations—centuries, maybe—this spot at least, if not the building, has been dedicated to hospitality.

THE CASCADE OF MARMORE WON BYRON'S
ENTHUSIASM

The most interesting feature about Terni is, however, outside it, an easy walk up the narrowing glen of the Nera, where is found the cascade of the Marmore.

A Central African whose trail crosses the Zambezi below the Victoria Falls could no more be expected to marvel here than could those guides who daily fatten off honeymooners at Niagara. But Europeans go into rapture before it, for here they find themselves in the presence of one of the highest waterfalls on their continent. In three uneven breaks it leaps over a precipice nearly seven hundred feet high (see page 406).



Photograph by V. Oudlow.

A CONSIGNMENT OF WINE FOR ASSISI

For longer than man can remember, the dwellers in the hill towns of central Italy have hauled their supplies up from the plains in heavy carts drawn by oxen.



Photograph by M. K. Peppice

TRAVELERS REFRESH THEMSELVES AT ONE OF ASSISI'S PUBLIC FOUNTAINS

The piazza on which the Cathedral San Rufino faces is practically the only large level spot in Assisi. The town is built on a hillside, with the Church of St. Francis at one end of the main thoroughfare and that of his disciple, St. Chiara, at the other. Almost midway between them lies this piazza, high above which towers the ruin of a medieval castle.



Photograph by M. K. Peirice

HER FORBEARS HAVE DRAWN WATER FROM THIS FOUNTAIN FOR CENTURIES.

In the days of Assisi's glory this was one of the principal gathering places for the housewives of the city. The absence of modern plumbing does not impress the native as such a serious handicap, in view of the conveniences of the public fountains and laundries (see, also, page 418).



Photograph by V. Oudlow

A FRANCISCAN MONK AT THE CARCERI, ASSISI

When in search of rest and quiet, St. Francis often came to this hermitage, perched high among the bare rocks of a ravine on the mountain side. It was transformed into a Franciscan monastery in the fourteenth century.

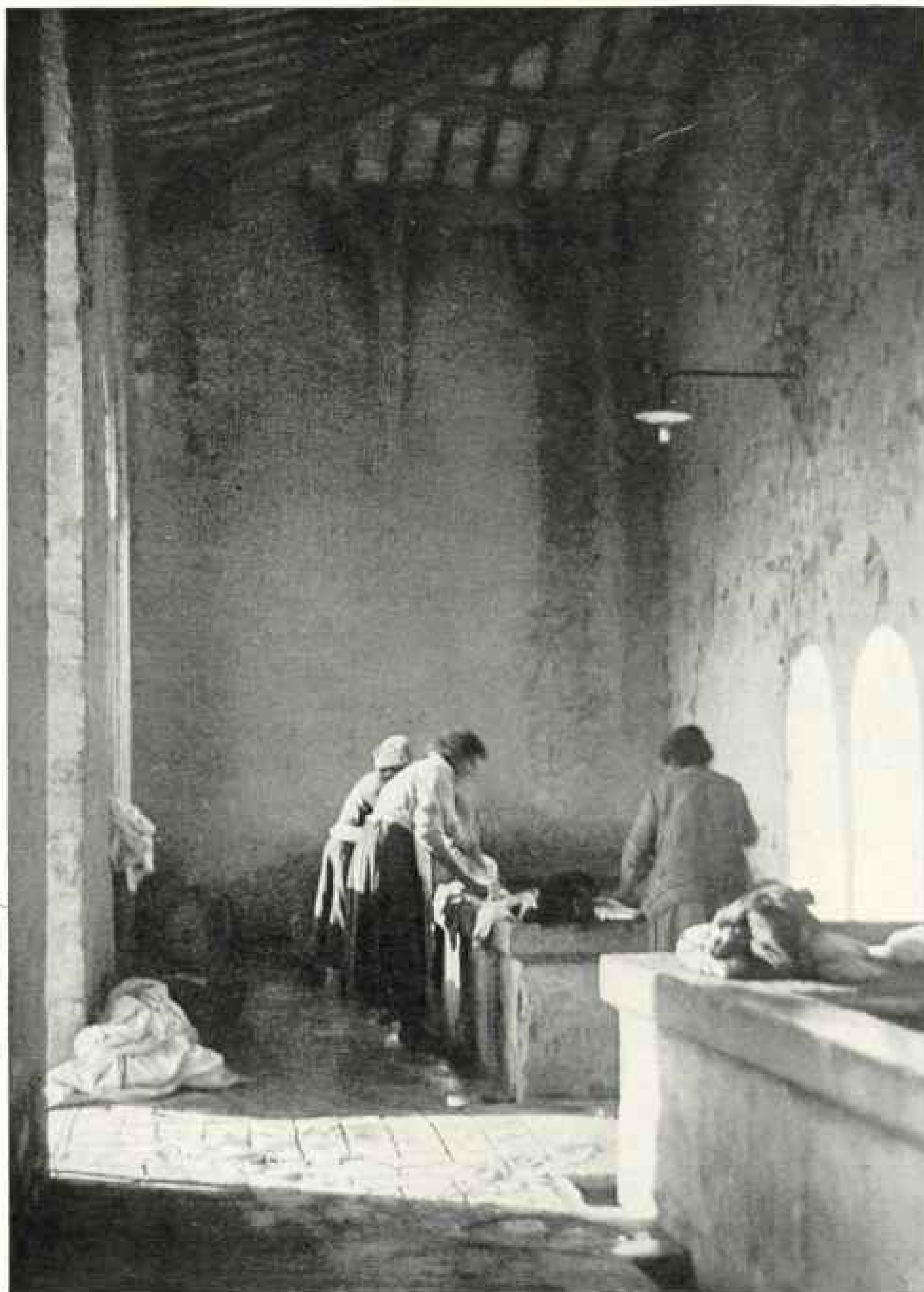
Lord Byron devoted one of his many Italian ecstasies to this waterfall, and even in his more restrained mood he judged it "worth all the cascades and torrents of Switzerland put together: the Staubach, Reichenbach, Pisse Vache, Fall of Arpenaz, and so on are rills in comparative appearance."

ONE OF EUROPE'S HIGHEST WATERFALLS IS ARTIFICIAL.

But neither the Marmore's height, nor volume, nor beauty would seem to commend it to curiosity in the same degree as does the astonishing fact that Nature never intended or placed a waterfall on the face of this precipice. The whole fabric is artificial!

This, its really distinguishing feature, I found on the spot thus set out by my new-found guide of 1843:

"The formation of the cascade was the work of the Romans. The valley of the Velinus [a tributary of the Nera from the East, flowing down past the hill town of Rieti] was subject to frequent inundations from the river, which was so charged with calcareous matter that it filled its bed with deposits, and thus subjected the rich plains of Rieti to constant overflows from the lakes which it forms at that part of its course. The drainage of the stagnant waters produced by the occasional overflow of these lakes and of the river was first attempted by Curius Dentatus, the conqueror of the Sabines, B. C. 271. He caused a channel to be made for the Velinus, through which the waters of



Photograph by M. K. Peirice

EVEN ASSISI'S LAUNDRY TUBS ARE FAR REMOVED FROM THE PROSAIC

Here, as in most Latin countries, the public washing place, under a cool, lofty arcade, provides an opportunity for an exchange of those social amenities which are characterized the world over as "gossip," thus lightening the drudgery of the scrubbing board and the pounding rock.



Photograph by M. K. Percicot

ASSISI ADHERES TO MEDIEVAL WATERWORKS

Italian cities have always had an abundance of fountains, thanks in large measure to the engineering skill of the Romans, master builders of good roads and great aqueducts. Many communities to-day have constructed and maintained their present water systems upon the foundations laid down by the ancients.



Photograph by Hans Hildebrand

UMBRIAN TRANSPORT

that river were carried into the Nar [Nera] over a precipice hundreds of feet high."

The train carries one on to Spoleto in three-quarters of an hour, tunneling under Monte Somma; but, other than walking, an open car on the open road is the way best to come close to the spirit of the Umbrian hills.

While resolving these facts over a coffee in the piazza at Terni, and wondering how best to accommodate ourselves to them, an opportunity came to us in the person of a chauffeur, remembered now only as Mario. After carrying a party down to Rome, he was driving his car empty back to Florence, and he made a price and promises which left no other alternative than to book with him. He provided his share of the diversion.

The memory of Italian hill towns visualizes them as seen from the valleys, outlined against the sky, beckoning from above and perhaps more ethereal for it, and exacting the deference of a climb, but, like all precious things, a little more precious for the difficulty of attainment. This is why it was so much more surprising to approach Spoleto as we did.

The swift run up the valley of the torrent of the Tescina, where once brigands made travel exciting in the days of posting, over the heights of Somma two thousand feet above the sea and yet another two thousand feet below the tip of Monte Fionchi, and then a little way down the Torrent Tessino, brought us to an opening through which we saw Spoleto at our feet and, a thousand feet below it, the long, smiling valley which reaches up to Perugia, but visible only so far as its elbow, where Foligno stands.

WHERE HANNIBAL RECEIVED HIS FIRST DEPULSE IN ITALY

One side of Spoleto is five hundred feet above the other, which goes far to explain why everything here seems just above or just below everything else. In the continual turning and twisting of its tiny streets, zigzagging up and down, one senses the pastoral days when here were pastures only and Nature's own engineers, the cattle, with their instinct for economy of effort in climbing, first laid out the hillside paths. In what historic twilight might that have been?

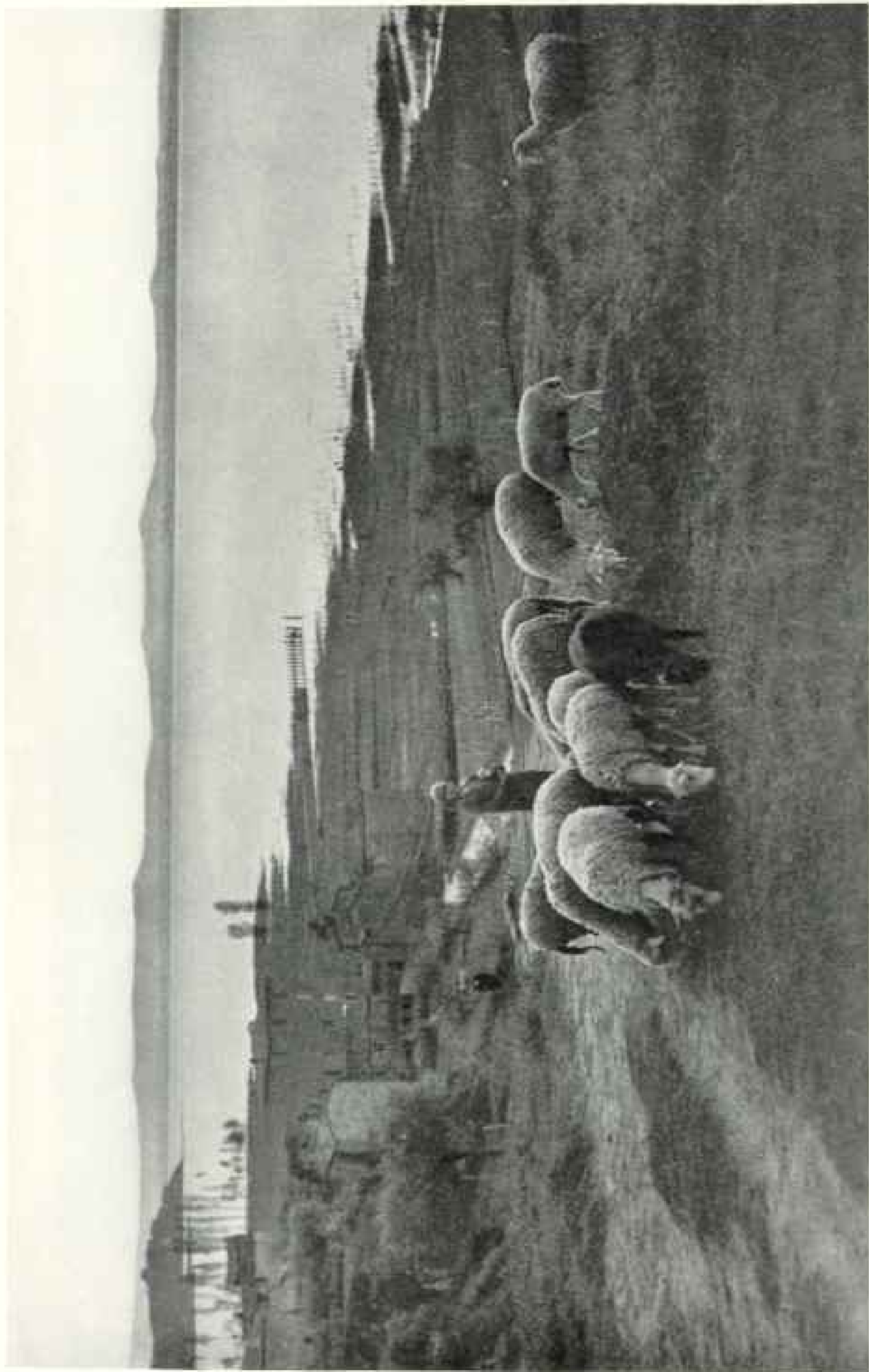
Far enough, no doubt, for here a city



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

THE MEDIEVAL LIFE OF PERUGIA CENTERED HERE

The Palazzo del Capitano del Popolo, later the Palace of the Mayor, was constructed in 1472, and in the piazza before it many of the civic activities took place. The square is now a vegetable market. The varicolored umbrellas and canopies erected by the peasants and the green and gold of their lettuce and oranges produce a distinctly pleasing note against the Renaissance background (see, also, text, page 427).



Photograph by Hans Hildebrandt.

ROME'S LEGIONS BOWED TO HANNIBAL ON TRASIMENO'S SHORES

This peaceful lake in the Umbrian hills was the scene of one of the worst defeats ever suffered by Roman arms. On an early summer morning in 217 B. C., the Carthaginians under Hannibal ambushed and practically annihilated the army of the Consul Flaminius. The waters of a little stream that flows tranquilly into the lake were so reddened with the blood of the vanquished Romans that it is still called "Sanguinetto" in memory of that long-past, fateful day (see, also, text, page 428).

stood three centuries before our era, already so strong that when Hannibal led his mighty legions of men and elephants across the Alps and triumphantly as far as the gates of Spoleto, Livy testifies how here her inhabitants gave the Carthaginians their first repulse on Italian soil. Since then the memory of it has been kept alive by the name of the city's northern gate, the *Porta Fuga*, the Gate of the Flight.

HOME OF LUCREZIA BORGIA

Architectural remarks from Italy's entire history are engraved in the building of Spoleto. There are the ruins of a Roman amphitheater; the house where Vespasian's mother lived, still enriched with its mosaic pavements; a vast detached medieval castle on its own walled hill, once the home of Lucrezia Borgia; history and beauty in the vista at every turn.

Outside the town the hills are wreathed by a whole chaplet of churches, each with its interest, which invites to walks out to them through vineyard lanes and woody paths.

Mario, who quickly revealed himself as being as good a cicerone as he was chauffeur, had advised concentration on the cathedral. But that is obvious advice in nearly every little city on this peninsula, since the *Duomo* is not only its temple, but its museum and its gallery of art as well.

This one in Spoleto is seen first from above and is descended to in order to be approached across a rude neglected piazza whose floor is a quaint rough tapestry of gray brick set on end and faintly green with the undisturbed grass in the crevices between.

The scarred and weathered façade, rising before a rocky spur of mountains, looks as if it were chiseled from it, and as if in entering one would enter a cavern church, as in the ravine of Matera or at Santa Rosalia, on its Pellegrino peak above Palermo.

The features of the façade are its superb arched portico, with open-air pulpits on either side, the balustraded terrace above it, and the upper front blossoming with eight rose windows.

As we approached, Mario made vivid Spoleto's annual gala, when, on Easter morning, the mass is sung in the early spring sunshine, at an altar erected on the terrace above the portico, and devotional crowds pack the piazza and the windows and the roofs all about.

FRA LIPPO LIPPI'S FRESCOES FLOWER IN SPOLETO'S CATHEDRAL

If, within, the nave is stark and bare, it is a properer frame for the apse, which flowers from floor to roof with Fra Lippo Lippi's last frescoes. The church is dedicated to the Virgin, and these paintings gloriously illustrate the Annunciation, the Birth of Christ, the Death and Assumption and Coronation of His Mother.

These are sometimes spoken of as Lippi's masterpieces, but they are now, after five centuries, too much the worse for time, damp, and candle smoke for one to be sure in such an estimate.

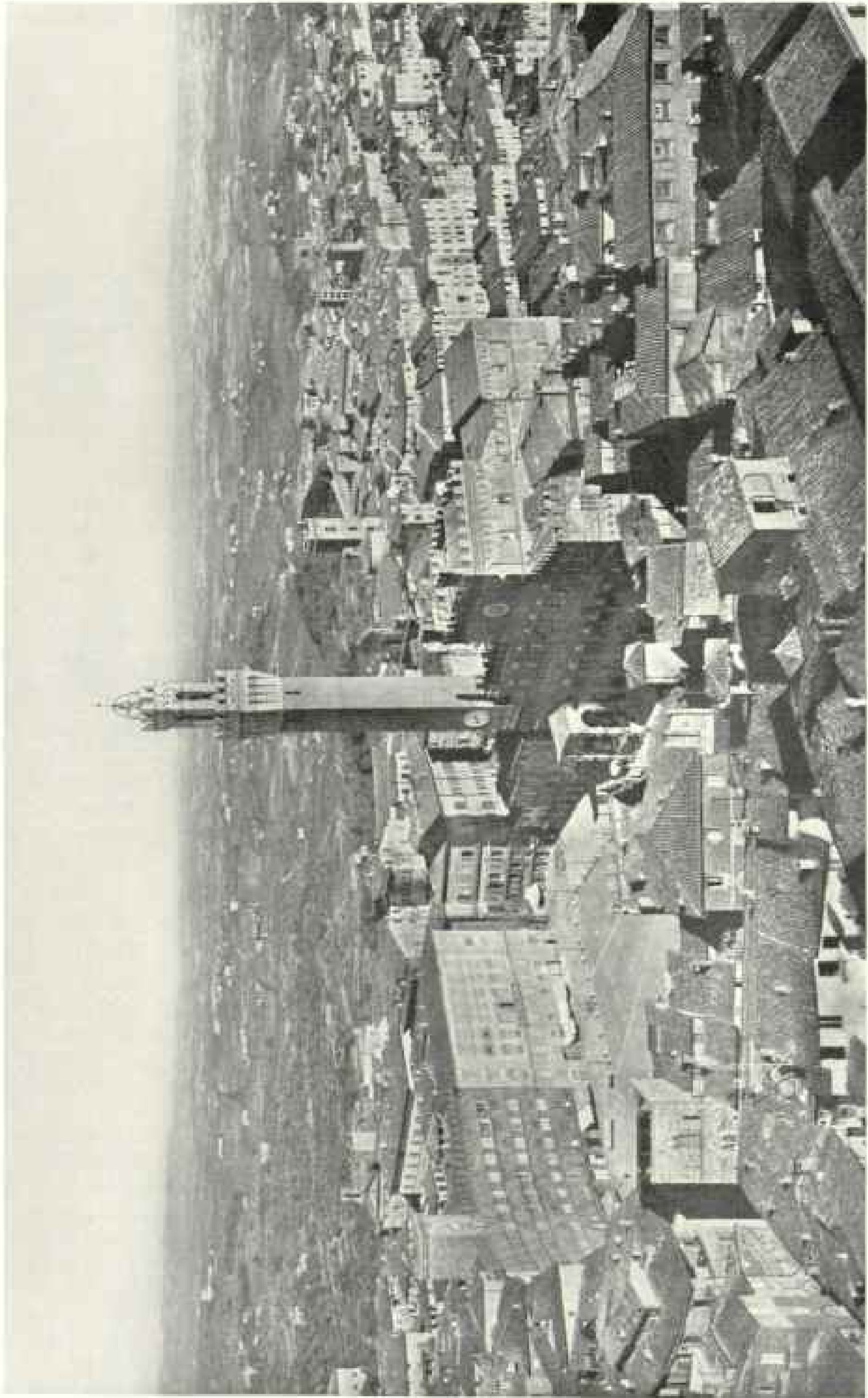
The Joyous Friar, as Fra Lippo came to be known by a life of little ecclesiastical reserve, lived his last years here and died in Spoleto. He did not dedicate them unreservedly to work on the choir walls. He did not dedicate them even to the service of a single love. In that respect he was apparently as democratic as he was merry. Tradition has it that one of his ladies was not too forbearing and her relatives registered her and their resentment of his infidelity with poison.

LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT LEFT HIS TRIBUTE TO THE JOYOUS FRIAR

Spoleto seems not to have loved Fra Lippo less for his frailties, but rather more for the honor it esteemed it that he came to live there and leave his colorful rhapsodies on its cathedral's walls and himself in one of them.

Lorenzo de' Medici came later to take his body off to Florence, but Spoleto refused to give him up, arguing quite logically that Florence had so many great men that it could well spare to little Spoleto its gay painter to continue to sleep where he had laid down his brushes.

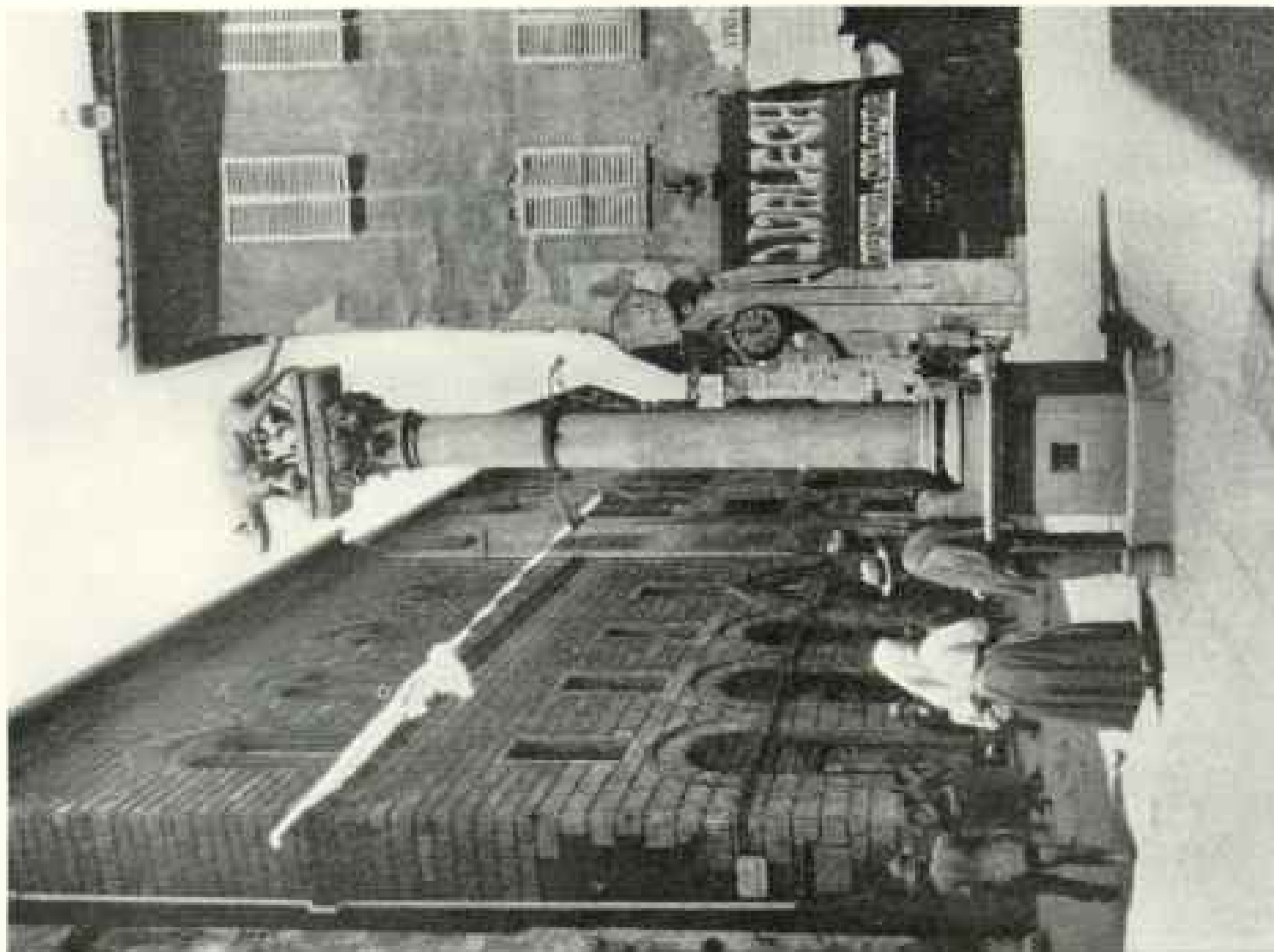
Lorenzo was not least the Magnificent in his gesture of renunciation, for in deferring he commanded the erection of the lovely wall tomb from which the round, if not rosy, portrait of the great artist still



Photograph by Anderson

SIENA'S SENTINEL OF THE MIDDLE AGES

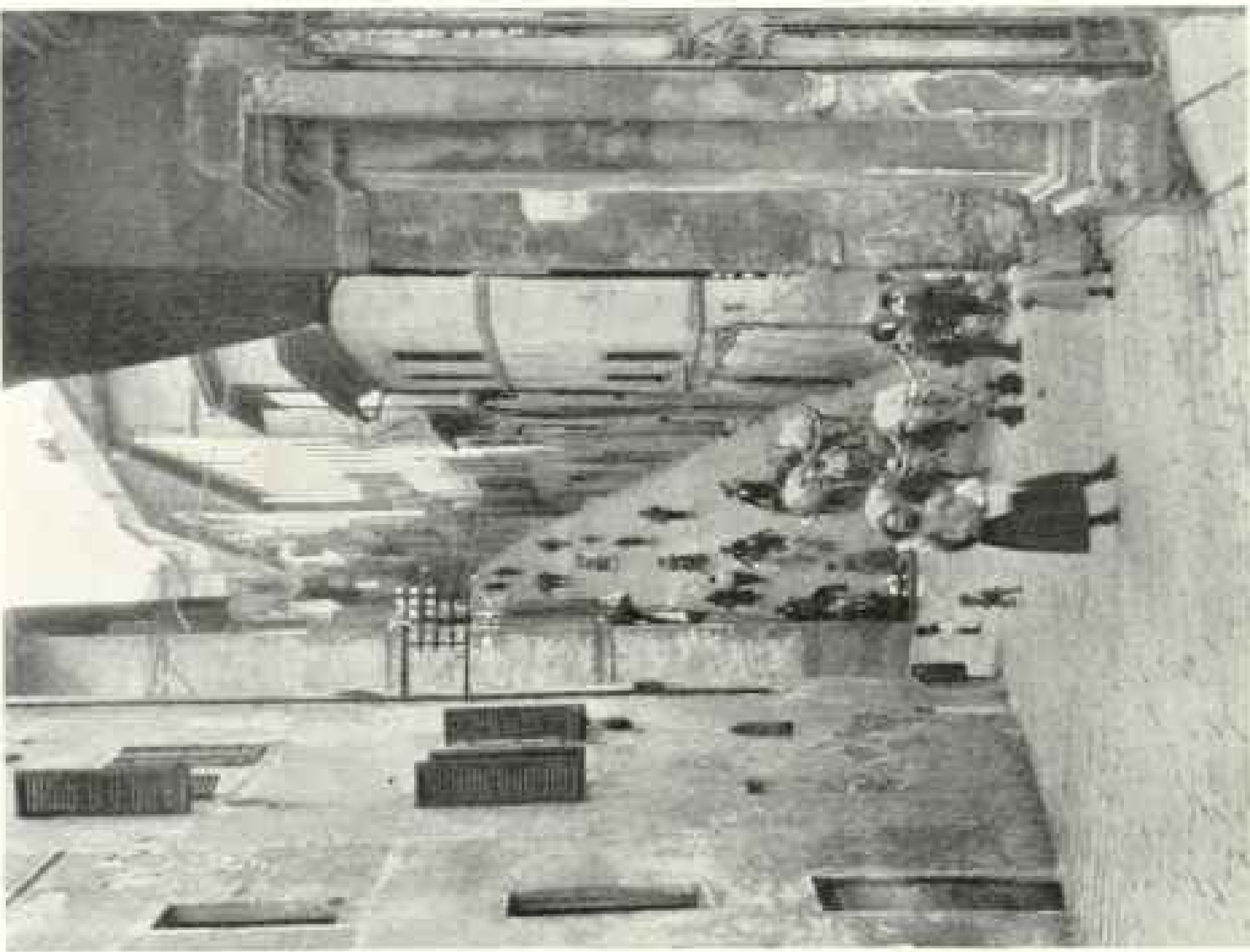
The city is closely built and many of its winding streets are like narrow ravines. On the Piazza del Campo, one of the few open spaces within the walls, rises the Palazzo Pubblico, whose magnificent medieval tower seats high above the roofs of the city (see, also, text, page 432).



Photographs by Emil P. Albrecht

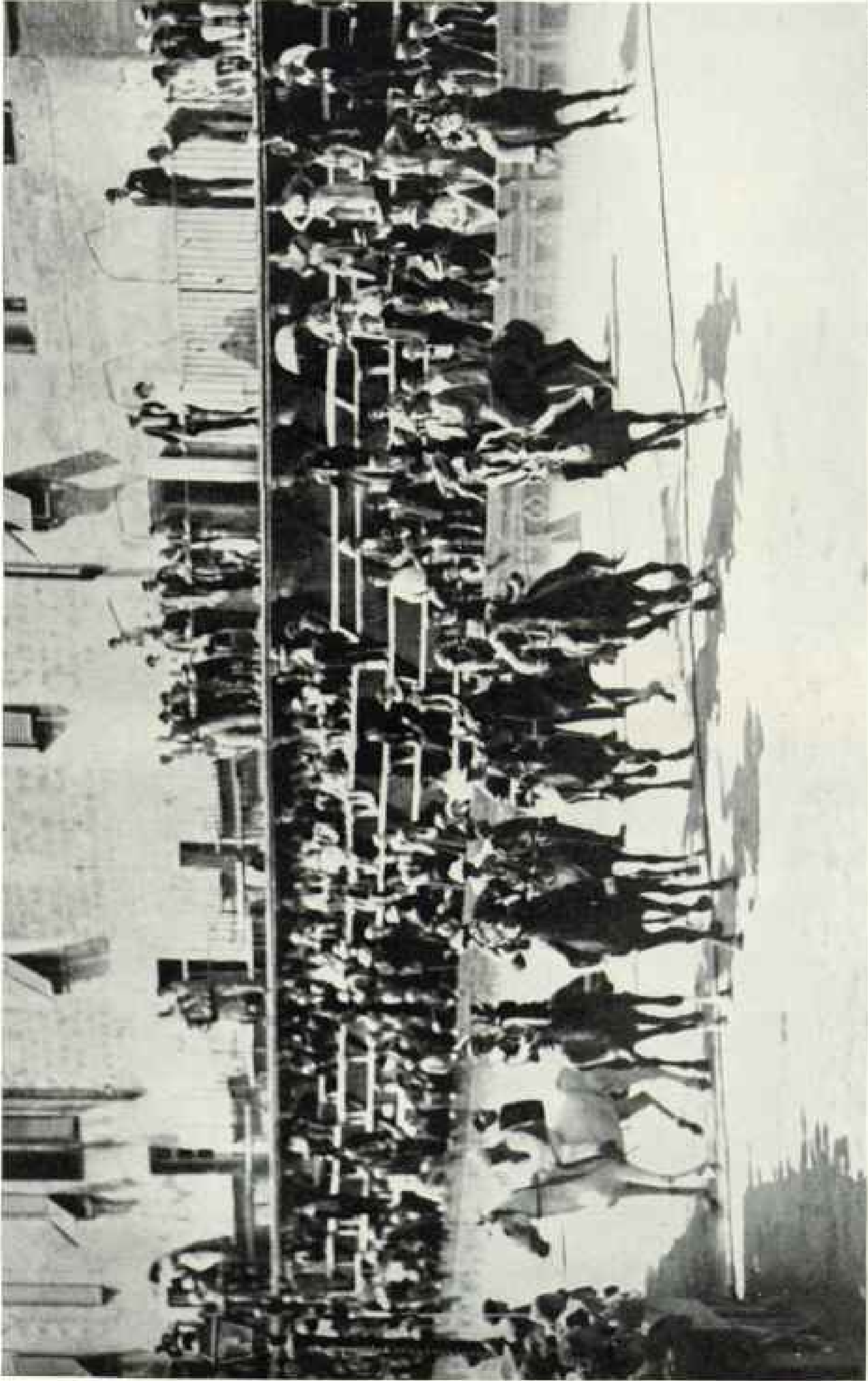
**SIENA ALSO VENERATES THE MATERNAL WOLF WHO FED
ROME'S FOUNDERS**

Legend ascribes to Senius, son of Remus and nephew of Romulus, the founding of Siena. From him the city is supposed to have derived its name and the emblem of the founders of Rome. The column dates from the fifteenth century.



**ALONG THIS UNDELATING WAY ONE REACHES SIENA'S
CATHEDRAL.**

Like Perugia, Siena spreads over several hills, and its many rich architectural gems of medieval times are surrounded by narrow, winding streets, with steep ascents, which lend a picturesque charm to the Tuscan capital.



Photograph by Brunel

RIDERS IN THE PALIO TEST THEIR MOUNTS OVER THE COURSE

The day before Siena's big race takes place the ward captains gather in the Palazzo and draw lots for the horses that have been selected for the contest. Then each rider takes his designated steed to the Campo for a practice gallop (see text, page 432).

looks out of its marble medallion toward his last pictures.

The roadbed up this lovely valley leading north from Spoleto is but a top dressing on the ancient Via Flaminia. Near its foot the River Clitumnus springs mysteriously from the Apennine limestone and spreads itself among the willows and poplars of the vale sung by poets from Vergil to Byron and Carducci. Above it stands the so-called Temple of Clitumnus, named by Pliny, brooding over so much beauty with a beauty of its own worthy of any poet-fostered tradition.

But farther on, at Trevi, coned on an eastern hill beneath its aerial campanile, at lofty Montefalco and Bevagna and Spello, and at lower Foligno, the sources of interest advance a thousand years and bring us nearer the figures which seem to have caught and perpetuated the soul of Umbria, for on these hills no church so mean but seems to have its priceless canvas of the famed Umbrian school.

Whatever else these sanctuaries may not have, the shuffling sacristan will be sure to point out a canvas illuminated by Lo Spagna, Ghirlandaio, Fra Lippo, Niccolò da Foligno, Perugino, or Pinturicchio, not yet wrested from the setting for which it was created.

Mario gave a particular interest to Foligno when he told us what the guide neglected, that there we were in the town where was set up and published in 1472 the first printed edition of Dante's "Divine Comedy."

ON SOIL SACRED TO BELOVED ST. FRANCIS

Yet, as we advance, even this great company gives place to the humble immortal of that city buttressed against the flank of frowning Subasio, to St. Francis and his Assisi. Few who reach Italy from any other part of the earth fail to climb to the convent church which, built to the glory of Francis, glorifies Giotto as well.

Nothing about Assisi disappoints, unless it be the crowds of devotees who rob it of the simplicity and charm still left to other towns in the Umbrian hills.

As usual, the town was teeming with a pilgrimage at the processional hour. By remaining below at Santa Maria degli Angeli we escaped the excursionists and

found that church more interesting for being empty or nearly so.

This great and comparatively modern edifice shelters at its center, beneath its dome, another and tiny church within the greater. It is the oratory, called the Portiuncola, founded in 352 by a company of hermits from Jerusalem, and restored in 512 by St. Benedict, and was the meeting place of St. Francis and St. Dominic and the first center of the Franciscan order. At its rear is the cell where holy Francis died and the garden where his thornless roses still blossom each spring.

Standing apart, we were able to observe the pious peregrinations of the only other person in the church, a diligent pilgrim gathering indulgences.

Certain such favors are granted to the faithful for each visit to the oratory of St. Francis. This man, on whose pale face glowed the quiet rapture of a mystic, was nevertheless of so practical and literal a mind that he interpreted a "visit" to mean every entry within the oratory door. So, entering there for a momentary stay, he would return into the great nave a dozen paces, then turn about and reënter for another visit and another indulgence, and kept up this pacing back and forth, accumulating what might appear to be rather more than one man's share of these spiritual favors, throughout the two hours we spent in and about this church. He and his simple piety we thought, however, more in harmony with humble Francis than the herded excursionists processioning in the hill town above.

Toward evening the car bounded forward again, across the Tiber and up Perugia's heights, but, in the midst of searching only smaller towns, not to renew acquaintance with this queenly city of so many jewels.

Only dinner stayed us here. But who can come to Perugia so hungry that he can forego glancing just once more over Umbria from her lofty terrace, that brow of her mountain rock, a thousand feet above the river, where stood the castle whose locked gates withstood the besieging of Totila the Goth for seven successive years! At her feet nearly the whole of her realm stretches out in view at one time.



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

ARRAYED IN ALL THE TRAPPINGS OF MEDIEVAL PAGEANTRY

These gaily bedecked gentlemen in the Piazza in front of the Cathedral of Siena represent the *contrada*, or ward, of the Panther in the parade attendant upon the celebration of the Palio, a horse race which has been an annual event in Siena for hundreds of years. They have come for the archbishop's blessing upon banners and horse.

Mario at our elbow, enraptured, was eager to have us say it was the loveliest outlook in all his fair land. And we said it, though I wondered why with mental reservation. Then remembering Sant' Elmo over Naples and the balcony curving about the high brow of Catanzaro, I knew that the scene was held a little this side of perfection by the absence of the sea.

Mario, who furnished ecstasy and in-

formation with equal zest and relish, surprised us and quite turned our thoughts from the magic panorama with the sober geographical fact that the spot under our feet was the exact center of the length and breadth of continental Italy.

With dinner well bestowed, we drove on in the early night around the rim of Lake Trasimeno, where Hannibal dealt the Roman his deadliest blow; over the imperceptible barrier from Umbria into



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

RED, WHITE, AND BLACK MARBLE DISTINGUISH THE FAÇADE OF SIENA'S CATHÉDRALE.

This beautiful thirteenth-fourteenth century building rises majestically above the city from a hill where, according to tradition, a temple to Minerva once stood. Certain it is that a shrine to the Virgin Mary has occupied the site for nearly a thousand years. The façade is attributed by some authorities to the master, Giovanni Pisano. The statues are modern copies of the weatherworn originals (see, also, text, page 434).



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

AWAITING THE ARCHBISHOP'S BLESSING ON THEIR BANNERS

The representatives of the wards competing in Siena's famous Palio bring both their banners and their horses to be blessed before entering the great race. These men are from the ward of the Snail and their colors are azure, with yellow and red bands.

Tuscany, with a glance toward the shadowy lump of Cortona under the first star as we passed; across the vale of Chiana, into the hills again and into the night.

SCENES PHOTOGRAPHED BY MEMORY

In the first hours of darkness we reviewed objects we had seen in the valley during the day, but had left unmentioned in the multiplicity of other interests. There was a young mother, a loose cloth draped over her head and shoulders and her babe on her knee, sitting in the shadow of an arch at a roadside *osteria* near Trevi, who looked the Madonna of a dozen altarpieces seen in the Umbrian churches.

There was the long-legged monk behind his panniers of vegetables, astride a mite of a donkey, flecking wisps of dust with his sandaled toes; the dark youths out of the vineyards who strode along hand in hand, scarlet blossoms behind their ears and more buttons on their jackets than a coster; three nuns in blue with flaring white bonnets, who in the sunlight had looked more ethereal than actual; occasional groups of strong nut-brown girls at work in the fields, pausing in firm, graceful poses, laughing-eyed, to watch the passers-by, their heads wrapped loosely in purple or yellow or green or magenta kerchiefs, with an end trailing over the shoulder; and a bent and twisted old hag, limping doubled and leaning on a stick twice



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

WEARING THE COLORS OF THE OWL IN SIENA'S PALIO

Strange tricks were sometimes resorted to by the various wards in their efforts to win the great race (see, also, illustrations, pages 428, 430, and 432). One ward secured a wiry little steed that had several times won the race, but as he grew older he was not able to travel at top speed when weighted with a rider. He was equipped with a bridle made of pasteboard, painted to resemble leather, and the rider was given instructions to be thrown as soon after the start as possible. When opposing jockeys tried to catch at the bridle it would break, and thus the venerable steed galloped on to a riderless victory.

her height and looking as if she were old enough to have known St. Francis; yet, as she stopped and turned to let us pass, squinting a smile into her merry old face as she screwed it up toward us.

There were the white oxen, already famed here in Roman days, sleek and slow, with as kindly an eye as ever was fastened in a socket (see pages 412, 415, 417, 420, 434). They are popular because they are stronger than a horse and when they die they can be eaten. These thrifty peasants find a dead horse a dead loss.

Now these oxen fetch and haul and plow; but in posting days they were seen at the foot of the post-road hills and, ac-

ording to the grade, one or two were harnessed on to the diligences and carriages to help the horses lift them over the pass.

And there were the scarecrows, unlike any other I had ever seen. They were portly effigies, well padded out, healthy, vigorous personages, and strung up so that with every gust of breeze they turned about and swung their arms—very lifelike to a predatory bird.

The restful darkness, the wind created by our swift advance, the soft purr of the engine, finally brought on a sleep from which we were awakened to find it was after midnight and we were at the



Photograph by Emil P. Albrecht

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE WARD OF THE UNICORN WAIT FOR A BLESSING

At one time each of Siena's 17 wards had an entry in the annual race, but the hazards attendant upon so large a number of horses with reckless riders have caused the city officials to limit the contestants to 10 in recent years (see, also, pages 426, 428, 430, and 431).

door of our destination, somewhere in Siena (see page 424).

FIVE OF ITALY'S GREATEST SCULPTORS COLLABORATED IN SIENA'S PULPIT

In the morning this imprisoned city of the Tuscan hills, the city of St. Catherine and of the Palio, welcomed us as might an old friend, familiar and reassuring. There again were the tight little streets, with their frowning early Renaissance palaces, stern yet timidly ornate,

the first concession of fortress homes to an elegance still reticent.

There, in its depression, was the semi-circular Campo, that tilted piazza on whose rough flags the riders of the seventeen Siennese wards race their horses for the city's flag, the palio* (see pages 426, 428, 430 and 431).

* See "Siena's Palio, an Italian Inheritance of the Middle Ages," by Marie Louise Handley, in the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE for August, 1926.



THIS EXQUISITE EXAMPLE OF DELLA ROBBIA'S ART IS ONE OF SIENA'S PROUDEST POSSESSIONS

The "Coronation of the Madonna," deemed by many the most beautiful work of the master of terra cotta, adorns one of the chapels of the Franciscan Convent of Osservanza. A tiny chapel dedicated to a hermit occupied the site of this church in the early Middle Ages.



Photograph by Hans Hildebrand

DRAFT CATTLE OF TUSCANY ARE REMARKABLE FOR THEIR SIZE, STRENGTH,
AND DOCILITY

Oxen are much preferred to horses as farm animals among the hill towns, for when they have served their usefulness on the highways and in the fields they may furnish roasts for the peasant's table (see, also, text, page 431).

There were the façades made familiar by pens and pictures beyond counting, yet somehow unobserved now in the presence of the slender tower of the Mangia, which rises into the azure with all the grace of flight.

Up this labyrinthine town the streets unwound at its pinnacle into the presence of the Duomo, florid with marbles and mosaics under the morning sun, a sometimes questioned masterpiece. Its vast and shadowy interior, however, satisfies those whom its façade may not, and no matter how many times one returns, it is to linger at nearly every step, but long-

est before the pulpit, that miraculous 13th century product of the collaboration of five of Italy's greatest sculptors; before the statue of John the Baptist by Donatello, and to trace out those incomparable pavement pictures of *graffito*, delicate outlines etched in the marble, sealed with black stucco, and glowing softly with the patina of half a thousand years.

A TUSCAN SHEIK

This much of Siena had been revisited at the price of rebellion. Mario had pleaded and practiced speed once too often.

His excuse for keeping out of Assisi



A TUSCAN FARMYARD

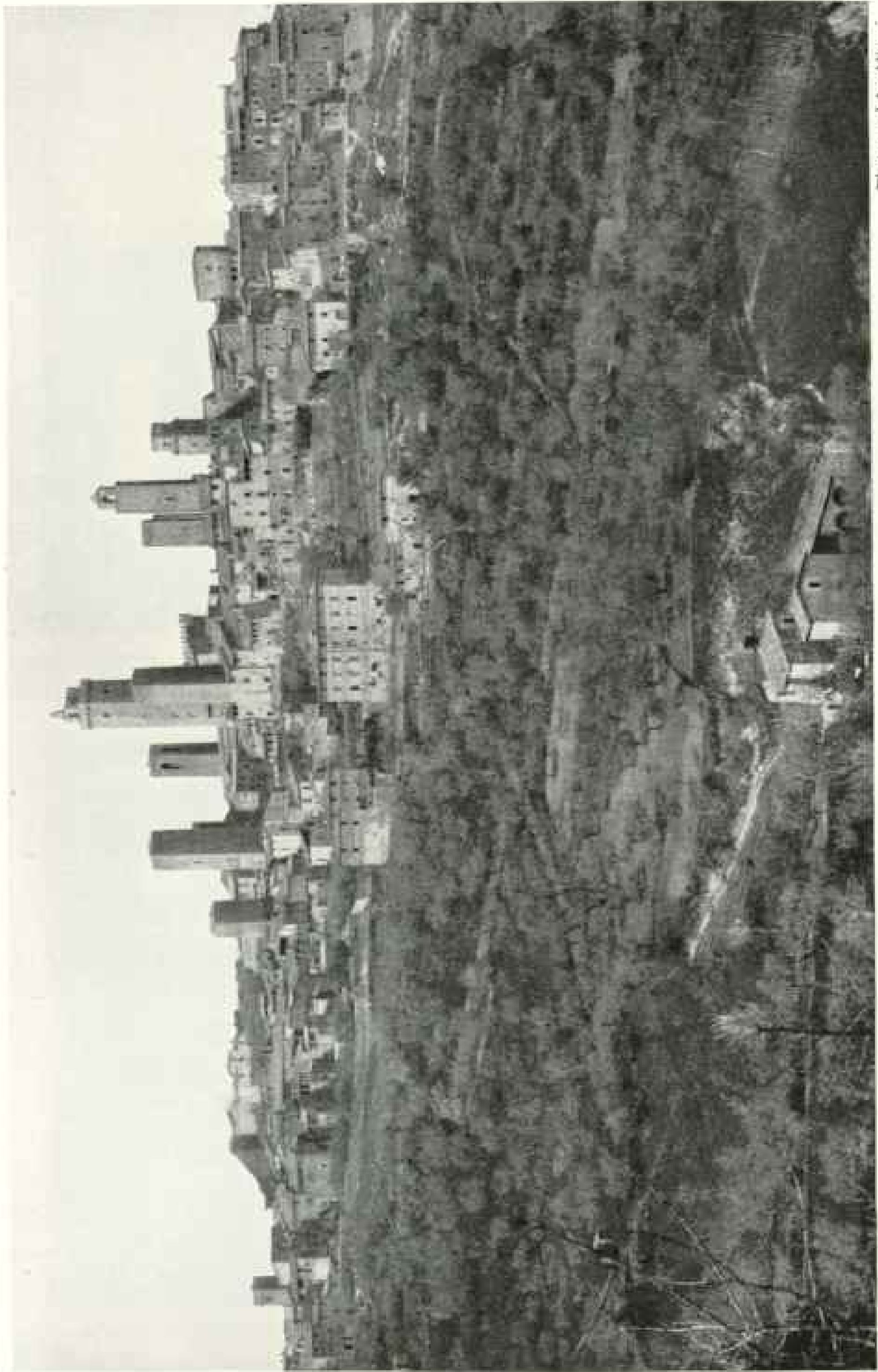
The long stalks piled against the wall of the barn are a species of bamboo used extensively for vineyard stakes. The soil of Tuscany is largely cultivated by prosperous peasant tenants.



Photographs by Caroline Robinson

ROADSIDE INDUSTRY IN TUSCANY

In almost any Italian village one may encounter peasant women spinning rope or string with their primitive apparatus. In the little pottery "baskets" on the ground burn tiny charcoal fires for warming the hands, as the season is February.



Photograph by Alinari

THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE DARK AGES STILL CLINGS TO THE CITY OF TOWERS (SEE PAGE 439)

San Gimignano's crumbling walls surround a city much smaller but very like that which Dante knew. In those days a citizen's importance was reflected by the height of his dwelling, and the noble families vied with each other in their efforts to rear their piles of brick and stone closer to heaven.

was the pilgrim crowd, and crowds indeed are no part of the charm of these peaceful hills.

At Perugia he had allowed us dinner and the vista, and had so drugged our senses with a day of speed that we weakly let him urge us on.

But when, after a refreshing night and Siena to be reseen, he came and asked us to forego this third delight, our wills were stronger, and he was reminded that Siena was in our bond.

He met this with feebly urged extenuation and ready compromise. He said his wife was sick and he must go; he would clip the cost and in mercy proceed alone.

Naturally, every added day on the road with us kept him from another fare. That was understood; but not the wife. After three days with Mario the wife was deemed apocryphal. It was believable that he might lie, but not that he could crown his self-revelation en route with a wife at the end.

At Terni, where he first presented himself, he had left a lady at another table to come and introduce his business. Next morning she was at the car's side to part with him a little tearfully.

When entering the cathedral at Spoleto we had left a lively world outside. When we returned to it the city had completely changed. Doors and windows everywhere were closed. Not an individual was seen in the streets. Not a footfall broke the silence. It was as if a plague had driven every inhabitant out and left a white, sun-baked, deserted leprous town. It was not the plague, however; it was only *pranzo*. The noontime angelus had rung.

Every one had gone in to the midday dinner and siesta and we had the town exclusively to ourselves. When such a town shuts up, it shuts up tight. Shops were closed, wooden shutters were up, metal *saracinescas* were down, the empty ways were flanked only by sealed houses.

Perhaps this would not have been worth mentioning, since it is the daily characteristic of every Italian town, were it not that, leaving the deserted streets to strangers only, it seemed as if Mario might be, as we were, isolated and easy to find. His easy self-effacement was agreeable some hours before, now the noontime housing seemed not to have left him out. At the

moment that his absence had become an enigma, however, the reason of it appeared by his side in the deep shadowy recess of an archway—another girl.

He surprised us again with his tenderness at Foligno; but after he had repeatedly proved himself equally at home at each succeeding stop, whether at a roadside *osteria* or inside the towns, we accepted him in his character as Tuscan sheik.

But the memory of his past performances discounted the urgency of his rushing forward to minister to an ailing wife. Hence our rebellion. He got his cash and we our freedom to linger a little with our old innamorata, Siena.

I misdoubted our judgment of our philandering friend at first, and might have continued to, had we not later caught sight of him driving away toward the Porta Camollia. Whatever urge of husbandly duty there may have been in his heart, in the seat at his side was another girl.

COLLE, HOME OF CAMBIO AND "FIASCO"

So with bags sent forward by train, according to the convenient Italian method, which requires no ticket for them, we found ourselves on the road again, finishing on foot this holiday begun on foot. And the end of the first leg was the village of Colle di Val d'Elsa.

This modest hamlet was the home of the great Arnolfo di Cambio, the architect and sculptor, who designed the Duomo, built the Palazzo Vecchio, enlarged Santa Croce, and designed and built its first cloister, all in Florence; who was one of the famous five who immortalized themselves in the Cathedral pulpit in Siena (see text, page 434), and in other great works left his autograph in stone in many parts of Tuscany.

Colle would seem to have done its part in giving Cambio to the world. But Colle carries on. It gives a humbler but a better-known gift to the world, for here is made the *fiasco*, that round bulbous bottle with the long, slender neck, which, coated in straw and decorated with its knotted cords of red and green and blue, is familiar on every table where one finds *chianti*.

And what more appropriate place for such a fabrication, since lifting one's eyes to the east they here look upon the vine-clad



Photograph by Alinari

GRIM SYMBOLS OF AN AGE OF STRIFE (SEE, ALSO, PAGE 436)

From tower to tower the traveler progresses about San Gimignano over ramplike streets. Fratricidal war between the nobles espousing the cause of the Guelphs and those favoring the Ghibellines brought about the destruction of the city as an independent republic. Much weakened by these feuds, it fell a victim to the Florentines in 1353.

hills whose red blood carries their name wherever wine is drunk, the Monte Chianti (see map, p. 404).

On the road again, in that quiet and peace which come where no railway goes, amid the sober beauty of fields and orchards and vineyards, of highways and lanes where man and beast walk untroubled, we agreed that neither train nor motorcar permits the intimacy and understanding, and the sense of traveling in a country instead of merely over it, that come to one afoot.

Is it that a pause after the speed of motoring leaves one with an inner something still spinning and speeding? Is it that the unrelenting sense of rush rushes one on so that one looks without seeing and without caring much, and that to one so speeded things in mere repose seem nonsignificant? Even the waiting car, oiled and gassed, though with pistons still, appears to fret with a silent, grim, desperate persuasion to be off.

A CLUSTER OF TOWERS PROCLAIMS SAN GIMIGNANO

There is no kinship between one awheel and those afoot. But abandoning the car one is released; one seems to have joined again the brotherhood of these hills. Leisure returns, and with it the eyes and understanding open again, and the beauty and interest of men and things appeal once more. At least so it seemed to me, afoot in the exhilaration of an early morning start from Colle.



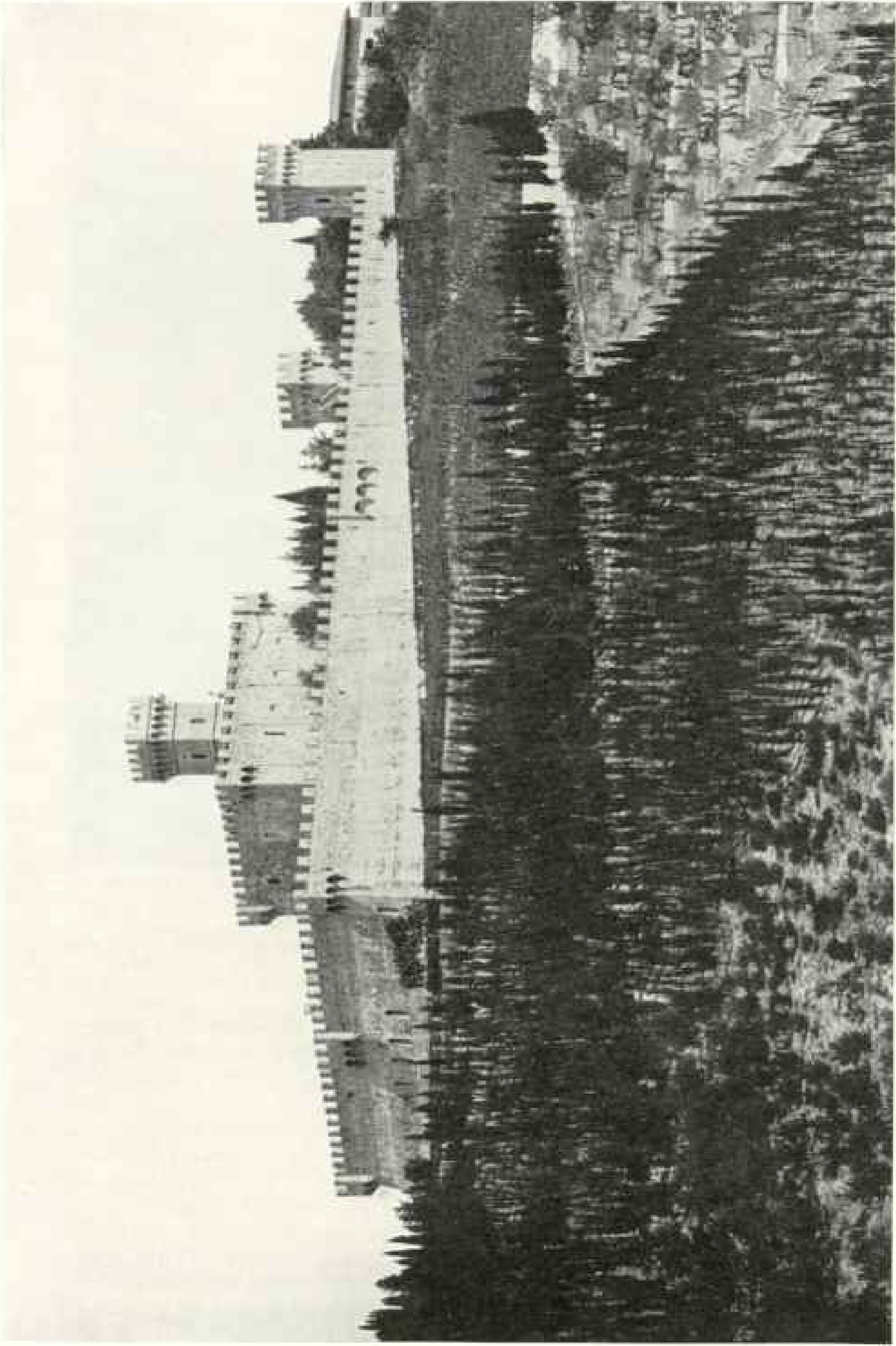
Photograph by Caroline Robinson

THE HOME OF BOCCACCIO STILL STANDS IN CERTALDO

The author of the "Decameron" lived most of his life at Certaldo and died there. He was buried in the church of SS. Michele and Jacopo, under an inscription written by himself (see text, page 44).

The road soon accommodated itself to the hills in broad curves. Near horizons cupped a tiny world. There was a seclusion and a pastoral calm which made eventful the mere flight of a bird. Here seemed the world as it always had been, time uncalendared. Such detachment was a proper preparation of the mind and of the eye for passing through this green, silent corridor at whose end the slopes separated and revealed the vision of the little town of San Gimignano.

One recognizes it instantly on its hill among hills. Its cluster of towers proclaims it. It cannot be any other than San



Photograph from A. S. Riggs

VINCIGLIATA RISES LIKE A DREAM CASTLE FROM THE SURROUNDING WOODS, NEAR FIESOLE.

A portion of this feudal stronghold of the Dark Ages dates from 1031. In the middle of the nineteenth century it was restored by an Englishman who later entertained William E. Gladstone and Queen Victoria within its ancient and historic walls.

Gimignano of the Beautiful Towers, unique among all the towns of Italy (see pages 436 and 438).

Entering, one finds a medieval austerity in every street and opening. Beauty passed it by, but stamped it, nevertheless, with a grim and noble distinction. Dante came here ambassador in 1300, and to-day he would be more at home in San Gimignano, for he would find it less changed, than anywhere else he knew.

Much has disappeared that once stood here, but, as nothing has been made new, it is only the old that remains. Unlike Carcassonne, it nevertheless, like Carcassonne, transports one back to its beginning.

The exterior of the museum and of the churches gives no hint that within are some of the finest flames of color that the Italian masters translated into story. One visits them and rejoices in them and forgets them. Indeed, of San Gimignano one remembers only its strange, inscrutable towers.

Once one spoke of San Gimignano's "forest of towers" that Dante saw. There then were seventy-six of them; but above the pink tiles of this little town of only thirty-three hundred souls now rise only thirteen surviving towers. There are in all, to be sure, some traces of thirty-seven.

Perhaps the other towers, those which have disappeared, were beautiful. The remnant is scarcely that. The survivals are square, made of unadorned travertine blocks, though sometimes of brick or of both; but they are without decoration, without those graceful windows which elsewhere pierce the campaniles, every opening an exquisite architectural epigram, and without even the decorative cornice which so often crowns other towers with the delicacy of a diadem.

SYMBOLS OF A SULLEN AND FEROCIOUS AGE

They do not rise in a conventional cincture protecting a girdle of walls. Such walls as San Gimignano may ever have had are gone, and the towers, instead of rising on the line of its circumference, cluster at its center.

Their position suggests a sullen and ferocious age. If they stood at the circumference of the little city, one could en-

vision the townsmen standing shoulder to shoulder to protect themselves, their wives and children and homes, from aggression from without.

Standing where they do, each above its own palace, they can but suggest the terrible period of bloody feuds, family warring against family, house against house, neighbor against neighbor, destroying each other with murderous engines.

A suggestive survival is this obscure and aloof San Gimignano. Not least suggestive at night, even when the moon rides the sky, for the towers hide its face and blacken the narrow, empty streets with shadows. Then the sound of one's own heel on the cobbles seems a signal to an unseen enemy. One feels the immanence of intrigue and ambushade and sinister attacks, as if at the next moment the silence might be broken by the rattle of armor, the clash of steel, the crash of shields and broadswords.

THE LAST OF THE HILL TOWNS—CERTALDO, HOME OF BOCCACCIO

One leaves San Gimignano with relief, and yet at the crest of the road over the last hill one looks back at the little cluster of towers with regret, to turn away and make of such a picture a mere memory.

However, in turning, a fair and laughing picture is below and beyond. It is again the little valley of the River Elsa, and on its other side, on the lower hills, where the Chianti Mountains have begun to dip toward the plain through which the Arno flows, enthroned by height, sits Certaldo.

It is our last hill town and another of those which know few visitors. At its feet run the trains bound for Siena; but it rarely gets the tribute of more than a glance from a car window. Though it is made a little pictorial by its position, architecturally it has no boasts. Then why climb to its gates? The answer is Boccaccio.

Paris and Florence dispute with Certaldo as to where Boccaccio was born. This is certain, however, that his family was of Certaldo, that he spent much of his maturity there, that he died there, that he always signed his name *Boccaccio da Certaldo*, and that in his epitaph he named that town as his birthplace.

His name is the great and only plume in little Certaldo's modest bonnet. With becoming pride the citizens flaunt it. He was a part of his own age, and less wicked to it than to a puritanized posterity. The world knows him for a great artist, and Certaldo knew him as not a bad sort, and requited his love.

BYRON'S ATTACK ON CERTALDO CITIZENS REFUTED

Byron, in his "Childe Harold," fastened a phrase on Certaldo for its alleged treatment of the deceased author of the "Decameron," which has never ceased to nettle its savants:

Even his tomb
Uptorn, must bear the hyena bigot's wrong,
No more among the meaner dead find room,
Nor claim a passing sigh, because it told for
whom.

For four hundred years the remains of the father of Italian prose were entombed in the center of the cathedral. His great monument was erected there, opposite the pulpit, early in the 16th century. Boccaccio was represented half-length, holding on his breast with both hands a folio volume on which was written *Decameron*. "A singular book to be placed just facing a preacher and a proof of liberality on the part of the clergy," said M. Vallery, who saw the monument.

This source writer, obviously after another visit, said: "The tomb has experienced the most melancholy changes. For more than four centuries it had been the honor of Certaldo and had attracted many travelers to the Canonica, when, in 1783, it was removed by a false interpretation of the law of Leopold against burying in churches. The hyena bigots of Certaldo, against whom 'Childe Harold' and his annotator declaim, had nothing to do with it."

For years Boccaccio's skull and bones were preserved by the rector of the church, but their whereabouts have been veiled in mystery since that prelate's death.

In 1823 Boccaccio's house was repaired and ever since has been dedicated to his

souvenirs. Here to-day one finds his 14th century domestic environment recreated. There also are gathered the fragments of that monument which must have been hard facing for the cathedral preachers (see page 439).

Modest Certaldo makes at least one other artistic gesture. It is the Palazzo Pretorio, a simple Tuscan structure with a stern and unrelenting façade, which had been made to smile by reason of the decorations which succeeding generations have embedded there.

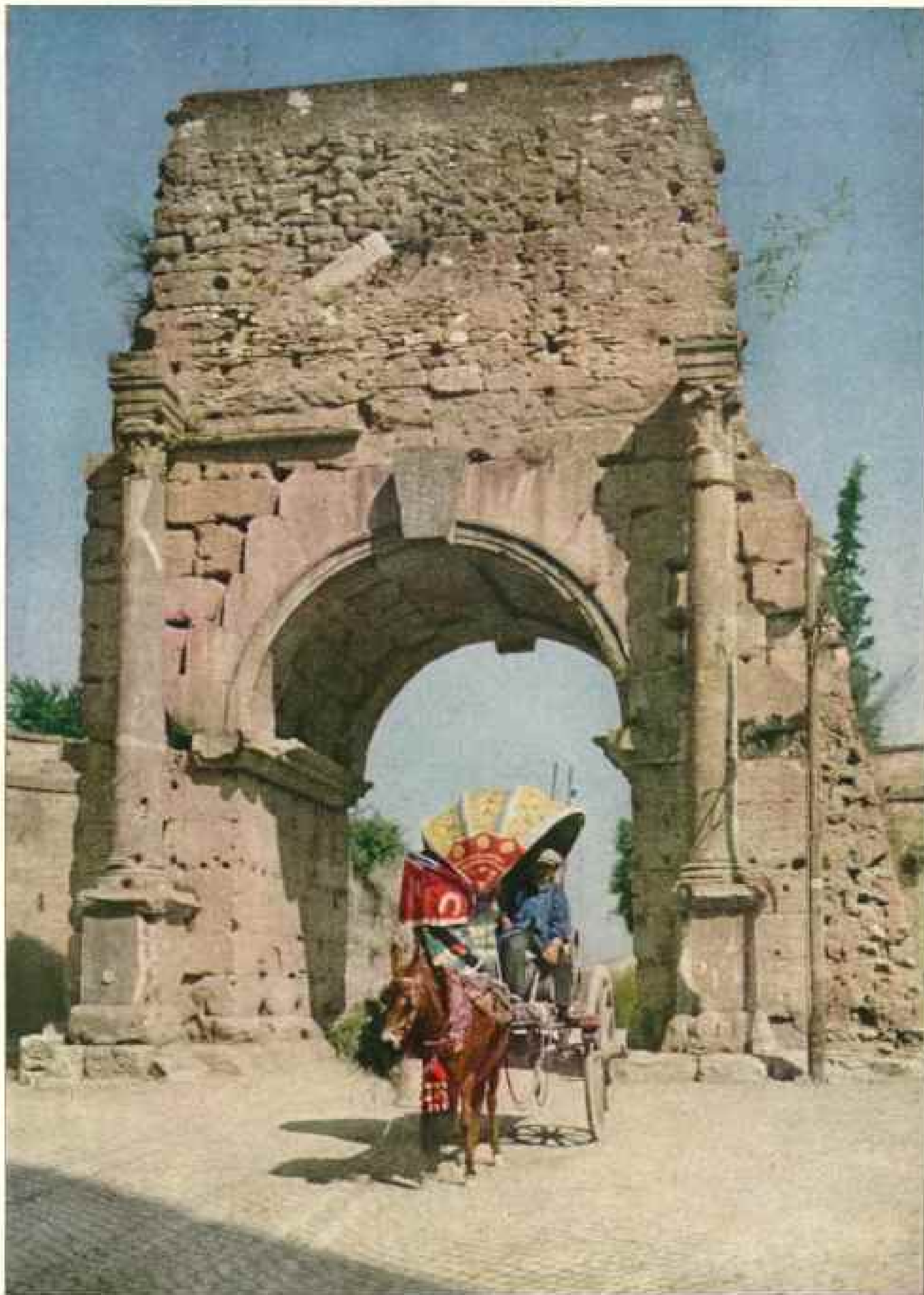
These decorations are Certaldan coats of arms in every sort of setting, placed without order or design or any correlation. The effect is of a plain and prim but consequential old lady who has been forced by friends to wear her medals, and if they do not wholly obscure her they take away her austere aspect.

BOCCACCIO DEFEATED BY BROCCOLI

It was Boccaccio who made us glad to come to Certaldo. It was broccoli that made us glad to leave—broccoli, that staple Italian green whose feast is the octave or two between late spinach and early peas.

From Narni all the way to Certaldo life reeked with broccoli. The gardens were green with it, and so were the carts and the market stalls and the stools before doorways; it stalked forth from the kitchen for every meal. Its great, coarse, green leaves and white stems came submerged in soup (*al brodo*); it came as a salad, crisp and raw, under oil and salt; it came scalded and limp, as its honest vegetable self, heaped in a huge, inert mass under a lump of butter (*al burro*), to be unraveled like spaghetti, and then, like spaghetti, to be spiraled round the fork for carriage to the mouth.

A sound, hearty dish is broccoli, taken in moderation—that is, taken in not more than two forms at every meal for a fortnight. The escape from it in its more virulent form softened our regret in leaving the lovely, infinitely varied, unforgettable hill towns.



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Autochrome by Hans Hildebrand

THE ARCH OF DRUSUS SPANS THE APPIAN WAY

Along this Queen of Roads Roman legions once marched to the conquest of the ancient world. In the days of the Republic and the Empire the highway was bordered with the tombs of Rome's great.



A GLIMPSE OF AMALFI, FROM A GRAPE-BOWERED PERGOLA

This sun-bathed shelf is part of an old Capuchin convent garden now converted into the grounds of a hotel, which is situated high on a cliff overhanging the blue waters of the Gulf of Salerno (see also Color Plate VII).



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GENOA, CITY OF COLUMBUS

Gilded palaces rising tier upon tier have seen galleys give way to caravels, caravels to barques, and these in turn to transoceanic steamers in this great harbor, the busiest of all Italy.

MAN AND NATURE PAINT ITALIAN SCENES IN PRODIGAL COLORS



VULCAN'S POT IS EVER BOILING

Until the terrible tragedy of A. D. 79, when Pompeii and Herculaneum were destroyed, Vesuvius was not known to be an active volcano. Since the great eruption of 1631 the cone has seldom been without its rising steam, and often has wrought destruction to neighboring towns.

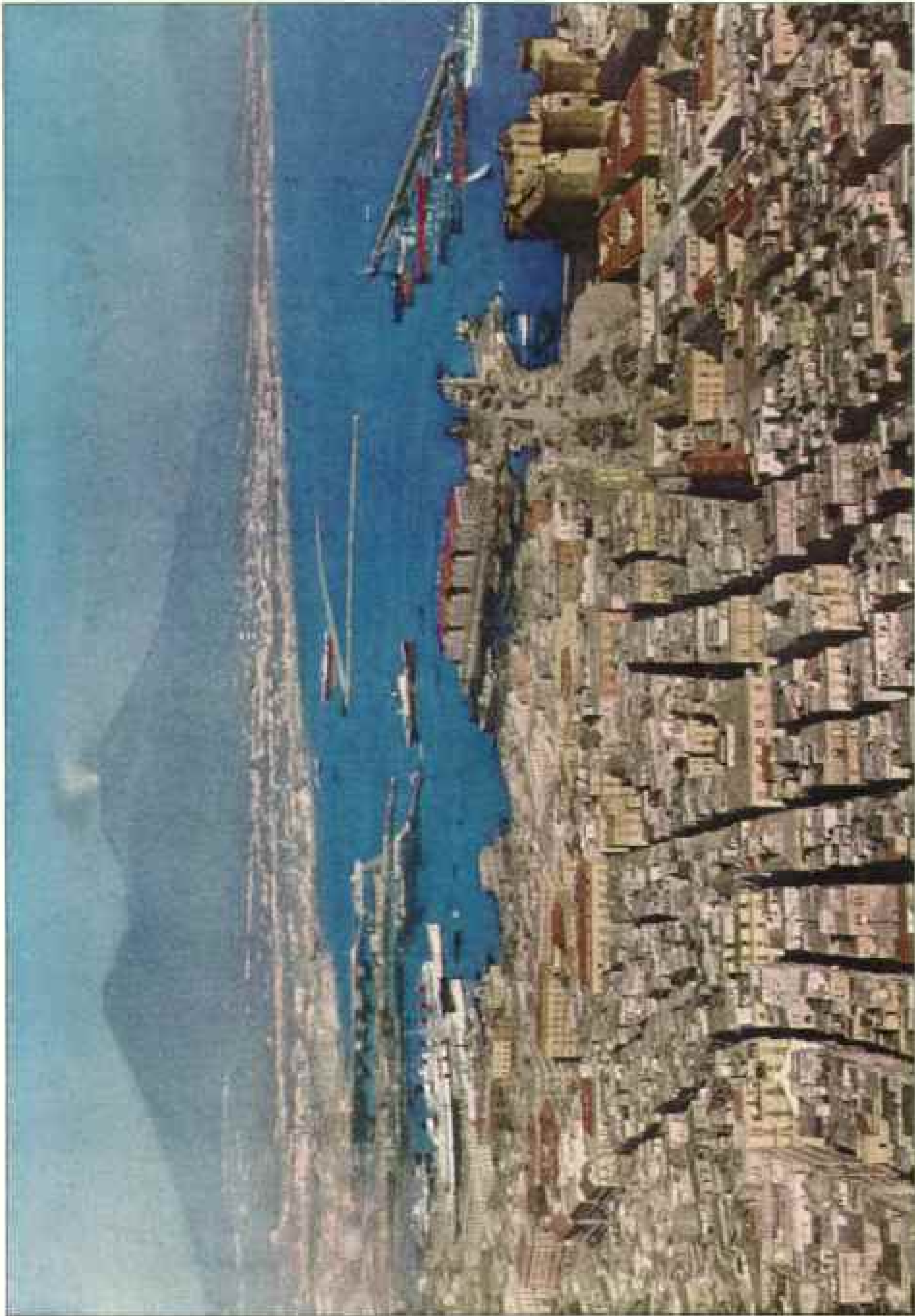


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ROSES OF THE ITALIAN RIVIERA

Bordighera's vales are famous for roses. Palm groves, which supply many cities with branches for Palm Sunday and for the Feast of the Tabernacles, have supplanted olive groves in this vicinity.



Autochrome by Hans Hildbrandt

THE BAY OF NAPLES IS A SYNONYM FOR BEAUTY

As if holding a torch to the city's loveliness, flaring Vesuvius, a Moloch among mountains, looms ever threateningly less than ten miles away. It has at times scattered its ashes as far as Constantinople, yet a beneficent Fate has always spared the thriving port, with its teeming thousands (see also Color Plate 11).

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INTIMACIES OF GENOISE FAMILY LIFE



Autochromes by Hans Hildebrandt
A YOUNG FISHERMAN OF LAKE MAGGIORE



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ROME'S MAGNIFICENT MONUMENT TO A GREAT KING AND AN UNKNOWN WARRIOR

Erected in memory of Victor Emmanuel II, first king of reunited Italy, this great edifice is also the burial place of Italy's Unknown Soldier of the World War. The structure of white marble provides a majestic background for the gleaming gold-encrusted equestrian statue of the king.



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ITS POWER GONE, AMALFI NOW RULES BY BEAUTY

Once this city of filigree aspect had its Doge, and, as a commercial center, rivaled Genoa and Pisa. Now it is a sun-drenched, sleepy little town, its galley-crowded harbor only a memory. But a constant stream of travelers comes to admire and to leave its tribute to beauty in dollars and shillings and francs.

Aerial view by Hans Hildebrandt



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A DEFECT THAT HAS BROUGHT ENDURING FAME

The Leaning Tower of Pisa was meant to rise straight from the ground, but sank on one side when only 35 feet high. Then, making a virtue of necessity, its builders continued it in its leaning position. Galileo dropped objects from its leaning side and so evolved the law of the velocity of falling bodies. The tower rises 179 feet and leans more than 14 feet out of the perpendicular.



ACROSS THE ARNO AT FLORENCE RUNS BRIDGE, MARKET, AND ART GALLERY IN ONE

In all the world there is no other bridge quite like the Ponte Vecchio. On each side of the roadway are jewelry shops, while above runs an enclosed passage, its walls hung with portraits, connecting the Uffizi Art Gallery on one bank with the Pitti Gallery on the other.



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A NOBLE SWEEP OF GOTHIC STAIRS IN VERONA

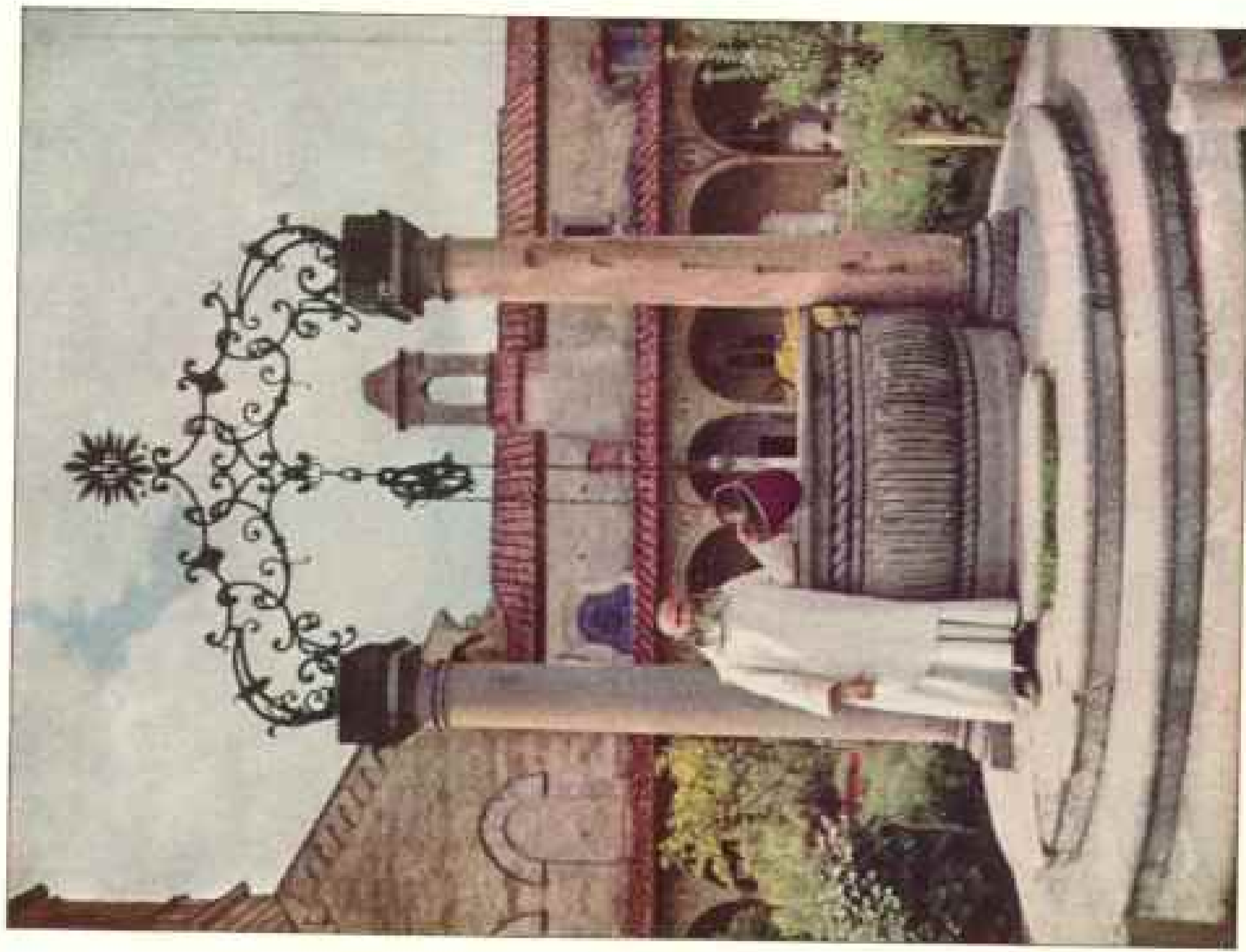
Learned jurists in flowing robes have often climbed this stairway, for in medieval times the building was the Palace of Justice. This two-toned style of façade spread over Italy from Florence.



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ALONG THE LÉVANTINE RIVIERA, EAST OF GENOA

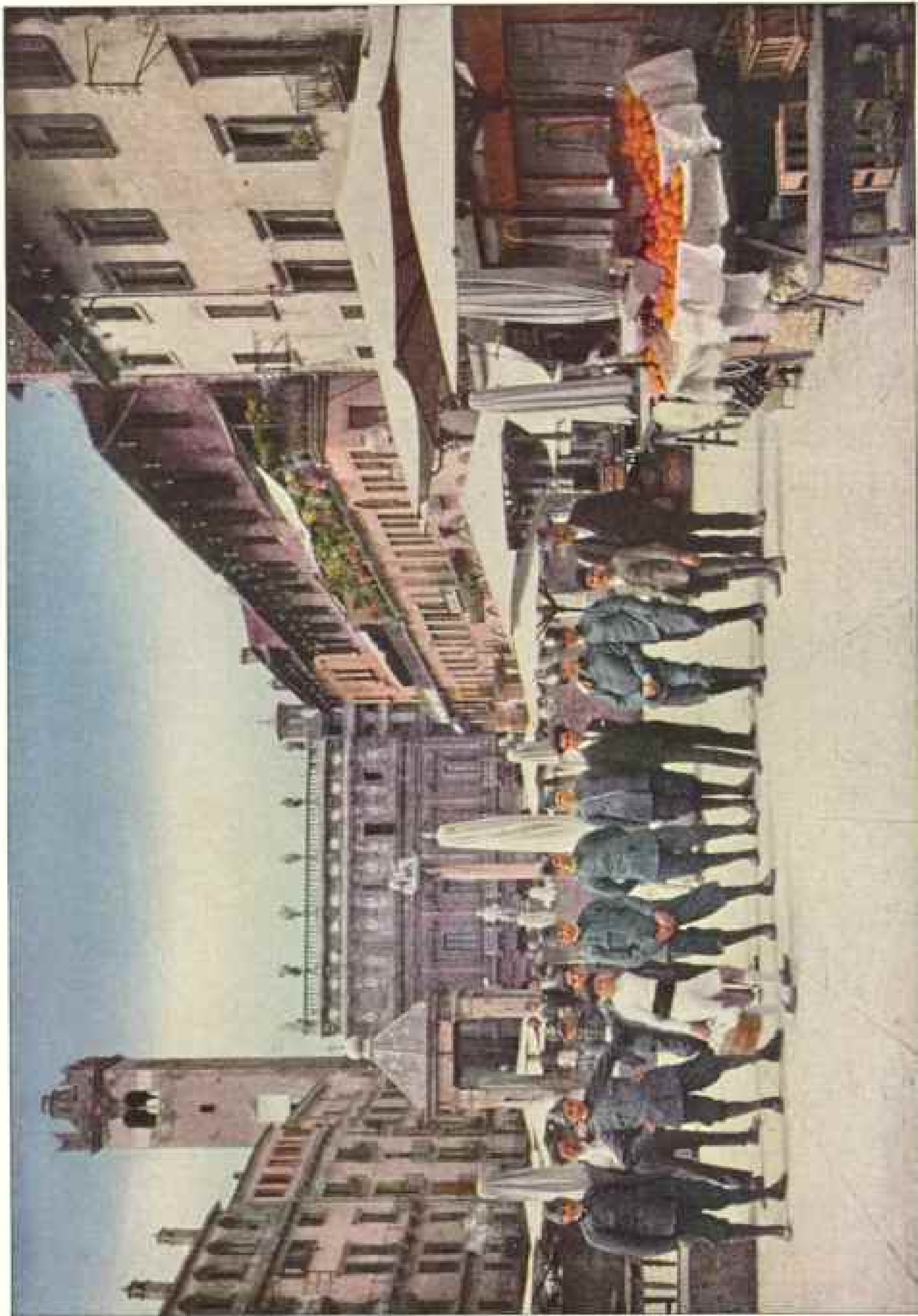
Like eager sea serpents, the grooved rocks climb the precipitous beach at Nervi.



Autocromes by Hans Hiltbrand

THE MICHELANGELO FOUNTAIN IN THE CERTOSA

The Certosa del Galluzzo is a fortresslike monastery on the Siena road a few miles from Florence.



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Anacronism by Hans Hildebrand

VERONA'S CHIEF MARKETPLACE WAS THE CITY'S FORUM IN ROMAN TIMES

About the irregular Piazza Erbe freestone walls tell of Venetian influences, a tale echoed by a column bearing a sculptured Lion of St. Mark. The stone canopy, borne by four pillars, was used centuries ago as a sort of election booth.



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Antichisone by Hans Hildbrand

WHERE THE ALPS AND MEDITERRANEAN WATERS HAVE THWARTED LATITUDE

Although Bordighera is farther north than Boston, date palms flourish on its warm hillsides and bright flowers tumble over its rocks. This is an entrance to one of the town's lovely gardens.

MAN AND NATURE PAINT ITALIAN SCENES IN PRODIGAL COLORS



VENETIAN SANDS CALL TO THE CHILDREN OF MANY CLIMES

The Lido, on the shores of the Adriatic, only a few minutes by motorboat from the heart of the city, is the world-famous bathing resort of Venice.



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Autochromes by Hans Hildebrandt

FISHERMEN AT WORK ON THE BEACH AT BORDIGHERA

Long before the rose and palm gardens of this Riviera village won renown its humble fisherfolk were taking a comfortable livelihood from the teeming waters of the tideless Mediterranean.



RAVENNA, HAVING LOST HER HARBOR, USES A CANAL

The city which guards the tomb of Italy's greatest poet, Dante, was, in the time of Augustus Caesar, the great naval base of the Adriatic fleet; to-day it is five miles from the sea.



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Autochromes by Hans Hildebrand

FARMING SOIL AND AIR NEAR PERUGIA

Among the hills of Umbria and Tuscany, the farmers plant mulberry trees in their fields to serve as living supports for their grapes. Wires connect the trees and in summer the vines hang in long, graceful festoons above grains and vegetables.

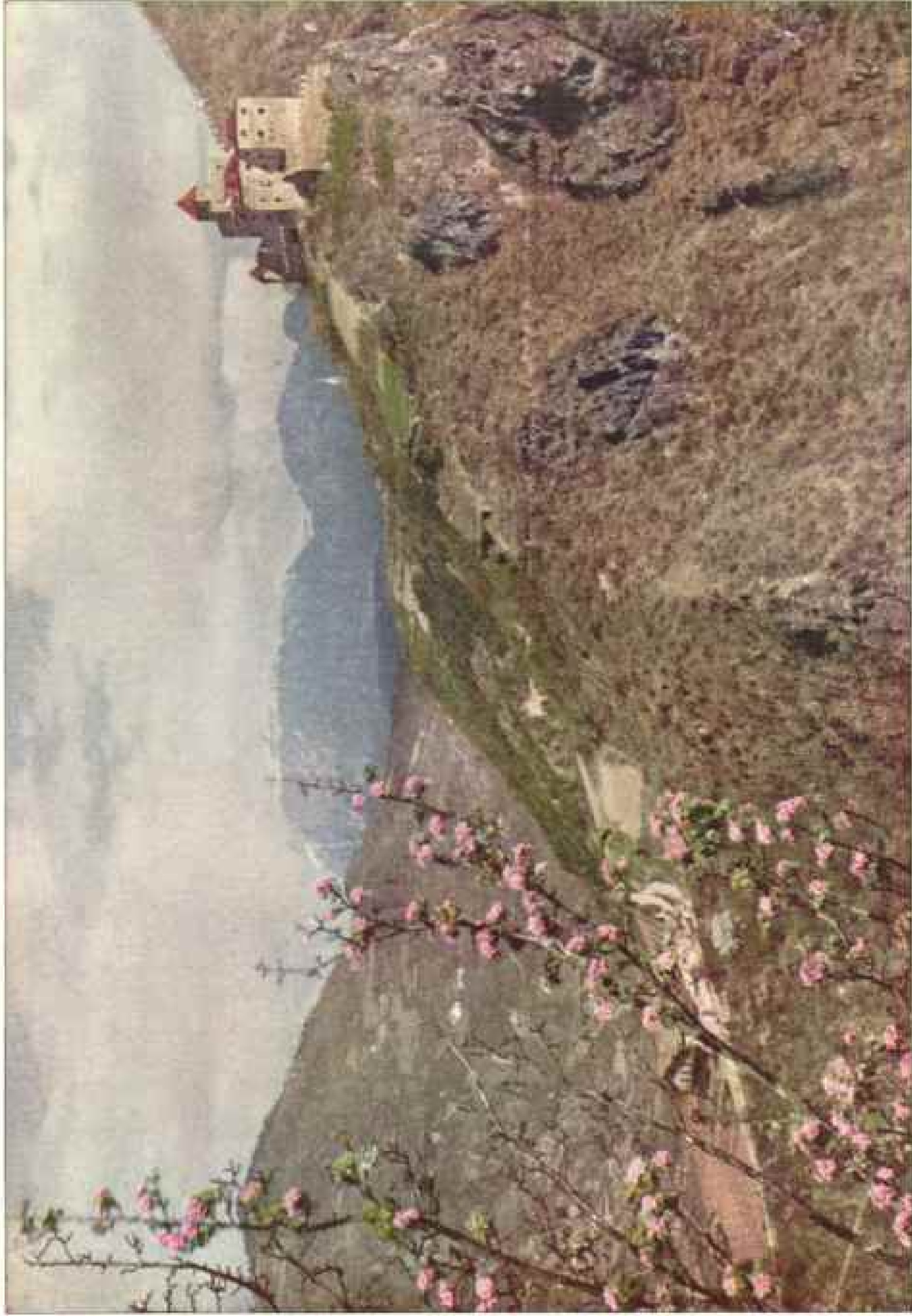


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COGNE'S TINY CHURCH IS ADORNED WITH AL FRESCO MURALS

Almost in the shadow of the highest of the Italian peaks of the Mont Blanc group, recently christened Monte Mussolini, nestles this village, a hunting center of the kings of Italy. It was here that Victor Emmanuel II preserved the fast-disappearing ibex by crossing it with the mountain goat.



Autobronne by Hans Hildebrandt

MEDIEVAL CASTLES REMIND BOLZANO OF HER DRAMATIC PAST

When Italy extended her boundaries to the northeast as a result of the World War, Bolzano, the chief commercial town of the Tyrolean Alps, became Bolzano. In the Middle Ages it was the chief depot for the overland traffic between Venice and the cities of central Europe, and from such strongholds as Castle Karneid (right) predatory rulers took their toll of this commerce.

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ASSISI'S GREAT CHURCH COMMEMORATES THE CITY'S MOST FAMOUS SON

Illustration by Hans Lillibachmidt

Both the castellated Franciscan monastery and its church are dedicated to St. Francis, beloved founder of the famous religious order. The church is built over the tomb of the great teacher, poet and "brother" to all living creatures. It was begun in 1228, two years after St. Francis's death.



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A YOUNG WOMAN OF COGNIE, AMONG THE GRALAN ALPS



Autographs by Hans Hildebrand

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTHERN ALPINE SLOPES



Autochrome by Hans Hildebrand.

THE BLUE WATERS OF LAKE GARDA REFLECT THE LIGHT FROM MONTE ORO

Like Riva, less than a mile away, Torbole was in Austrian territory until near the end of the World War. On the cliffs above the village traces of gun galleries still may be seen.

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THE CHESTNUT-WOODDED VALE OF GRESSONEY, AT THE FOOT OF THE ALPS, IS THEIR HOME



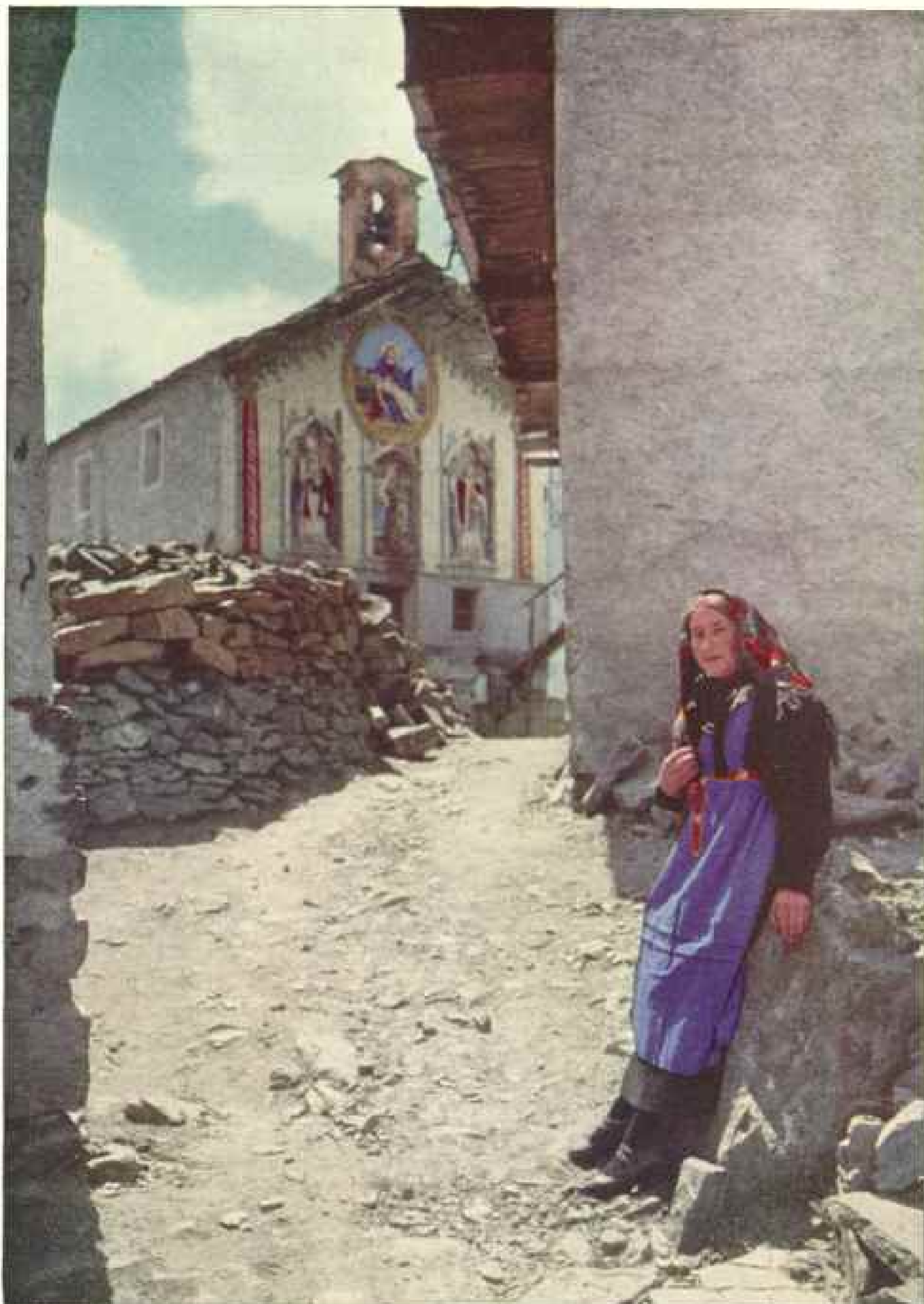
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Autochromes by Hans Hildenbrand

A MODEL FOR A MASTER

Wherever the artist's eye turns in Italy, whether in the hill towns or among the plains, by the shores of the Adriatic or the Tyrrhenian Sea, he finds a picture for his color plate.

MAN AND NATURE PAINT ITALIAN SCENES IN PRODIGAL COLORS



© National Geographic Society

Autochrome by Hans Hildentraml

FIFTY HAS DECORATED THE WALLS OF HER ALPINE CHAPEL

This peasant girl, hedged about by snowclad mountains, comes in contact with the outside world through hosts of tourists who frequent the lovely Cogne valley on walking tours from Aosta.

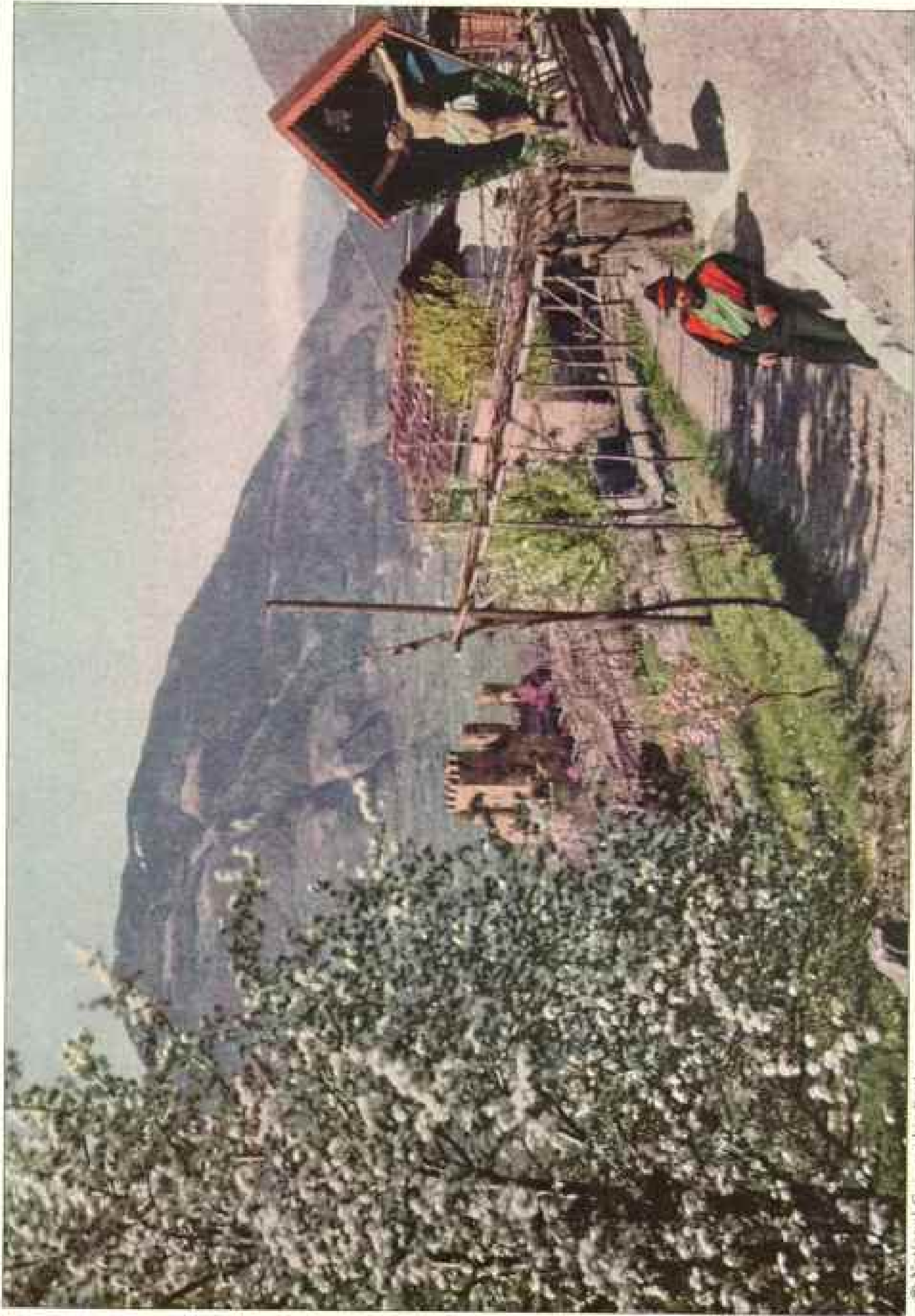


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MERANO, ONCE A NATION'S CAPITAL

Before the World War divided Tyrol and gave its southern half to Italy, this mountain-rimmed city was Merano. Until Innsbruck superseded it, in 1420, the town was the capital of Tyrol, and its environs are studded with the romantic ruins of medieval castles.

Autochrome by Hans Hildbrand



© National Geographic Society

ALONG THIS NARROW HIGHWAY RODE THE UGLY DUCHESS

Autochrome by Hans Hiltnerbrunn

The path leads up to Castle Tyrol on the outskirts of Merano (see Color Plate XXII), a famous medieval fortress-dwelling. Many of the castle's legends are associated with Margarete of Tyrol, one of history's ablest but most insightfully heroines.



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Antichronis by Hans Hildebrand

SHE BIDS YOU HAIL AND FAREWELL TO ITALY

The charming peasant apron and head scarf which heighten the attractiveness of the young woman of the mountains are familiar to visitors in the vale of Gressoney (see also Color Plate XX).

A WALKING TOUR ACROSS ICELAND

BY ISOBEL WYLIE HUTCHISON

I

ON A blustering day of October I stood swaying in a gale high upon the white lighthouse at the Butt of Lewis, Outer Hebrides Islands, and, gazing northward, saw only the piled billows of the green Atlantic. Yet there, 600 miles beyond the mists, lay Iceland, the last outpost of Europe, an island larger than Ireland, whose Culdean hermits, landing upon some rocky islets still bearing their name—Vestmannaeyjar, or Westman Islands—within sight of the snowy peaks of Hekla, more than a thousand years ago, had first carried the torch of Christ to this lonely wilderness of fire and frost and emerald pasture.

For Iceland has been wrongly named, as I heard a traveler remark, gazing across the vivid swards of Fellsmuli (see illustration, page 472) to the black lava slopes of Hekla. "This island," he said, "should have been called Greenland, and Greenland Iceland." To the Hebridean it seems as if it might form but the last bead in the emerald chain of lovely islands which girds the northwestern seaboard of Scotland (see map, page 470).

From that windy moment there awakened in me the determination to visit this far-off island; but when I mentioned the subject some months later to a clerk in an Edinburgh shipping office, you might have thought the place had never been heard of, far less visited by his own ancestors 1,000 years ago.

"Iceland!" he stammered, a kind of startled, frozen look coming into his face at the mention of the word. "Sailings to Iceland! I am afraid we have no particulars." He conferred with another youth.

BOUND FOR "IC-A-LAND"

At the whisper of the word "Iceland" I saw a grin spread immediately over this fellow's countenance; he turned round to examine me with interest, but could give no very satisfactory information as to how to reach the land of my desire, for the steamers which leave Leith for Reykjavik fortnightly in summer come from Copenhagen and are crowded with Danes.

Strangely enough, despite this easy opportunity, Iceland is still to the Britisher practically an unknown land, and when I tried to obtain a road map of the country I was told that such a thing did not exist, as there are no roads.

It may be imagined how all this fired my desire to visit Iceland, and to explore her afoot, and the end of it was that on a calm July night I wriggled backward through the labyrinth of Leith docks aboard the Danish steamer *Island*, and heard with a thrill, surely as keen as that which pierced the Celts of old when they set out upon their lonely adventure into the far north in the 9th century, the hail of the watchman in his red-lighted tower at the harbor mouth, "Where bound?"

And the answer from our bows, falling clear across the black water in precise foreign English, "Ic-a-land," with the comfortable reply, "Iceland—right!"

The adventure was afoot! Another dream was coming true, as they always will if we have faith enough.

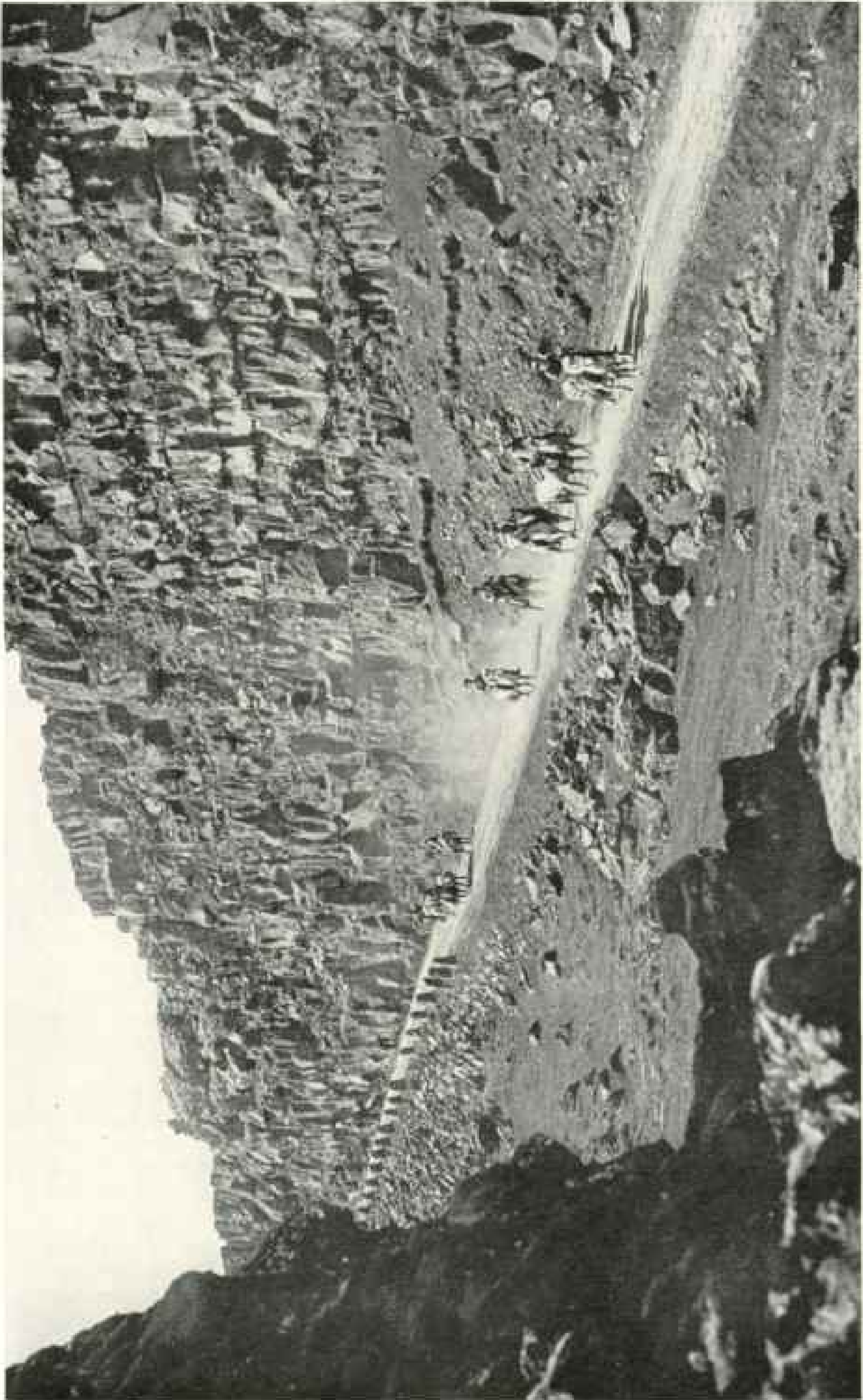
II

"What! Walking to Akureyri? *Walking!* Then all I can say is, God save you!"

With this parting blessing from an Icelandic gentleman whom I had encountered on the summit of Hekla ringing in my ears, I set out from Reykjavik one bright August morning on my journey of 260 miles to Akureyri, in the far north, where I intended to pick up the boat for home in a fortnight's time and accomplish my design of a walking tour in Iceland.

I had already been nearly a month in the country; had sailed in the *Island* to the west and north coast to Akureyri and back again, visiting the herring fishing stations at Isafjördur and Siglufjördur (see pages 500 and 502); had taken a motorcar to the great plain of Thingvellir (see page 469) and gazed upon the Logberg, where Snorri the priest a thousand years ago appealed to the chiefs to give up their pagan gods and worship the White Christ.

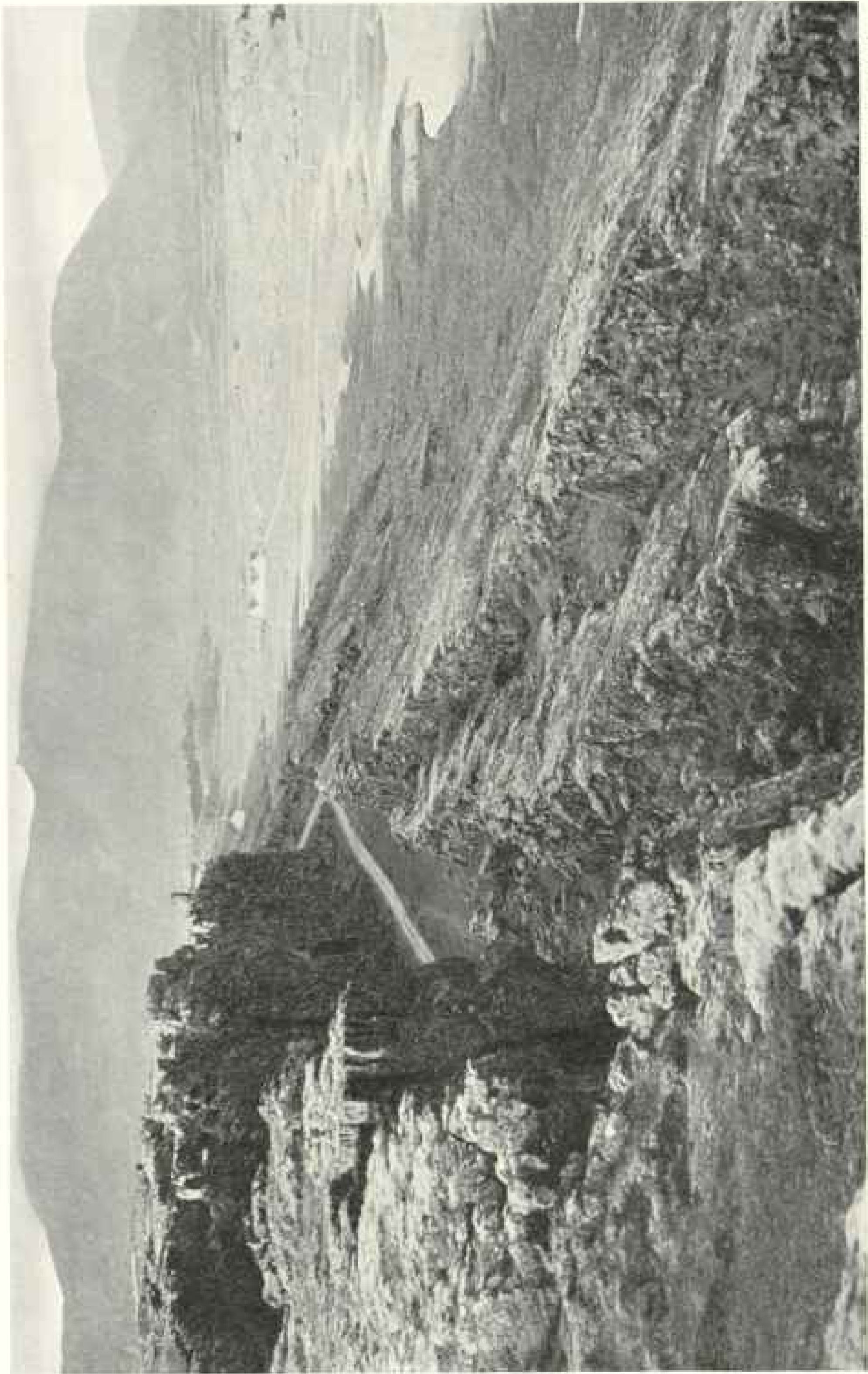
There came one running then with news of a tide of burning lava and the anger of



Photograph courtesy Ragnir Nielsen.

THE MAIN ROAD TO THE THINGVELLIR PLAIN, WHERE THE ICELANDERS HELD THEIR OPEN-AIR PARLIAMENT MEETINGS
1,000 YEARS AGO

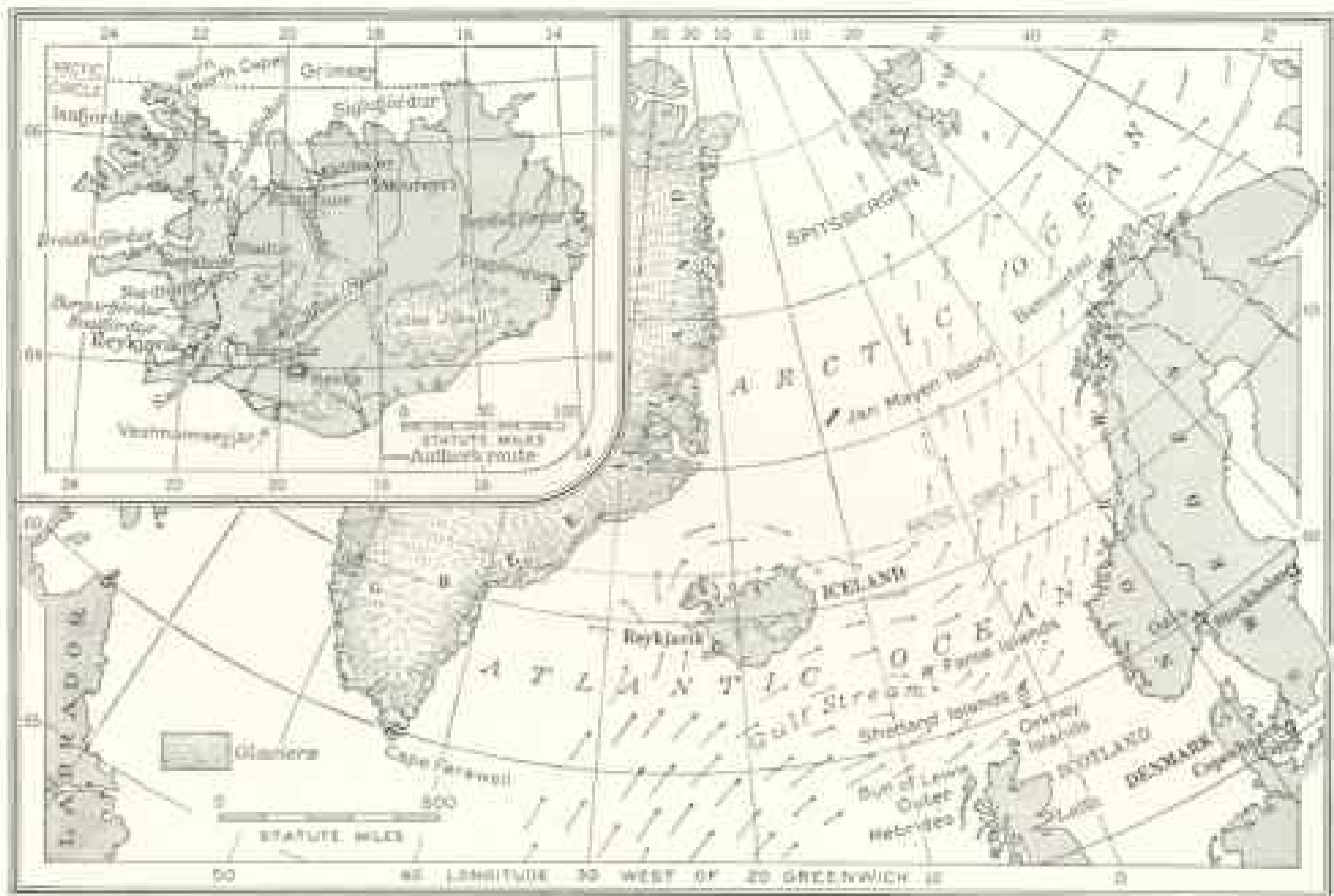
Iceland was an independent republic in the days of the Vikings, who held their assemblies on the great plain, 25 miles northeast of Reykjavik. Some of the great debates during these assemblies ten centuries ago have been preserved word for word.



Photograph by Herbert Felton

OVERLOOKING THE MOST INTERESTING SPOT IN ICELAND, THE THINGVÉLLIR PLAIN

One should read something of the old sagas to profit most by a visit to this spot, the open-air meeting place of the ancient government assembly, which played a major part in Icelandic history of a thousand years ago, when the country was an independent republic. It remains practically as it was in the days when the Vikings flocked from all parts of the land to attend the annual Althing, "the assembly of all" (see, also, text, page 467).



Drawn by A. H. Bunstead

A MAP OF ICELAND SHOWING THE AUTHOR'S ROUTE FROM REYKJAVIK TO AKUREYRI.

Although the island has an area equal to that of the State of Kentucky, only about 5,000 square miles are inhabited. Some 35,000 square miles of interior Iceland are largely covered with glaciers, lava fields, and sterile sand.

the gods, and for a moment things looked black for Snorri; but with ready presence of mind he pointed to the lava rocks about him. "What angered the gods," he cried, "when this was cast forth?"

For three days Thorgeir, the pagan lawmaker, pondered in darkness with his skin cloak over his head, and then gave it for doom that Iceland should be Christ's.

All this, in vision, I had seen, the background unchanged—in place of the thousand pagans who had declared for the White Christ, the motorcars of a thousand German tourists who had landed that day in Reykjavik from the steamer *München*, on their way to Spitsbergen.

A MADMAN ON MOUNT HEKLA

I had also accomplished a pony tour of eight days to Gullfoss waterfall, in whose muslin sprays the rainbow ends (see page 482). I had baited the little geyser called "Smidur" (The Blacksmith) with soap till it spouted a jet of white froth fifteen feet or so into the air (see illustration, page 475)—a reminder that in this far north-

ern land the earth still wears her heart upon her sleeve—and had clambered half-way up the wild red slopes of Hekla on ponyback, accomplishing the other half, to the snow-piled crater pocked with dark chutes into the bowels of the earth, on foot, sometimes aided by hands (see pages 472, 473, and 474).

Near the summit of Hekla I met a being as weird as the mountain, a homeless madman, by name Gudmund, who believed that he was forever pursued by three evil spirits or giants. "I am very glad," said the young guide, when we had left this strange solitary behind, "that we have passed this man, for he does not like to meet people."

All this I had done, but I had not yet accomplished a walking tour in Iceland, where such a thing was unheard of, all traveling in the interior being done by pony.

"NO ONE GOES ON FOOT IN ICELAND"

My ardor had been damped by the first agent I asked at Reykjavik. "To walk!



ALL MEN'S CHASM, NEAR THINGVELLIR

When the Thingvellir lava bed began to settle, many centuries ago (see below), two great parallel rifts, the Almannagja (All Men's Chasm) and Hrafnagja (Raven's Chasm), were formed.



Photographs by Hania Petersen

A CHURCH AND PARSONAGE ON THE PLAIN OF THINGVELLIR

The ancient gathering place of the Vikings is a region of weird beauty. Long before Iceland was known to Europeans, this was a level bed of lava.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

A PARTY RESTING ON THE WAY UP MOUNT HEKLA



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

TOURISTS WHO CLIMB MOUNT HEKLA ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE COMFORTS
OF THIS PARSONAGE

Weary of travel by pony or afoot, the Iceland visitor finds acceptable accommodations here at Fellsmuli, when making the journey from Gullfoss (Golden Fall) to the top of Hekla, at an elevation of 4,742 feet (see above).



Photograph by Hans Petersen

ICELAND'S MOST DESTRUCTIVE VOLCANO, HEKLA (SEE, ALSO, PAGE 474)

"It is impossible!" he replied pityingly. "It takes many days with ponies and sometimes two or three guides. To walk!" He laughed again.

"You mean between the glaciers. But there is another way, round by the coast; why could I not do that on foot? Are there not farms where I could stay?"

"No, no, it is impossible. There are many rivers to cross. How could you go alone? You must have a guide and ponies, whichever way you take," he said crossly. "No one goes on foot here."

"Some day I should like to go, by myself, on foot," I said stubbornly. "I should hire ponies and guides over the rivers."

"Can you talk Icelandic?"

"Not a word!"

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, his pink face flushing; opened his mouth to speak; then, thinking better of it, laughed again, and, snatching up his Homburg hat, went off to secure prey more worthy of his ponies and his pounds.

I was again in Reykjavik awaiting the boat for home, but still pondering regretfully my frustrated design. It chanced that that morning the French explorer

Charcot had arrived in the harbor from the Far North with his ship, the *Pourquoi Pas*, i. e., "Why Not?" I had heard him lecture, visited his ship, and exchanged a few words with him.

That night I lay long awake in the little wooden bedroom of the Hotel Island, with its coil of rope attached to the window for escape in case of fire. Some undercurrent of thought was at work, preventing me from sleep. "Pourquoi Pas?" The name "Why Not?" was an inspiration itself. "Pourquoi pas on foot across Iceland?"

In the small hours of the morning my mind was made up. I would not sail tamely home in three days' time, having accomplished only the usual tourist's round; I would walk up alone, hiring ponies where needful, from Reykjavik to Akureyri, and catch the *Island* on her next return trip, at the end of August.

The undercurrent of thought had found its legal vent. I fell asleep tranquilly.

A JOURNEY OF 260 MILES IN 14 DAYS

Next morning I sought out the guide who had planned my Hekla tour. He was a brisk, rosy-faced little man, full of merriment, and encouraged me, though



© Isabel Wylie Hutchison

ON THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT HEKLA

Iceland is one of the most volcanic regions on earth. Its more than 100 volcanoes, of which Mount Hekla is the best known, have literally thousands of craters, and one lava field covers 1,700 square miles. Hekla has been in eruption 22 times during the last ten centuries.

warning me that I should require ponies over certain rivers too deep to wade, and for certain distances that might be too far for me to walk between the stations he kindly mapped out for me (for no reward save friendship).

In order to catch the boat, I had to accomplish the journey of 260 miles in 14 days. This prevented my doing the whole distance on foot, which, with ample leisure, barring the rivers, would be quite practicable.

The road, or track, rather, for it is little more, despite its black outline on the only portable map of Iceland which I could secure in Reykjavik, runs up the western and northern seaboard, turning inland over a high tableland midway between Reykjavik and Akureyri, till the northern sea stretches a lean arm to meet it at Hrutárfjörður (see map, page 470).

Stefan had suggested that I should spend my first night at the parsonage of Lagafell, only 9 miles from Reykjavik, and cross the mountains by the high, steep track called the Svinaskard (Swine's

Pass) next morning. But the day was glorious and, though I had started late, in the ardor of setting forth I decided to push on across the mountains to Mothruvellir, 25 miles distant, that night if possible.

Light clouds were resting like giant snowflakes on the cheeks of the great hills far before me, where the glaciers sprawled in fantastic shapes, and beside me an Icelandic curlew dipped and rose, uttering the wild cry which gives it its name in this country, "Spoo-ee! Spoo-ee!" It came very near, as the birds and beasts do in Iceland, where they have not yet learned overmuch the fear of man, and reminded me of a legend popular here.

One Sabbath day, according to the story, Christ had molded some birds from the common clay. An angry neighbor who was passing by kicked them down, offended at this desecration of the Sabbath.

With one wave of His arm the Molder restored the figures to their places, and when He clapped His hands they rose and



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THE "SMIDUR" (BLACKSMITH) GEYSIR BAITED WITH SOAP AND IN ACTION.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

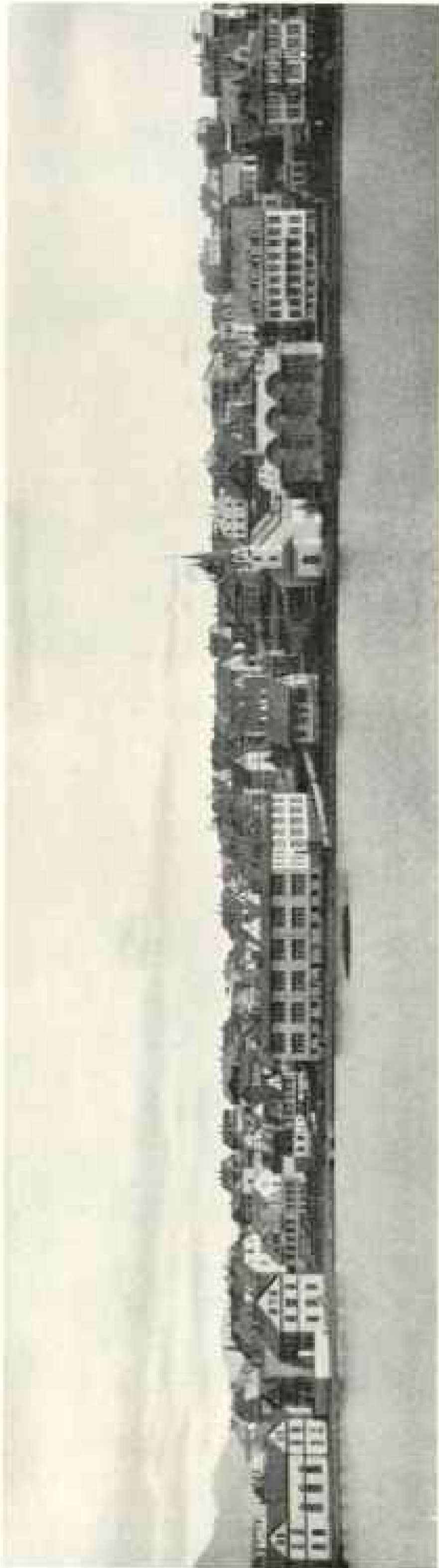
NOT WATER BUT SILICATES AT THE GREAT GEYSIR

"Geysir" is a proper noun after which all similar phenomena throughout the world have been named. The usual spelling of the word is "geyser." There are several geysers in Iceland, but only one "Geysir." Great Geysir was very active for a short time following the earthquake of 1896. As the years went by, however, it gradually subsided. In 1905 it spouted only twice a day; later, so far had its strength dwindled that it would perform only after some 30 or 40 pounds of soap had been thrown into it. Now it is dead—a deep, round pool of crystal-clear hot water, which simmers inside the low, symmetrical cone of siliceous rock formed in the days of its glory.



OFF FOR A SHORT JOURNEY.

Every man, woman, and child of Iceland can ride. A man having a considerable distance to go generally uses three horses—one for his baggage and two for himself. He changes mounts every hour.



Photographs by John A. Manley

NEARLY A FOURTH OF THE INHABITANTS OF ICELAND RESIDE IN THE CAPITAL CITY OF REYKJAVIK.

Many of the houses of the Iceland metropolis are built of timber covered with sheet iron and gaily painted, but the government buildings are chiefly of stone. The city's principal monument is a statue of the famous sculptor Thorvaldson, whose father was an Icelandic.



©:Toohel Wylfir Huitthsson

IN THE AGONIE OF PARIS AT REYKJAVIK

Many women, especially in the capital, have adopted European dress, which they say is more comfortable, if less picturesque, than their national dress.



Photograph by Hans Petersen

AN ICELANDIC LADY IN NATIONAL COSTUME

The festival dress, usually of blue or black velvet or cloth, is embroidered with gold filigree, and the hair is drawn back into a lawn headdress fastened around the forehead with a gold diadem.



© Isabel Wylie Hutchinson

WASHING AT THE HOT SPRINGS NEAR REYKJAVIK

Some of Iceland's wealthier and more progressive farmers are now piping the water from such hot springs into their homes for heating and cooking purposes (see page 481).

flew with flashing wings and merry cries. These Iceland birds are said to repeat the cries of the birds of clay in Nazareth.

THE WOMEN OF ICELAND ADHERE TO PICTURESQUE NATIONAL COSTUME

The birds and flowers were to be almost my sole companions throughout my journey, for not on the most barren moorland did I lose touch with the beautiful little Alpine flora, the cushion pink, the white mountain saxifrage, the sea pink, which we associate with the rocks of the shore, but which grows all over the arid beds of what were doubtless once molten oceans of lava.

In spite of my heavy knapsack and waterproof, I was so happy to be on the road at last that my spirits sang with the curlew, and very happily, about 4 in the afternoon, I reached the wooden church and farm parsonage of Lagafell, amid its green pastures, where the haymakers were busy. By the aid of a phrase book picked up in Reykjavik, "The Englishman on Iceland," I made bold to ask for coffee, after which the *husfrue* (the lady of the house) not only showed me over the little red-roofed kirk, with its picture of Christ above the altar (the Icelanders are Lutherans), but also took from a drawer and shook from its folds, for my edification, her best gown of fine black cashmere, embroidered round the foot with leaves and flowers of yellow silk, and an old silver belt and clasp graced with an image of the Madonna (see

pages 477 and 479).

Most women of Iceland still wear this very picturesque national costume, handed down from mother to daughter, with headdress of a small, flat black cap and tassel with silver ornament. Their hair, which is usually abundant and beautiful, hangs down the back in plaits or is looped up again and caught under the cap.

It was 5 o'clock when I left Lagafell, and soon I struck off from the postroad, leaving the last motorcar I was to see till I reached Blonduos, in the far north, and made for the mountains across a tableland of stones.

An unkempt Icelandic, on a mean farm

at the foot of the Svinaskard, showed me the track and ford across a considerable stream and indicated by his watch that it would be midnight before I reached my destination. A little dismayed, for I was now very tired, I pushed on for the pass.

Up and up the twisting track led. When I turned I saw Reykjavik, lying far away behind me in the sunset, the harbor still catching the light.

To my dismay, a thin white mist now began to close about me, getting thicker and thicker as I rose. This was my worst enemy, for in the gathering twilight (it was after 10 o'clock, but still light) the path was hard to find, and I began to contemplate a night on the wet hillside—no inviting prospect.

Near this place, in a snowstorm last winter, a man was found frozen to death with his two young children in his arms. Did he call to mind, perhaps, as the darkness and the snow closed over him, the beautiful words of the 16th century hymn-writer of Iceland, Hallgrimr Petursson:

"Whene'er the Master calleth
No man may buy him free,
And night, where'er it falleth,
Hath naught of fear for me."

THREE HORSEMEN SHOW THE WAY

I was still mounting, and the head of the pass seemed farther and farther off. Suddenly through the mist three riders loomed upon me, going in the opposite direction, staring with amazement at my flushed countenance.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

SHE DRESSES AS HER GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER DID

A dark jacket and skirt, a silver belt, a shawl for out of doors, and a small cap with a long, thick tassel distinguish the Iceland woman who clings to old styles (see, also, illustration, page 485).

I stopped them abruptly.
"Talith ther ensku?" ("Do you speak English?")

To my joy came the answer from a young man at the rear, "Yes, a leetle." Mothruvellir was still 6 miles distant. "But you do not see it from the road; it is on this side of the river; take care you do not miss it."

Without this providential word of guidance, I doubt if I should have reached the lonely mountain farm that night, for the track was scarcely distinguishable from the moor by the time I came to the river at the foot of the pass.

I blundered dazedly on to the left over



Photograph by Thorlufur Thorleifsson

A WINTER STREET SCENE IN REYKJAVIK

The seat of government of the island is also the seat of the national university, which was established seventeen years ago with four faculties—theology, medicine, law, and philosophy. While Iceland is on the fringe of the Arctic Circle, its climate is much milder than regions in the same latitude on the eastern seaboard of America. The mean temperature at Reykjavik in January, the coldest month of the year, is two degrees below freezing and in July about 52° Fahrenheit.

the bog, and suddenly something rose before me on the skyline like the outline of a dwelling. I had nearly reached it when there came the sound of a pony's hoofs behind me and a man's voice singing.

As I neared the door of a poor-looking wooden shed (for so the farm seemed to me in the darkness) the rider cantered up, and it is a wonder that he did not think me a troll and turn me from his dwelling, for I must have astonished him considerably by my sudden appearance there at midnight.

I hailed him desperately. "*Get jeg fengjith her gistingu?*" ("Can I stay here the night?") He stopped singing, leaned from his pony, and peered at me; then, holding out his hand, tried to take mine.

Sudden consternation seized me with the thought that he was drunk. No sign of life came from the farmhouse. On all the wide mountain he and I and the pony seemed to be the only living creatures.

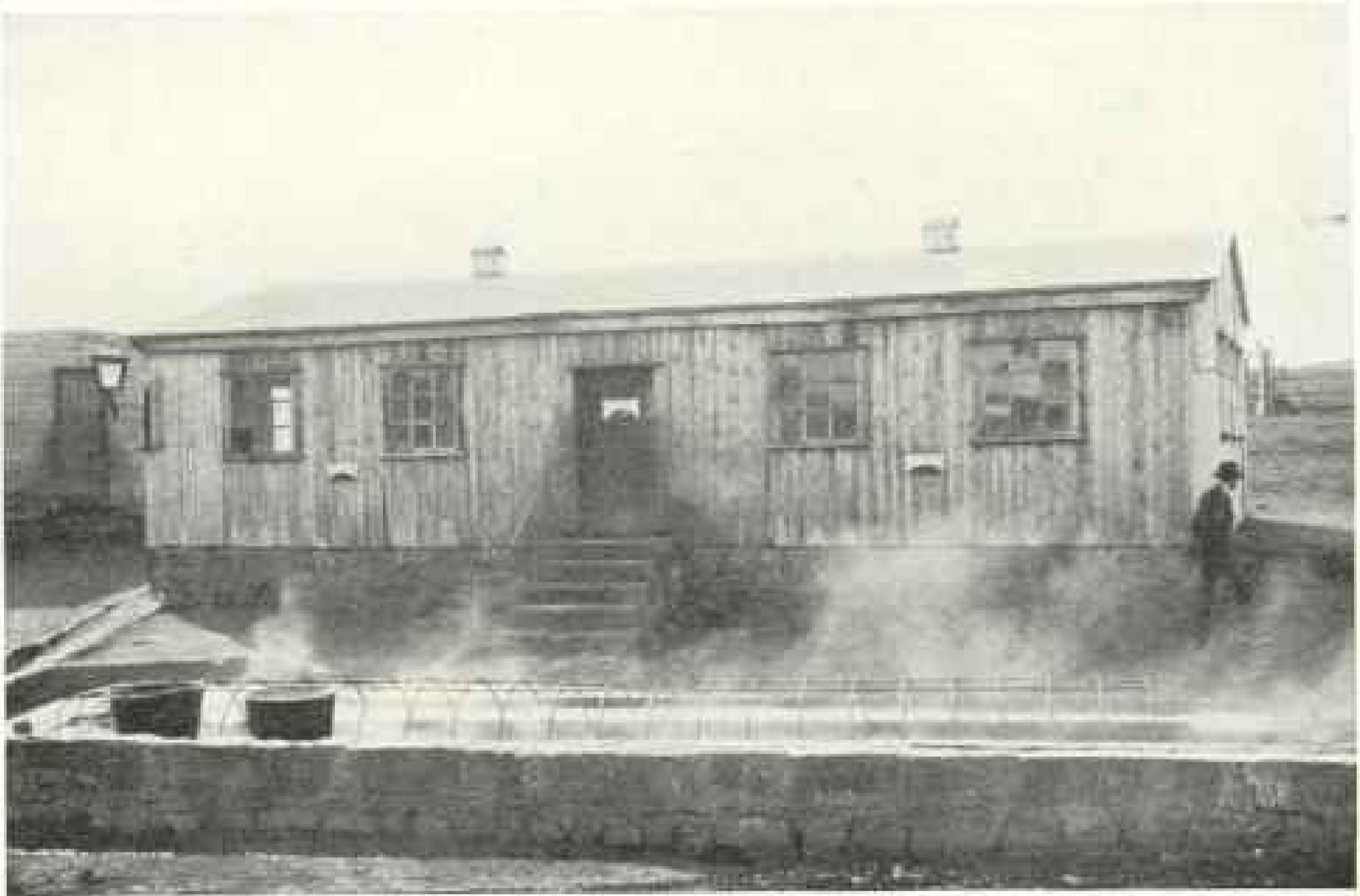
Loneliness and a night on the stones were better than such company, and I retreated hurriedly into the mist again while he dismounted.

I heard him blunder into the house, but no sound came from it. I was about to return again into the night to find some place where I could lie down, for I was now so weary that I think I should have slept where I fell, when I remembered my friend's kind wish, "God save you!"

"*Jo! Jo! SHE IS HUMAN!*"

Shame seized me. Where was my boasted faith that it should disappear at the first fence, so to speak. Summoning my courage in both hands, I returned to the house, and as I neared it I heard to my joy the sound of a woman's voice. Though I did not understand a word, I know as well as if I did that they both cried, "*Jo! Jo!*" (Yes!). She is indeed a human being!" as I came up.

The man vanished, and to this day I



Photograph by John A. Manley.

THE REYKJAVIK PUBLIC LAUNDRY

This building is situated opposite a natural hot spring which continues to flow nearly boiling water the year round without change in temperature. The clothing is brought here and washed and accommodations for drying are furnished by the city.



Photograph courtesy Roger Nielsen

ICELAND'S HOT SPRINGS ARE A BOON TO THE NATION

Nature provides the boiling pot for these housewives and helps to solve the fuel-for-heat problem (see, also, page 478).



Photograph from Roger Nielsen.

GULLFOSS, ICELAND'S MOST FAMOUS CATARACT

Golden Fall is so named because of its color in the sunshine. It is a drop in the river Hvíta (pronounced Kveetow), a few miles from Geysir (see page 473). The water descends in several steps, and although the fall has a total height of only 150 feet, it compares favorably with the most beautiful in Europe and has even been likened to Niagara. Tourists proclaim Gullfoss one of the "lens" of the country, and so put it in a class with Hekla, Geysir, and Thingvellir (see pages 469, 473, 474, and 475).

do not know if he were drunk or not. I only know that presently I found myself seated in the window of a wooden-walled room drinking a glass of milk—I was too tired to eat—while a kindly woman's face peered dimly at me in the darkness that was now lit by a great golden moon rising over the shoulder of the hill, pouring its light through the dark valley which had before seemed so dreadful.

"Got lampa here!" I said, pointing, while she sought clean linen from a little wooden chest and buttoned the eider-down duvet into it. Every Icelandic bed has its eider-down duvet for sole covering, and warm enough it is in all conscience on a fine summer night!

"Yes, yes, good lamp!" she said, and when she had persuaded herself that I had indeed come over the pass without a pony, *gangende* (a word which all Scots will recognize as meaning "walking"), she left me at last, and I fell into the clean bed

and slept till the sun had long ousted the moon from the skies. Indeed, I do not remember to have seen the moon again during my tour.

III

Beside the little farm of Mothruvellir there flows a fair-sized river, and beyond it barren lava peaks soar aloft, dividing the valley from Hvalfjörður (Whale Fjord). On its far shore, a good 25 or more miles distant, lies the little church and parsonage of Saurbaer (baer, pronounced like the Scottish word "byre," means a farm), my second destination, and, as I found, the last resting place of Hallgrímur Petursson (see text, page 479), whose gravestone lies just outside the church door, amid the nameless green mounds of the little kirkyard, where he can hear of a Sunday his own sweet melodies, still among Iceland's favorite hymns.

Petursson died a leper, a disease now happily nearly extinct in Iceland. I visited



Photograph by Thorleifur Thorleifsson

AMID ICELAND'S GLACIERS

The glacier and the volcano exist side by side in Iceland; often they are combined, for many of the mountains, from whose tops the glaciers are slowly pushing downward, are slumbering volcanoes which melt the bottom layers of snow and send down those many hundreds of icy streams which the traveler continually encounters. The glaciers themselves surpass in size all similar phenomena in continental Europe. They have a combined area of some 5,300 square miles, or more than three times the area of the glaciers of the Alps.

the leper hospital in Reykjavik and was told by the doctor there that there were only 58 cases left.

I limped into Saurbaer late in the evening, for I had missed my road on a high mountain and had gone an hour out of my way down the valley toward Thingvellir before I discovered my mistake. But the magnificence of the scenery, when I at last struck the path on the other side of the mountain, after a scramble up its face, and the beauty of Hvalfjörður, lying below me in the radiant sunshine, compensated for my weariness.

I met only one party of riders in the whole day, till I reached the historic farm of Thyril (Cream Whisk, from the shape of the hills), 9 miles from Saurbaer, lying in green pastures under wild volcanic crags like a mass of petrified sponges.

A HAUNT OF OUTLAWS AND EIDER DUCKS

A bottle-necked peninsula juts out into the fjord here, and not far away is the

precipitous islet of Geirsholmi, a haunt of the eider duck and famous in Icelandic sagas, for here lived Hord, the outlaw, with Helga, his wife.

Hord had fallen under the ban of outlawry on his return from Sweden, where he had broken into a grave and found its dead inmate seated solitary, in his ship, amid his treasure, but still unwilling to part with his gold. Hord wrested a gold ring from him, which brought a curse with it, and he was outlawed. To this lonely islet of Hvalfjörður he fled, and lived by harrying the neighborhood, but at last he and his men were massacred by one Thorstein of Thyril.

Helga, with her two young sons, escaped by swimming ashore. She made her way through a rift in the columnar crags high above Thyril to the house of her sister, Thorbjorg, who was so much moved by the story that she could not speak.

That night Thorbjorg stood over her



Photograph by Hans Petersen

ICELAND PONIES LOADED FOR A JOURNEY

It is fascinating to travel on pony-back from farm to farm, enjoying the hospitality of the people at night; but when it is remembered that the greater part of the country's transportation of both "passengers and freight" is effected in this primitive way, the method is apt to lose some of its glamour.



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A PONY IN AN ICELANDIC "FOREST"

The absence of trees in Iceland gives a bleak aspect to the land. A birch 15 feet high is a forest giant (see text, page 485).



Photograph by John A. Manley

ONE GIRL OF THIS PICNIC GROUP WEARS THE NATIVE ICELANDIC COSTUME.

husband, Gullknapp, and with his sword gave him a sore wound, so that he cried out. "Fetch me," she said, "the head of Thorstein of Thyri!" This, after much slaughter, he eventually did, and, as the story concludes, "Everybody thought that Thorbjorg had done a very fine thing."

In the bright summer afternoon, with no trace left of these savage deeds of a thousand years ago, I reached Thyri, drank three cups of coffee, and was guided on my way toward Saurbaer by a golden-haired child called Solveig.

At Saurbaer I was received with immediate hospitality by the wife of Dean Thurlaciús. What a haven of rest was the little parlor, with its velvet sofa and bright nosegays of wild flowers, on whose threshold I at last removed my dusty Scottish boots! Her son spoke English excellently and next morning came in to take breakfast with me.

"You must have a pony for your journey to-day," he said. "There are two deep rivers to ford." He insisted that he must go with me to Hestur, 20 miles distant, and introduce me to another minister who spoke English, Sera (the Rev.) Eiríkur Albertsson, who would guide me to Nordtunga the following day over two other difficult streams (see page 493).

SWANS SING AMONG THE LONELY HILLS

So, on ponies we set off, my guide Magnus making a detour in order that he might show me an Icelandic "wood" where a Y. M. C. A. party from Reykjavik had recently encamped. "A beautiful place," as, indeed, I found it, though the tallest trees, all birch, smelling sweetly in the rain that had fallen that morning, were scarcely more than 15 feet high.

"I think Iceland is very, very beautiful," said Magnus solemnly, as he halted his



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ON THE "ROAD" TO AKUREYRI: THE AUTHOR FORDING A RIVER ON FOOT



Photograph by Hans Petersen

ICELAND FARMERS

The lack of fuel is one of the Icelandic farmer's greatest cares. With imported coal in the cities costing exorbitant sums and impossible to transport to the interior, and with native peat difficult to carry in pony-pack caravans; the only material the farmer can burn is sheep manure. Luckily, the houses are tightly constructed and often the heat from the kitchen stove is enough to warm the living-room.



Photograph from Isabel Wylie Hutchison

FORDING AN ICELAND RIVER BY PONY

Except in the desert of the uninhabited interior, water is only too plentiful in Iceland. Small, icy mountain streams and turbulent rivers are encountered on every hand.

pony to point to a glorious view of the sun striking fire from Borgarfjörður, beneath snow-splashed crags not whiter than the wild swans we had just passed, swimming on a little mountain loch. "You call it a tarn, I think," said this young Icelandic linguist.

He told me that there were many swans, and that it was lovely to hear them singing in the evening, amid the lonely hills. I was pondering on this strange music, for I had never heard of swans singing except before they died, when suddenly my pony took to his heels in a mad canter, which left me clinging ignominiously to his yellow mane, laughing and shouting breathlessly, "Nay! Nay!" (which is the pretty Icelandic for No!).

And so, presently, we reached Hestur, a little parsonage and farm with a glorious view over a wide plain and twisting silver salmon rivers to Borgarfjörður.

THE "BIL" IS REPLACING THE PONY EVEN IN ICELAND.

Here I made the acquaintance of two new things—salmon soup and an Icelandic sidesaddle—neither of which I enjoyed.

The sidesaddle had to be exchanged for a man's saddle at the nearest farmhouse, and how Icelandic ladies can sit—far less canter—upon this unwieldy upholstered contrivance, with its iron handrail, is to me a matter of awe and amazement.

Sera Albertsson was as kind and hospitable as his neighbor of Saurbaer—a man of wide culture, with English and other foreign books in his library. He was away fetching hay with his ponies when I arrived and I did not see him till the next morning. He came with me over two rivers, across the stony tableland, and past the steaming hillsides of Reykholt, till we had crossed a milky glacial torrent over a bridge whose hollow-sounding boards his pony, perhaps with prescience, resented. "In twenty-five years," said Sera Albertsson regretfully, "the pony will be a luxury in Iceland. It will be all 'bils' (automobiles) and bridges and roads."

The road here was excellent and in the dust I could already see the track of a motor tire.

Before leaving me he took me up to the top of a height to point out to me the



Photograph by John A. Maudley

ICELANDIC HAY WAGONS

On the quantity of hay harvested depends the number of sheep and ponies which the farmer can keep during the winter.

farm and kirk of Nordtunga, lying in the valley below, beside another bridge and salmon river.

"I have been told that the geography of Iceland is more like that of the moon than any other part of the earth," I said, as I surveyed the fallen plain and the gaunt, extinct craters.

"I can well believe it," he agreed gravely.

"I hope we shall meet again some day, perhaps on the moon," I said smiling, and so we shook hands and parted, and I watched him regretfully till his ponies had turned the corner.

He had spent a valuable summer day, which might have been devoted to hay-making and numerous other occupations, in conducting a stranger, at a moment's notice, 15 miles across country. When the "bils" come, and the bridges, and so-called civilization, will Iceland show such hospitality to the stranger within her gates?

IV

With the horrors of Nordtunga I cannot deal here at length. It was nothing short of a hotel, crowded to literal overflowing into two annexes in the fields with kindly Icelanders, who had been warned of my arrival by telephone from Hestur (the telephone has outrun the road in this part of Iceland) and had a Union Jack ready to hoist in my honor as I walked up! (I am a shy person, with a morbid horror of publicity!)

At supper two rooms had been thrown into one, and an enormous table spanned it, crowded with visitors. A lady, speaking excellent English, constituted herself my interpreter and guardian and beckoned me to a chair by her side. All eyes were turned upon me, and as the meal proceeded I blushed at every mouthful.

My journey was the sole topic of conversation. By what stages had I come? Where would I stop? How would I cross the rivers that still lay between me and Akureyri? No Icelfander would dream of undertaking such a journey on foot without a pony or guide; it was an admirable thing! Walking tours in Iceland are unknown. It is all pony here!

This adulation revived my drooping spirits. To these kindly, simple folk I was something of a heroine! What be-



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THE "TRAIL OF THE SERPENT," AN ICELANDIC MOTOR-BUS

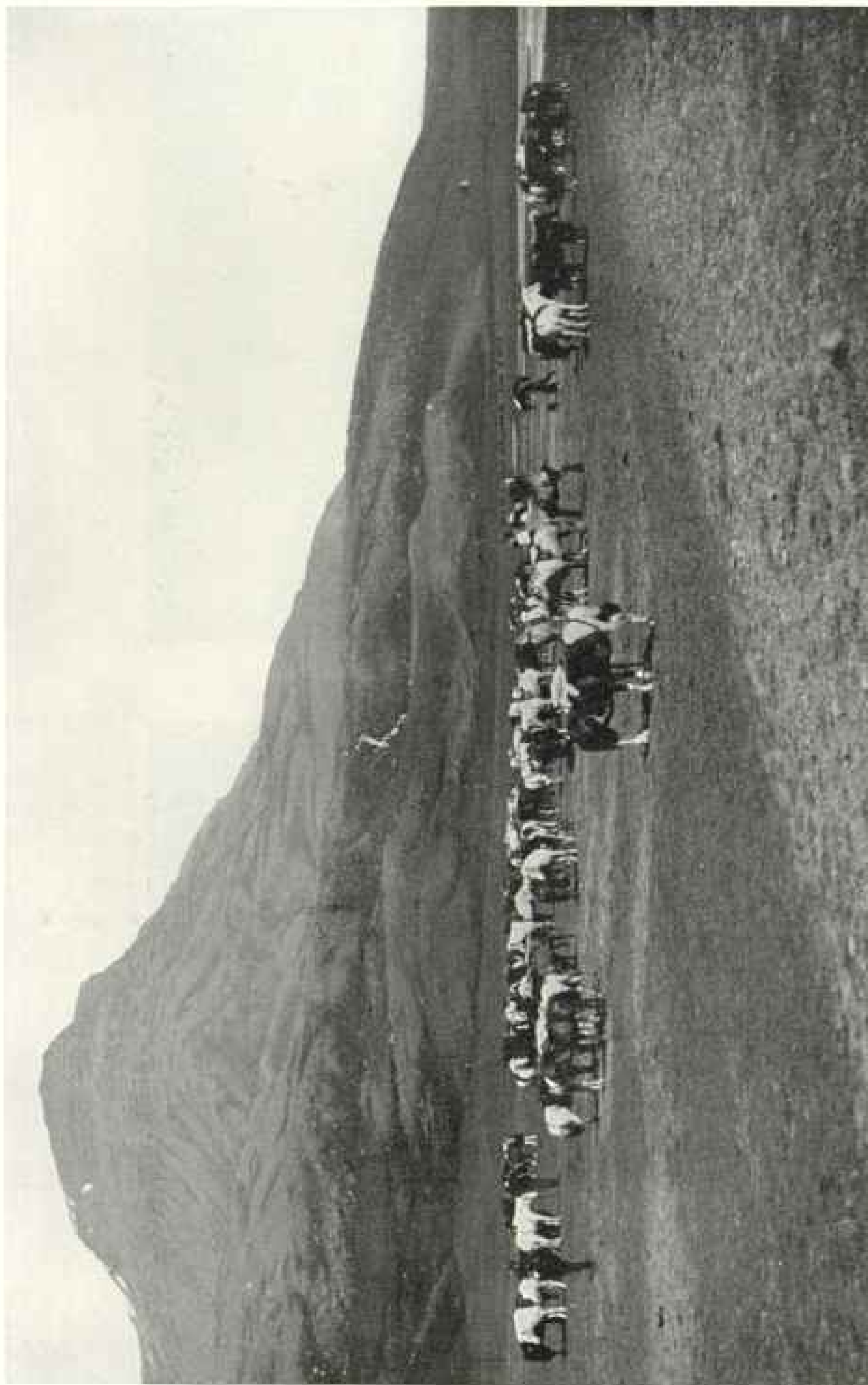
Forty years ago there were no roads for wheeled vehicles whatsoever in Iceland; to-day there are only 400 miles over which automobiles may travel with comfort, and few of the towns and cities are connected with highways. According to a program of construction recently outlined, in 1934 motor-buses will be able to travel from Reykjavik to Akureyri.



Photograph by John A. Manley

A GUIDEPOST OVER BARREN LAVA FIELDS

In summer the road may be followed without difficulty, but in winter the trail is obliterated, and, as there are no trees or other landmarks whereby it may be followed, travel becomes dangerous; so these pillars of stone are built as signposts. On the side near the automobile is a projecting stone, which indicates that the road is on that side of the monument.



THE BURDENS OF ICELAND ARE BORNE ALMOST EXCLUSIVELY ON THE BACKS OF PONIES

Small, shaggy, sure-footed, and extraordinarily strong, these ponies are in demand in many countries. Their importance in inland transport is due primarily to the absence of good roads for wheeled vehicles.

tween the salmon and the admiration, I swelled visibly and blushed more and more. But a stout, pasty-faced Icelander at the head of the table, who I am convinced had never walked farther than a mile for several years past, had too much of this and cut short my pride.

"When we Icelanders come to the rivers, we swim them!" he cried bombastically, "and carry our clothes on our heads. We are not Icelanders for nothing!" At which there was a general burst of merriment and my exploit sank to its normal proportions.

The place was crowded, but a bed would be arranged for me, I was told, in the sitting-room, one of the double rooms in which supper had been served. It had five keyless doors, through which the traffic of the house surged, and my chances of a quiet night seemed desperate.

I was very weary, but I could not even take my boots off. In this extremity my English-speaking friend came to my rescue and offered me a bed in the annex.

"There is another lady, but you will not mind her," she said as she opened the little wooden door and showed me two clean pallets on either side. As an alternative to having the entire household as my roommates, this seemed comparative privacy, and (though there is nothing in the world I dislike so much as having to share a sleeping apartment) I accepted it with thankfulness.

The next night I spent in the poor cabin of Fornihvanmur, far in the hills, having taken a pony and guide from Nordtunga across a fair-sized river and gone on afoot thereafter. All I saw of the sun that day was an occasional faint shadow on the path, accompanying me through the mist.

A wild mountain river foamed at my right hand. I met not a soul, and presently the rain descended, and I arrived soaked to the skin. It was a poor place, but the kindly people did their best for me. Gudmunder, the husfrue, dried my garments at the kitchen stove and ran to pat me on the cheek and back, in her pity at my unintelligible Icelandic, every time I opened my mouth.

A PONY JOURNEY OF MANY TRIBULATIONS

With much difficulty I bargained for a pony and guide next day over the long,

barren heath of Holteordurheithi. There were no large rivers to cross, but the distance to my next halt, Stadur, was considerable. Rain was still descending in torrents, and Sera Albertsson had counseled me to take a guide here.

Never shall I forget my ride over that heath! I could certainly have walked it more quickly, despite the rain. I had asked for a "quiet horse," and doubtless the agent had his tongue in his cheek when he assured me that my thin little brown nag was a "stiltan best," for never have I had a worse mount. Don Quixote was not in it with me and Säkki (my Sancho Panza, a young boy guide) that day.

Throughout the dismal, dripping stroll of eight hours over the dreary moorland, beside foaming mountain rivers, only once, in the late afternoon, did one of the ponies break into a faint amble, though I do not yet know if they were both very old, very ill, or only very lazy. I suspected mine also of being a little blind, as it stumbled whenever I tried to urge it on.

In this miserable way, the most tiresome of all forms of pony riding, we proceeded for miles in gusts of wild rain, with shadowy intervals in which the sun tried, but failed, to pierce the mists. Up a long valley and over a bleak tableland we went, to the northern seaboard at Hrutáfjörður, where, in sight of the northern sea, I felt that my journey was half accomplished.

ICELANDIC HOSPITALITY

I tried to console myself for my slow progress by reflecting that I had come to Iceland with the hope of escaping speed, motorcars, and senseless hurry. I counted the small wild flowers by the path: thrift, polygonum, bedstraw, and the golden saxifrage, which they call beautifully in Iceland *solfi* (Sun's eye).

But, soaked as I was, it was with a sense of great weariness and relief that I fell off my pony at Stadur in answer to a hearty roar from Farmer Gisli Eriesson, with his huge laugh, his quick intelligence, and highly successful efforts to converse with me in Icelandic. All the names of the days he wrote down for me in my diary. He was the first man I had met who took snuff (from a rull made of a walrus tooth mounted in silver).



© Isabel Wyde Hutchison

BRINGING HOME THE HAY

With the exception of sheep- and horse-raising, practically the only agricultural pursuit of Iceland is haymaking. Every farmer has a small field called the *tun*, which he fertilizes and tries to keep level. Most of the hay grows wild, however, and is a sort of marsh grass found on the boggy moors.

Not a penny would he accept next day for the meals I had eaten or the clean, comfortable upstairs bedroom in which I slept for twelve hours without turning.

"I would willingly leave you some crowns," I urged timidly as I was departing. His blue eyes flashed. "Nay!" he roared in his tremendous voice, and again, "Nay!" It was enough that I had taken a photograph of his wife and mother, his pony and his dog, and would send him these. He would have none of my crowns, but I feel sure he has a golden one awaiting him some day in that Heaven which enjoins us "to use hospitality ungrudgingly."

ROSY-CHEEKED AMAZONS ENJOY A COFFEE PARTY

It was Sunday morning when I left him to walk to Stadur-Bakki, 15 miles distant, up the side of Hrutafjörður and across the moor. The day seemed full of sunshine and peace, and I went down and sat by the water to rest ere turning inland over the hill. It was very lonely and very

peaceful, with no sound on the shore save the melodious chord of the sea, the clouds resting gently on the mountains, casting blue shadows. From a green farm across the water came the faint barking of a dog, and once an oyster catcher flew over me, calling shrilly.

I reached the farm of Stadur-Bakki to plunge into the midst of a Sunday coffee party. Rosy-cheeked Amazons in riding skirts and rough-haired young farmers were seated round the table to which I was led by my next hostess, and all eyes were turned upon the *Fruc Eysku* (Englishwoman) in amazed curiosity, as I gulped my coffee and made desperate efforts to converse about my journey. "What! Walking? Never!" And a roar of laughter and queries as to what sort of boots I wore.

My new host was a snuffy, spectacled man of a different kidney from Gisli Ericsson. I had picked up enough Icelandic to understand that he discussed with his companions under my very nose the price he might ask for the horse and



SERA ALBERTSSON OF HESTUR, AN ICELAND MINISTER, AND HIS PONY



© Isabel Wylie Hutchison

THE AUTHOR FORDS A RIVER WITH A GUIDE AND PONY

Bridges, like highways, are rarely to be found in Iceland, and in crossing the swifter and deeper streams along her route, the author was forced to rely upon ponies.



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THE CHURCH AT HOLTASTADIR

It has a fine old door handle and a quaint pulpit (see text, page 495). Here the author met the most charming hostess of her Iceland walking tour.

guide I required next day over the Viddalsá, one of the deepest rivers I had to ford on my journey; but his jaw dropped when I tackled him, as he was returning in the gloaming after seeing his friends off, and across the dark supper table asked him point-blank to state his price. He eventually agreed to reasonable terms (the equivalent of \$2.50) for a guide and ponies across two rivers to the farm of Laekjarnot, from which I was to walk on 12 miles across another lesser stream, the Glerá, to the farm of Knauser.

The Glerá, though small, was the deepest river I forded on foot, coming well to the knee, and the fates willed it, as if

in frolic, that I should cross it not once, but three times; for just across, struck by the beauty of a waterfall above the ford, I stopped to take a picture, and lo and behold, my camera was gone! I had left it half a mile back on the other side, where I had paused to rest. There was nothing to do but to plunge in again and return for it.

I came down to Knauser on a brilliant evening and struck a motoring track again, leading to the little seaport of Blonduos, where I spent the next night at a guest-house with a good soul, I think a member of the Salvation Army, which has many members in Iceland.

In all the interesting journey I saw no stranger scenery than the clustered knolls of Knauser, like giant mole hills. Their strangeness reminded me forcibly of photographs I had seen of the craters of the moon, but of anything

like them on earth I knew nothing, save perhaps the shale bings of the Scottish Lothians.

"AN ANGEL ON HORSEBACK"

From Blonduos, a pleasant little village at the mouth of the dangerous glacial Blandá (White or Blond River), I passed on up the valley to Holtastadir on a lovely hot day. On the way, as I was toiling head down against a strong wind, a kindly Amazon came klop-klop behind me, pointing to my knapsack, pointed to her pack pony, and, hardly waiting to hear me cry my destination, whisked my burden from me and was off with it. Talk of angels

on horseback! For a few short miles I was a free woman and knew what Christian felt like when he cast his burden down!

The Icelander is honest as the day, and there was my pack awaiting me when at last I reached the delightful farm of Holtastadir, with its garden plot, a most unusual thing in Iceland, of monkshood, shirley poppies, and roses amid the family graves.

The gracious hostess was also organist of the little church close by (see illustration, page 494), with its quaint old pulpit, showing Moses and Aaron, with a panel of the Crucifixion between, and Mary standing at the foot of the Cross, looking for all the world as if she were laughing instead of weeping!

The lady of Holtastadir, with her quiet dignity, her love of flowers and music, was the most charming of all my hostesses. She played to me many lovely hymns and songs on the church organ, weeping surreptitiously over the last one, a beautiful Icelandic burial hymn, perhaps Hallgrímur Petursson's. Her small son, Josaphat, who accompanied me on horseback for several miles next day and told me all the names of the wild flowers, of which he had already collected 130, was also the most delightful of guides.

I pushed on after he left me to Vidimyri, 20 miles, over high, magnificent mountains, mistaking my way again, but recalled to it by a kind woman at whose farm I stopped for coffee. Seeing me going astray down the valley, she came running after me half a mile to set me on the right path. For this inestimable service I could only wring her hand and say, *Bestu þakkir* (Best thanks).

CHURCH IS FAMILY LAUNDRY ROOM ON WEEK DAYS

At Vidimyri I found an old kirk roofed with grass and filled, as it was a week day, with the family washing, suspended, drying, amid the tall wooden pews! It had also a very fine old silver and jeweled communion cup engraved inside with the head of a knight in armor.

A silent, dignified man in a tail coat and spectacles, more like a lawyer than a farmer, accompanied me next day on

pony-back to the boat ferry over the broad Herodsvotn, the deepest and widest river between Reykjavik and Akureyri.

We waited an hour on an island in the middle, to which we had crossed on pony-back, shouting in vain for the ferry. At last another Icelander, newly come from Canada and talking English with a fine colonial accent, joined us on our islet with his pony and helped us to halloo till the ferryman appeared from the other side.

This new traveler counseled me to call on the minister at Miklibær (Muckle Byre, or Big Farm), which good advice ended in my making the best friends of all my journey and spending the night there with the young parson, Sera Laurens, and his gentle wife, Gudrun. They were raking the hay when I arrived, but Gudrun came in to wait upon me, standing beside the table, as is the embarrassing custom with Icelandic ladies, and only with difficulty being persuaded to eat with her husband and me.

A TRAGIC TALE IN A CHURCHYARD

She was very modest and pretty, with long, dark plaits. Her husband, who talked English well and had a whole shelf of Rabindranath Tagore and Sir Oliver Lodge in his bookcase, took me to see the church, where there is a fine old 17th century altarpiece by one Oddur Gislason, a man with a strange history. One day, coming from his farm to the church, only a few minutes' walk distant, he suddenly disappeared and has never been heard of since, though it is said that his maidservant, who had cut her throat for hopeless love of him and whose dying request to be buried in consecrated ground he had sternly refused, had spirited him away.

In the churchyard here, amid the nameless mounds, Sera Laurens showed me a white marble stone from my own country of Scotland, erected by his fiancée in memory of Mr. W. W. Howell, who was drowned near here 25 years ago, while crossing the Herodsvotn.

The broad, green plain of the Herodsvotn, shining in the evening sun, with the haymakers at work far over the emerald swards, was one of the loveliest parts of Iceland that I saw, and while I helped Gudrun to rake the hay, Sera Laurens



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THE HERODSVOTN RIVER, NEAR MIKLIBAER AND JOURNEY'S END (SEE PAGE 495),
MUST BE CROSSED BY FERRY

showed me how to rake it first into *funks*, or armfuls, and then into the long haycock called a *bolster*.

It was after 9 o'clock before the last sunlight faded behind the mountains and the soft fingers of the mist began to girdle the great peaks. Then, the hay being too wet now because of the dew, we went in to the house for supper, and while Gudrun prepared it Sera Laurens showed me his books and read to me in Icelandic, from his shark-skin and silver Bible, of the tongues of men and angels, that I might compare his tongue with its descendant, English.

He also repeated to me in excellent English the complete poem, "It's a long way to Tipperary," but I told him that I thought the way to Akureyri was longer!

Next day he accompanied me up the valley as far as Silfrastadir. "I am determined to accompany you," he said quietly, when I protested that I must walk.

His charity was real. Like Gisli Ericsson, not a penny would he accept for his hospitality. "I think this must be yours," he said, picking up the bank note I had left awkwardly on the table. "Will you not take it for your church?" I protested.

But the Icelandic service has one advance on ours—there is no collection!

"You cannot give back change from the church," I smiled. He hesitated. "Well," he said, "there is a poor widow living here with two children; may I give it to her? Gudrun!" He called his wife, and presently, as the ponies were being saddled, a young golden-haired woman came up to me with scarlet face to shake me vehemently by the hand and thank me for Sera Laurens's charity.

A DINNER DISH RESEMBLING GUMMED WOOD

Two more nights and my walk would be but a golden memory. The next night I spent at a very poor but clean mountain cabin, with a young Icelfander, his wife and child. Petur, my last host and guide, was a splendid fellow—dark, sunburnt, tall. He might have come straight out of one of the Sagas.

They were simple folks, who pored for long over Sera Laurens's letter of introduction, which I had presented. They had but little to offer me for supper. Eggs? Nay. Porridge? Yes, yes! Then Petur, in triumph, pointed to the words

in my book, *hardfiskur* (dried fish). "Jo, jo," I pretended. "Hardfisk is good!" May I be forgiven the lie! I found it like strips of gummed wood. Fortunately, the cat had come in to accompany my supper!

Up the wild, narrow valley Petur and his ponies accompanied me next day, a hot Sunday of glorious sunshine, till I had safely crossed my last ferry, the Ox-nadalá.

My first pony had been called "Leuki," the name, I believe, of a heathen god; it was fitting, then, that my last pony, which brought me within a day's reach of my Promised Land, should have borne a name which I could only interpret as Moses.

With sorrow I slipped from his saddle, shook hands with Petur, and watched him till he had recrossed the river and was far within the shadow of the great mountains, where his simple, happy life is lived. If these people are poor, they do not know it; but as I turned down the green hillside to my last halt at the parsonage of Baegisa, I thought only of how rich they were.

JOURNEY'S END

Baegisa is a fragrant memory of soaring mountains, a beautiful maiden, and clean sheets with "süsse träume" stamped on the quilt; and last, but not least, of the most wonderful dish I tasted on my journey. It was brought to me after breakfast by the shy, blue-eyed young daughter of the house, with her massive plaits of fair hair hanging nearly to her knees.

The cream and spoon I had seen on the table, and awaited with philosophy their usual Icelandic accompaniment, *skyr*, a kind of curdled sheep's milk supped with cream and sugar. Imagine my astonished delight, then, when in this fruitless country was placed before me a great dish of mountain blueberries with the dusky bloom yet upon them! She piled them and poured cream and sugar lavishly.

Says Hazlitt, "There is one subject on which it is pleasant to talk upon a journey, and that is what one shall have for supper when we get to our inn at night." And if it seems gluttonous to you that on our last morning together I boast of my breakfast, I can only apologize and bid you farewell, for now we are come within sight of Akureyri and our journey of 260 miles across Iceland is accomplished.

Opposite Baegisa there is a mass of lofty mountain peaks soaring into the sky like the spires of Milan Cathedral, with one great needle called the Finger. As I came out from the parsonage wiping my lips regretfully, for I had not dared to finish the whole bowl of bloom-beeren and wished I had, there rested on the hillside beneath the snow a great splash of rainbow. It was the mountains' farewell.

Before me the road stretched down the valley to the sea, broadening till I saw again in the dust the serpent's trail, the impress of a motor tire.

I turned for one last, long look at the rainbow, the glaciers, and the soaring Finger; then, hoisting my knapsack, I set my face to the sea.

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Photograph by John A. Manley

ICELAND'S FUTURE PROSPERITY MAY BE WRITTEN IN WATER

The development of the nation's tremendous reservoir of water power into hydroelectric energy would pave the way for innumerable manufactures.



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SHE LOOKS FORWARD TO THE DAY WHEN HER COUNTRY WILL NEED FEWER BARRELS

Her fisheries will always be an important item in the island kingdom's list of exports; but Iceland fishermen hope that the time is not distant when much of their catch can be sent fresh by refrigerator steamers to England and other consumer countries, whereas now the harvests of the sea must all be sold as dried or salt fish.

THE ISLAND OF THE SAGAS

BY EARL HANSON

ICELAND'S name naturally suggests to the prospective visitor that he will find a frozen waste. And when his map shows this island to lie across the very threshold of the Arctic Ocean, hard by the glacial coast of Greenland, and 300 miles farther north than bleak Labrador, he is almost prepared to come upon a land of polar bears and of fur-clad folk living in snow igloos.

Iceland is libeled both by nomenclature and maps. On many charts the most important physical fact in its life does not appear. Up from the south flows the warm Gulf Stream to enfold the island and work the magic of whisking it, in effect, nearly a thousand miles toward the Equator; so that its climate is not that of the polar regions, but of southern Canada or northern United States (see map, page 470).

On Iceland's coasts are thriving towns with buildings of stone, gabled roofs and church steeples, busy streets and electric lights. In the streets are men and women garbed much as are the inhabitants of Copenhagen and Glasgow, Ottawa and Minneapolis. One's eyes tell him that here is the same civilization that Europe and America know.

And immaterial factors proclaim the truth still more unmistakably than do material things. Here, in this far northern land, a worthy national literature and stable national institutions were developed when much of Europe was floundering in the Dark Ages. Here the lamp of a Nordic Renaissance burned and lighted its own region before the beacon of the Latin Renaissance was held aloft to light the way for the world. This northern light has never failed. To-day the literacy rate is higher in Iceland than in many countries of Europe.

FIRE AND ICE HAVE CONTENDED FOR MASTERY IN THE INTERIOR

It is true that physically Iceland's best foot is forward. Its most pleasant aspect is its fringe of coast. Inland it is in no-wise a pretty country, though the distinction may be made that it possesses much

scenery of beauty—a weird, magnificent beauty coupled with desolation; for, though Iceland is not the icy waste that distant popular fancy would make it, it fared less fortunately at the hands of another of Nature's great forces, fire. The land is actively volcanic, and in the interior, on every hand, are the evidences of great fiery outbursts of the past. To tourists it presents none of those scenes which have made other lands popular: no forests, no rich meadows, no prosperous-looking farms with beautiful gardens.

Ages ago Iceland was thrown up from the ocean by volcanic action. The most famous of the island's hundred-odd volcanoes is Hekla—perhaps because it was so effectively used in the preachings of the medieval monks and missionaries to symbolize the descent into hell. Its eruptions often have been accompanied by tremendous earthquakes and have wrought great destruction to life and property.

Earthquakes are inescapable in a volcanic region, and Iceland has had its full share of these devastating tremors.

EARTHQUAKES REVIVIFIED THE ISLAND'S DORMANT GEYSERS

The shocks of 1896, while destructive in the main, had at least one by-product that might be classed as constructive. They breathed new life into the world-famous Great Geysir (see page 475), which, if not entirely dead, had at least become a rather indifferent performer. It was suddenly rejuvenated and all the smaller geysers in the vicinity spouted simultaneously. Several new ones were also formed.

Lord Dufferin describes the land in the immediate vicinity of Geysir as being infested with many tumors and boils, for in a hundred places are seen the bare spots and mounds of wet clay or siliceous rock, where the hot springs bubble up, either crystal clear or gray and heavy with mud.

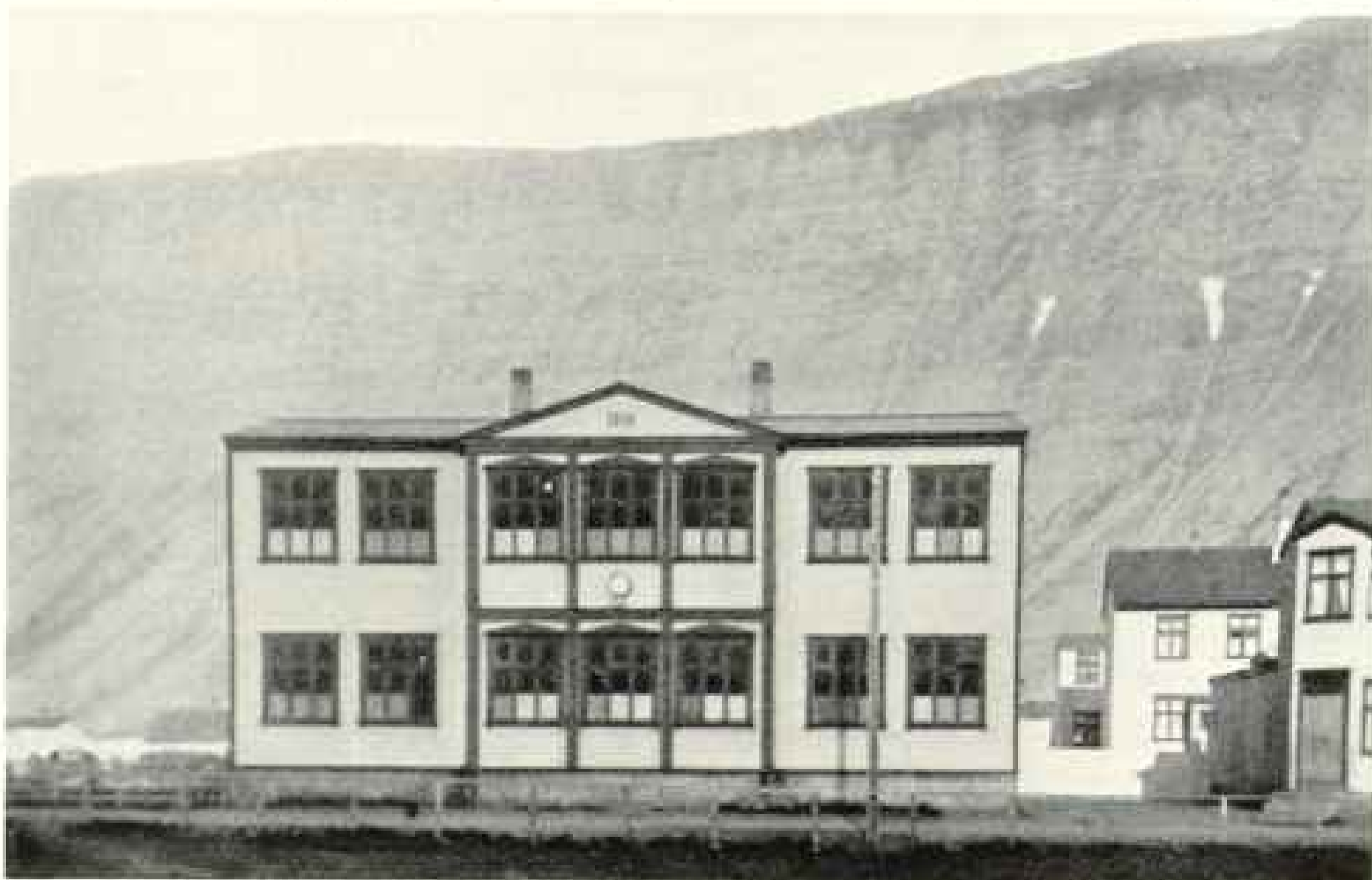
Hot springs are not, however, confined to the vicinity of Geysir; they are found throughout Iceland, and in almost every valley are seen clouds of white steam.

These fuming springs have had a marked



THE "ISLAND" LOADING HERRING AT ISAFJÖRDUR.

Iceland's salted and spiced herring find a ready market in Sweden; the dried cod go to Spain.



THE SCHOOLHOUSE AT ISAFJÖRDUR

© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

Illiteracy is practically unknown in Iceland. The inhabitants speak an old Norse language, and they have kept their tongue so pure throughout the centuries that the average Icelander of to-day is able to read his literature of the 12th or 13th century with greater ease than an American or an Englishman can read an early edition of Shakespeare's works.



Photograph by Herbert Felton

HANDLING THE DAY'S HERRING CATCH AT SIGLUFJÖRDUR

The fresh herring are brought in from the fishing ground by trawlers. As a boat approaches the harbor it hoots to a prearranged code, then, according to the factory to which the trawler is going, a corresponding hoot from the factory is given. In three minutes the jetty that was deserted is crowded with several hundred men and women ready to deal with the catch, which is unloaded into huge troughs on the quay. Girls cut off the heads and clean the fish, then toss them into hampers. These are taken to washing tanks, where the fish are thrown in and washed thoroughly, laddled out, and taken to other girls who have stacks of trays containing approximately equal parts of sugar and salt, about a twentieth of mixed spice, and a quantity of bay leaves. The packing now proceeds, with alternate layers of fish and spiced salt, until the barrels are full. Then coopers put heads in them and they are rolled off to a storeroom, where two girls complete the job, one drilling a hole in each barrel, the other filling it with as much water as the contents will absorb, after which a bung is driven home, and the shipment is ready for Sweden.

effect on the nomenclature of the land. Reykjavik means "Smoking Harbor"; Reykjanes, "Smoking Point." Reykholt, the home of the historian Snorre Sturluson, means "Smoking Hill." On every side is found that Reyk, meaning "smoke."

A LIFE OF ISOLATION ON THE HAY FARMS

Owing to the absence of good roads in the island kingdom, the mail service is hardly calculated to keep one freshly in touch with the world and its affairs. Once a month a postal caravan traverses a fixed route, leaving the letters at a few designated farms, from which the rest of the inhabitants must do their own collecting.

No wonder the Icelandic farmer, leading such an isolated life, is glad to receive

the stranger, shelter him, and ask him questions!

LACK OF FUEL IS ICELAND'S GREATEST HARSHIP

There is a curious custom throughout Iceland of calling the living-room, which is also the sleeping-room for the whole family, the "bathroom." This is said to have come about in the following way:

According to the sagas, the island was once full of forests, which furnished ample fuel for the comfort-loving Vikings. They loved their hot baths, and in each home the favorite room was the one which contained the sunken tub. Stones were heated in bonfires and thrown into the water to bring it to the right temperature.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

SIGLUFJÖRDUR, THE SIXTH CITY OF ICELAND

The harbor entrance is distinguished by bold masses of lava contrasting with bands of red tufa.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

"THE HERRING'S LAST HOME"

These barrels are ready to be filled with the catch at Siglufjörður. Both Siglufjörður and Isafjörður, the herring capitals of the island, are within half a degree of the Arctic Circle. The herring trawlers which frequent these ports are equipped with nets 115 fathoms long and 23 fathoms broad. An ordinary day's catch is 600 barrels (see, also, page 501).



A CODFISH CURING GROUND

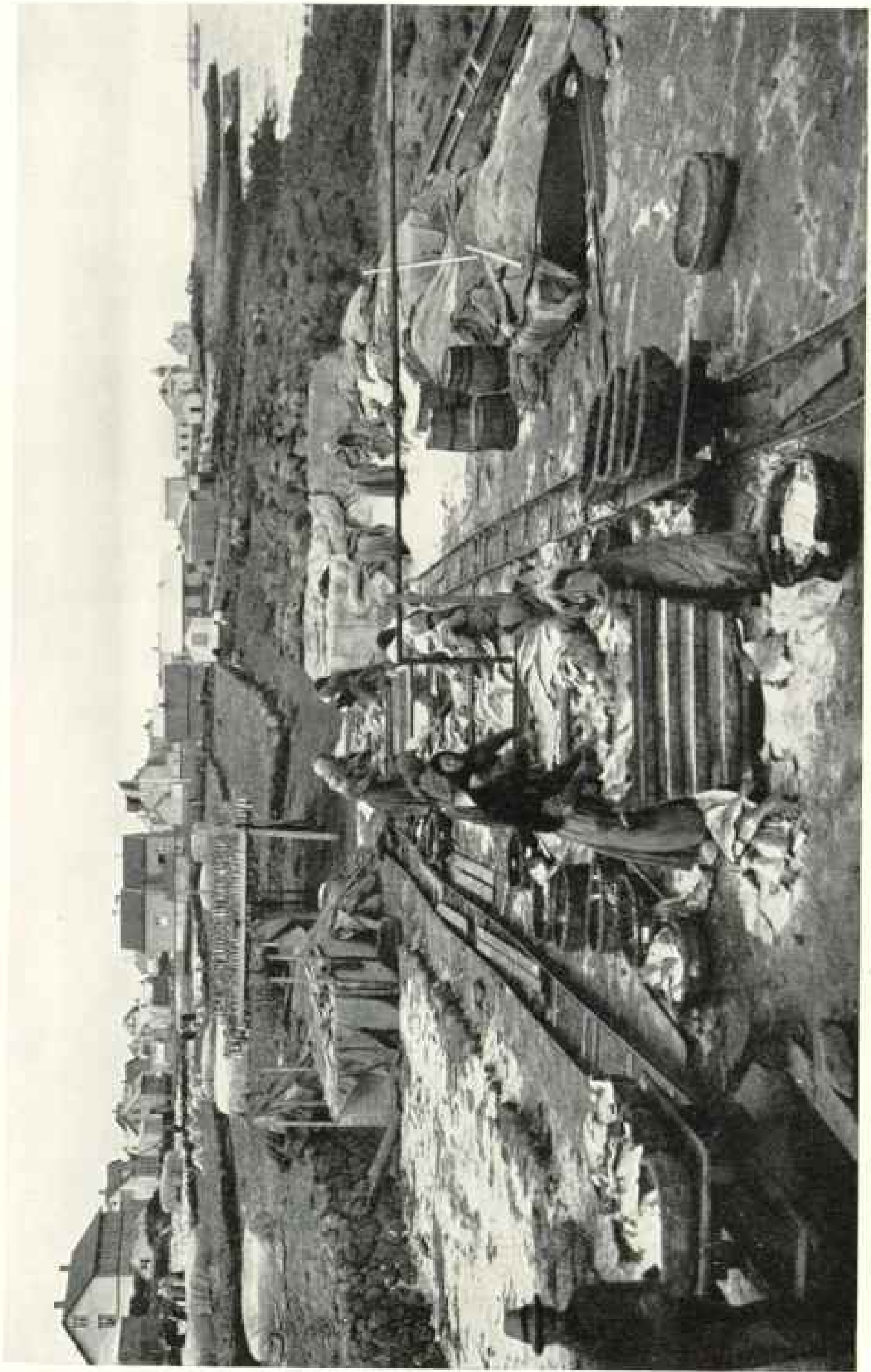
In the foreground are two sacks of dry codfish ready for storage and transportation.



Photographs by Herbert Felton

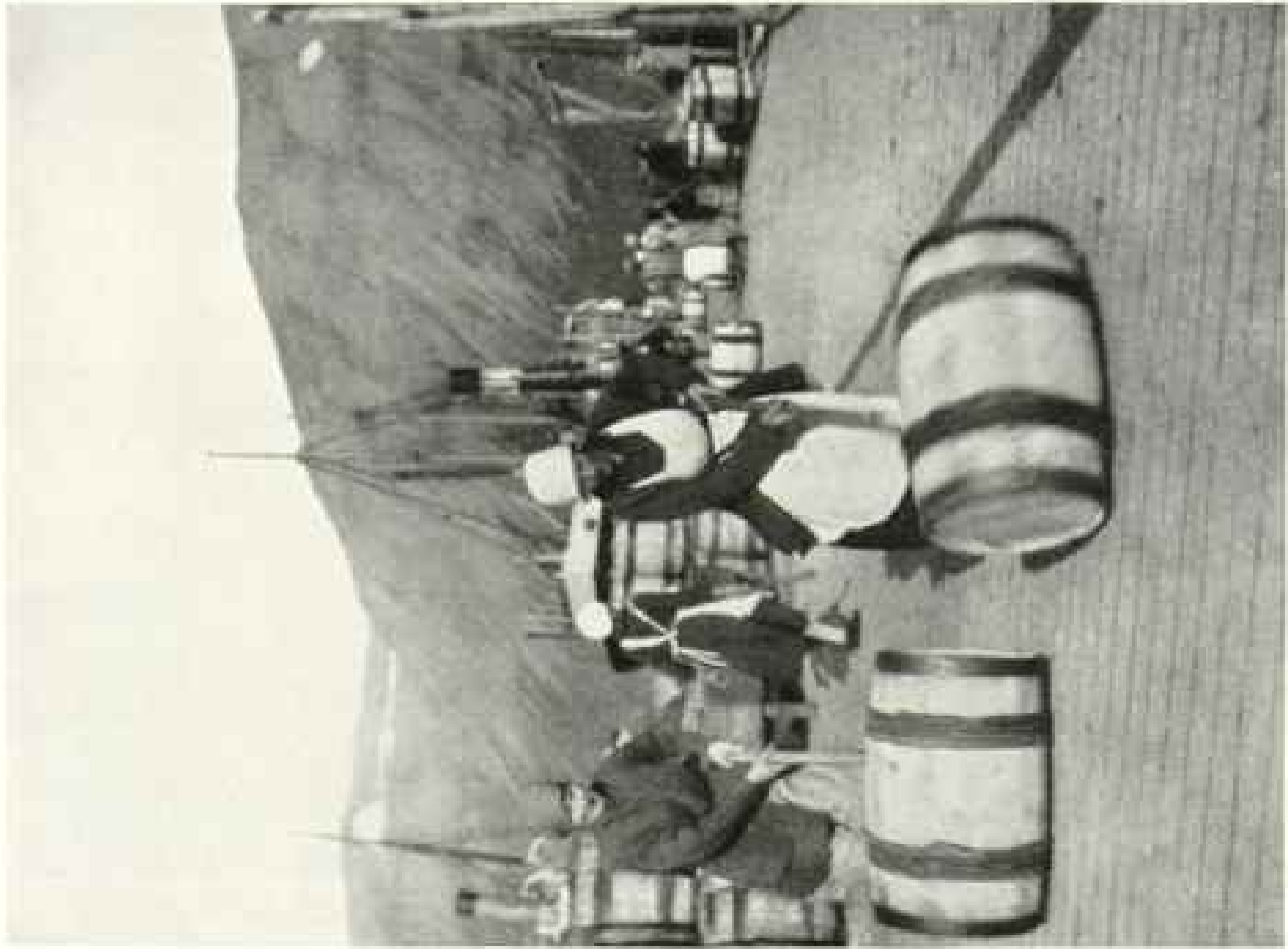
PUTTING SPLIT CODFISH OUT TO DRY IN THE MORNING

The fish are split open and cleaned by the seashore, then laid out to dry in the sun on a leveled bed of lava. This one covers about 80 acres. At nightfall they are collected and put in large piles and covered with white waterproof sheets (see above). Next morning these are unpacked and the fish once again laid out to dry.



A CODFISH FACTORY IN REYKJAVIK (SEE, ALSO, PAGE 503)

Iceland's fisheries comprise the nation's greatest industry. A large percentage of the country's catch is sold to Spain, and when the price of cod declines in Barcelona there are hard times in Reykjavik. In order to avoid a Spanish import tax on dried fish, Iceland has modified her prohibition law and now admits wines from the southern country.



© Isobel Wylie Hutchison

UNLOADING EMPTY BARRELS FROM NORWAY



Photograph from *The American-Scandinavian Review*

ICELAND WOMEN ARE AS CAPABLE HAYMAKERS AS THE MEN



A VILLAGE ON THE SOUTH COAST OF ICELAND

The principal occupation of the inhabitants of such settlements is fishing. In the foreground the native Icelandic ponies are being shod for use in the hayfield.



Photographs by John A. Masley

AN ICELANDIC FARMHOUSE, BUILT OF LAVA FROM THE FIELD IN WHICH IT STANDS

The corrugated roof is modern; the older houses are covered with sod. A photograph of these houses gives the impression that they are very uncomfortable because so low as to allow only children to stand upright beneath the rafters. But actually, for the sake of warmth in winter, the walls are sunk into the ground and the floor is two, three, or even four feet below the outside surface.



THE COMMUNITY FUEL YARD

The peat pits are usually owned by the city or the town near which they are located, and all the inhabitants dig their own fuel and pay a small price for the privilege.



Photographs by John A. Marley

WINTER STORAGE FOR PEAT

Large farms and small villages have a number of these storage places. The peat, piled in the foreground, is drying after having been freshly dug in the neighborhood. When it has dried it will be stored in the long building in the background. Coal is excessively high in Iceland, especially in the interior, on account of the transportation problem; it must be carried in hampers on the backs of ponies.



Photograph courtesy Roger Nielsen

FISHING BOATS OFF THE ROCKY COAST OF ICELAND

The Icelanders have been slow to adopt the steam trawler and the motorboat in their fishing industry. Until a few years ago, the open rowboat was used almost exclusively.



Photograph by Gilbert Grosvenor

AN ICELAND SCHOONER LEAVING BADDECK HARBOR, NOVA SCOTIA

The ship has come to Cape Breton Island's forest-clad shores for lumber. Timber is one of the most pressing needs of the Iclander (see text, page 501). Note the Iceland ensign flying at the mainmast.



A TUG COMING OUT FROM KAUPSTADUR, WESTMAN ISLANDS

The town lies in a hollow behind the harbor, under the shadow of a volcano. On the right huge masses of rock rise 500 feet straight up out of the sea.



Photographs by Herbert Felton

SHIPPING AN ICELAND PONY AT SEYDISFJÖRDUR

If the prospective voyager is noted as a kicker, his four feet are tied together before the girdle is fastened around him. Iceland ponies live by grazing in summer, with small amounts of hay, supplemented by the heads of dried codfish, in winter.



Photograph courtesy Roger Nielsen

THE ROYAL GLÍMA, ICELAND'S NATIONAL WRESTLING SPORT

With the exception of the ancient Greek sports, the Glíma is the oldest national sport in the world.

However, as the forests disappeared, and with them the fuel, the hot baths disappeared also; but the room kept its name. Although changed to a general living-room, it is still called the "bathroom."

A saving of fuel is now being effected to some extent by the use of the heat that Nature furnishes so lavishly in the form of hot springs (see pages 478 and 481).

Another possible remedy for Iceland's fuel scarcity is hydroelectric power. Some of the towns already have municipally owned power plants which utilize waterfalls, and some progressive farmers have small plants of their own.

AN ADVENTUROUS INDUSTRY IN THE WESTMAN ISLANDS

The advent of electricity, of course, paves the way for manufactures. To-day practically the only industry of the island, besides sheep-raising and farming, is fishing. The floating population swings back and forth—to the farming regions in harvest time and to the sea during the fishing season. With a surplus of electric

power, factories of various sorts may be established.

In the Westman Islands (*Vestmannaeyjar*), a few miles south of the Icelandic mainland, the fisheries yield nearly \$1,000,000 annually, and there is proportionately more wealth among the 3,000 inhabitants of this little archipelago than among the 100,000 in the whole of Iceland proper (see map, page 470).

Each winter and spring thousands of workmen flock to the Westman Islands, and it is possible for an unskilled worker cleaning fish, receiving his pay on a piece-work basis, to make from two to four dollars an hour.

These rocky, sheer-walled Westman Islands have an adventurous industry built on the taking of young birds and eggs from the cliffs at much risk to the collector, who often has to dangle from a rope to reach the nests.

The native birds are a source of income to the Icelander. The down which the eider duck plucks from its breast and uses to line its nest is collected, cleaned, and shipped to Europe for high prices.

The puffin, a peculiar, parrotlike seabird, has difficulty in flying and is easily caught in long-handled nets. Its feathers are used for down and the flesh, which is quite palatable, is eaten in all the coast towns.

That the Icelanders are confronted by many hardships cannot be denied, and it is a source of surprise to many people that, faced by such a hard life, the natives do not emigrate in larger numbers.

INTENSE LOYALTY TO ISLAND HOME CHECKS EMIGRATION

In spite of adverse conditions, in spite of earthquakes and volcanoes, and the absence of luxuries, the Icelanders cling to their land with fierce pride.

They have a national life which is different from that of any other land in the world. One story which has won much favor in Reykjavik is that of a young Icelander in Canada, who, upon being asked what nation he hailed from, responded, "I don't come from no ——— country; I'm an Icelander!"

They feel strongly their one-time glory and value highly the culture and civilization that they built practically without outside help and in which the Iceland of to-day has its roots. Not only have they long ranked among the most literate people in the world, but they possess a broad knowledge and excellent taste in literature.

The people of Iceland have a great literature of their own in the old sagas, and many of their modern poets are especially gifted. Their folk songs are popular throughout the country and rank with the best of any nation.

Iceland was the first country to accord women a vote in municipal affairs, and here they may also retain their maiden names after marriage.

In 1874, two years before the United States celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its existence, Iceland observed the one thousandth anniversary of its birth!

THE NATION'S NATIONAL ANTHEM IS DEVOID OF MARTIAL SPIRIT

The national hymn, which was written and adopted at the time of this millennial celebration, is an interesting study when



Photograph from Isabel Wylie Hitchison

MASTERS OF THE GLIMA

Differing radically from the Greco-Roman style of wrestling, the game in Iceland depends more upon suppleness than on strength or weight.

compared with those of other countries. With all the pride they display toward strangers, there is not a suggestion of arrogance here—no warlike spirit, no exaggerated praise of their land, called forth by a blinding patriotism. But the hymn is popular, and its fine, rousing melody is sung everywhere. Kneeland gives the following translation:

O God of our land, O our land's God,
We praise Thy holy, holy name,
From the solar systems of the heavens
wind Thee a wreath,
Thy legions the times' collections,
Before Thee is one day as a thousand
years,
And thousand years one day, not more,
One eternity's small flower with quivering
tears
Which adores its God and dies,
Iceland's thousand years,
Iceland's thousand years,
One eternity's small flower with quivering
tears
Which worships its God and dies.

In 1918 Iceland received a constitution which made it an independent nation, free from Denmark, retaining only the same king and having a few convenient arrangements regarding foreign relations.

THE INDISPENSABLE SHEEP

ADAM himself may have been the first shepherd. Herding sheep was among the earliest tasks known to man. And these now placid, helpless animals, with their more canny cousins, the goats, were, perhaps, the first of all creatures to be domesticated.

Primitive man, long before he bothered to record any history, had tamed his sheep, and knew the delights of mutton stew and "woolens" in winter.

It was in Asia and Europe that sheep first appeared. Then restless man, migrating first in nomad bands to Egypt and to India, carried his tamed herds with him. As dugouts grew to war canoes, then to clumsy windjammers that spanned the seas, sheep went aboard as fresh meat for the crew. Here and there, first by chance and then design, these animals were put ashore in foreign lands.

So the sheep, like the horse and cow, were pioneers among globe-trotting animals. To-day millions of these wool-bearing, chop-yielding creatures literally cover the earth. From far-away New Zealand go great shiploads of mutton to the carnivorous British Isles, where the annual consumption of mutton per capita is sometimes 27 pounds!

With his wool, his mutton, and the soft leather from his tanned hide, probably no other animal has aided man so much in his rise from savagery to civilization.

The domestic sheep has wild kinfolk, like our Western bighorn, the Mongolian argali, the maned sheep of Ethiopia, and the mouflon of Corsica and Sardinia; but all family resemblance to its free, self-reliant cousins has passed away. Now the sheep depends on man not only to lead it to food and drink, but to protect it from wild animals. In fact, in some parts of our West ewes are put in tents warmed with stoves when lambs are expected! So timid has the domestic sheep become that a sheet of paper blown suddenly by the wind may stampede a whole flock.

To Virginia, in 1609, came the first sheep known to the colonies. By 1814 their number had increased to 10,000,000, in spite of wild animals, Indians, and hard winters. But even before 1609, the

Spaniards had landed sheep in Mexico. In time these spread northward.

By 1884, the peak year of our sheep industry, the United States had 50,627,000 of these animals. Their number began to decline as grazing lands were converted into farms.

The merino, originated in Spain in the 15th century, is famous for fine, heavy wool. It has been used to improve other short-wool breeds. Merino rams, brought to the States in the last century, sold at fabulous prices. Gradually improved flocks spread westward, over the Great Lakes region, and down into Ohio. As farms expanded, sheepmen were pushed westward—to Texas, Montana, the Pacific coast. Now most of our sheep flourish west of the Mississippi.

American merinos grow some of the world's best wool. But when a demand came for better mutton, English breeds, like Cotswold, Southdowns, Hampshires, Shropshires, and Oxford Down, were imported. Other popular breeds are the Delaine Merino and the Rambouillet.

Unknown here, but familiar to American tourists in the Near East, is the fat-tailed sheep, a long-suffering creature whose tail sometimes grows to the gigantic weight of 75 pounds.

THREE BILLION POUNDS OF WOOL USED ANNUALLY

But it is wool, after all, that has made men grow so many sheep. Next to cotton, wool is man's chief dependence for clothing. It is a big item in world trade. Close to 3,000,000,000 pounds are used each year.

Though the United States ranks third among the great wool-growing nations, it has never raised enough to meet its needs.

Nearly half the world's wool comes from the Southern Hemisphere; but the greater part is used north of the Equator, where population is denser.

A map of sea trade routes, showing the paths taken by wool cargoes, suggests that it is cheapest to raise sheep in lands where farming is backward; also, because of its high value per pound, wool can be shipped at a profit farther than any other farm



© Charles J. Belden

A NEWCOMER TO THE RANGE

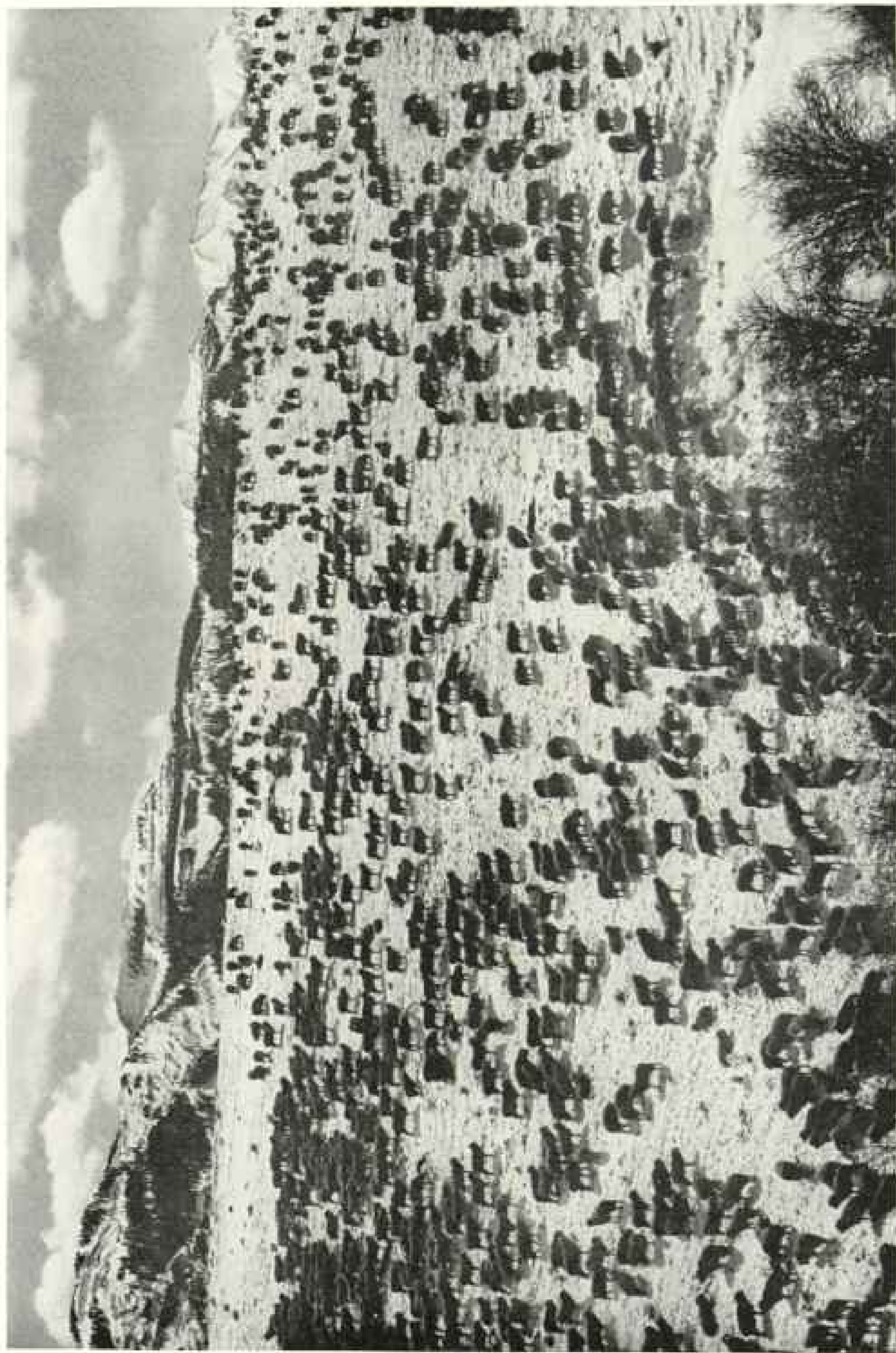
On some Western sheep ranges big tents warmed by stoves are provided for ewes expecting lambs.



Photographs by Charles J. Belden

BEFORE AND AFTER

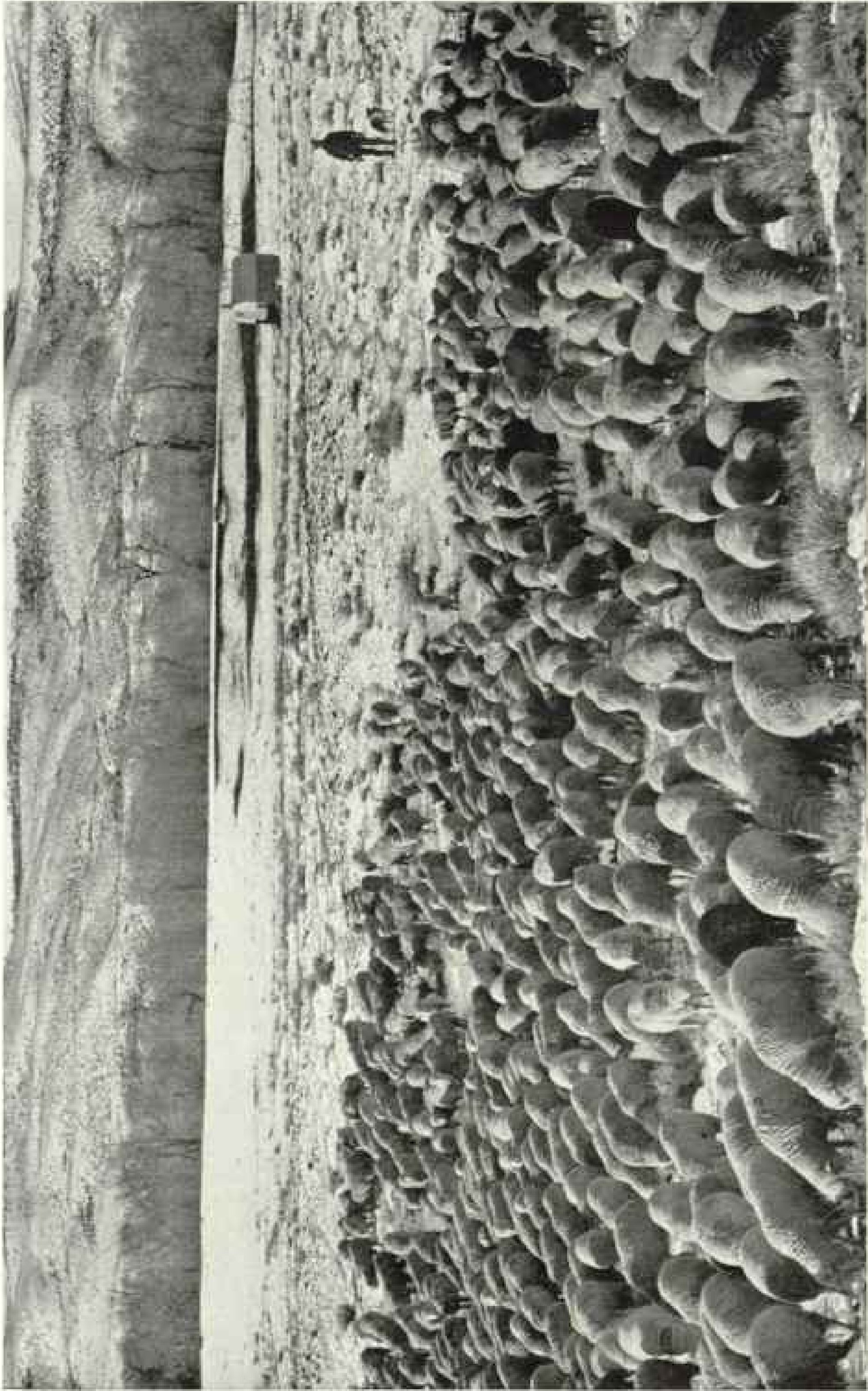
The average weight of the fleece from a range sheep is from six to seven pounds. The United States ranks third among the wool-growing countries of the world, being exceeded in output by Australia and Argentina.



© Charles J. Belden

A BAND OF RANGE SHEEP ON WINTER GRAZING GROUND

Sheep can go for days without water; when feed is succulent they may even get along for weeks without drinking. Because of this, many desert areas unfit for supporting other domestic animals will provide pasturage for sheep.



© Charles J. Beblein

A HERDER AND HIS FLOCK LEAVING THE BEDGROUND FOR A DAY'S GRAZING ON THE HILLS

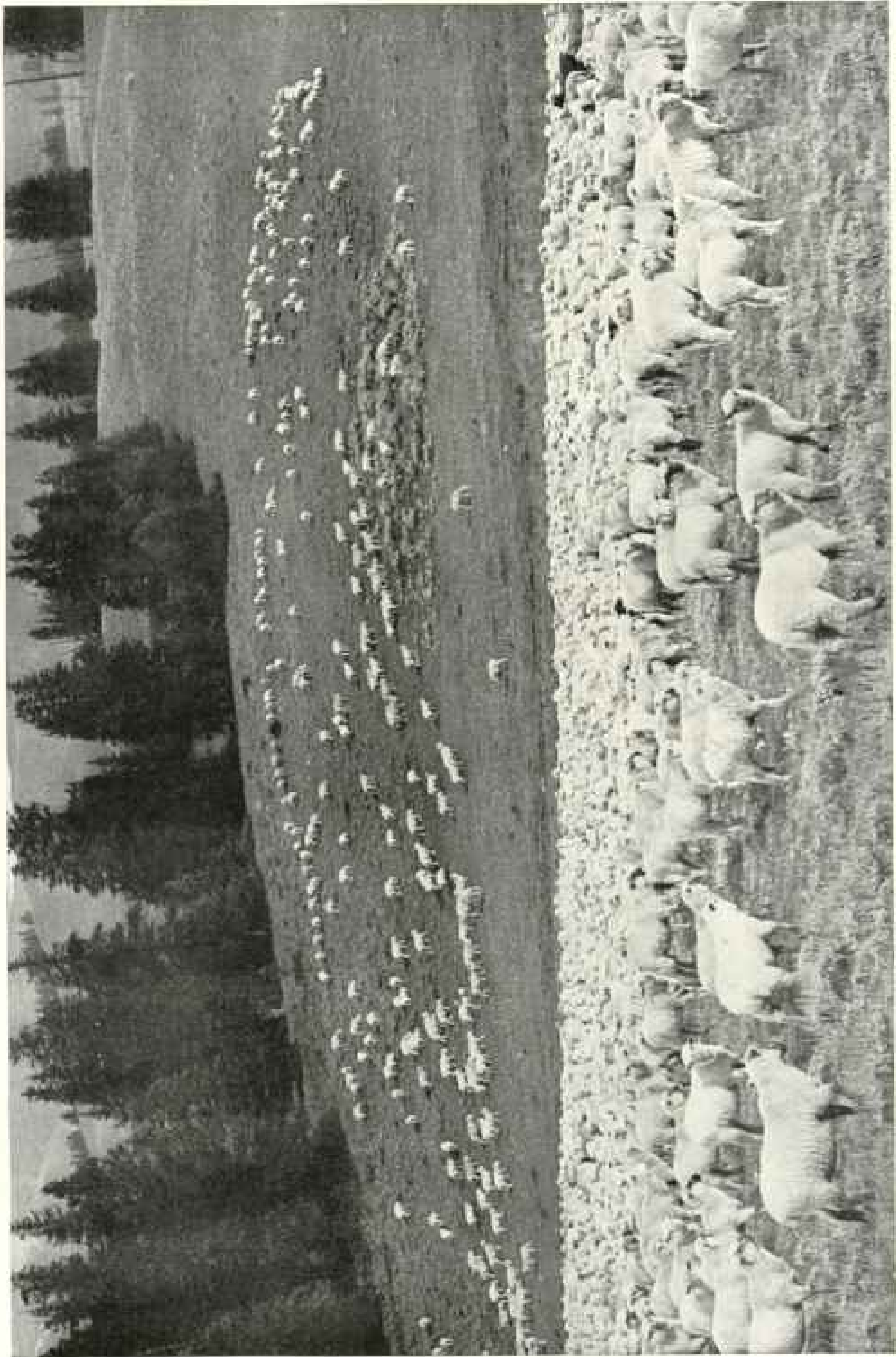
Most sheep from Western ranges, as well as those raised in the Central States, are shipped to Chicago or Missouri Valley packing houses. From these packing houses dressed mutton goes in cold storage to Eastern towns and cities.



© Charles J. Bellant

ON HIGHLAND PASTURES

In 1884 the sheep industry in America reached its peak. Till then the number of sheep had kept pace with the growth of population; but now the sheep are outnumbered three to one.



© Charles J. Bejden

FAT LAMBS LEAVING THEIR SUMMER RANGE FOR THE RAILROAD.

When an experienced buyer inspects lambs for market by conformation, quality, and finish, To judge them he usually handles them, not trusting to appearance alone. To the untrained eye there seems to be no difference between a fat and a lean unshorn lamb.



© Charles J. Belden.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT"

By crossbreeding and selection, American wool growers have increased the average fleece weight from 2 pounds in 1840 to from 6 to 8 pounds to-day. In our Southeastern States the average is still only from 3 to 5 pounds, however.



© Charles J. Belden

WHEN WINTER COMES

Ewes and lambs without shelter from a belated snowstorm.



Photograph by Charles J. Belden.

SHEEP ENTERING ONE OF THE WORLD'S LARGEST PASTURES

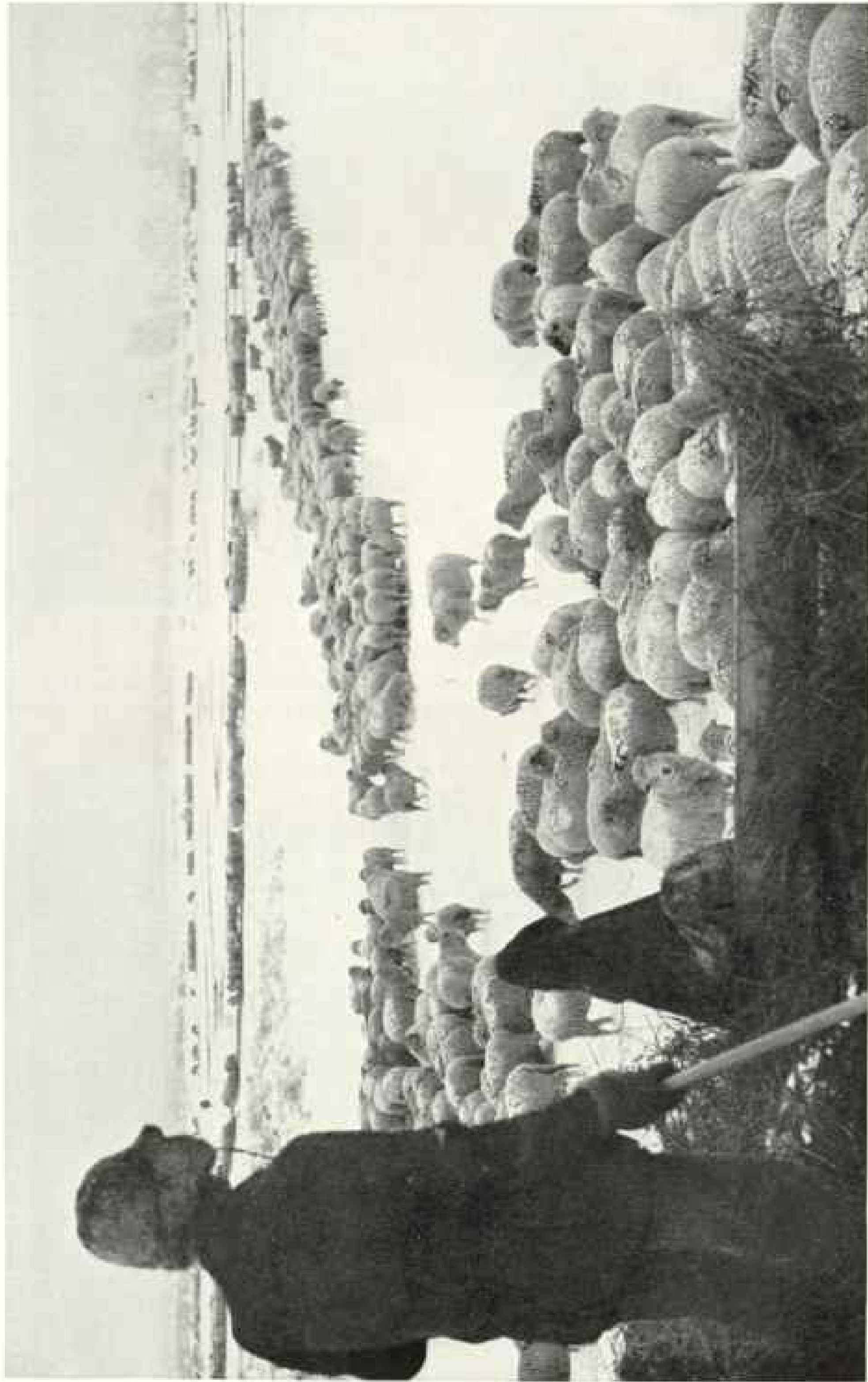
The vast ranges of the National forest reserves provide pasture for many million head of stock each year. Officers of the U. S. Forest Service are counting a band of sheep as they cross the reserve boundary.



© Charles J. Belden

ALL ABOARD FOR THE CORN BELT

These range lambs are waiting to begin their journey on the "live-stock Pullmans."



© Charles J. Beldin

THE WINTER DREAD LISE IN WYOMING

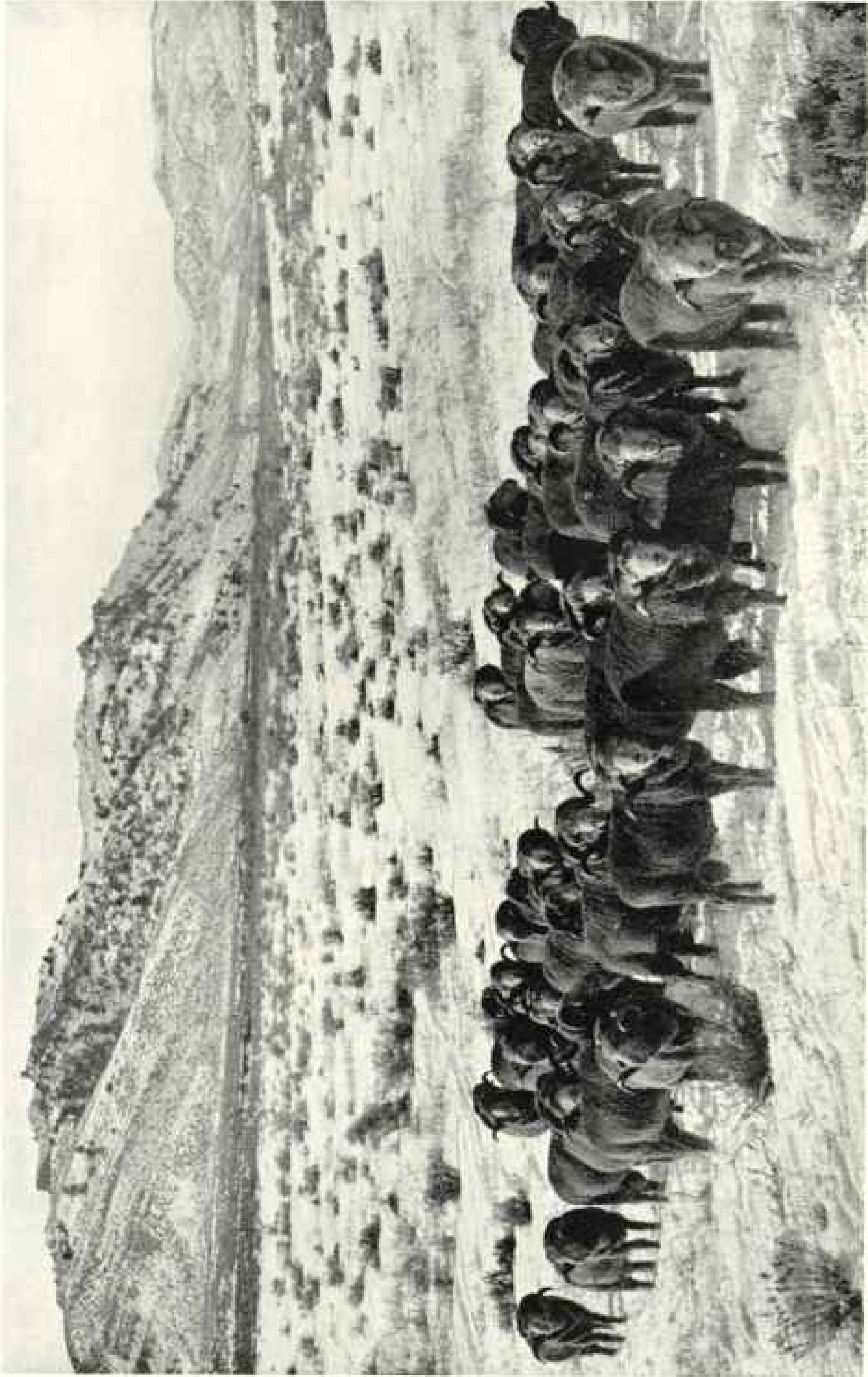
Sheep can stand much cold. Long ago Vermont was the center of our sheep industry. Now sheep have largely disappeared from the Atlantic seaboard, and to-day Texas leads in numbers, with vast herds, also, in California, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Wyoming, Utah, and New Mexico.



© Charles J. Holden

THE SHEEP HERDER'S JOB IS NO SINECURE

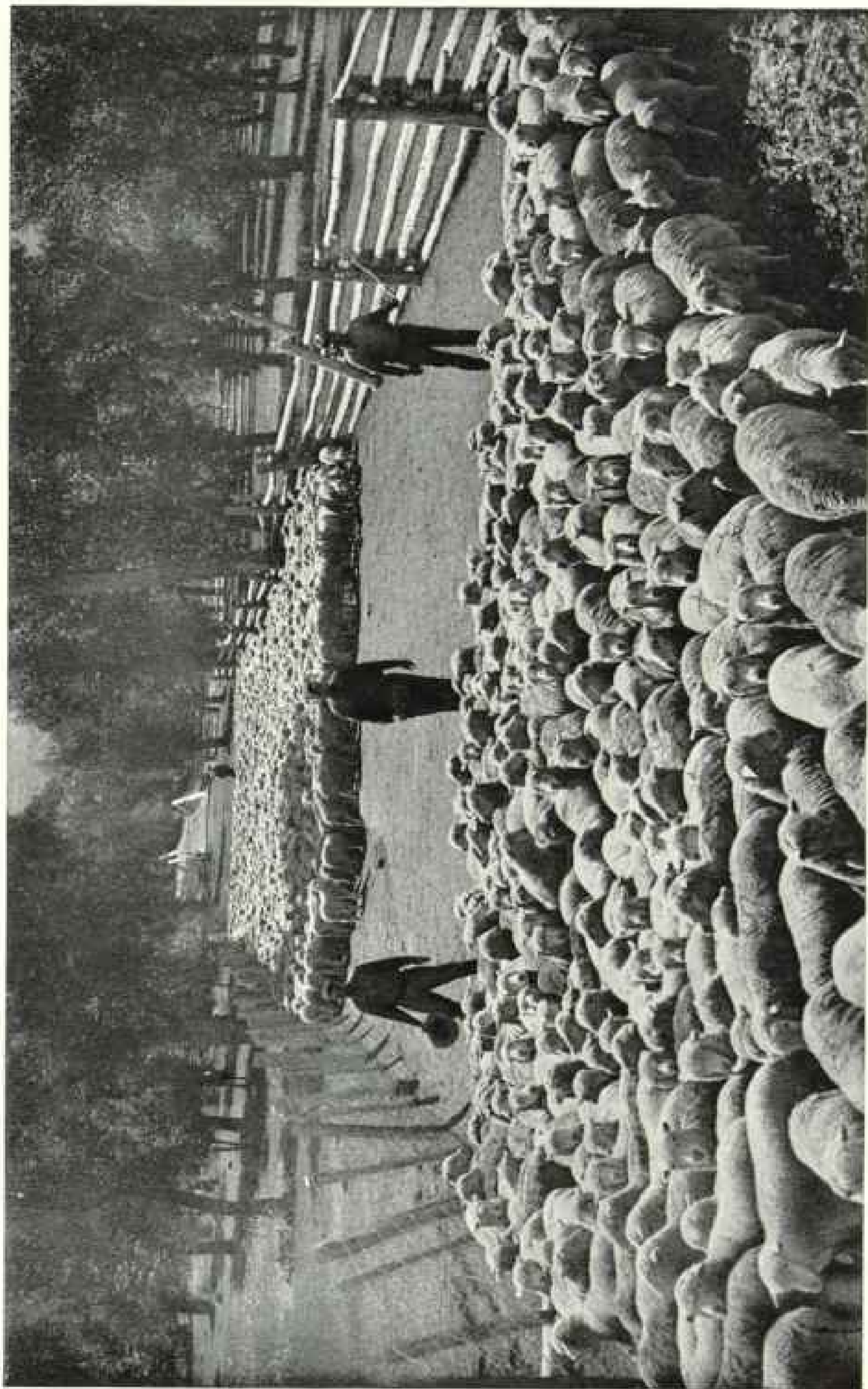
Hardy and able to shift for itself, the sheep nevertheless needs close care. On the Western ranges predatory wild animals, poisonous plants, and exposure on dangerous grazing grounds contribute to the mortality of a flock. Cold, rainy weather at lambing time may mean heavy losses unless herds have the closest attention.



© Charles J. Belden

THE WOOL-MAKERS OF THE WEST

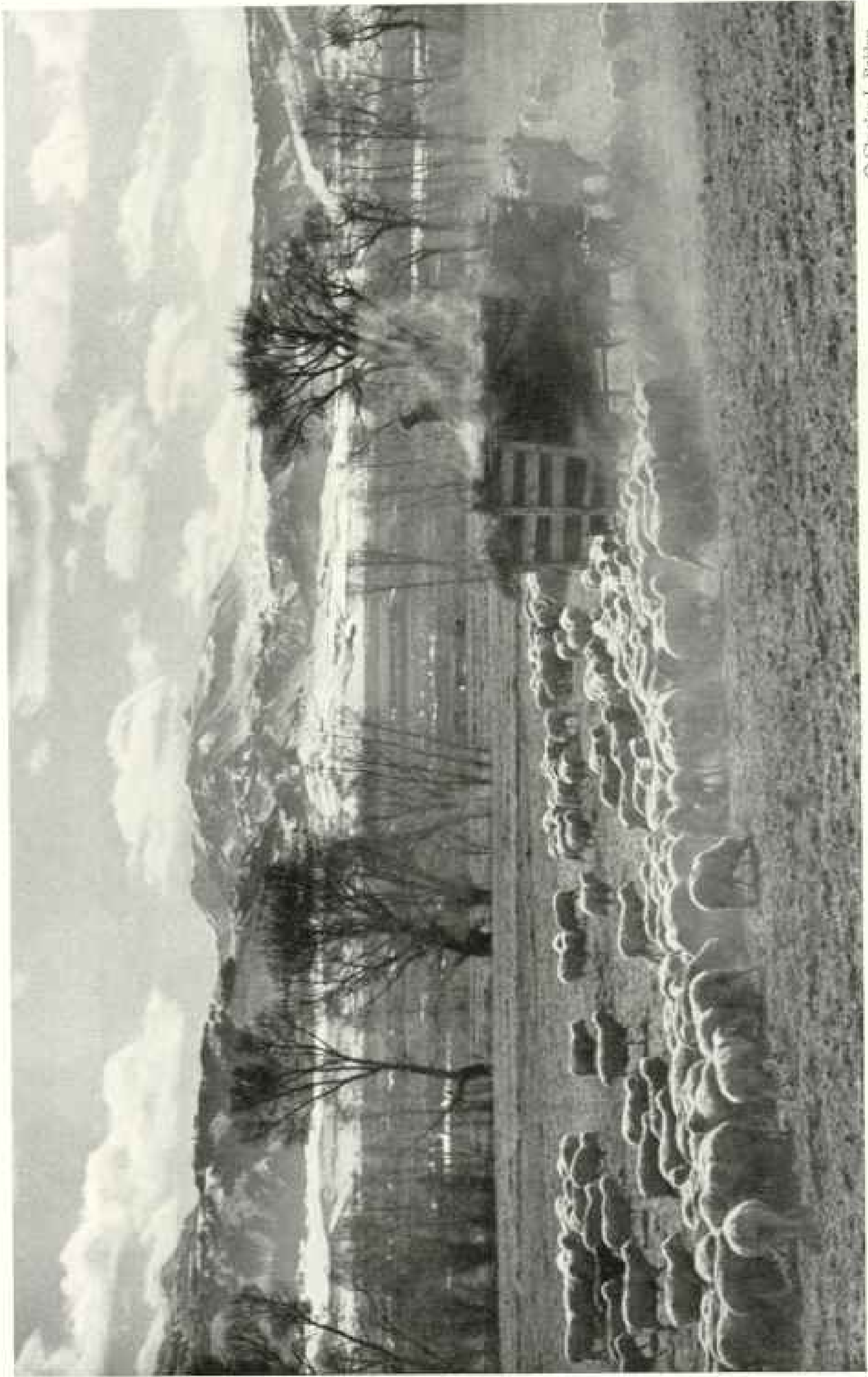
A herd of fine wool bucks, such as are used to improve the grade of range sheep. Their curved horns are suggestive of kinship with the wild "big-horn" of the Rockies. The merino was the ram first imported to build up American flocks.



© Charles J. Beckett

RETURNING FROM SUMMER GRAZING GROUND

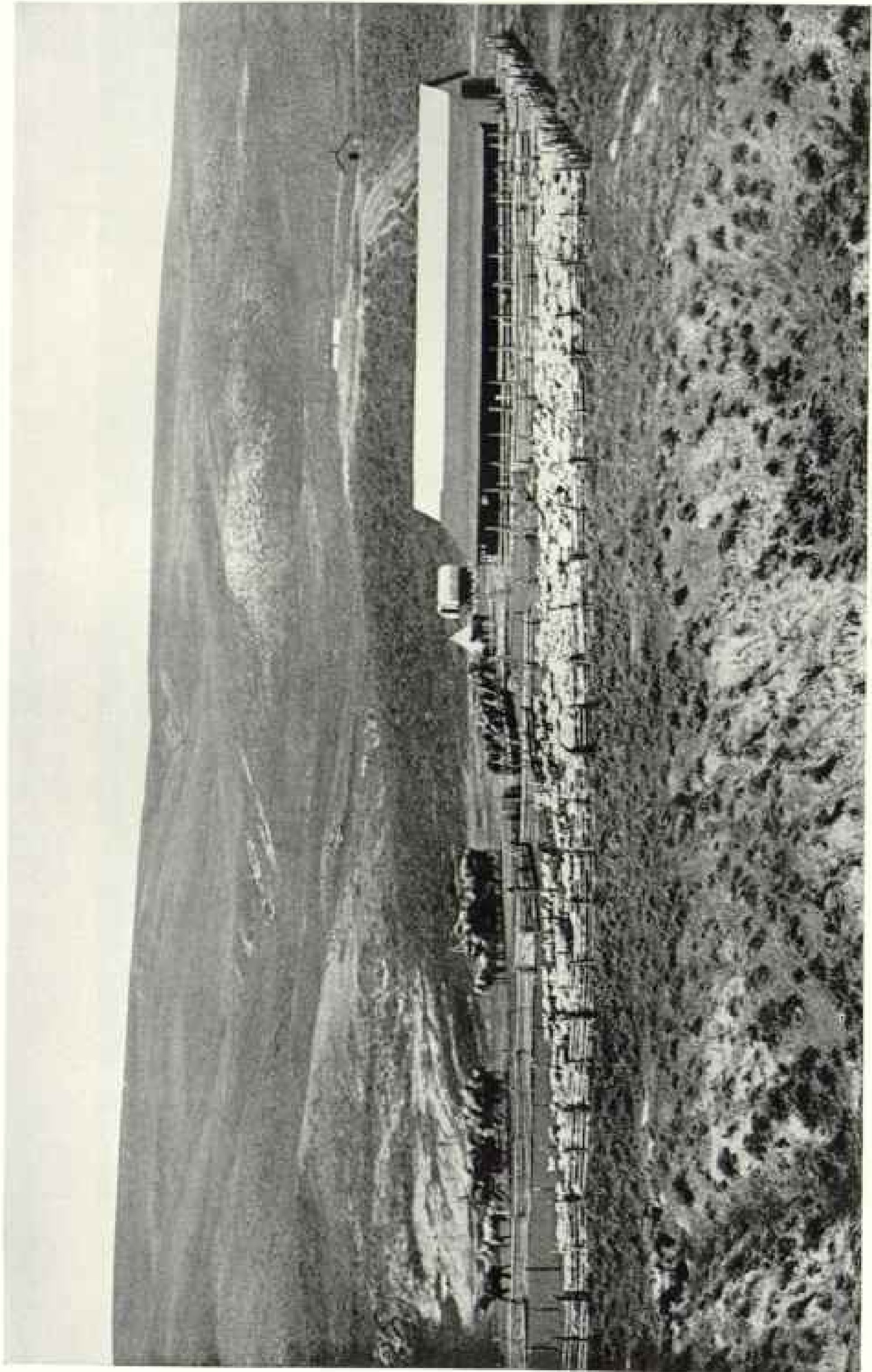
Range sheep are brought into corrals for the purpose of sorting out the lambs for shipment to market. Sheep thrive on the fattening forage of mountainous countries. In summer they venture to high altitudes, sometimes above the timber line.



© Charles J. DeLain

FEEDING SHEEP UNDER THE SNOW-CAPPED PEAKS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

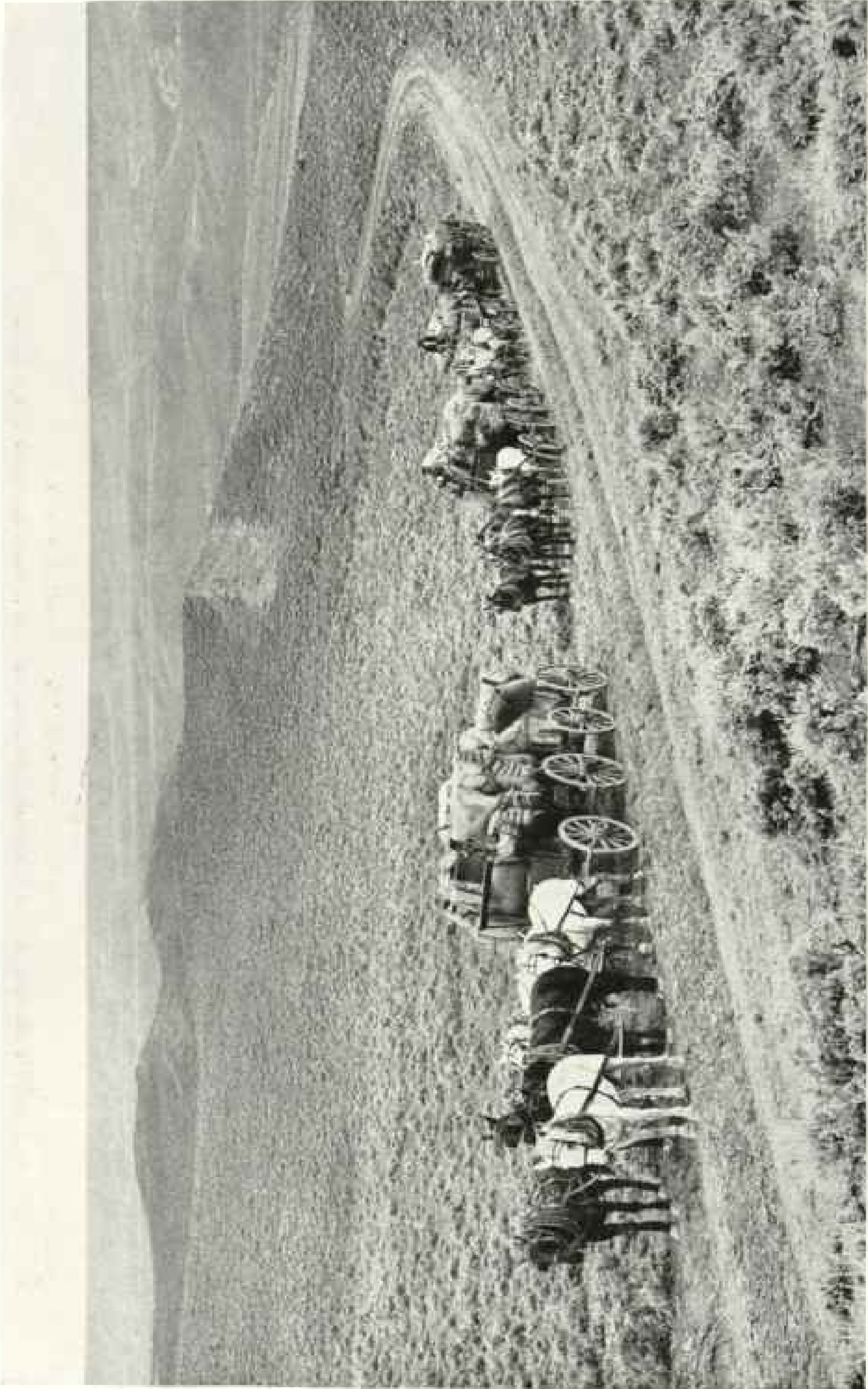
The animals are driven to the heights in May and June. In September and October herds are brought down and separated; fat lambs go to market and breeding stock goes on winter pasture.



© Charles J. Belden

WHERE SHEEP AND WOOL, PART COMPANY

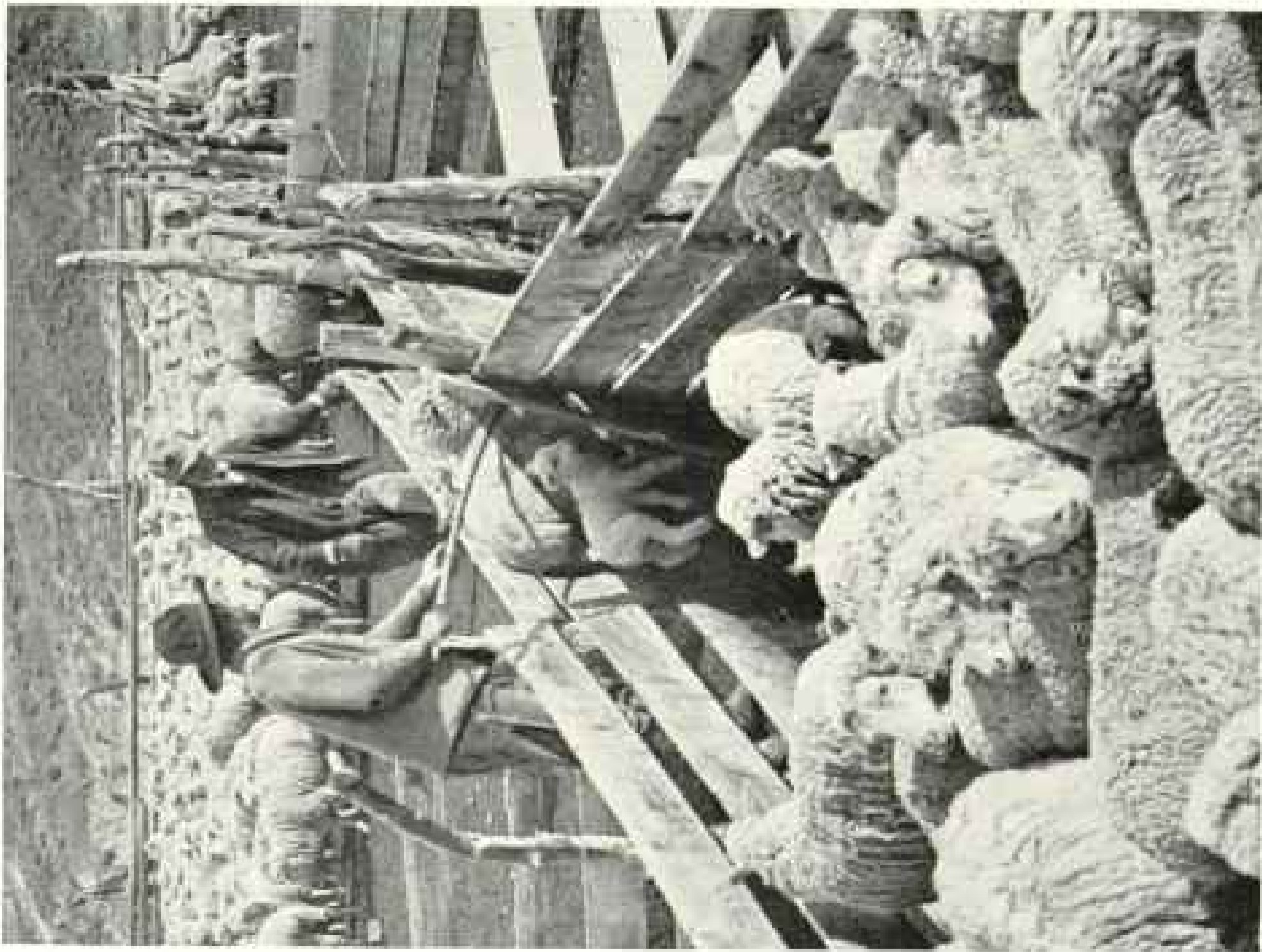
This shearing plant is located on the range, where it is easily accessible to the flocks.



Photograph by Charles J. Beilken

WOOL WAGONS OF THE WESTERN HILLS

Out in the sheep country wool is often hauled 100 miles or more to the railway. Because of its high value per pound, it can be hauled farther at a profit than almost any other farm product.



AT THE DODGE GATE.

Before the ewes are put in the shearing pens they are separated from their lambs by means of a specially constructed gate. The lambs go into one corral and the ewes into another.



Photographs by Charles J. Bolden

THE SHEEPMAN'S TRADE-MARK.

After shearing, the sheep are branded with a specially prepared paint that will not wash off. Each owner has a different brand, and by this mark he can claim any sheep which strays from his flock.



© Charles J. Belden

A COLD DINNER FOR THE WOOLLIES

A band of range sheep has been brought in to feed during a severe storm.

product. This is why wool-growing is still so much of a frontier enterprise.

The heaviest exporters of wool are the newly developed and as yet sparsely settled lands of Australia, Argentina, New Zealand, South Africa, and Uruguay. These countries produce fine wools; coarser grades, for carpets, come from China, India, and western Asia. Though the world wool trade centers in Europe, the port of Boston ranks second among all markets.

The weaving of cloth from wool was one of the earliest industries developed in this country. A few English families settled in Rowley, Massachusetts, built a mill there in 1643, and were the first to make woolen cloth in America. Laws

were early passed in New England to promote the woolen industry, and to this day our woolen mills are largely centered in the North Atlantic States.

It is an odd fact that, although the United States uses from 550 to 750 million pounds of wool a year, it has no public wool market, like the Chicago or Kansas City grain and meat markets. Nearly all this huge pile of wool is bought by private agreement.

Though any future expansion of the sheep industry will be at the cost of cattle and wheat production, the growing world will insist on more sheep. The human race wants wool; and to-day's clip is hardly more than sufficient for present needs.

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TO carry out the purposes for which it was founded forty years ago the National Geographic Society publishes this Magazine. All receipts are invested in the Magazine itself or expended directly to promote geographic knowledge.

ARTICLES and photographs are desired. For material which the Magazine can use, generous remuneration is made. Contributions should be accompanied by an addressed return envelope and postage.

IMMEDIATELY after the terrific eruption of the world's largest crater, Mt. Katmai, in Alaska, a National Geographic Society expedition was sent to make observations of this remarkable phenomenon. Four expeditions have followed and the extraordinary scientific data resulting given to the world. In this vicinity an eighth wonder of the world was discovered and explored—"The Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes," a vast area of steaming, spouting fissures. As a result of The Society's discoveries this area has been created a National Monument by proclamation of the President of the United States.

AT an expense of over \$50,000 The Society sent a notable series of expeditions into Peru to investigate the traces of the Inca race. Their

discoveries form a large share of our knowledge of a civilization waning when Pizarro first set foot in Peru.

THE Society also had the honor of subscribing a substantial sum to the expedition of Admiral Peary, who discovered the North Pole.

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

THE Society is conducting extensive explorations and excavations in northwestern New Mexico, which was one of the most densely populated areas in North America before Columbus came, a region where prehistoric peoples lived in vast communal dwellings and whose customs, ceremonies, and name have been engulfed in an oblivion.

TO further the important study of solar radiation in relation to long-range weather forecasting, The Society has appropriated \$60,000 to enable the Smithsonian Institution to establish a station for four years on Mt. Brakkaros, in Southwest Africa.

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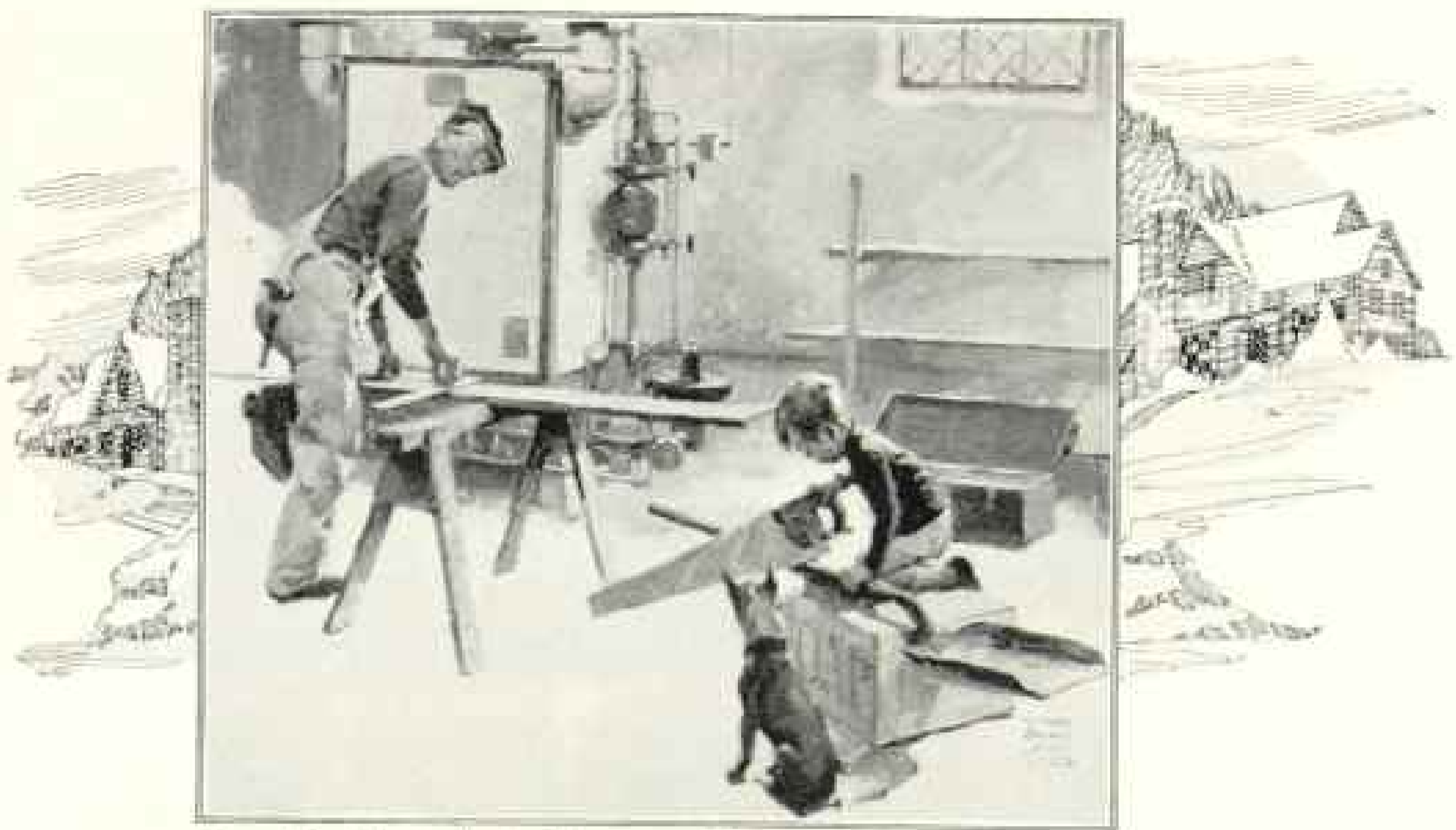
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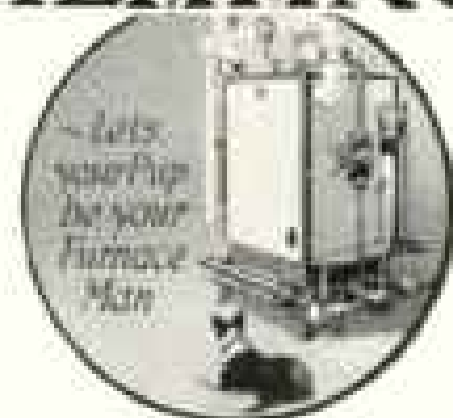
fact, the cost is very moderate, if you live in a community enjoying average-price gas, (many gas companies have special low rates for house heating).

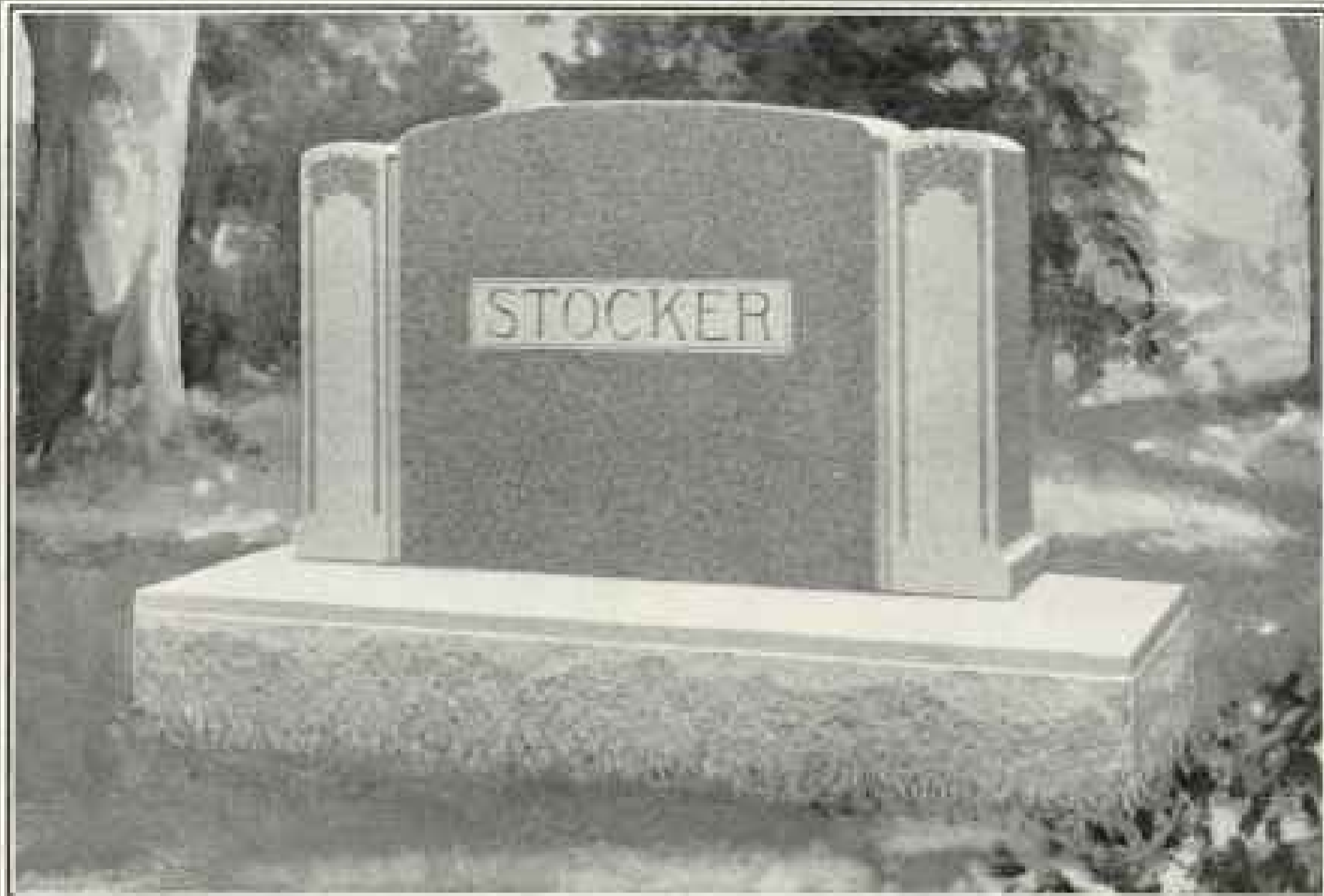
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A QUESTIONNAIRE

for the protection of the watch buyer

NOTE: In recent years, America has been flooded with watches of uncertain parentage; usually of poor manufacture, but often, with ornate and alluring cases. A watch whose beauty is only "case-deep" is seldom a good time-keeper, and never a satisfactory value, regardless of how enticing its price may be . . . For your

guidance, here are the ten vital questions to ask in judging and selecting a watch . . . Favorable answers to these questions by a responsible jeweler, regarding any watch, will assure fine watch-value and enduring watch-satisfaction, no matter how much or how little you pay.
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY, ELGIN, U. S. A.

BEFORE YOU PURCHASE A WATCH YOU ARE ENTITLED TO FULL AND DEFINITE ANSWERS TO THESE QUESTIONS:

- 1 Is this watch which I hold in my hand guaranteed to give satisfaction . . . not only by the dealer (he might retire or move away), but also by the manufacturer of the watch?
- 2 If so, has this manufacturer been in business long enough to prove the worth of his guarantee? . . . And has the company stood the test of financial and industrial panics, thereby assuring me that it will be financially able to always stand back of its guarantee?
- 3 Are the parts in this watch standard and interchangeable, made to microscopic exactness, by master watch-craftsmen using fine machines? Or are they variable and irregular . . . made in a sweat shop possibly, where each man works for himself, without proper facilities or tools?
- 4 Suppose an accident should happen to this watch while I'm in a foreign country or in some small, remote town. Will the local jeweler be sufficiently familiar with this particular make to repair it easily and economically? And will he have the proper replacement parts on hand?
- 5 Is this maker's reputation for integrity and fair dealing such that I am assured full value for the price I am asked?
- 6 From my knowledge of values . . . and my confidence in the dealer . . . do I believe that he is getting a fair, but not an exorbitant profit?
- 7 Are the dimensions of this watch such that it is as practical as it is beautiful? In other words, am I sure that it is neither too thin nor too small, so that the watch will do its full duty as a good timepiece?
- 8 Has any member of my family, or any of my friends, carried a watch of similar size and thinness for a period of years, and received good service from it?
- 9 It is easy to present watches to persons who are in the public eye. It is not difficult to adjust watches to pass observatory time tests. But is the day-in, day-out average performance of this watch universally recognized as satisfactory?
- 10 Does the dealer . . . or do I . . . recall having heard instances where a watch of this make has served faithfully for a half century? Isn't that the real test, after all?

ELGIN

THE WATCH WORD FOR EFFICIENCY AND ELEGANCE

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Dainty, sturdy, chic is this wrist watch, a 15-jewel movement in gold-filled case. . . . \$45



Staunch and handsome, a 15-jewel strap watch in solid white gold case, luminous dial. . . . \$60



Charming wrist watch with 17-jewel movement in a lovely solid white gold case. . . . \$60



Handsome strap watch, 14-karat gold-filled, engraved case with luminous dial. . . . \$40



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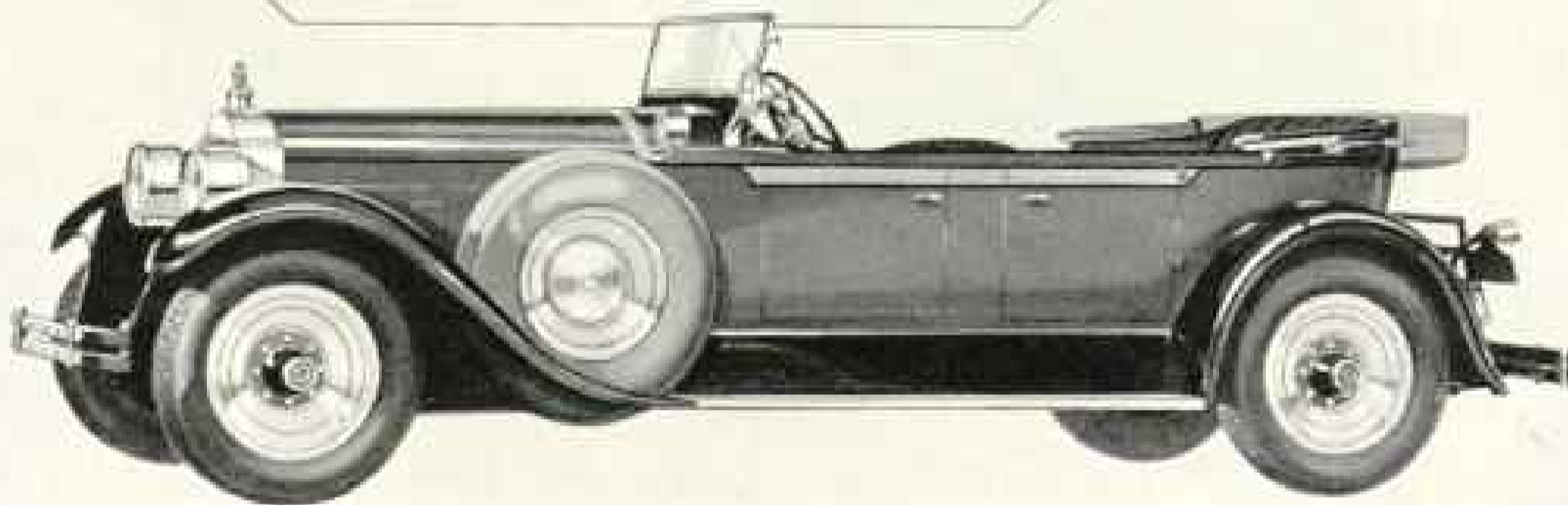
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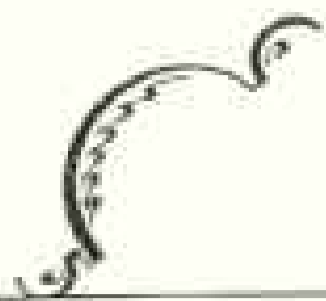
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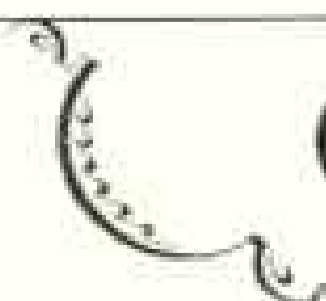
When you aren't golfing, you ride . . . you motor . . . you boat on Lake Minnewanka or the

Bow River . . . you fish for mountain trout . . . you climb mountains . . . you swim in the warm sulphur pool . . . you dance . . . you frivol pleasantly over the English tea-cups on the terrace . . . you join the Annual Trail Ride in August . . . you look on at such original spectacles as the Indian Pow Wow in July, or the Highland Games in September. Always you bring a lively young appetite to the glorious meals . . . for in cuisine and appointments, Banff Springs Hotel ranks among the first dozen of the world. The new wing, completed this year, gives the hotel a capacity of 600

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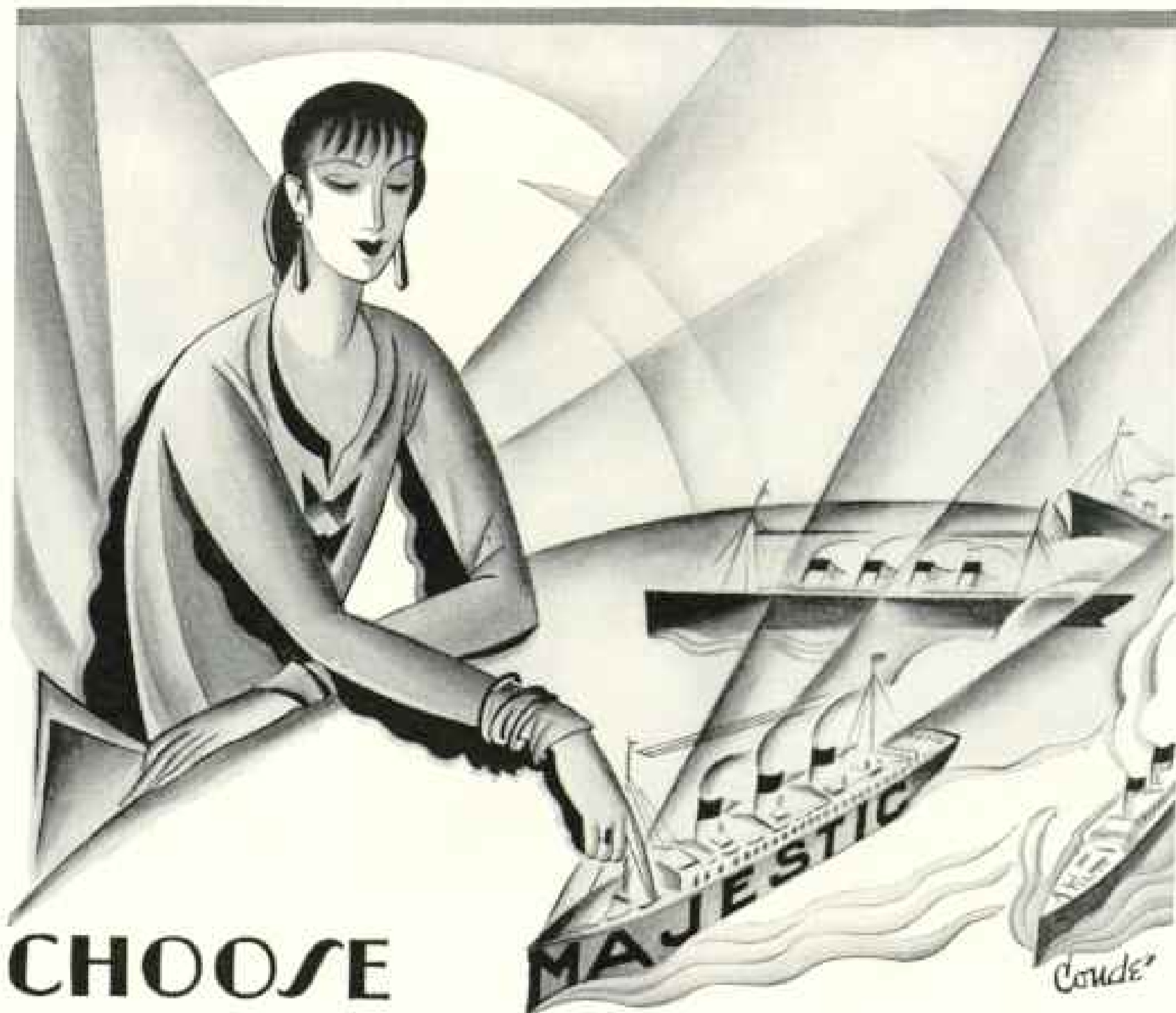


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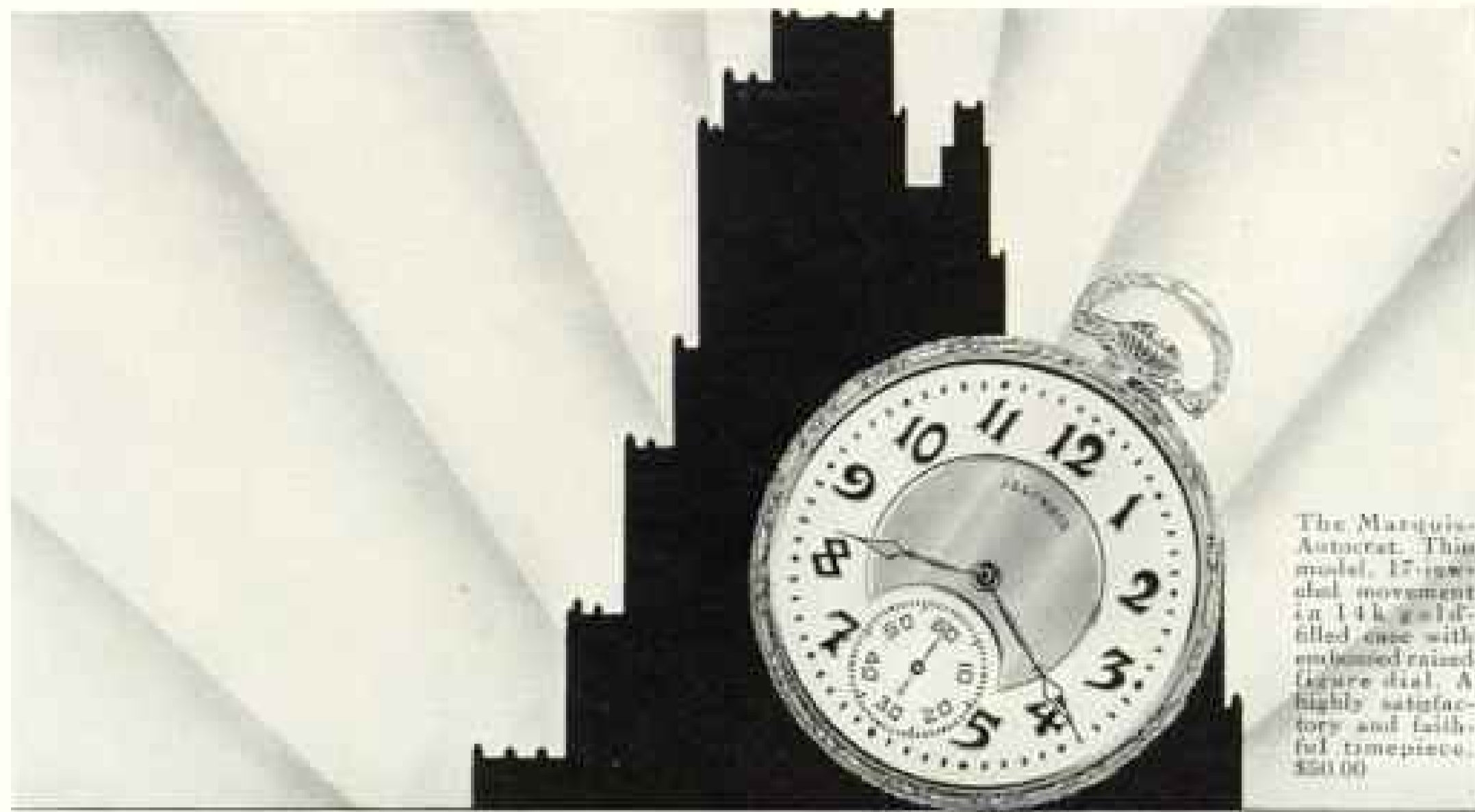
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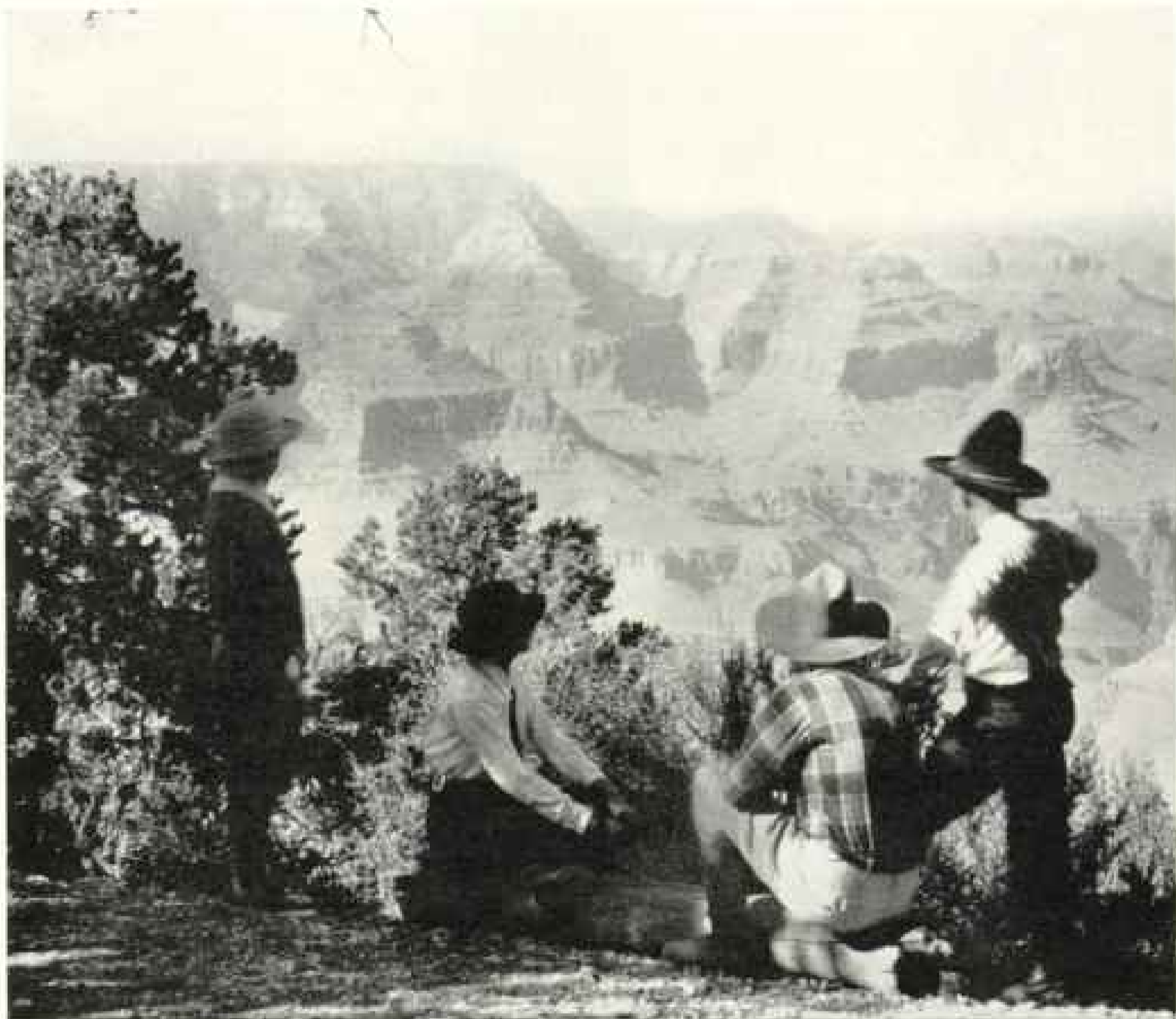
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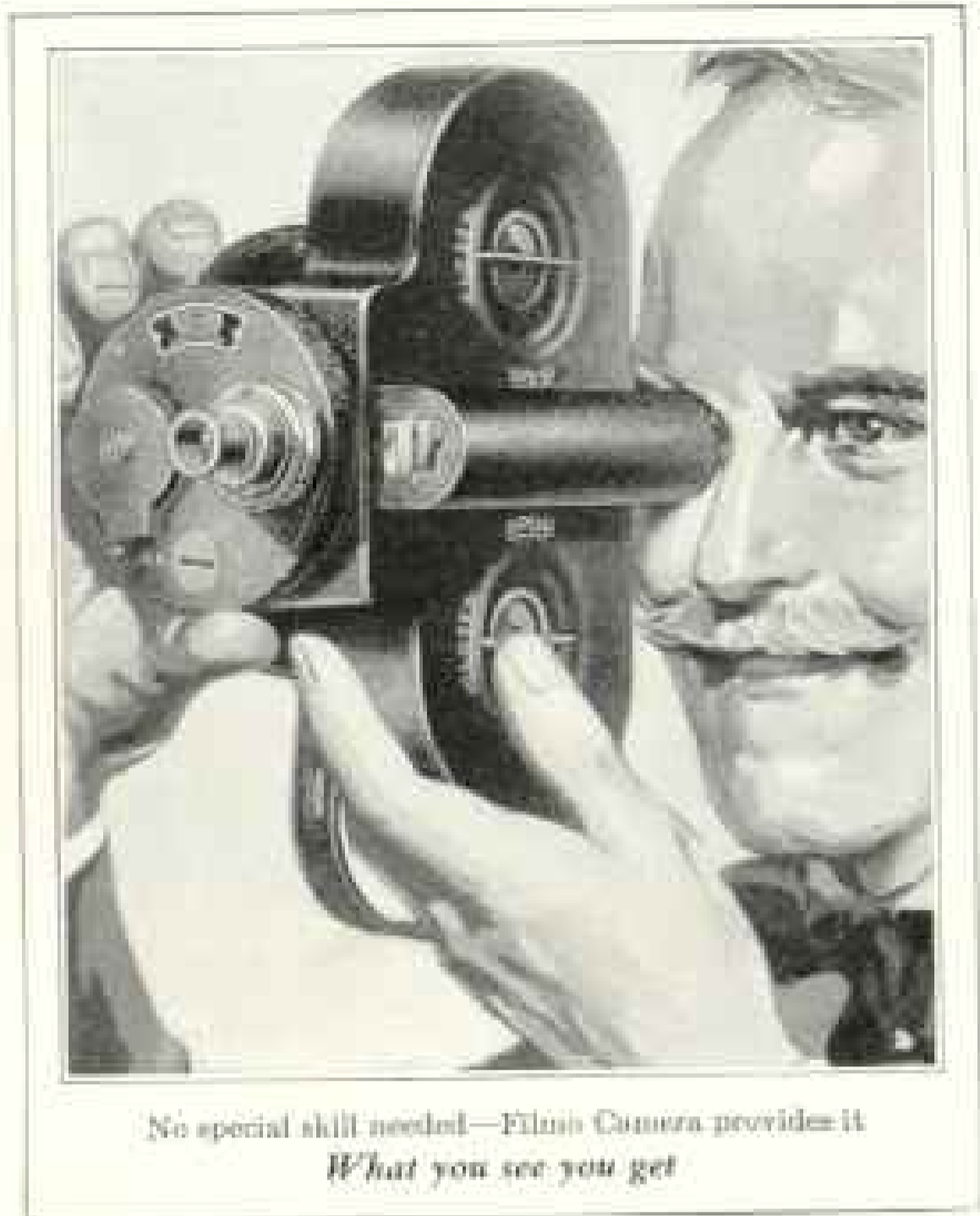
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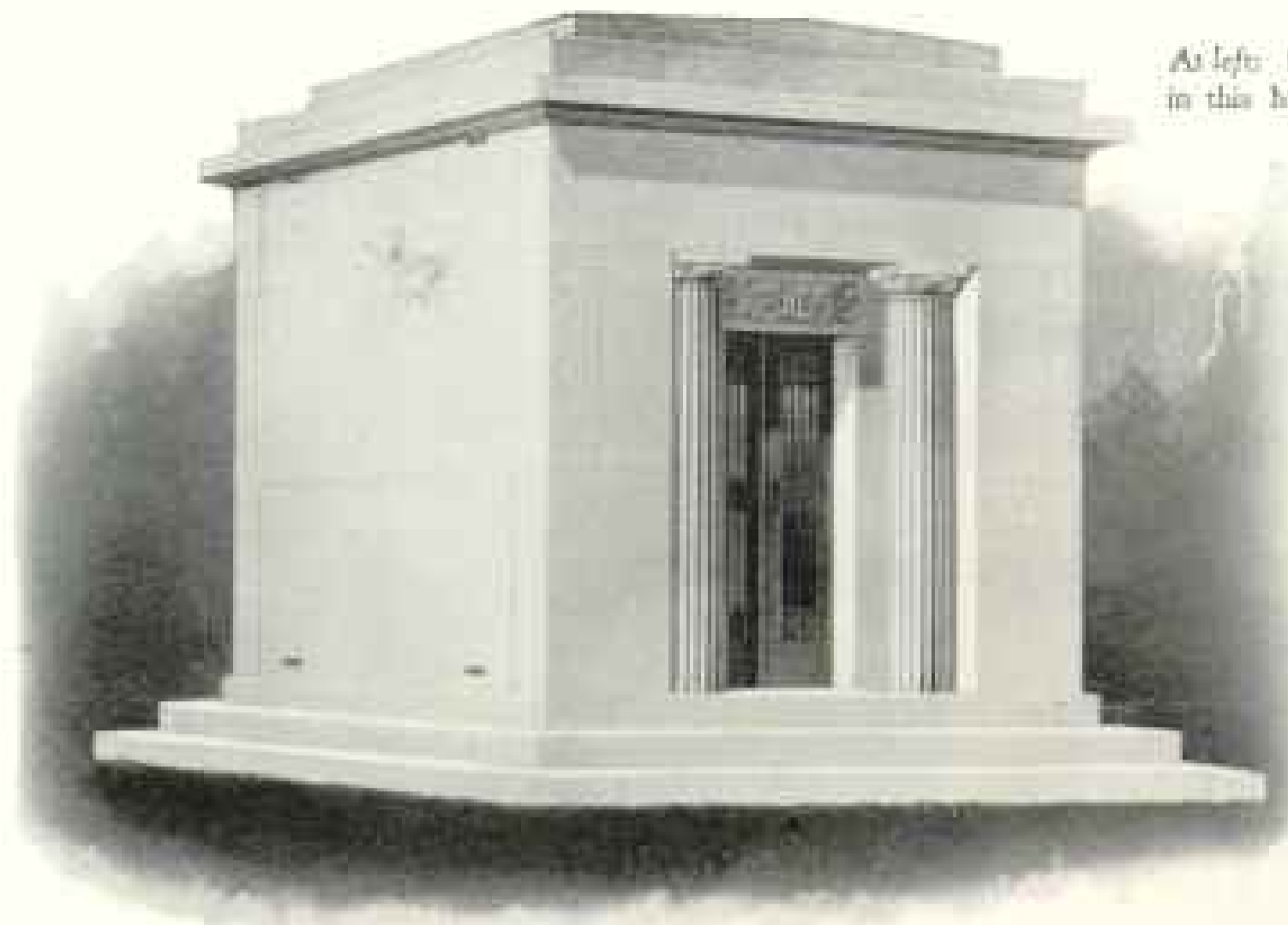
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Below: The Courtroom Monumental Urn is in Ashland, Ohio. Floor-seats and different!



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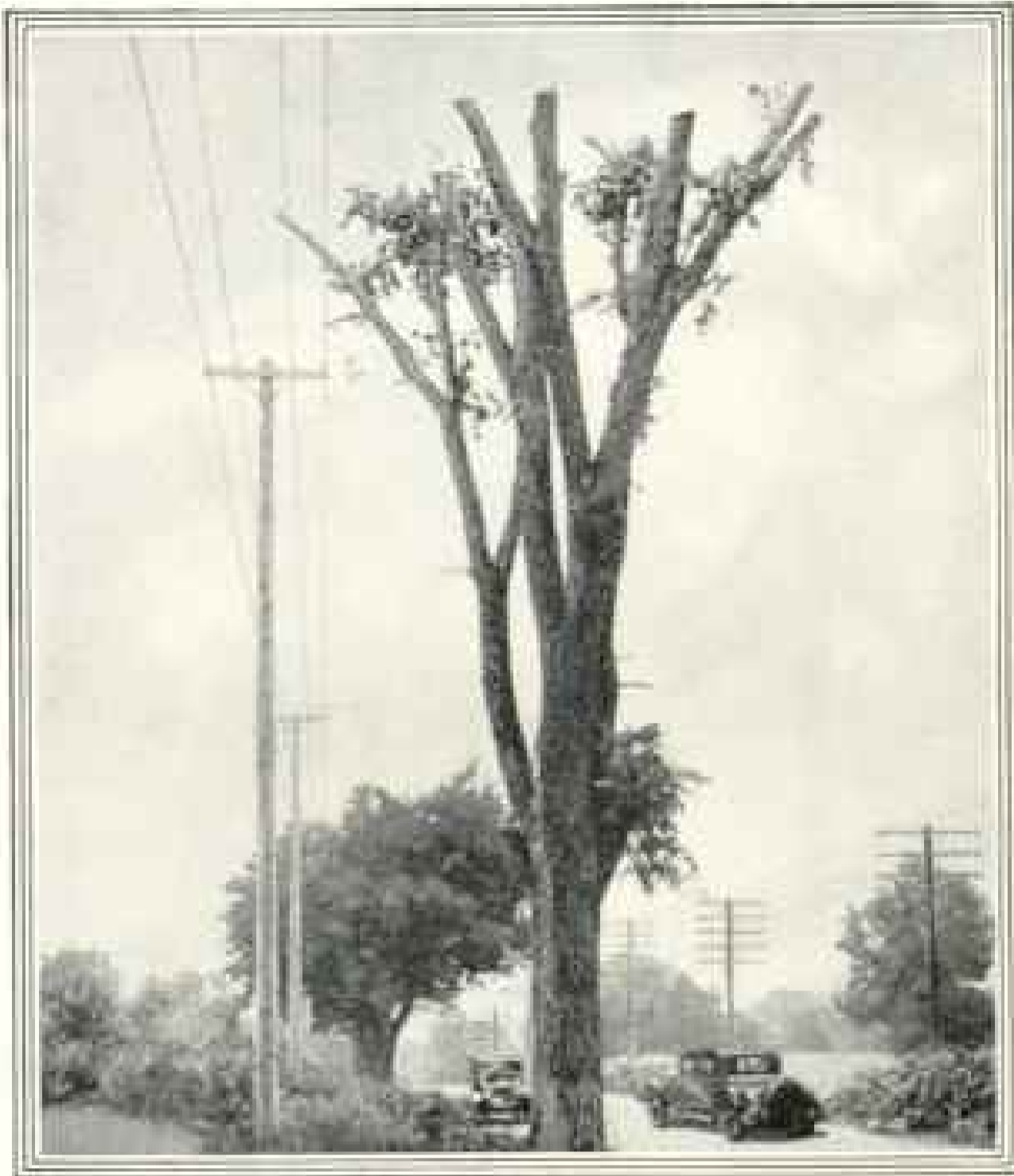


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HERE is a practical modern problem. We need the beauty and the shade of the trees on city streets and along the highways. The public has a right to the trees, because the public owns them.

On the other hand, we must have the wire companies and the indispensable service they render. These companies require a certain amount of necessary clearance of interfering branches, in order to give the public good and uninterrupted service.

Conscientious wire company officials have discovered that these apparently antagonistic problems can be reconciled. They really did not want to destroy the trees, or to defy public opinion, and they sought earnestly to find a way out. They found in Davey Tree Surgeons the answer to this vexing problem. As a result of the co-operation which has occurred up to date between many wire companies and The Davey Tree Expert Company, the following facts have been demonstrated.

The required clearance can be had without resorting to tree butchery—and tree butchery is always unnecessary and inexcusable. As a rule, the required clearance can be secured without cutting more than 10% to 25% as much as formerly. The cutting is confined wherever possible to small branches. The work is done by Davey Experts who make the cuts properly and treat the wounds. No climbing spurs are used to injure the trees irretrievably. Very often expert methods save important branches that would otherwise be cut. Trees with structural weaknesses are braced mechanically to protect both the trees and the wires.

Almost without exception the public is willing to permit this necessary cutting, when it is done by Davey Tree Surgeons, who do it properly and keep the cutting to the lowest minimum. Consequently public relations have been tremendously improved for the wire companies.

But the thing which has amazed the wire company officials is that this work, properly done, costs

little more and often less than by the old methods. They have found also that the subsequent cost for repeat work is even less, because in so many cases the trees are trained away from the wires.

Fortunate results so far achieved are a source of immense satisfaction to the Davey Company and will prove increasingly so to the wire companies and the public.

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We take the risk—but you. We undertake to please you . . . to win you in ten shaves. Won't you mail the coupon, please?

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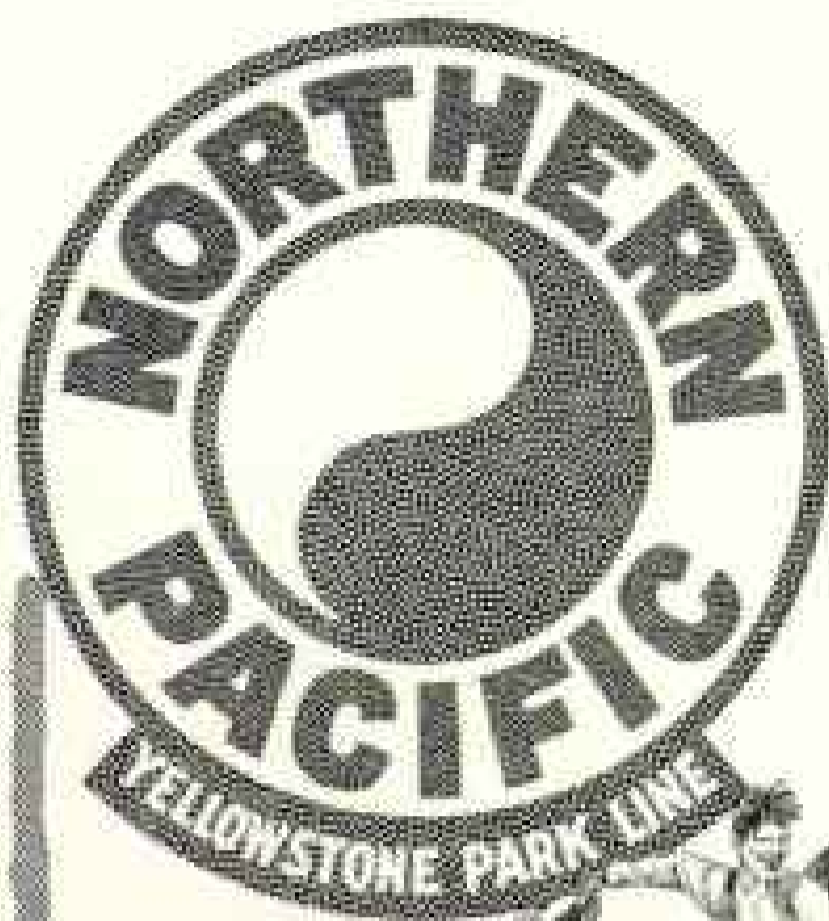
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Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1477, Palmolive, 1702 Iron St., Chicago, Ill. Residents of Wisconsin should address Palmolive, Milwaukee, Wis.

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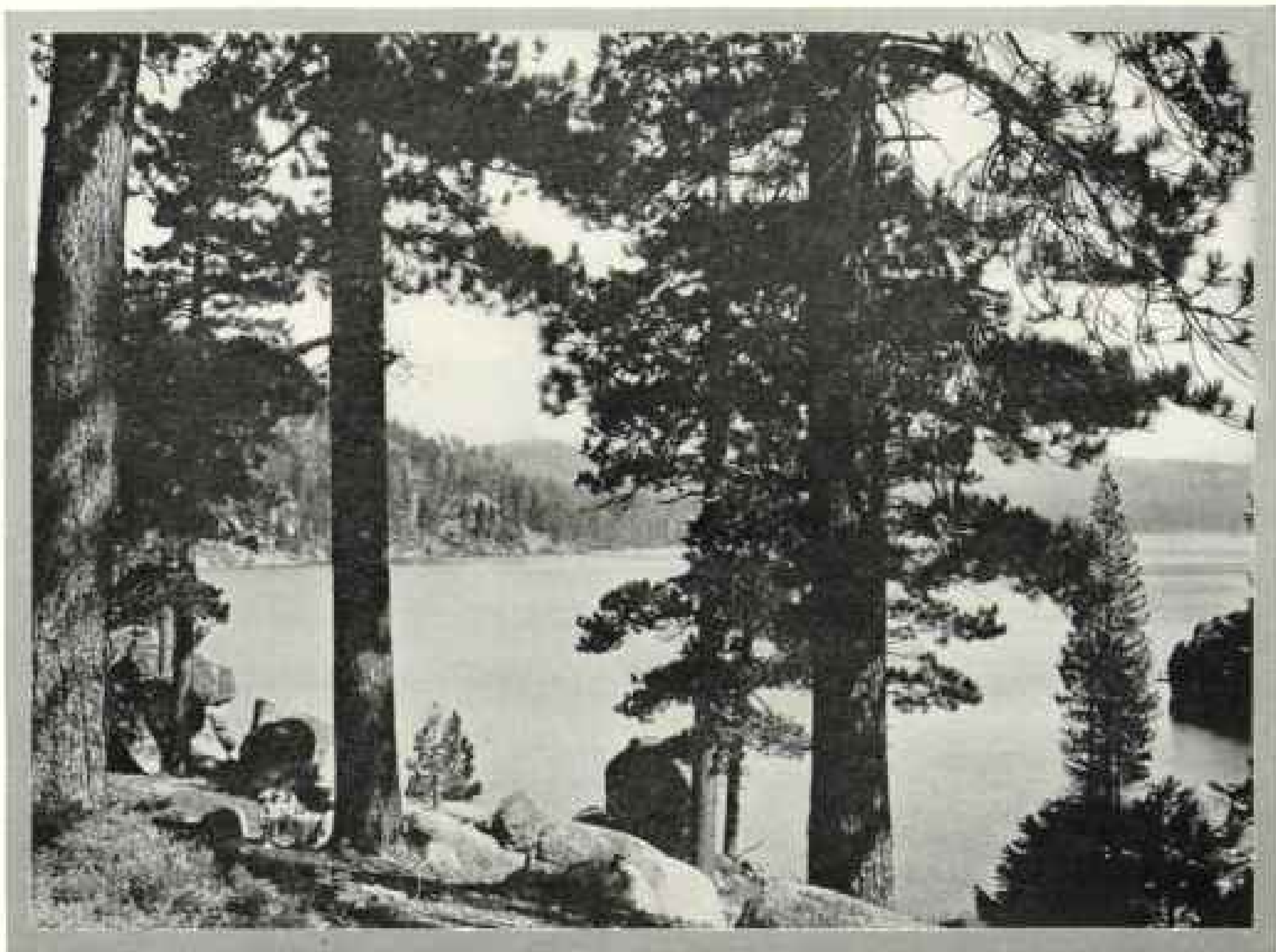


THERE'S A POINT THAT WRITES LIKE YOU

WAHL- EVERSHARP

PENS AND PENCILS

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Los Angeles City and County have each built splendid camps in the wilderness adjacent to Lake Big Bear

An amazing vacation land

WHAT you want to do and see most next summer awaits you right here in this strangely uncommon, luring Southern California vacation land. Los Angeles—Pacific Coast metropolis—is its capital. Every interest point is quickly accessible by motor, train or trolley. You will always be going somewhere.

A few miles away is the very center of 271 miles of Riviera-like seacoast with roomy, gently-sloping beaches close by. Mile-high mountains may be climbed by trail, trolley or motor. Westward is the gateway to the unforgettable glories of the High Sierra country. Fourteen peaks exceed 14,000 feet in height.

Drive through vast orange groves and you come to the giant San Bernardino mountains where the city and the country of Los Angeles have each built splendid camps far up in the wooded wildernesses ad-

jacent to Lakes Big Bear and Arrowhead. The scenically-magnificent "Rim of the World" drive is near by.

Los Angeles' growth, activity and metropolitan spirit are amazing. Los Angeles County is one of the nation's richest. Its agricultural products last year alone approximated \$95,000,000.

Motor over 5,000 miles of paved boulevards. Fish for tuna or upland trout. Camp in the desert or mountain wilds. Visit the Old Spanish Missions. Hear "Symphonies under the Stars" at Hollywood, the very heart of movie land. Endless new things to do and see.

Every day will prove *rainless*. But, bring your light wraps, for nights are cool and refreshing. *You will sleep under blankets.*



Make plans now to come next summer. Mail the coupon for an authentic 52-page vacation book.

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"A trip abroad in your own America"

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A CRITIC of our advertising observes caustically that we seem to be pretty well satisfied with our product. He said a trunkful!

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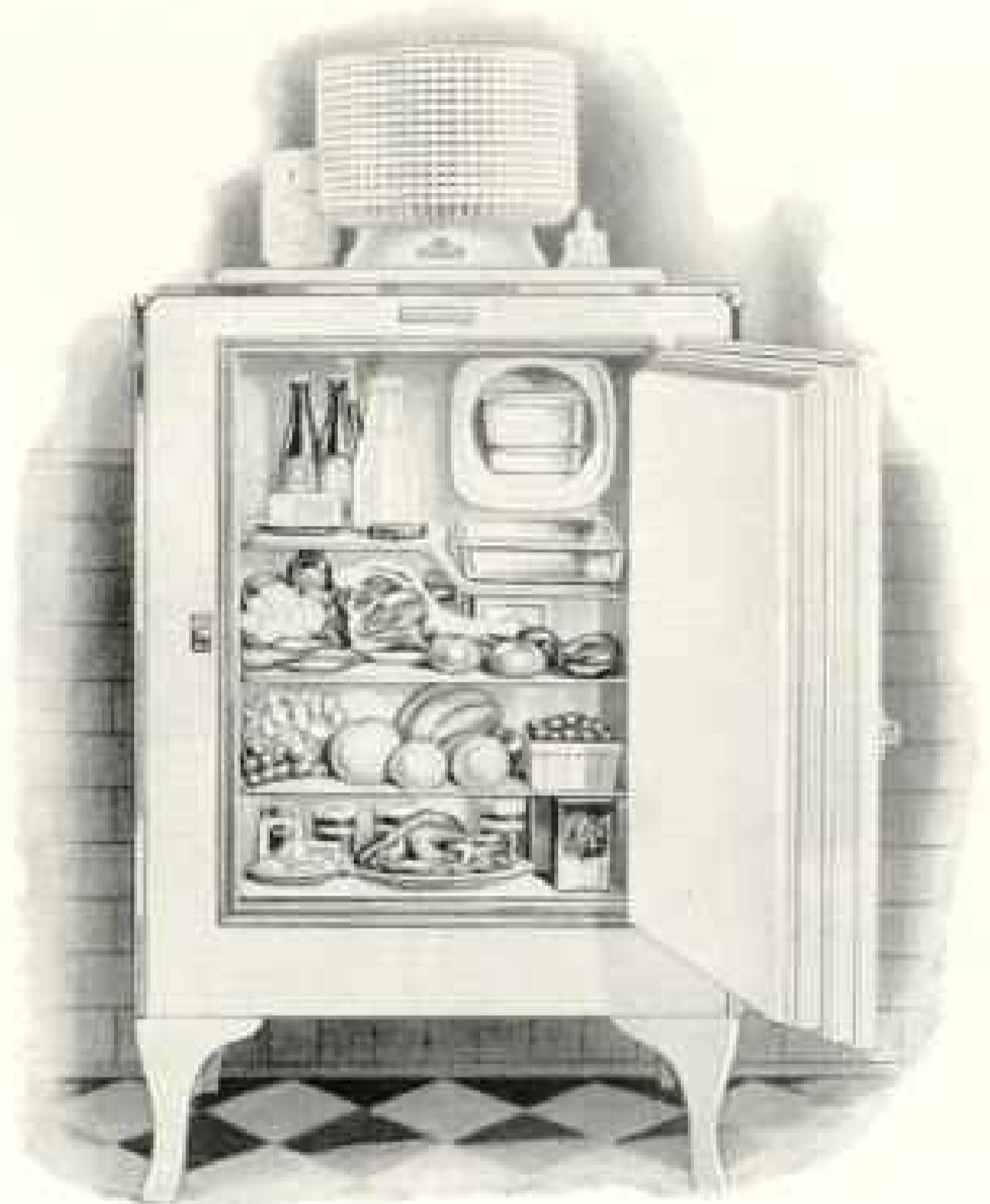
This small model has twelve square feet of food space

And this greater roominess is just one element of its greater value

JUST look at this model of the General Electric Refrigerator. It is called the seven cubic foot size, but that gives you no indication of its vast shelf area. It actually has twelve square feet of space for food. Visualize a shelf one foot wide and twelve feet long . . . that's the real size of this seemingly small refrigerator.

The compactness of the chilling chamber makes for this great roominess. It is scarcely larger than the two trays in which the gleaming ice cubes are made.

All the mechanism of the General Electric Refrigerator is enclosed in the air-tight steel casing inside the coils—hermetically sealed—with a permanent supply of oil. All work is *completed* in the factory, where it is tested and retested. No additional work is done when the refrigerator is installed. The unit is intact and is merely lowered into the top of the specially designed cabinet. There is no soldering or plumbing. It can be installed anywhere—plugged into any convenience outlet. Remarkable, too, is the absence of all belts, fans,



pipes and connections. You have already noticed that there isn't a bit of mechanism under the refrigerator . . . and there is none in the basement. All the models are up on legs—which makes cleaning under them so easy.

See these unusually quiet refrigerators. Compare them with all others. Remember that they are made and guaranteed by General Electric. And just drop us a card for Booklet R-4. It gives complete dimensions and specifications.

GENERAL ELECTRIC Refrigerator

Complete in ONE
Exquisite Volume

The Original
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Arabian Nights

The genuine Lane translation—complete, with the translator's famous notes on Oriental customs—is now offered in one luxurious volume instead of the four big books of the ordinary edition. For nearly a hundred years it has been universally accepted as the standard version of this gorgeous collection of Eastern tales. Those who have read two or three of these stories in simplified form will be amazed by the *real stories* (124 in all), which reveal the marvelous life of Baghdad in the golden age of the Caliphs and of Cairo under the Mamluk Sultans. Here, in one volume, is the whole astounding company of hot-hearted heroes, silken-velled beauties, ingenious thieves, preposterous liars, frightful gnomes, diabolic sorcerers, tyrannical Sultans, passionate lovers.

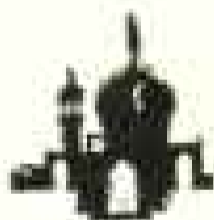
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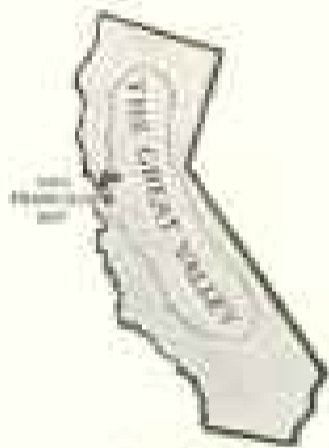
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\$90.30 Summer round trip
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THE picture at the top of this page is Yosemite. You can go there from San Francisco any week-end. Half a million people visit this magnificent National Park annually—and California has three more—Lassen, General Grant and Sequoia—besides hundreds of other wonderlands that you should see this summer.

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Wouldn't you like to have a thousand miles of snowy Sierras—a thousand miles of ocean shore and white beaches—groves of Giant Redwoods—vast recreation areas in National Forests—summer homes and camping—your choice of all this, and more, *every* week-end in the year? When your own home is in or near the cosmopolitan life of San Francisco, you can!

You will find San Francisco as busy a city as you know anywhere. And you should see this side of the picture—the vast shipping, distributing, commercial and manufacturing activities that

keep us supplied with the means to enjoy these opportunities for better living that surround us.

Come and See

Take advantage of low summer fares or excellent transcontinental highways and see California for yourself this year. For only \$18 more you can make the great swing around the scenic West and take in the whole Pacific Coast. You will find that out here the things you most enjoy in life are easier to reach.

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In this fast-growing state opportunities are opening every day for new families with enough ability and capital to get ahead anywhere else. Californians Inc., a *non-profit* organization devoted to the sound upbuilding of the state, will help you plan your trip. Write today for the 48-page illustrated booklet "California, Where Life is Better"—sent free on request. Fill in and mail coupon.

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The rich, mysterious music of the East

SCHEHERAZADE speaks. . . . It is a tale of marvels, to beguile her lord. She tells of Sinbad and the magic isles . . . horses with brazen feet, and men of steel . . . sultans and princesses; *houris* and turbaned slaves. Color, warmth, rhythm, the very perfumes of the Orient breathe in her artful words.

From the ancient collection of tales known as the *Arabian Nights*, Rimsky-Korsakoff drew inspiration for some of the most vivid and exotic music ever written. His *Scheherazade Suite* is a marvelous arabesque of orchestral color, brilliantly imaginative, technically fine. Three generations of music-lovers have delighted in it. It should be in every musical library.

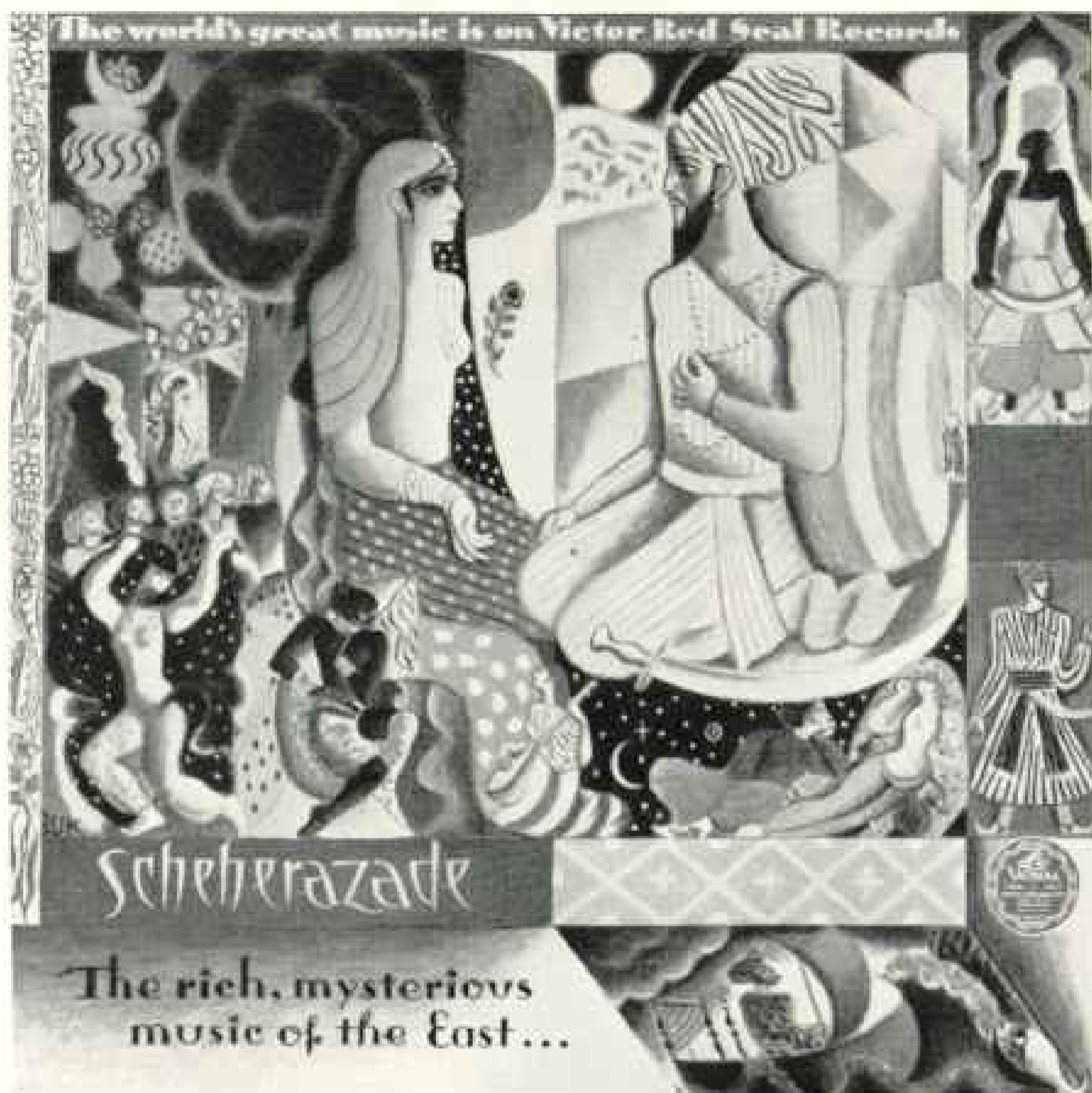
The *Scheherazade Suite* has been

recorded by Leopold Stokowski and the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. It is available in a special album, with an explanatory booklet. In it, Victor's Orthophonic process has preserved both the full splendor of the music itself and the subtlety and vigor of its interpretation.

The nearest Victor dealer will gladly play you the *Scheherazade Suite*, or any of the beautiful new Victor recordings, by the foremost artists and orchestras. Each one is a musical experience. . . . Write today for the free illustrated booklet, "*A Musical Galaxy*," with foreword by Leopold Stokowski—a commentary upon six of the greatest moments in music.

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VICTOR



THE ballet *Scheherazade* was written by Rimsky-Korsakoff in 1888. It is based upon unconnected episodes from the *Arabian Nights*, scattered through all four movements of the suite—the sea and Sinbad's ship, the fantastic narrative of Prince Kalender, the Prince and the Princess, the Bagdad

festival, and the ship dashing against the rock with the bronze rider upon it. The composer himself described it as "a kaleidoscope of fairy-tale images and designs of oriental character." The above interpretative painting is by the well-known American artist, Eduard Buk Ulrich.

Red Seal RECORDS



Obviously safe with teeth so glistening white **YET..**



PYORRHEA

gets 4 out of 5

UNDER the stress and strain of modern living, of too much work and too little rest, health breaks down. It surrenders to a foe that never fights in the open—the disease of neglect (Pyorrhea).

Even though teeth may be ever so white, Pyorrhea takes its toll. It ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. And as a result, 4 persons out of 5, after forty, and thousands younger, are Pyorrhea's victims. According to figures of well-known dental clinics, this percentage is even higher.

What unfair odds! For with a little care you can keep teeth white and clean and gums healthy. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums semi-annually. And today, start the regular morning and night use of Forhan's.

Gently and safely, this dentifrice cleans teeth and restores their natural whiteness. Also it protects them against acids which cause decay.

And, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them sound and healthy. As you know, healthy gums resist the attack of dangerous infections such as Pyorrhea.



This dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Astringent, used by dentists in the treatment of gum infections.

Instead of waiting for warning signs, for gums to bleed and recede from teeth, for teeth to loosen, take these precautionary measures to safeguard health. Start using Forhan's. Morning and night brush teeth and gums with it. Teach your children this good habit. Get Forhan's from your druggist today. In tubes—35c and 60c. Forhan Company, New York.

Make This 10 Day Test

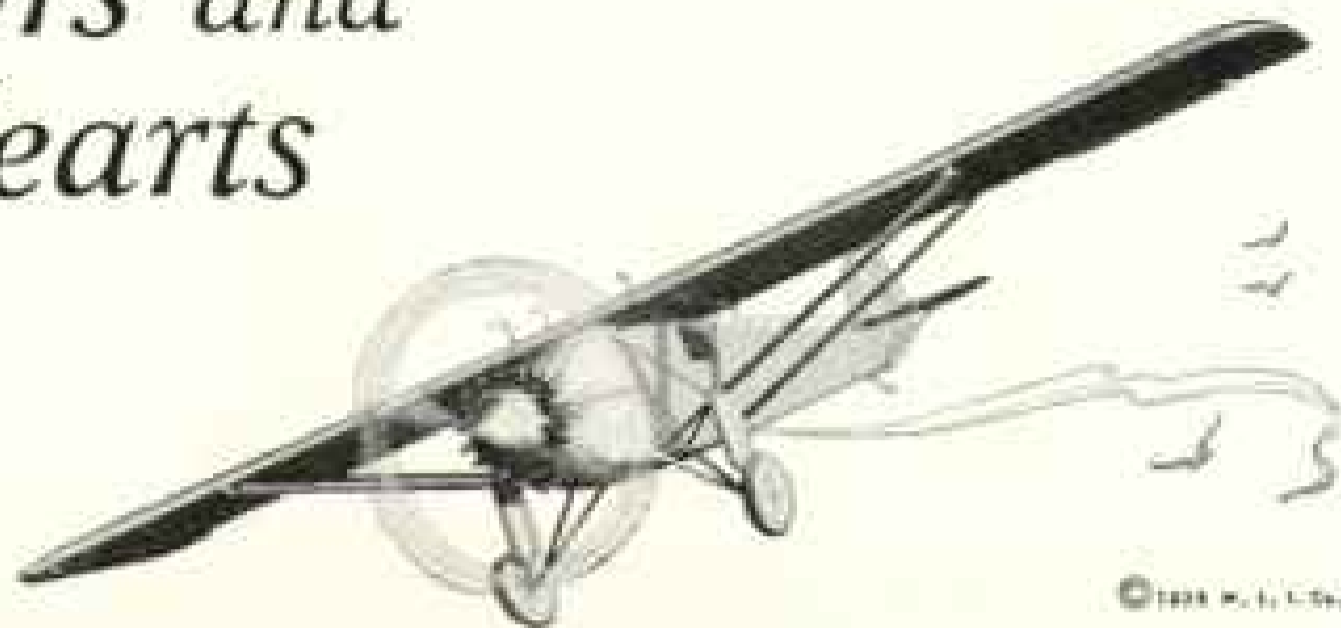
Lazy, lethargic gums invite disease. And the only way to keep them firm, sound and healthy is to massage them daily just as a woman massages her face to keep it glowing with youth and free from the signs of age. Forhan's for the Gums is designed for gum massaging. Make this 10 day test. Morning and night, before brushing your teeth with Forhan's, exercise your gums, closely following the directions in the booklet that comes with each tube . . . See how much better they look and feel!
Your Teeth Are Only As Healthy As Your Gums

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Metal Motors and Human Hearts

Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.



© 1924 W. L. L. Co.

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint.

Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis,

and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and from many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guess work. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.

Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.

The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One

out of every seven who dies from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.

Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Strong Hearts" which sets forth the principal facts about this disease. It may be the means of saving you from serious trouble. A copy will be mailed free by our booklet department. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.



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METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

SALMAGUNDI



The Social Side of Easter

Friendships grow brighter with Easter—the season of rejoicing—the time when thoughts for others spring naturally to mind. Remember your friends with Salmagundi—the chocolates that convey a message.

Salmagundi is a genial merry-maker—a boon companion in festive gatherings—a center of attraction.

This art-metal box of chocolates, with its unusual name, is a social lion among candy-lovers, eclipsed in favor only by the famous Sampler.

Your appreciation of your hostess could not be more gracefully expressed than

with a gift of Salmagundi. And sending Salmagundi through the post, to a friend at a distance, is to bestow one of life's pleasant little thrills.

One and two-pound sizes, with special wrap for Easter. The Whitman Agent near you will mail Salmagundi for you, if you wish.

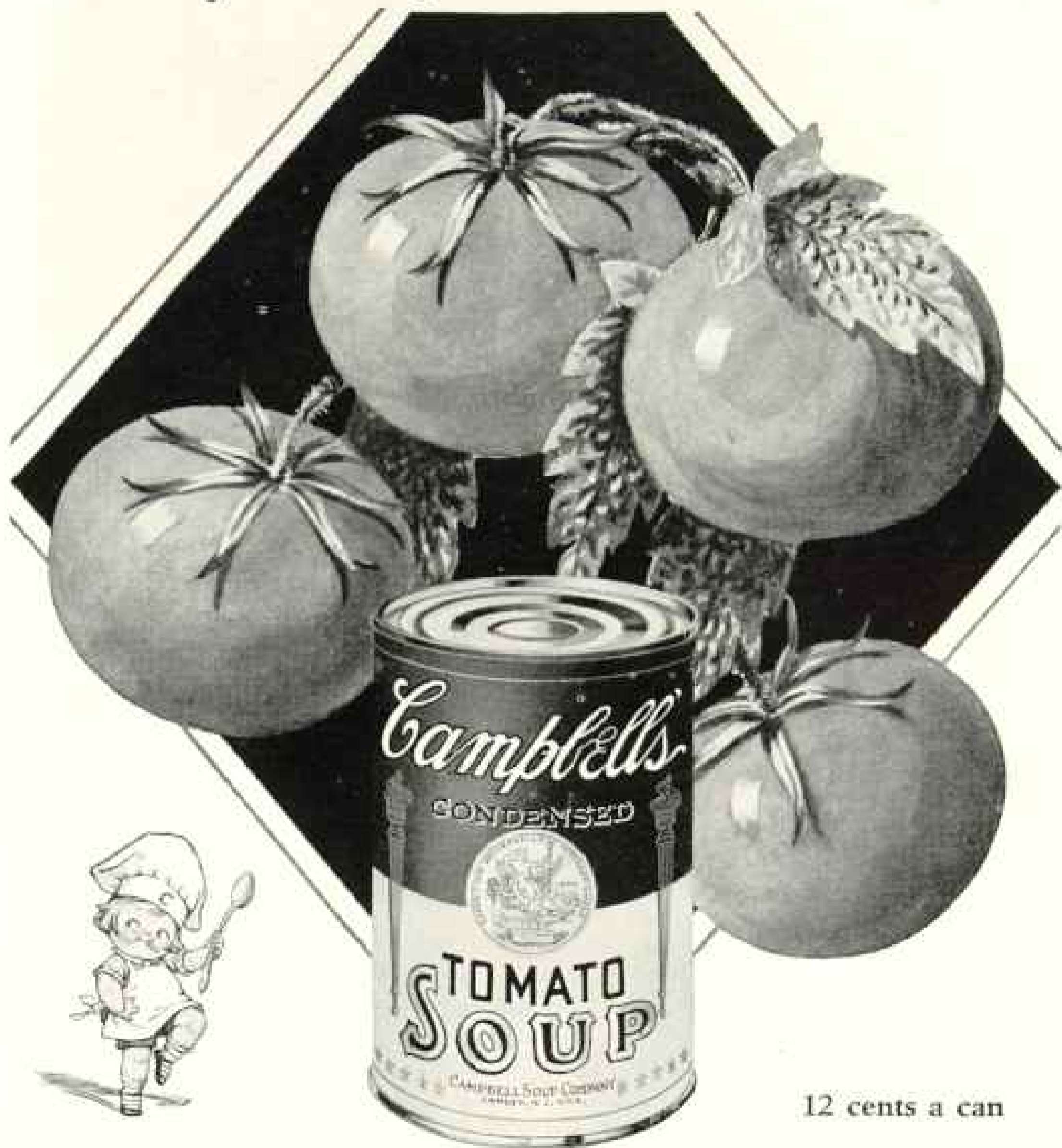
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Whitman's
Chocolates



TOMATO SOUP

as only Campbell's can make it!



12 cents a can

Every country has its own special foods and dishes which are its pride. They express its genius. They win fame abroad.

Campbell's make tomato soup of such unique, individual deliciousness that it is the favorite soup of the United States, and known and liked throughout the world.

Americans arriving in foreign seaports recognize in the familiar Red-and-White Label an old friend from home.

To the foreigner, soup of such high quality and fresh garden flavor, made thousands of miles away, yet ready for her table in a few minutes, is a revelation of progressive, inventive America.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET



In the Day's Work

*An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company*



The Mississippi was rising sullenly—ripping jagged crevasses in even the most stoutly built levees, inundating wide areas of farm lands, making thousands homeless.

At one of the many towns facing the crisis, a break came spreading ruin through the streets. A government steamer rescued 900 refugees, but the four telephone operators refused to forsake their posts. The telephone company notified the operators that they were not expected to stay. Friends warned them to leave at once. They decided to remain on duty, and the exchange was the only thing in town that continued to carry on.

The world hears little of "the spirit of service" until times of emergency and disaster... when a flood on the Mississippi or in New England, a storm in Florida or St. Louis commands the attention of the whole nation. But behind the scenes this spirit is always present. Each hour of every day, telephone calls of life or death importance speed over the wires of the nation-wide system, and telephone users confidently rely upon the loyalty and devotion to duty of the men and women who make this service possible.

"Get the message through." That is the daily work of the more than 310,000 Bell System employees.



“Give me the facts”



Digging out investment facts for yourself is a worrisome, time-taking job even though you have knowledge of dependable sources. When you buy a bond recommended by The National City Company you may be sure that all the essential facts which justify the Company's own confidence in that investment are readily available to you. Through National City offices in over fifty American cities you can get up-to-date facts on your present holdings or on a variety of desirable new bond offerings.

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices: Albany, Atlanta, Atlantic City, Baltimore, Boston, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Dallas, Devonport, Denver, Detroit, Hartford, Houston, Indianapolis, Jacksonville, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Louisville, Memphis, Miami, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, Newark, New Orleans, Oakland, Omaha, Pasadena, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Portland, Me., Portland, Ore., Providence, Rochester, St. Louis, Saint Paul, San Diego, San Francisco, Scranton, Seattle, Tacoma, Toledo, Washington, Wilkes-Barre, Montreal, Toronto, London, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Geneva, Tokio, Shanghai



*A personal
ambassador
for travelers
in Europe ~*

BUSY among the milling throngs at foreign ports, platforms and frontier points, you will see the kindly, energetic representative of the American Express.

He is specially detailed to assist bewildered travelers. Foreign customs, currencies, time-tables are baffling obstacles to the uninitiated abroad. The routing of baggage, selection of hotels, etc., can puzzle the most experienced of travelers. To the American Express representative they are simple details.

His courteous, intelligent help has often proved a blessing to thousands of travelers in times of need. *Your* automatic introduction to him is your

*American Express
Travelers Cheques*

These sky-blue travel funds have enjoyed the confidence and support of travelers for almost two generations. Their currency value, their safety and negotiability are firmly established. But it is the added factor of Personal Service—perfected by long years of experience—which gives them their unique value.

Issued in denominations of
\$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100

Cost 75c for each \$100

For sale at 22,000 banks, American Express and American Railway Express offices. Helpful, personal service *PLUS* money insurance are *yours* when you purchase the sky-blue

*Safe anywhere
Spensible everywhere*

**AMERICAN
EXPRESS**
Travelers Cheques

[*Steamship tickets, hotel reservations,
itineraries, cruises and tours planned and
booked to any part of the world by the
American Express Travel Department*]

ALL EXPRESS CHEQUES ARE BLUE

New **LOWER
PRICES**

\$ **670**
and upwards

Utmost in Motor Car Value

The whole world knows how Chrysler has won public preference in every price field because of vital developments in performance, appearance, comfort, dependability and long life.

And now this leadership becomes more emphatic than ever by Chrysler's new sensational low prices and new sensational values.

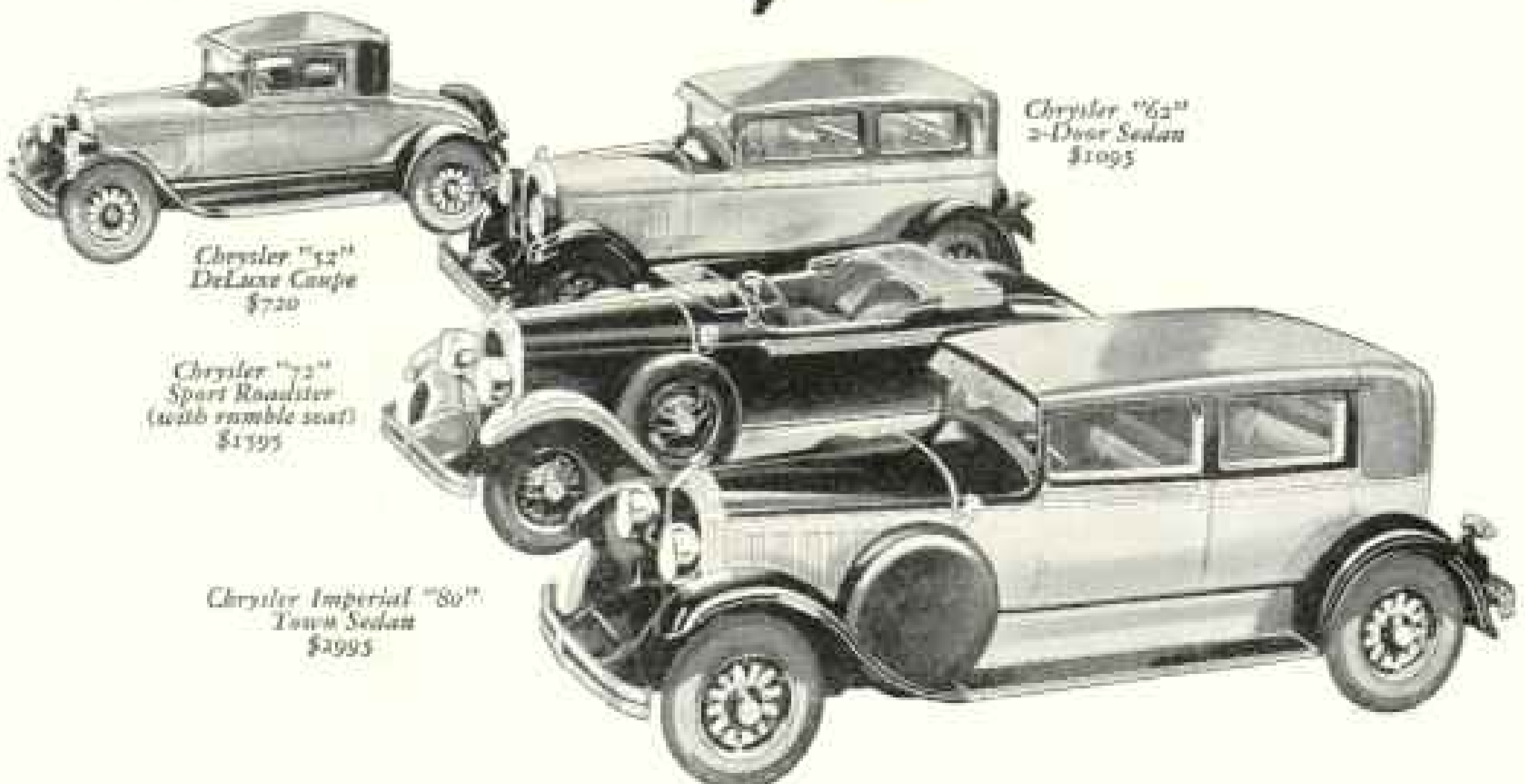
See the new Chrysler models—"52," "62," "72" and Imperial "80"—now priced from \$670 upwards. Study them in closest detail and note how far they are in advance of

all competition. Then make any test you wish, yourself at the wheel. The more exacting your requirements, the more certain your choice of a Chrysler.

New Chrysler "52"—Seven body styles, \$670 to \$790. Great New Chrysler "62"—Seven body styles, \$1065 to \$1235. Illustrious New Chrysler "72"—Seven body styles, \$1545 to \$1795. New 112 h. p. Chrysler Imperial "80"—Fourteen custom body styles by Chrysler, Dietrich, Locke and LeBaron, \$2795 to \$6795.

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. Chrysler dealers are in a position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

Chrysler

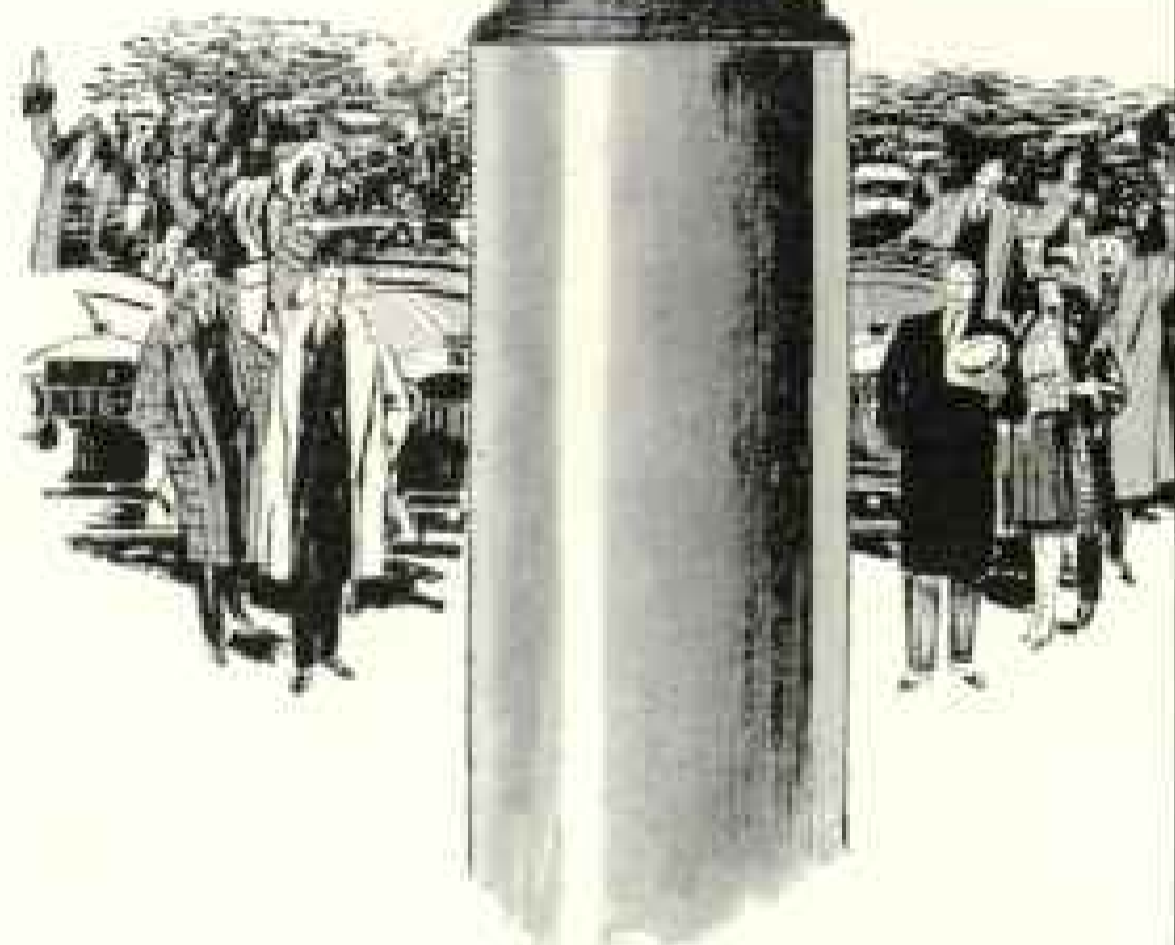


*Chrysler "52"
DeLuxe Coupe
\$720*

*Chrysler "72"
Sport Roadster
(with rumble seat)
\$1795*

*Chrysler Imperial "80"
Town Sedan
\$2995*

*Chrysler "62"
2-Door Sedan
\$1095*



Facts about Ethyl Gasoline

ETHYL GASOLINE was developed by General Motors Research to provide a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines.

It is formed by adding Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound ("ETHYL" fluid) to selected motor gasoline in an amount sufficient to utilize the higher compression created by carbon deposits or advanced engine design.

"ETHYL" fluid is a concentrated liquid containing tetra-ethyl lead which has the property of controlling the combustion rate of gasoline. It is a patented product.

Ethyl Gasoline is colored red for identification. The color has nothing whatever to do with its performance. It takes more than dye to make "anti-knock" gasoline.

Ethyl Gasoline increases the performance of any automobile engine—whatever its compression—whatever the climate or other driving conditions.

If your car is designed to operate on ordinary gasoline, the use of Ethyl Gasoline will:

Eliminate "that knock" and power loss.

Make carbon deposits a source of extra power. For carbon increases compression and Ethyl Gasoline is the high compression fuel.

Give a smoother and better pulling engine, particularly on hills and heavy roads.

Reduce gear-shifting and increase acceleration, thereby making traffic driving easier.

Cut down vibration, thereby reducing engine wear and tear and depreciation.

Save you the expense of carbon removal and other repairs caused by "knocking" and carbon formation.

Give more power per gallon for your fuel bills—and more mileage as compression is increased by carbon deposits.

If your car is a high compression car, just remember that Ethyl Gasoline made it possible and its use is necessary to obtain maximum performance.

Ethyl Gasoline is the yardstick by which other gasolines are measured.

More than a million are riding with **ETHYL**

IT took seven years to develop Ethyl Gasoline—but it took only months for the motoring public to discover its advantages.

Today more than a million car owners are riding with Ethyl. They are enjoying a new standard of engine performance—more power on hills and heavy roads, faster pick-up, reduced gear-shifting, a cooler, smoother motor under all driving conditions. And to the owners of the new high compression automobiles, Ethyl is giving a still bigger thrill.

The price of Ethyl Gasoline is simply the price of good gasoline, plus the few extra pennies the Ethyl ingredient costs. Look for the "ETHYL" trade-mark on the pump.

**ETHYL GASOLINE
CORPORATION**

25 Broadway, New York City

ETHYL GASOLINE

“Never before
such beauty and quality
for so little money”

John H. Willys
President,
The Willys-Chrysler Company.



\$585

4-Door Sedan



\$545

The Cabriolet Coupe

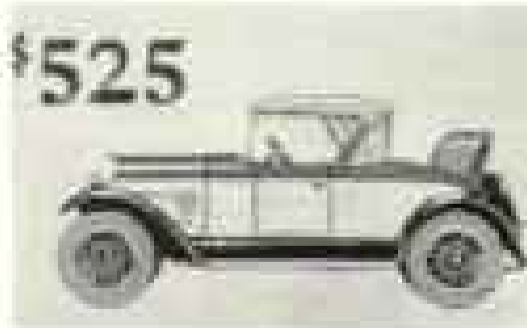
Only Whippet
HAS ALL THESE FEATURES
Full Force-Feed Lubrication—Silent
Timing Chain—Gas Tank at Rear—
Big 4-wheel Brakes—Balloon Tires and
Snubbers—Adjustable Steering Wheel
—Single Plate Clutch—Banjo-type Rear
Axle with removable Shaft—Longer
Connecting Rods—Interchangeable
Chadwick-Type Main Bearings—Mod-
ern Hotchkiss Drive—Tryon Shackles
—Long Semi-elliptic springs with all
leaves of chrome vanadium steel.

*Prices f. o. b. factory and specifications
subject to change without notice*



\$535

The Coupe



\$525

The Roadster



\$455

The Touring

The
Perfect
Whippet



IT'S WORTH A GLANCE

*Look at the florist's window
for the F. T. D. guarantee
of satisfactory delivery of
satisfactory flowers*



WHEN you order flowers for out-of-city delivery, from a florist who displays the F. T. D. emblem, do so in complete confidence that the flowers you want will be sent exactly *where* you want them and exactly *when* you want them delivered.

The F. T. D. emblem immediately identifies the florist as a member of the Florists Telegraph Delivery Association—

an organization of more than four thousand bonded florists in the United States and Canada. . . . The acceptance of your order by a member of this organization is your definite guarantee of its satisfactory delivery, because in each case the recipient of the flowers at the distant point is given a printed bond of satisfaction.

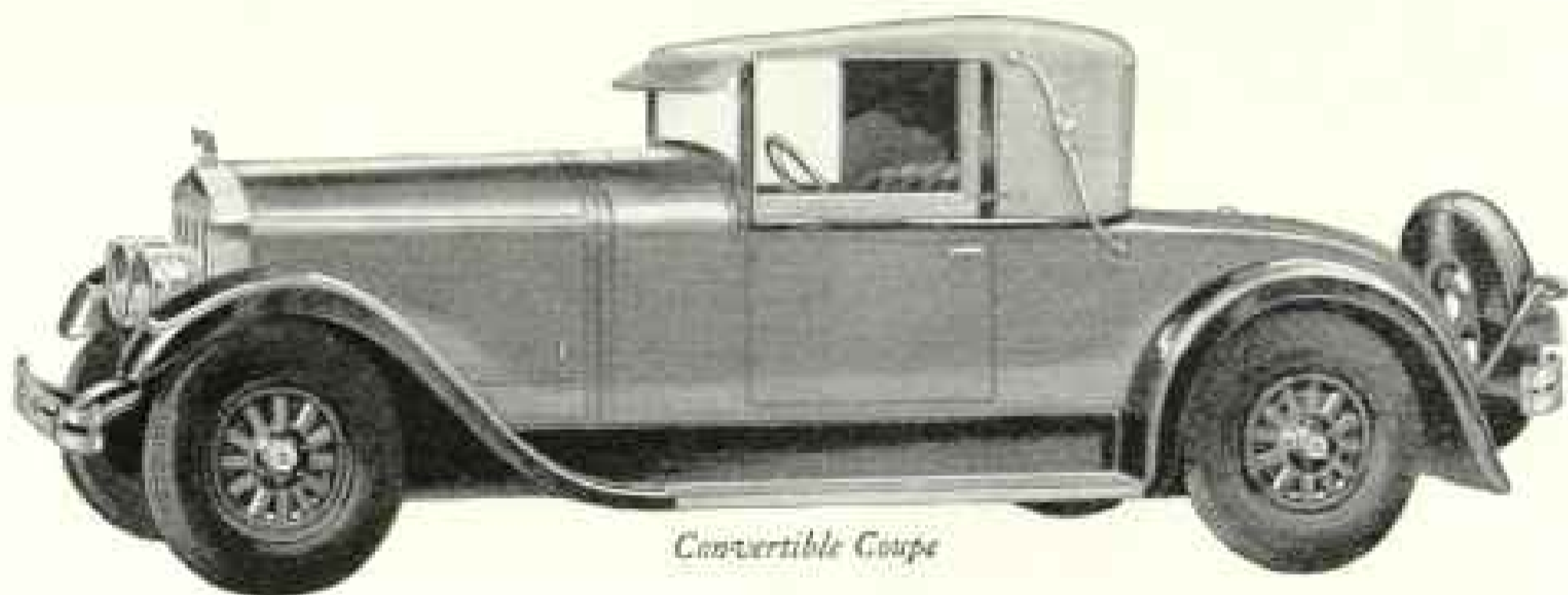
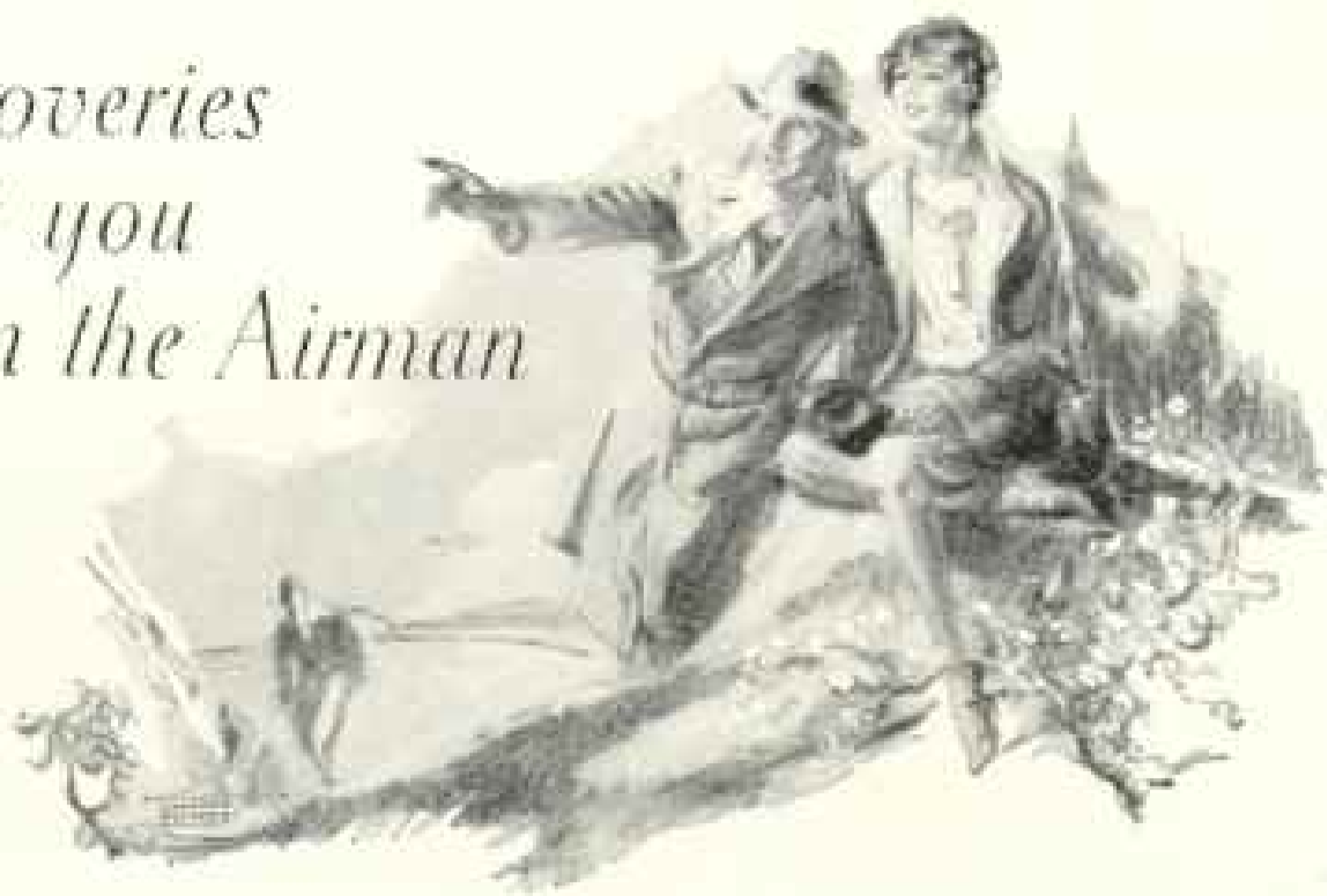


You can telegraph flowers anywhere, any time. You will find an F. T. D. florist in almost *every* American community. His bonded connections through the F. T. D. extend clear around the globe.

Look for the F. T. D. "Winged Mercury" on the florist's window next time. It's worth a glance to be sure that you get the bonded protection of F. T. D. service . . . for the F. T. D. florist who proudly displays this sign knows that it is an emblem of FAITH . . . TRUTH . . . and DETERMINATION to satisfy.

Say it with Flowers BY WIRE WITH SAFETY

*New discoveries
await you
in the Airman*



Convertible Coupe

THIS year—more than ever before—automobile buyers realize that if a car is to be out-of-the-ordinary, it must be built specifically to achieve that distinction.

Aviation's spectacular endorsement of air-cooling affords the latest indication that Franklin possesses exclusive superiorities in performance. The powerful Airman motor has the zooming pickup of the airplane. A touch of the accelerator sends the car dashing ahead, eager to display its flashing ability. Road emergencies are always met with a liberal reserve of power.

And the exclusiveness of the Airman's motor extends equally to the car's handling, riding comfort and beauty. High speed can be maintained for hours on end—

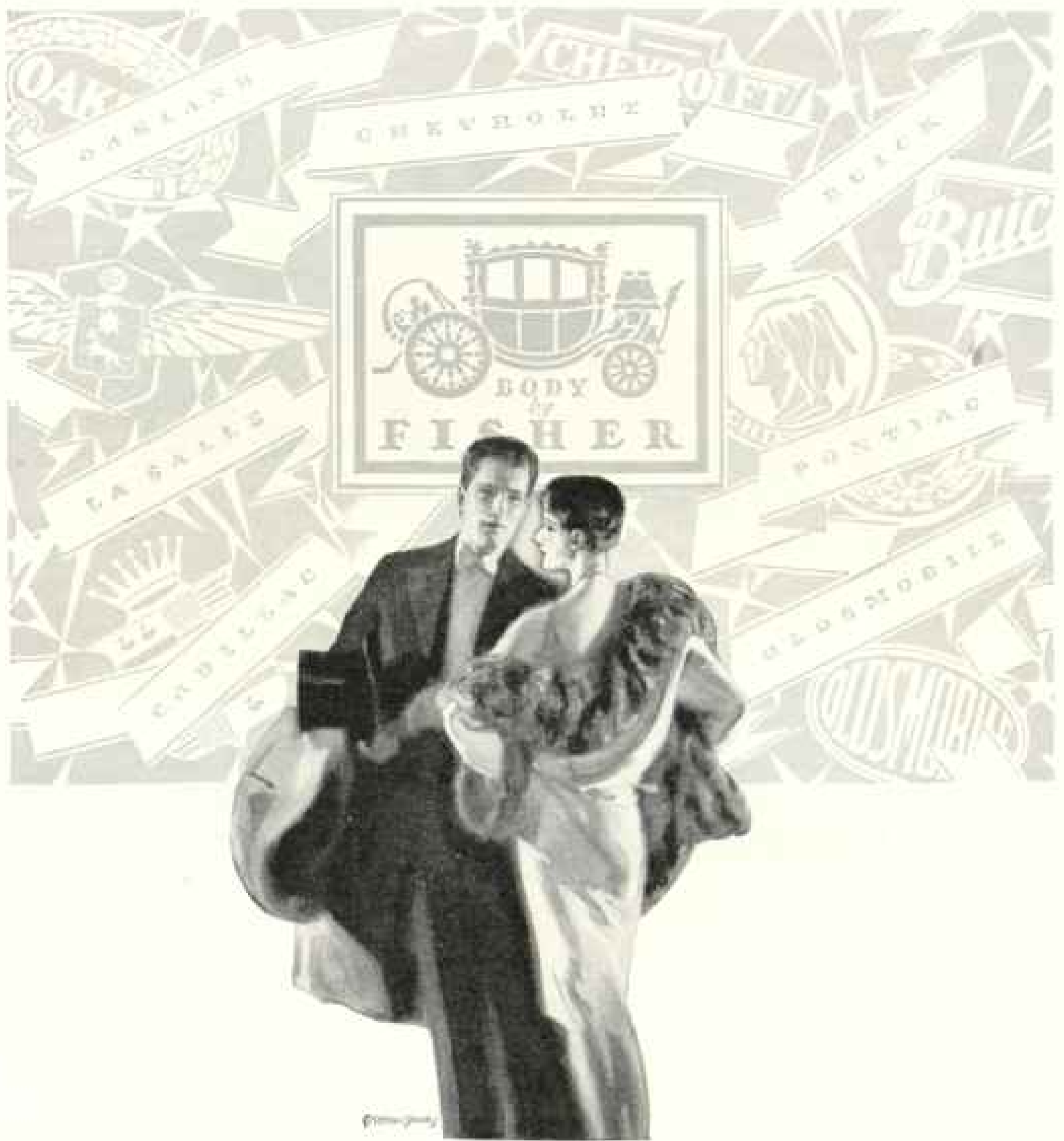
with no overheating or injury to the motor—and with absolute comfort for driver and passengers. Balancing this speed are synchronized, 4-wheel, hydraulic brakes to assure positive action and utmost security at all times. Scientific light-weight construction and Franklin's unique spring suspension make for a fuller, more restful riding comfort over all roads.

There are now thousands of experienced motorists ready to advise you not to select your next car, until you have ridden in "the most comfortable mile-a-minute car ever built"—and investigated the favorable terms on which Airman ownership may be arranged.

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, SYRACUSE

Airman Series

FRANKLIN



EVERYWHERE you go, note how the cars with Fisher Bodies stand out. This year, even more than in previous years it is perfectly plain that the most beautiful cars in every price class are those with Body by Fisher. It is equally obvious that the cars which offer greatest *investment value* are precisely those cars whose bodies are the product of Fisher artistry, Fisher craftsmanship and Fisher's unrivaled resources

Weather Dull . . . Cloudy?

Don't let that change your plans

Rain or shine . . . indoors or out . . . Everyone can make good pictures with the Modern Kodak



BE prepared to change your past ideas about photography. A new realm of picture-making opportunities is open to you now.

If the day is dull or cloudy . . . go right ahead and take the picture.

If it's indoors . . . the kind of picture you never previously dared to make . . . forget your fears and "click" the shutter.

For today your Kodak's usefulness has multiplied many times. These favorite subjects, once so difficult, are simple pictures now. A remarkable development in the manufacture of lenses has brought this great change about.

Here's the Reason

This wonderful improvement in the art of taking pictures is made possible by faster lenses on Kodaks of moderate price.

Thus the photographic day is lengthened for those using the Modern Kodaks.

For example, on the \$20 1A Pocket Kodak is now supplied a lens that in 1925 was not available on any camera selling for less than \$40. Now you can take good "snap-shots" in dull and cloudy weather that would have been impossible a short time ago.

You can even take them in the rain . . . or indoors under favorable light conditions. It's no longer necessary to have your subject in direct sunlight.

Sports in the shade . . . traffic during the rain . . . children inside the house . . . pictures you never hoped to make are easy to snap with a Modern Kodak.

Easy now—to make good pictures

The Modern Kodak is simplicity itself. Everything possible has been made automatic. Things to adjust have been reduced to a minimum.

On many Kodaks you'll find a simple "Exposure Guide"—a wonderful feature, created by Eastman Scientists, which practically does your thinking

for you. It instantly shows you the correct speed and lens opening to suit any light conditions. Helps avoid mistakes . . . takes the guesswork out of making pictures.

In addition, Kodak film in the familiar yellow box is dependably uniform. It has speed and wide latitude. Which simply means that it reduces the danger of under- and over-exposure. It gets the picture.

Be sure to Keep your Kodak handy

Look around you! Everywhere you go you'll find picture-making opportunities. Spring sports. Friends, neighbors, children. Adventure, travel, romance. There's no need now to miss a single picture opportunity—no need to wait for sunny days, or Summer suns, or "right" hours.

Step up to the nearest Kodak counter and see these modern cameras. Find out how modern science has simplified the making of pictures. You can start at once . . . today, tomorrow . . . making just the photographs you want wherever and whenever they "happen."

If you would like to receive an interesting and informative booklet about these Modern Kodak improvements, mail the coupon.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. N.G-4, Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me about the Modern Kodaks.

Name

Address

City

Sunset Trail of Padre and Conquistador is the SUNSET ROUTE of today

SUNSET ROUTE of today with its "Sunset Limited," famed round the world, and its "Argonaut," another fine train daily, follows the Sunset Trail of yesterday—pathway of the Spanish friars, grim-visaged captains and early-day explorers.

Anza, with the colonists who founded San Francisco, trod that path in 1776. Every mile is historically significant. Every mile is scenically interesting. The old life and the new—prehistoric structures, crumbling Missions, typical western ranches and virile modern development crowd for attention.

You can board comfortable Southern Pacific steamship at New York for New Orleans, "100 golden hours at sea" (berth and meals included on steamer). Or cross the Old South to New Orleans by rail. Tarry in New Orleans, picturesque city that has lived under five flags. Thence continue across Louisiana, Texas with its Magic Valley of the lower Rio Grande, the picturesque Southwest (with its Apache Trail Highway of Arizona—a recommended one-day side-trip by motor stage), and on into California via Phoenix and famous Salt River and Imperial Valleys.



Old Spain brought civilization into the American Southwest with sword and cross. Her crumbling Missions, built from one to two centuries ago, dot the Sunset Route from San Antonio (near to San Francisco).

over anywhere. In addition to Sunset Route:

GOLDEN STATE ROUTE, the direct line via Kansas City between Chicago and Los Angeles, San Diego and Santa Barbara. Operating daily the fast "Golden State Limited," one of the fine trains of America, the "Apache" and the "Californian."

OVERLAND ROUTE (Lake Tahoe Line), straight across the mid-continent, Chicago to San Francisco via Ogden, across Great Salt Lake by rail, over the Sierra Nevada, past Donner Lake and American River Canyon. Operating daily the "San Francisco Overland Limited," unsurpassed for speed and appointments; the "Gold Coast Limited" and the "Pacific Limited."

SHASTA ROUTE, to San Francisco via Portland, for travelers via northern lines. Operating daily the "Cascade," a train of unusual appointments, the "Shasta," the "Oregonian" and the "West Coast." Choice of two scenic lines through Oregon and California.

Distinctive dining-car service at moderate prices is a feature of the twelve trains daily on these four routes.

Southern Pacific agents are in most large cities. They will help you plan your trip, attend to reservations and otherwise assist.

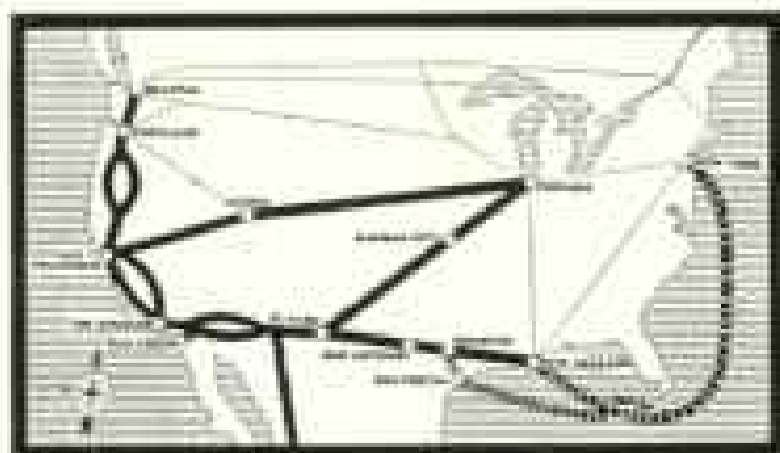
Write your name and address in margin and mail to E. W. Clapp, Traffic Manager, Dept. C-3, Room 1022, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, for illustrated folder, "How Best to See the Pacific Coast."

Southern Pacific



Four great routes to the Coast

Yet Sunset Route is but one of four great Southern Pacific routes to the Coast. Each follows a natural pioneer pathway of historic interest, the best natural route in its territory. You can go west by one of four routes, return by another, and see the whole Pacific Coast. Only Southern Pacific offers this choice. Stop



Here is *real coffee* that lets you sleep

You needn't put up with coffee substitutes another meal. Tonight, you can have *real coffee* at your table. Pure, delicious—yet coffee that you can enjoy without a care . . . because it's free from caffeine.

Kaffee Hag is a blend of the world's finest coffees—with 97% of the caffeine removed. Our method of extracting the caffeine (odorless and tasteless) affects neither flavor nor strength.

All the quick, bracing effects of coffee remain! They come from harmless aromatic oils and heat. Caffeine stimulation does not come until *two hours after drinking!* You don't realize it at meal-time, but it may keep you awake *hours afterwards.*

Everybody in the family can enjoy Kaffee Hag unstintedly—even at midnight. Kaffee Hag will not keep you awake. Many physicians serve it regularly in their homes and recommend it.

Try Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag. You'll welcome its cheery goodness for every meal. Sold



by most grocers. Ground or in the bean. Sealed air-tight. Ask for Kaffee Hag Coffee, too, at hotels and restaurants. On dining-cars.

Would you like a sample can? For just a penny a cup, you can try Kaffee Hag at your own table. Compare it with any coffee—for flavor, aroma—everything! Mail the coupon today.

KAFFEE HAG CORPORATION
Dept. J-1, Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag to make ten cups of good coffee. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

Name _____

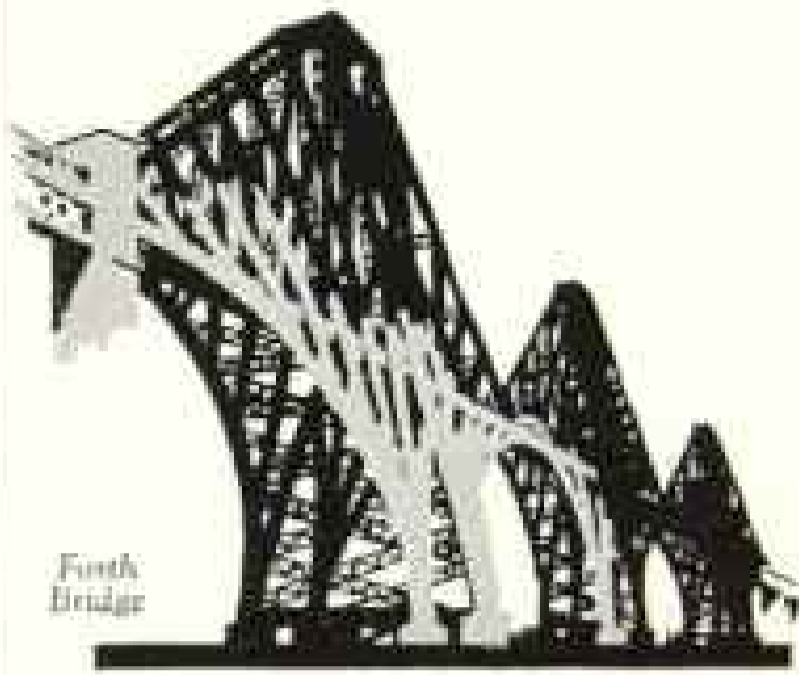
Address _____



KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

* Now a *Kellogg* product

Not a substitute—but REAL COFFEE—minus caffeine



OVER THE
TWEED & FORTH
 in the
Flying Scotsman

To visit enchanting Scotland
 by this world-famous train
 is only one of the interesting
 features of your tour of

ENGLAND
 &
SCOTLAND

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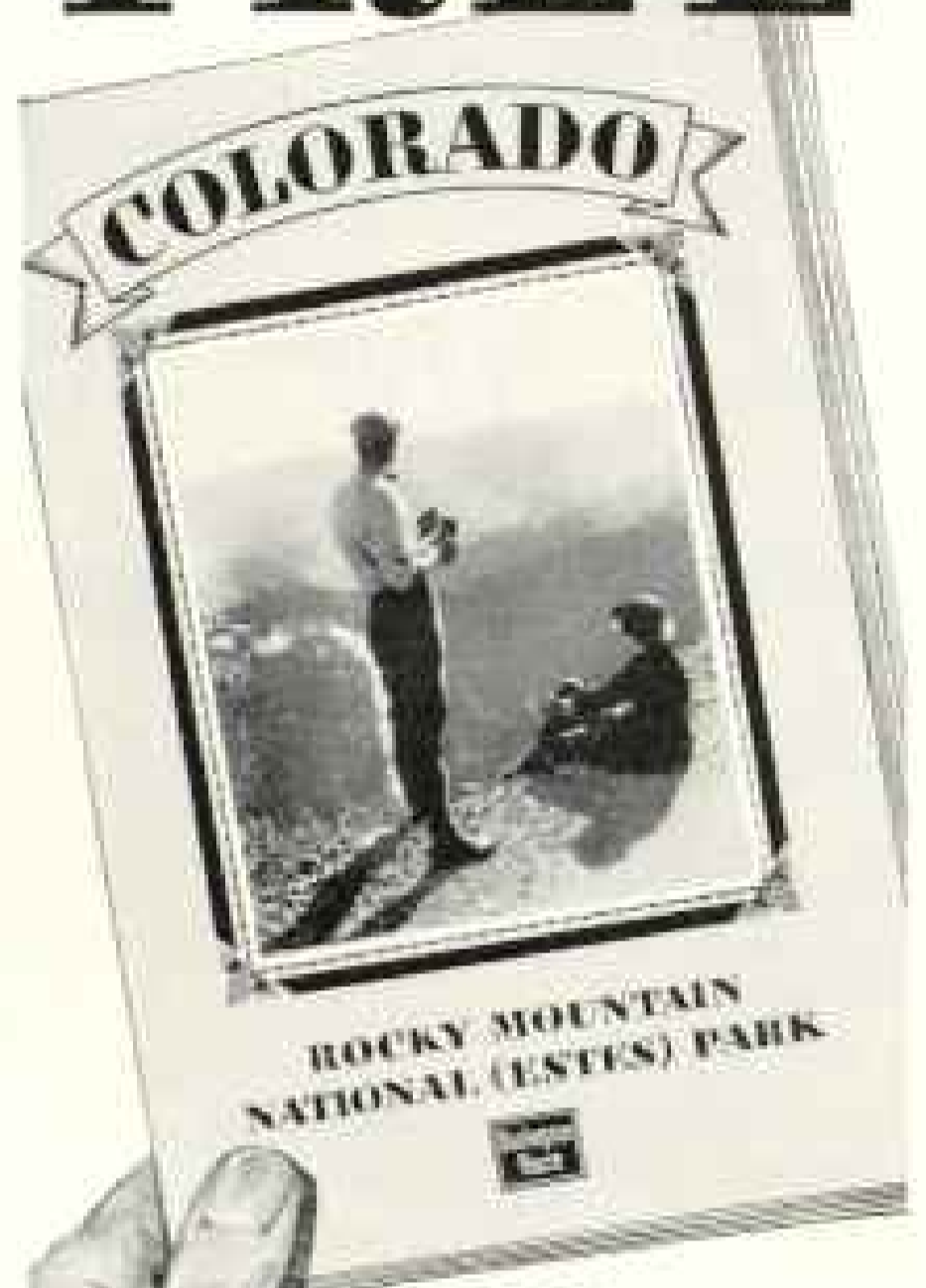
The line for historic places
 such as Ely, Cambridge,
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The Route by which you can visit Seaside
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Big VACATION Book

Accept it with our compliments—this absorbing, richly illustrated story of the new Colorado now opened to you.

It tells you of new playlands, new havens of rest, vacation enjoyment in endless variety—at a cost so low it will surprise you.

Read it—and see how easily you can have a glorious Colorado vacation of 2-weeks or longer this summer!

Just send the coupon.

(Another booklet about Burlington All Expense Escorted Tours of the Rockies is free for the asking. Just mark the coupon.)

Burlington Travel Bureau, Dept. NG-2
 547 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me at once your Colorado Vacation Book.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Mark an X here if
 you wish the book on
 Burlington Escorted
 Tours.

**Burlington
 Route**

*The Most Popular
 Route to the Rockies*

That golden baked-brown look of Heinz Baked Beans! That warm, tempting aroma! Every blessed bean ready to burst with the old-time baking it's been having. Over them—and through and through every one—rich, luscious tomato sauce . . . Welcome always this steaming plate of out-of-the-oven flavor.



If you've baked beans yourself, you know that it takes real baking to get that real "baked beans" flavor.

We bake our beans as you would bake them—thoroughly—in ovens . . . It's the *only* way we know to have them mealy, tender, and golden brown in color, with that real nut-like taste without which "baked beans" are not *baked beans*. And remember, only beans that are *baked* can be *labeled* baked.

Developing our own seed for tomatoes for the sauce makes a difference, too. The tomatoes must be plump and juicy and ripe, you know, and used while they still have all their wonderful garden freshness . . .

Then there is one more important ingredient in every Heinz product—the fifty-nine years of experience Heinz has had in making good things to eat. For it is this ingredient that has made the Heinz name mean Flavor.

HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS

H. J. HEINZ CO. · PITTSBURGH, PA.



Is this
really the
New World?

TWO THOUSAND YEARS before Columbus sighted this "New World," civilization flourished in our own Southwest. New Mexico and Arizona shelter countless ruins left by ancient races. About them live descendants of the Spanish Conquistadors and 50,000 Indians of today. Here Americans have a treasure of romance, archaeology and history.

Harveycar Motor Cruises open up this little known territory to the discriminating traveler with service unsurpassed in every detail. Specially equipped Packard Eight Cruisers, with Harvey trained driver-mechanicians, assure safe and comfortable travel. A courier-hostess, trained under the School of American Research, accompanies each party, limited to four persons in one car. Nine Harvey hotels furnish headquarters. No camping, unless desired.

Cruises, in length from several days to a month or longer, start from *La Fonda Hotel* in Old Santa Fé, the heart of the famous **Indian-detour** country. Cars, however, will meet parties at any point on the Santa Fe transcontinental line between Trinidad, Colorado, and Grand Canyon, Arizona.

Operated throughout the year. Rates, \$25.00 per day per person for parties of three or more, include every expense. For itineraries and details mail coupon below.

Harveycar Motor Cruises
Santa Fé, New Mexico

Harveycar Motor Cruises 1015-A
Santa Fé, New Mexico

Please send me information regarding Harveycar Cruises.

Name _____

Address _____



*We traveling men
deserve a little luxury*

I used to be a traveling man. I know the hard streets, the irritable customers, the nerve-wracking waits. Next time you have a particularly hard day, come back, when it is all over, to Hotel Cleveland.

You enter a great lounge—quiet, restful, like a luxurious private club. Here you are king. You are whisked upward to an airy, thoughtfully-planned room—with a deep drowsy bed. Dinner in your room, at your ease, or in the most beautiful dining room in America. Home dishes, cooked the way you prefer, or rare European delights.

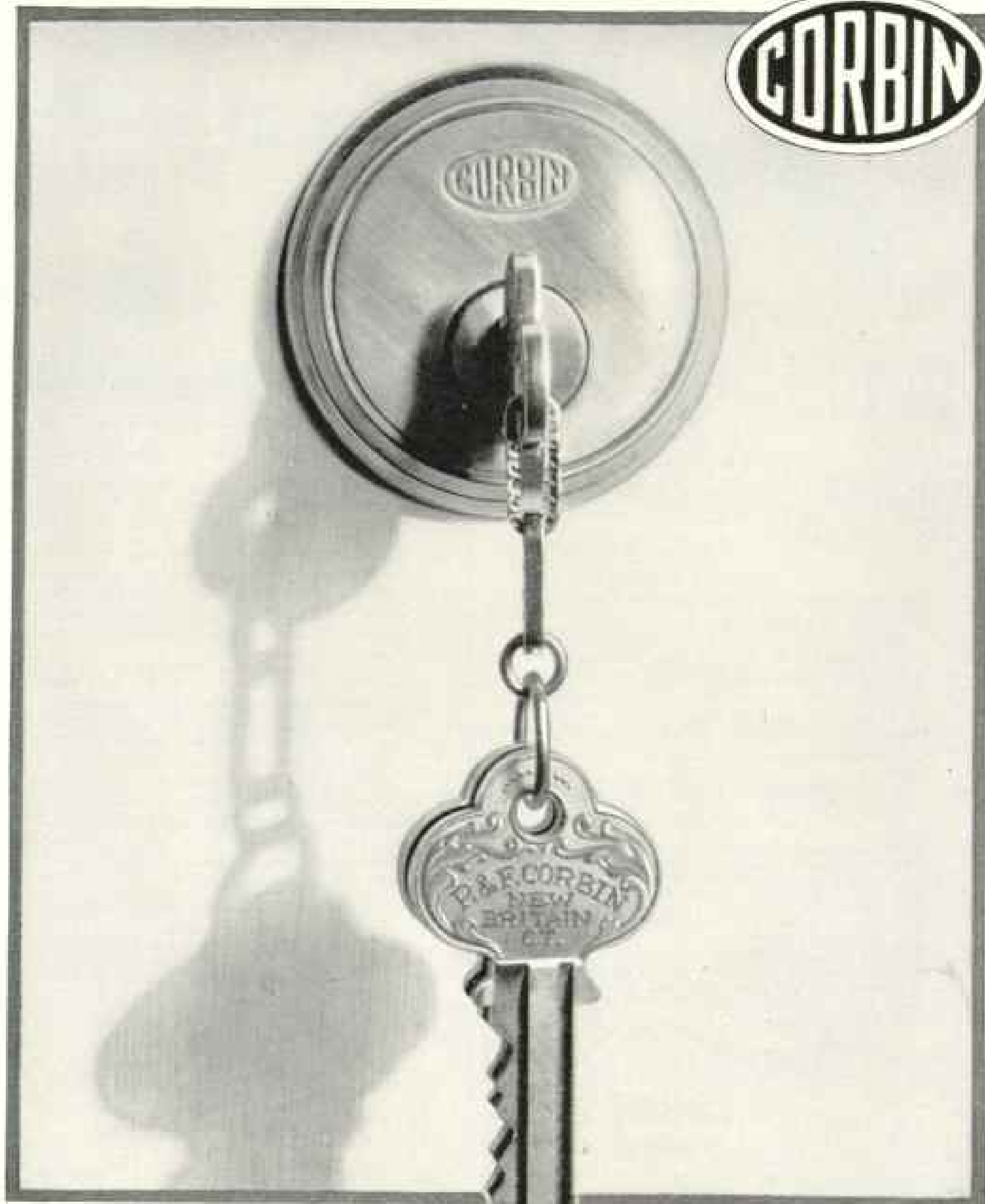
Enjoy your after-dinner smoke in the great lounge, and listen to the concert there. And as you go whistling up to bed, the last thing you'll hear is a cheery "good-night," and the last thing you'll think as you drop off to luxurious slumber, is that the life of a traveling man isn't so bad after all.

HOTEL CLEVELAND
PUBLIC SQUARE - CLEVELAND

1000 rooms with bath,
150 at \$3 - Servidor Service

**HOTEL
CLEVELAND**

Good Buildings Deserve Good Hardware



SUPREME SECURITY

Would you have it? Then choose a Corbin cylinder lock. Made to do what locks are meant to do—and to do it quietly and surely. Made to stand hard and constant wear. Made to last, by the makers of Good Hardware—Corbin. ¶ And if you are really interested in how and why Corbin cylinder locks give supreme security, send

for booklet K-169. It shows how Corbin cylinder locks work—what the inside looks like. Also, it tells all about the Corbin master-keying system for your home, your office, your factory. It gives the complete story. Address Dept. N4.

P. & F. CORBIN INCORPORATED NEW BRITAIN CONNECTICUT
The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
New York Chicago Philadelphia



Will you go to
EUROPE
 this comfortable
 carefree way?

A TRIP to Europe is an experience that will be happily remembered for years to come—IF it is arranged the right way.

It is unnecessary to become entangled in the meshes of foreign time-tables—languages—customs and currencies—or to worry with the bothersome details of tickets, reservations and accommodations. You leave all these incidentals to the travel experts of the *American Express* when you join one of the

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Tours with Escort

These congenial, companionable groups eliminate ALL possibility of travel troubles, and the cost is regulated to approximate the amount you wish to spend. From the time you sail away until you return, your journey is a round of ease and enjoyment—just as if the *American Express Travel Department* had cut a path-way through Europe for you.

The booklets listed below describe the tours in an unusually interesting way. They tell all about the things well to know in advance—places to be visited, accommodations, total expenses. Send coupon for one or all of them today.

AMERICAN EXPRESS
Travel Department

E. C. Tour Dept. B,
 65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

I would like to receive booklets giving details of the tours checked—

- Limited Expense Tours—Summer Months \$429 up
- Special Summer Tours—\$745 to \$1,070
- Quality Tours—\$1,370 to \$1,950.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Always Carry American Express Travelers Cheques



Travel the 
Great Lakes
First!



D. & C. Steamers Guided by Radio Compass Signals

To Lovers of Sea, Sky and Drifting Clouds:

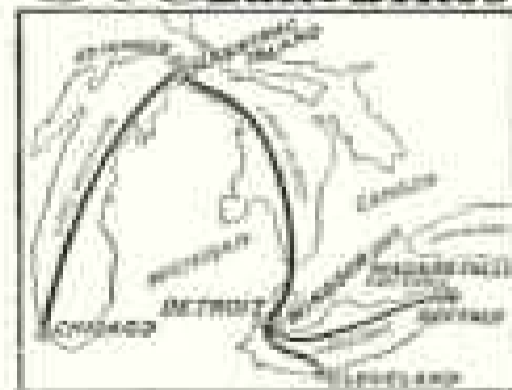
Summer is just around the corner, and it is in order to suggest a cruise on the Great Lakes as part of your vacation.

We would be pleased to help you plan an outing of two, four, six or eight days' duration on the Lower Lakes, and supply you with pictures and descriptions of pleasant places: Niagara Falls, Mackinac Island, and others.

If you contemplate an automobile tour, plan to make part of the journey by boat. Our overnight service between Buffalo and Detroit; Cleveland and Detroit, is used extensively by automobilists. If you desire a longer voyage our line between Cleveland and Chicago, via Detroit, Mackinac Island and St. Ignace, will appeal to you. Dancing, concerts, radio entertainments, deck games on shipboard—not a dull moment.

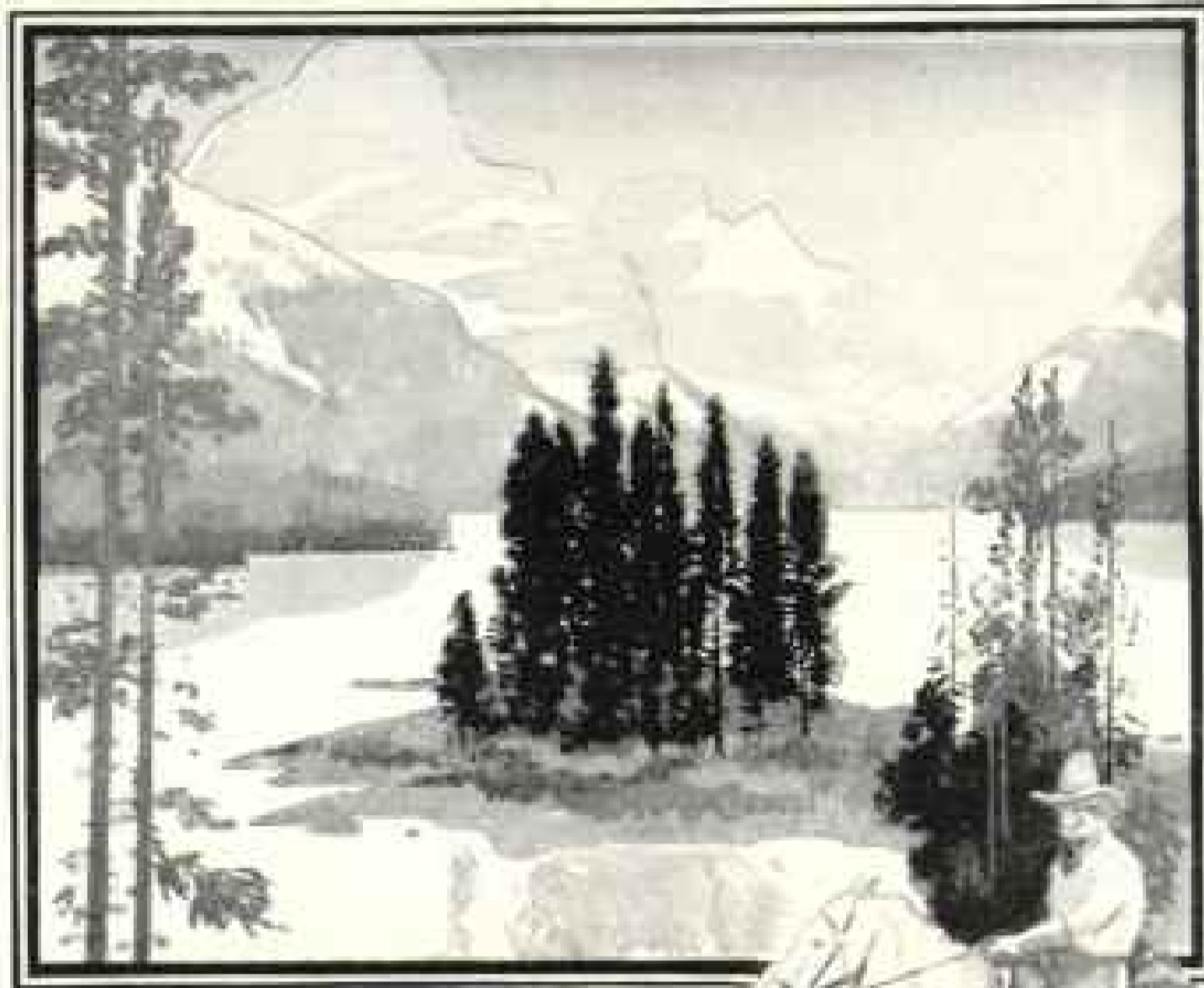
A. A. SCHANTZ, *President.*

D&C Lake Lines



Fares: Buffalo to Detroit, \$5; Cleveland to Detroit, \$3; meals and berth extra. For the Chicago-Mackinac Island tours fares given are for the round trip, and include every expense on steamers: Buffalo to Mackinac Island, \$49; to Chicago, \$79. Cleveland to Mackinac Island, \$41.50; to Chicago, \$71.50. Detroit to Mackinac Island, \$30; to Chicago, \$60. Stopovers at Mackinac Island and other ports. For reservations, address E. H. McCracken, G. P. A., Detroit and Cleveland Navigation Co., Detroit, Mich.

Fast freight service on all divisions at low rates.



*Vacation this year in Canada's
greatest National Park*
JASPER
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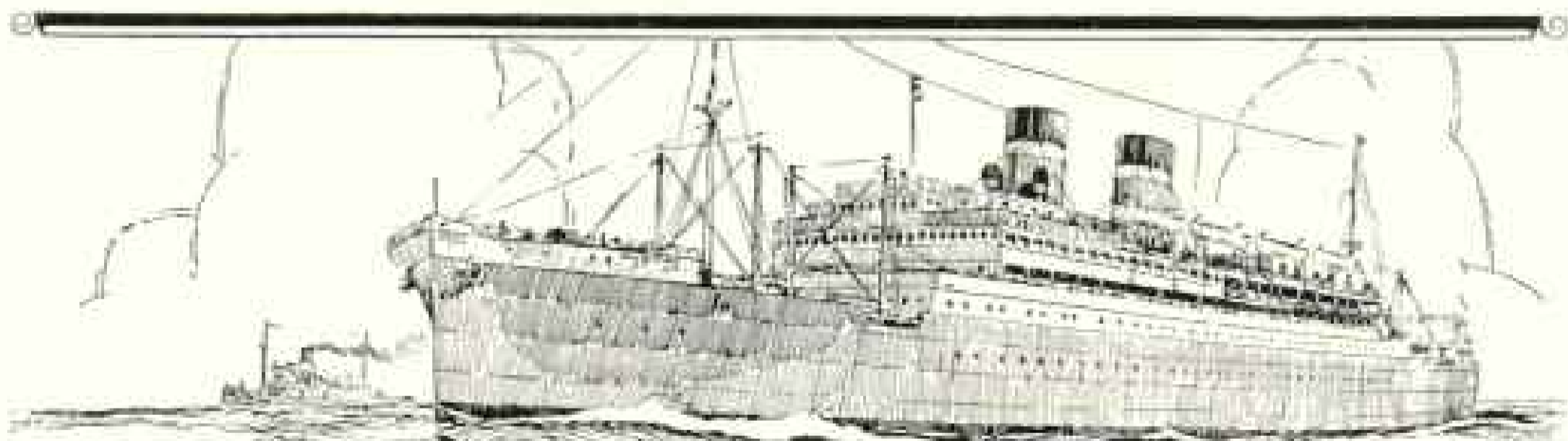
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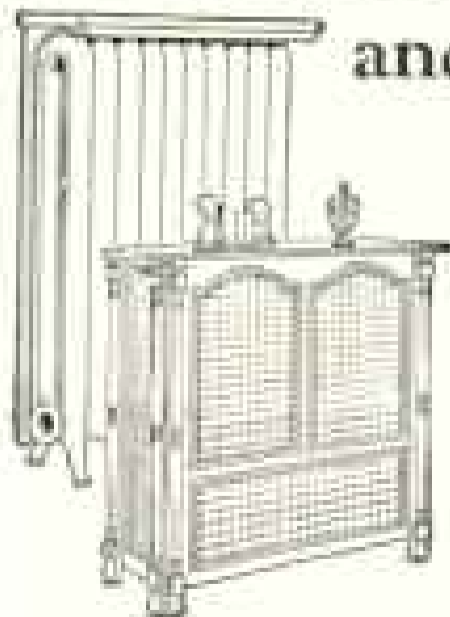
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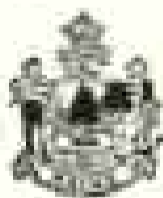
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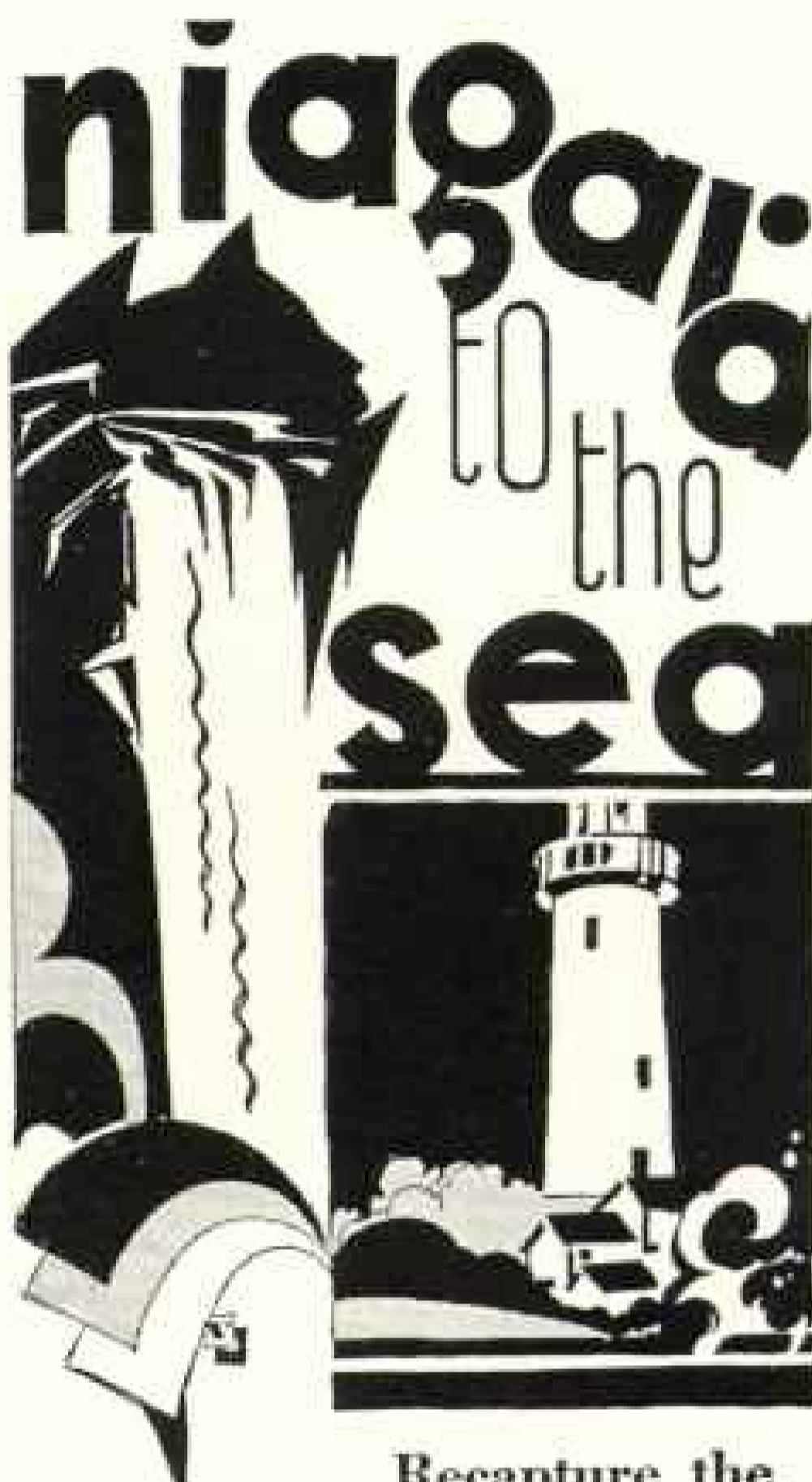
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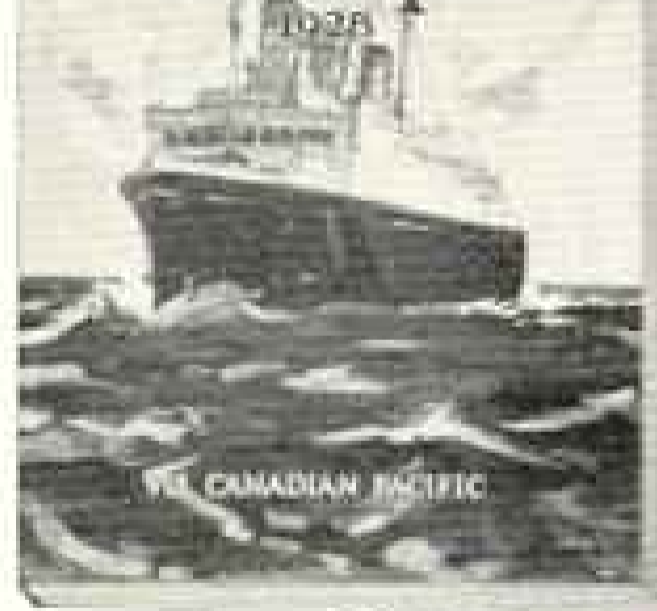
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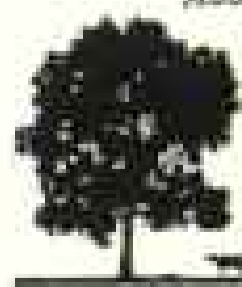
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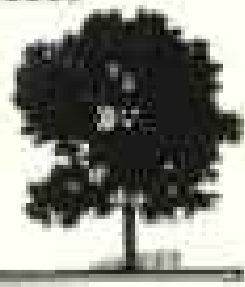
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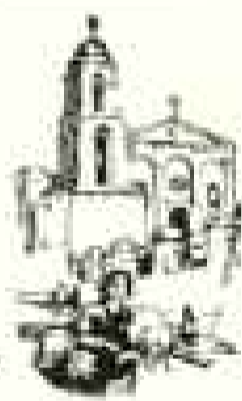
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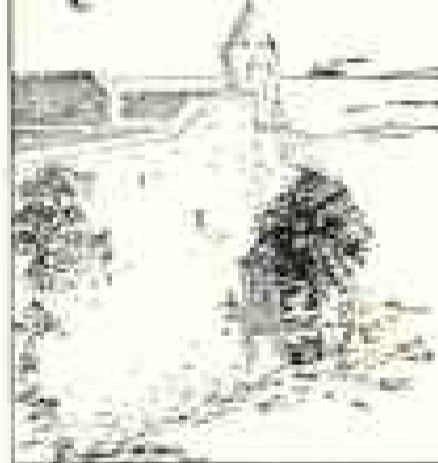
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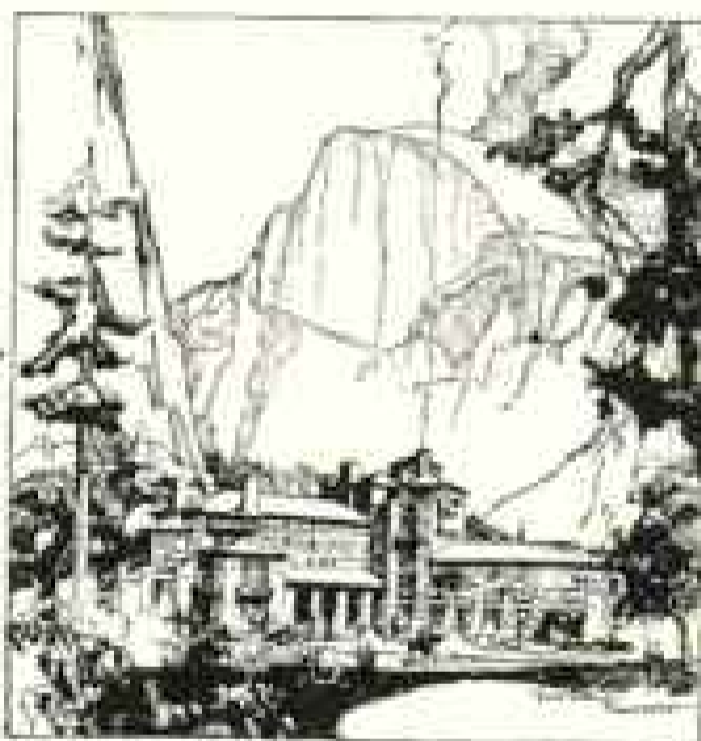
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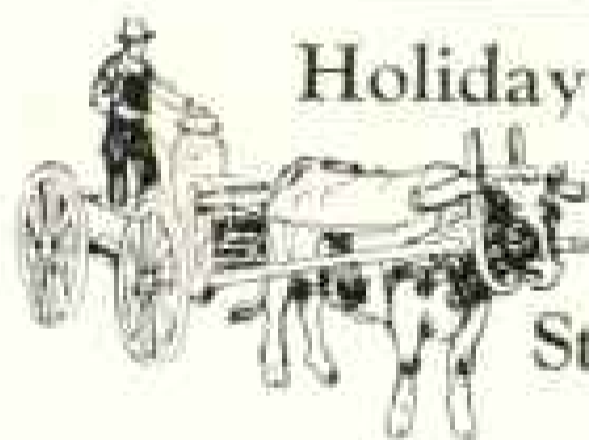
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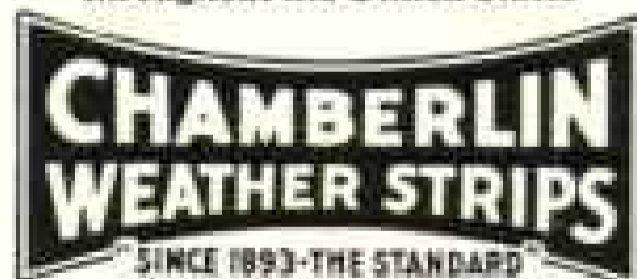


IT may not be very cold—the thermometer may only register 32—yet sometimes the house seems cold as a barn. Why? Because there is a wind to be reckoned with—the wind that seeks out the cracks that must exist at windows and doors to permit them to operate. According to the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, your heating plant must supply the same amount of heat when a 15 mi. per hour wind is blowing and the temperature is 32 degrees as when there is no wind and the thermometer registers 17 degrees Fahrenheit. Wind, even on a fairly mild day, will chill a home that lacks weather-strip protection. To really get what you pay for from your heating equipment, you should install Chamberlin Weather Strips now. Nothing else will do so well, for Chamberlin, with 35 years of practical experience, manufactures and installs its own product. Chamberlin gives you a service guarantee, backed by a million-dollar company, and good "for the life of your building."

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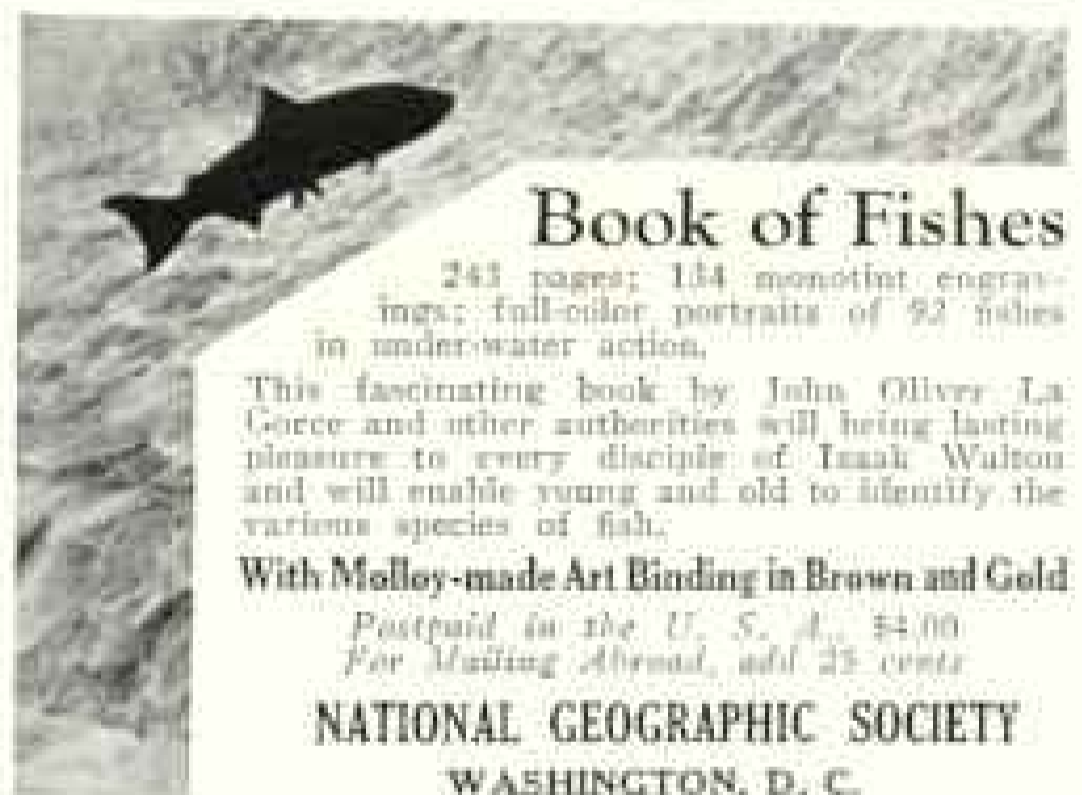
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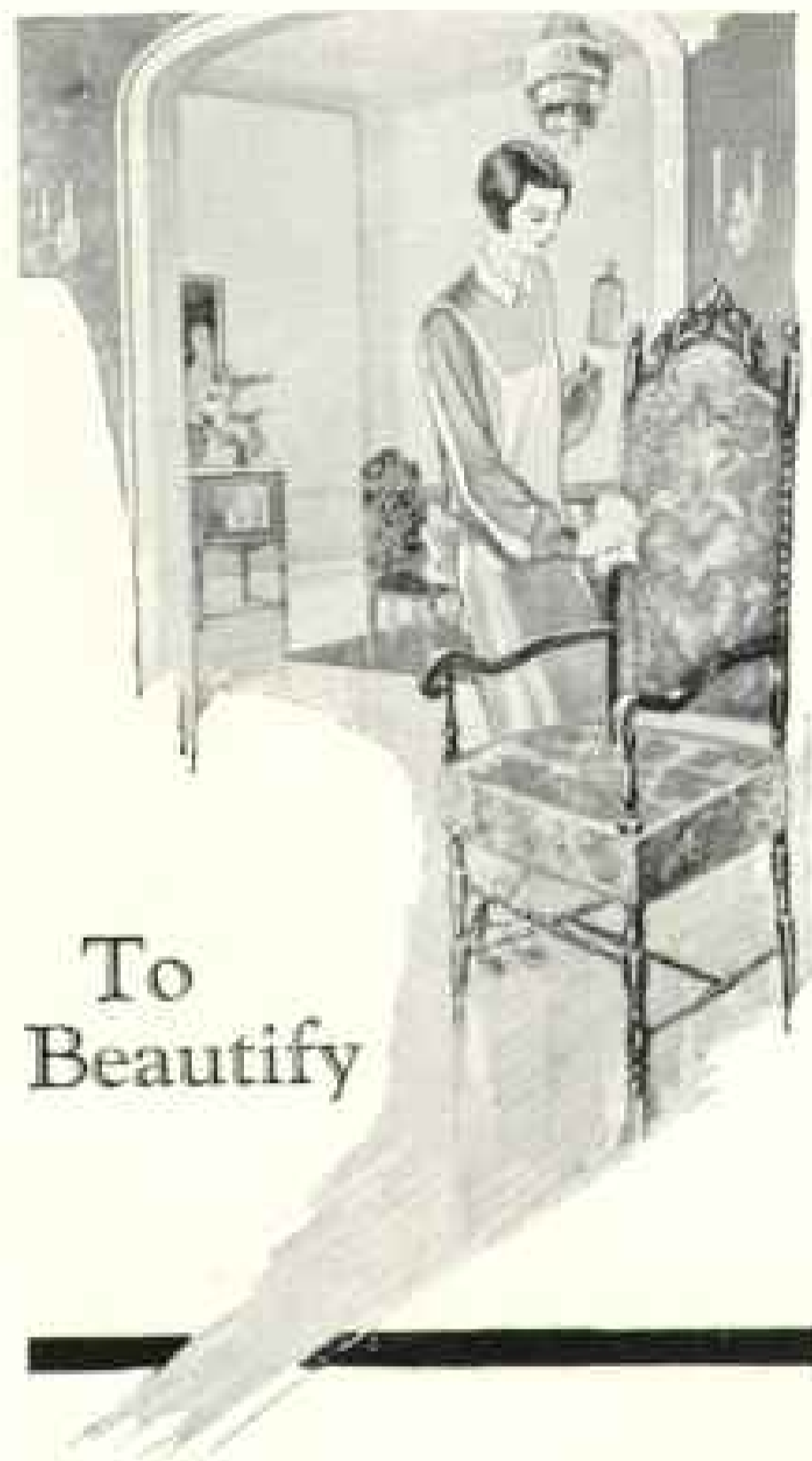
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Land Cruises in America

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB COMPANY

Executive Offices: 26 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts

NEW YORK

PHILADELPHIA

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SAN FRANCISCO

Spend an unforgettable vacation in the world's new island playground



The lights go out. From the shadow of the big banyan tree come the quickening strains of an ancient Hawaiian hula-chant.

A dancing figure glides into the warm Hawaiian moonlight.

The *hula aloha*—the legendary "hula of the planting of the taro"—is beginning. And you are in a hushed audience at a great hotel—spellbound by the exotic beauty of moonlight filtering through the palm fronds, the music of strange instruments and soft lilting voices, the rhythmic whisper of warm surf on the coral sands of Waikiki.

TONIGHT the world seems far away—yet in no more time than it takes to cross the Atlantic you found these fairy islands of Hawaii!

TOMORROW MORNING you'll look out upon a painted ocean of violet, indigo, emerald, jade. Go down to breakfast and a soft-footed Oriental waiter will bring a luscious melon that grew in a tree, or a slice of pineapple only a few hours from the field. You're ready for two

long weeks, or more, in the world's new island playground, where the thermometer stays below 85° in summer, above 65° in "winter."

Brilliant with Interests!

EVERY DAY BEGINS a new adventure—surfboarding and outrigger canoeing at Waikiki; golf on one of a dozen scenic courses; motor drives; treasure-hunting for teak and brass and *tapa*-cloth in the Oriental bazaars; impromptu *lunas*, where one eats *poi* Hawaiian style, and strange-named fish baked in leaves. Teas and dances in perfectly-appointed hotels. Spectacular deep-sea fishing for giant sword-fish, tuna and *ulua*. Trips to the volcanic Hawaii U. S. National Park, and the gem-like islands of Maui and Kauai, where waterfalls tumble

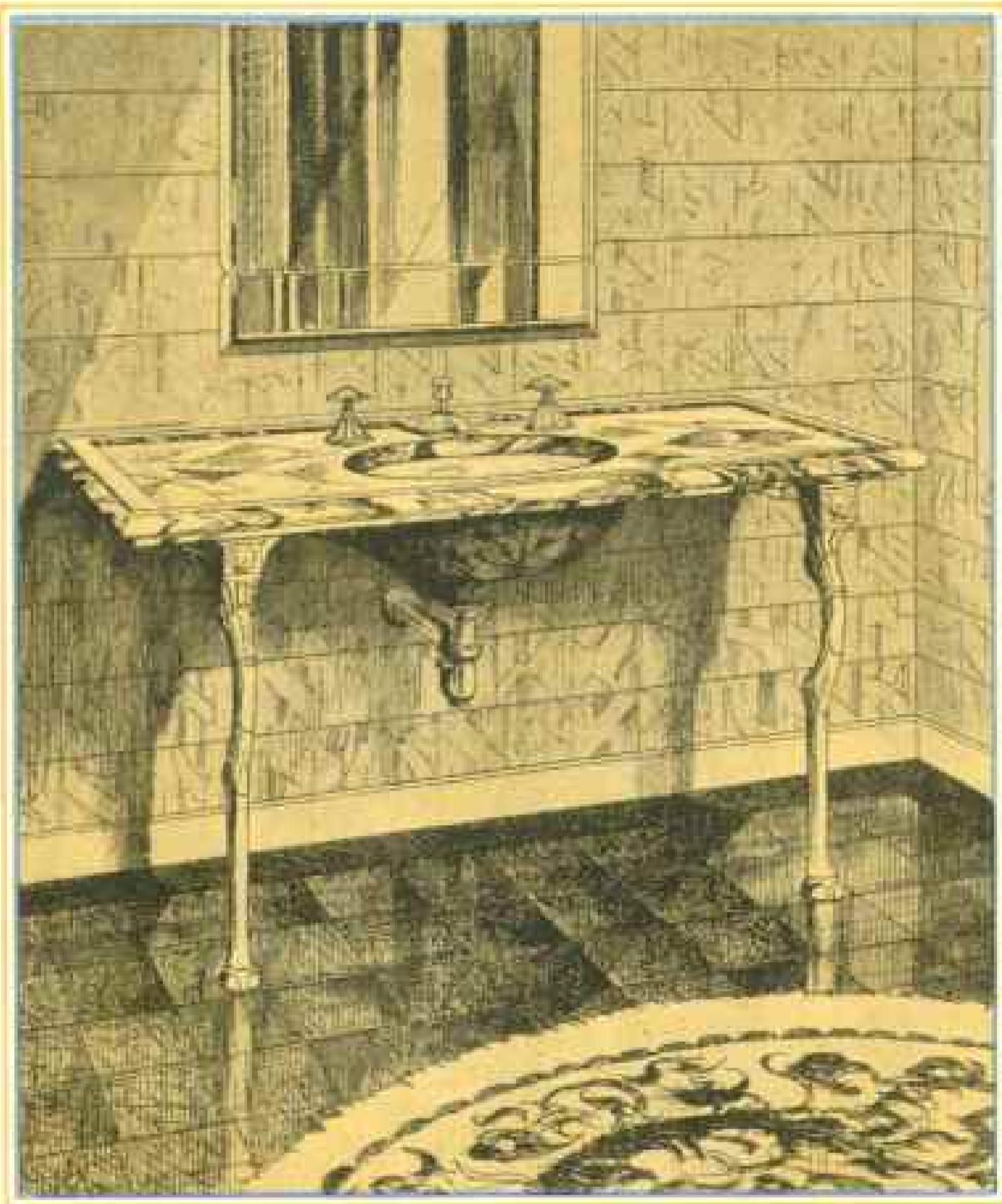
down velvet-green cliffsides.

*\$400 to \$500 will cover all expenses of a month's trip direct from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle or Vancouver, B. C., including first-class round-trip steamer fare, 2000 miles each way, the finest hotels, and inter-island cruising. Or you can stay in more modest hotels for even less, for the two weeks in Hawaii. Come prepared to stay longer—to shake off humdrum care for months.

ASK ANY TOURIST AGENCY or steamship or railroad office to tell you more about Hawaii—and how inexpensive the trip is from your city to Hawaii via any port on the Pacific Coast. And send this coupon today for illustrated booklet (in colors) and a copy of *Tourfax*, brimfull of helpful travel information. Address *Hawaii Tourist Bureau, 312 McGinn Bldg., San Francisco; P.O. Box 375, Los Angeles; or 802 Fort Street, Honolulu, Hawaii, U.S.A.*

(USE THIS COUPON)

Please send Hawaii Booklet in colors to my address written in margin below



The Neumar

IN ITALIAN BLACK AND GOLD MARBLE
WITH FITTINGS GOLD PLATED

Of marble that seems flecked with sunlight, gleaming as with an imprisoned fire, this Neumar lavatory may well suggest the entire decorative theme for a bathroom. It is but one of the many beautiful fixtures illustrated and described in *New Ideas for Bathrooms*, an inspiring book packed with decorating and plumbing suggestions. Its companion volume is the handy catalogue, *Homes of Comfort*. Write for both. Then consult any responsible plumbing contractor and learn why a Crane installation rarely costs more.



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