

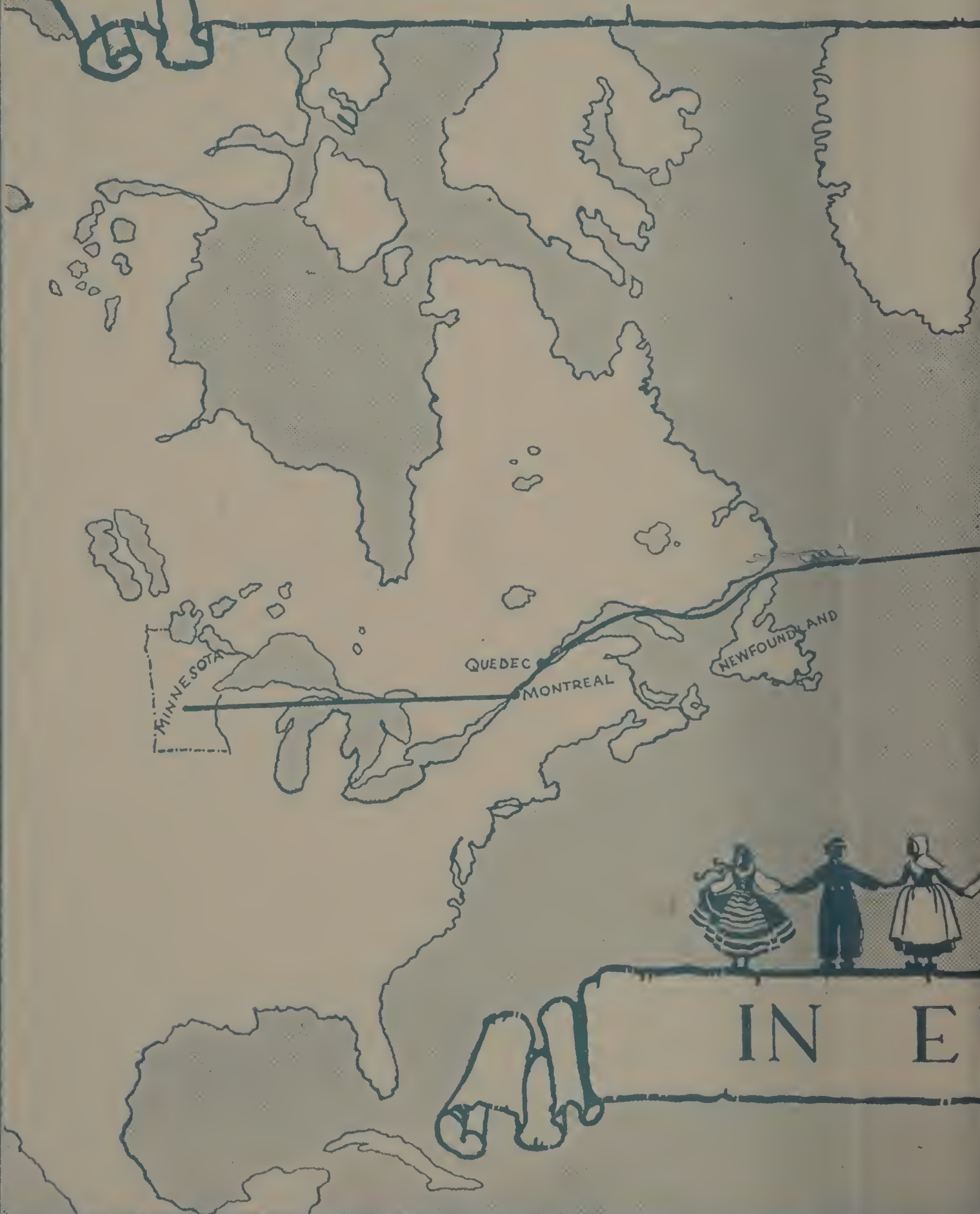
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**PETER
AND NANCY
in EUROPE**

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

WHERE PETER AND



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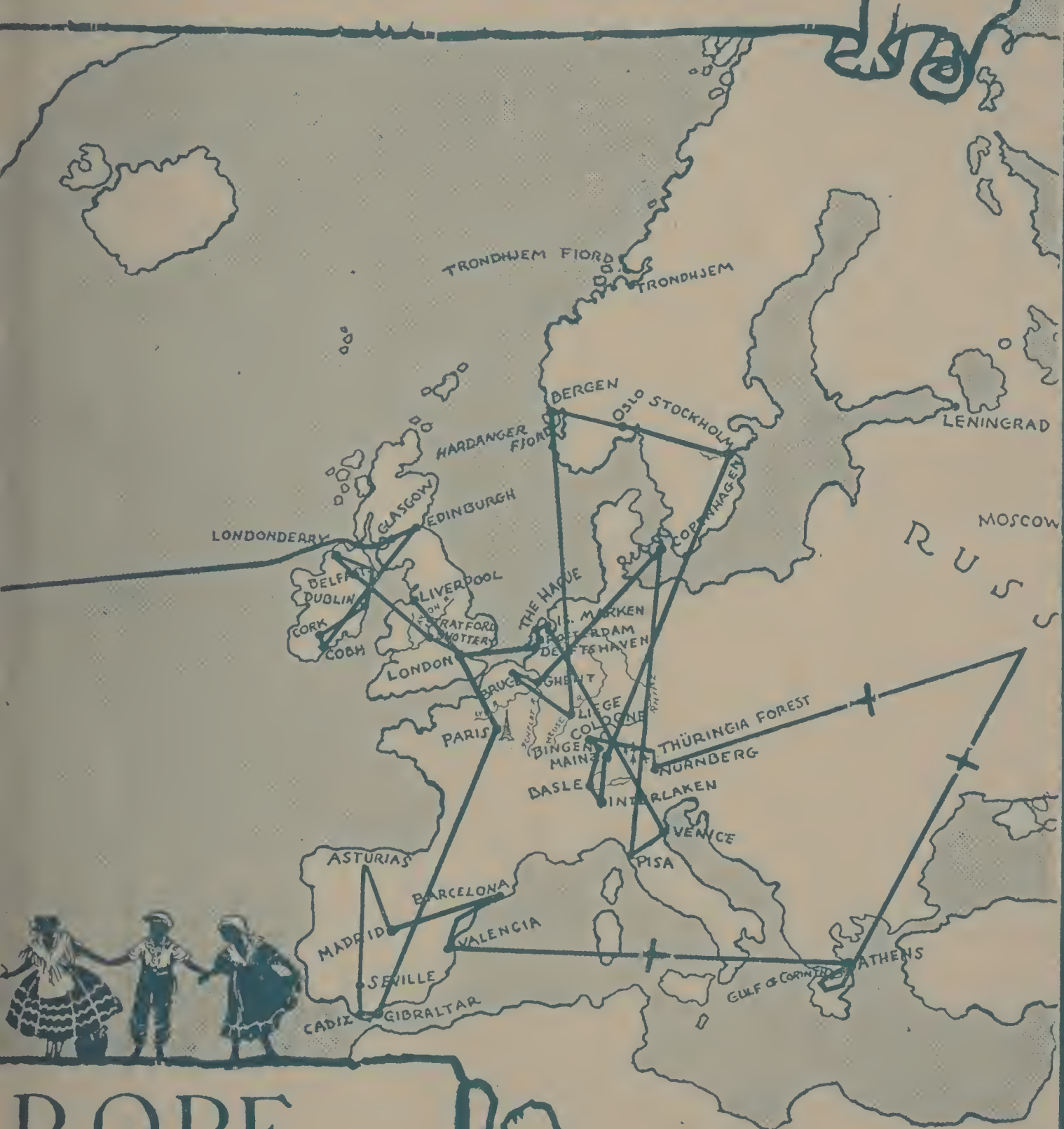
MONTREAL

NEWFOUNDLAND



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WHAT PETER AND NANCY SAW IN SPAIN

PETER *and* NANCY
in EUROPE

BY

MILDRED HOUGHTON COMFORT

Author of *Happy Health Stories*



BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO

1935

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DEDICATED TO
MY MOTHER

OCT 12 1935

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ABOUT THIS STORY

YOU may read a great deal about far-away places, but when you actually visit those same places, you will see many things not mentioned in books. Looking at a picture of an ocean liner gives you no idea of its delightful secrets. You'd never dream, for instance, that the place to buy candy is the barber shop!

A lovely Holland landscape gives you no hint of the fragrance of hyacinths in bloom, nor does an account of St. Mark's Square give you much of a thrill. Actually feeding the doves there *does!* And it's much more fun to watch the boats unload and load in foreign harbors than to learn a dry list of imports and exports.

Won't you join Peter and Nancy and Uncle Lee on this trip to Europe? Let's all follow the gulls! I'm sure we shall have a most pleasant voyage.

Ready? Everyone is calling *bon voyage!*—a good journey.

THE AUTHOR

PETER AND NANCY IN EUROPE

THE MAGIC UNCLE

PETER and Nancy MacLaren hurried along the sunny dirt road towards the pleasant old farmhouse that was their home. The rambling old place seemed to be waiting impatiently for them to return from Sunday school. Sunday was always a delightful day at the MacLaren home. This Sunday was no exception.

Peter and Nancy had been more than usually cheered by the lesson. Miracles, the dear old lady who taught them had declared, were not at an end. The most wonderful things could happen anywhere at any time.

Nancy, squinting into the sunlit sky, where birds like tiny white airplanes wheeled against the blue, exclaimed, "O Peter, how I wish that we might follow the gulls!"

"Wishing doesn't get you anywhere," Peter said, wistfully, following his sister's gaze with serious eyes.

The gulls from the northern lakes, perhaps the Great Lakes, were soaring southward.

"Of course it helps, Peter," Nancy insisted. "Wishing is like having faith. If we wish hard

enough, perhaps our wishes will come true. O Peter! Company! It's Uncle Lee MacLaren!"

Peter gave a shout of joy. Seizing Nancy's hand, he ran toward the gate. Uncle Lee saw the children at once, and his bronzed face wreathed itself in smiles. In another minute he had hugged them hard, and his rumbling voice was expressing his joy at sight of them. How tall and slim he was! How his blue eyes sparkled, as though he were looking at distant, beautiful lakes, Nancy thought. How happy he looked, as though life were all a delightful adventure!

"O Uncle Lee!" Nancy cried, jumping up and down as they walked up to the house, "Peter and I were just wishing we could go where the gulls go; and our wish almost came true."

"How's that?" asked Uncle Lee.

"Well, instead of our going to far-off places," Nancy explained, "you bring the far-off places to us."

"Nancy's right," Peter agreed. "Hearing you tell about your trips is almost as good as going. Nancy and I call you 'our magic uncle,' because you seem to make us see the far-off places."

Uncle Lee threw back his head and laughed. He seemed actually excited about something.

"I didn't intend to tell you so soon," he began, "but I can make your wishes come true! To make a long story short, these are the facts: the radio corporation I work for evidently took it for granted that I should have a family—say, a little

girl with gray eyes and silky, straight hair, and a sturdy, blue-eyed boy—and that same old corporation sent me passage for *three*. And, since I'm only one, suppose you two come along with me."

"You're joking!" accused Peter.

"Daddy and Mother wouldn't let us go," Nancy declared, her cheeks very red. "But maybe you mean just an imaginary trip."

"I'm not joking," Uncle Lee said, solemnly. "I've already asked Daddy and Mother. They're a bit dazed at the thought, but I'll win them over. They'll agree to let you go. You'll see."

And so it happened that two weeks later Peter and Nancy MacLaren, who had never before in their lives been away from the rambling white farmhouse, found themselves traveling east toward faraway Europe. Their express train, with its cozy sleepers, drawing rooms and parlor cars, already gave them the thrill of travel as it sped on to Montreal.

They were thoroughly excited as they spent a few hours wandering about this old French-Canadian city, the metropolis of Canada.

"Montreal is one of the oldest cities in America," explained Uncle Lee. "It is built on the site of an Indian village named Hochelaga, first visited by the great French explorer Jacques Cartier in 1535. Then, in 1642, another famous Frenchman, Paul de Chomedey de Maisonneuve, founded Ville Marie. Afterward it became Mont Real—French



Donaldson Atlantic Line

THE SHIP LETITIA PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE AIR

for Mount Royal—that beautiful mountain hovering over the city.”

The MacLarens visited the Chateau de Ramezay, a treasure house of historical relics erected in 1704 where Benjamin Franklin once set up his printing press in its vaults. They wandered through picturesque Bonsecours Market—like nothing else in America—and the splendid church of Notre Dame on Place d’Armes. It would have made them feel they were already in an old part of Europe if the sight of the many skyscrapers, busy streets, and

great business houses had not reminded them that they were still in modern Canada.

“Although Montreal is a thousand miles from the Atlantic ocean,” said Uncle Lee, “it is actually several hundred miles nearer Great Britain than New York. It means that a third of the voyage is made on the calm waters of the St. Lawrence River and Gulf. This gives passengers time to get their sea-legs before reaching the open sea and shortens the ocean crossing by two days or more.”

As Peter and Nancy ran up the gangway of their liner, the turbine steamship *Letitia*, they felt as though they were children in a fairy tale. But Uncle Lee was real enough and much more agreeable and pleasant as a guide than a genie would be. The ship, too, was very real, with its fresh white paint, its great clean decks, its huge black funnel with the white band around it, the lovely drawing rooms and lounges.

It was just like a big, floating hotel, with decks for porches and the most amazing number of bedrooms. Only the bedrooms were not called bedrooms, but staterooms. There were offices and dining rooms and a big living room called a *saloon*; and there were all sorts of little halls and stairways to delight Peter and Nancy. Uncle Lee called the halls with stairs *companionways*.

“It’s a whole block around just this one deck,” Peter guessed. “And there are as many people on board as there are in our town.”

ABOARD SHIP, DOWN TO THE SEA

THE Scottish stewards and stewardesses in their smart white uniforms were as kind as fairies are supposed to be. A steward took Uncle Lee and Peter to their stateroom, while Nancy was led into the next one by a cheerful, motherly stewardess.

“What a perfectly lovely little room!” cried Nancy. It had a porthole, sofa, chair, washbowl, and a ship’s bed, with dainty curtains, and lights cunningly placed. She knew that Peter and Uncle Lee were in the next room and that made her feel quite safe.

In the big shed and later on the decks, they heard a Scottish bagpipe and drum band playing a welcome to passengers and a farewell to those on shore. They rushed upstairs; the players were so brilliant in Highland kilts, coats and headgear that Peter and Nancy gazed entranced at them.

Amid the happy confusion of people, mail and luggage, came a smart little cabin-boy through the ship, beating a gong and crying, “All visitors ashore, please!”

The children were thrilled as two pert but powerful little tugs pulled the great vessel out from her berth, with hundreds of passengers on deck waving good-by to their friends left behind.



Donaldson Atlantic Line

NANCY'S STATEROOM

Soon the lines of colored streamers between ship and shore broke, the sirens blew loud and long, and they were off, bound for Glasgow, Scotland.

That day proved to be one of the most exciting in the lives of Peter and Nancy. Life aboard ship was going to be far more exciting than any story they had ever read!

They watched the world go by from a little nook high up on the boat deck. First came the great new Jacques Cartier Bridge linking mighty Montreal and the mainland. They waved farewell to the city, to Mount Royal, with its great cross which is

lighted at night, and to its harbor. Soon they were sailing swiftly down the broad calm river between banks of smiling villages, each with its pretty church and chateau.

Uncle Lee arranged for seats in the big oak-paneled dining saloon where they had a bountiful lunch.

In the afternoon Peter and Nancy tried all sorts of deck games which Uncle Lee taught them to play. Between games of deck tennis, shuffleboard and rope-quoits, they would rush to the deck rail to exclaim over some new point of interest on the riverbanks. There was Verchères, where a great statue of a young girl with a rifle reminded passengers of the heroism of 14-year-old Madeleine de Verchères, who defended her manor-house home against an Iroquois attack as long ago as 1692.

Then came Sorel at the mouth of the Richelieu River which unites Canada with the United States; Lake St. Peter, so wide that they nearly lost sight of shore; Three Rivers, one of the busiest pulp and paper cities in the world; and the towering cliffs near Quebec.

“Want to go down to the barber shop?” Uncle Lee asked, after they had walked three times around the deck. “Children usually like it the best of any place on the ship.”

“Why should they?” asked Nancy.

“Barber shops are all right,” Peter conceded. “I suppose this is a very fine one.”

Uncle Lee laughed outright.

“It’s evident that you don’t understand,” he said. “Have you forgotten:

“Hippety-hop to the barber shop,
To buy a stick of candy;
One for you and one for me,
And one for Brother Sandy?”

Nancy and Peter nodded vigorously as Uncle Lee recited.

“Well, come along,” Uncle Lee invited. “The barber shop is the place where you buy candy on a ship.”

Toward evening Uncle Lee took them up near the bridge to watch the *Letitia* pass under the famous Quebec Bridge. This brought the thrill of the voyage. How would the tall masts of their vessel ever pass under those great bridge girders? They held their breath. The great ship moved under and Nancy gave a little cry as the masts approached and cleared safely. There were gasps from the watching passengers.

“It is a famous optical illusion,” smiled Uncle Lee.

The evening mists revealed Quebec, with its sharp cliffs and great walls rising from the rocky base. It did not seem strange that it should be called the Gibraltar of America. With its citadel and great hotel, it was a city so old and picturesque that they might have imagined they were already in France.

“It really is New France, you know,” said Uncle

Lee; it looked like it, too. "There, in that cove, is where General Wolfe and his men climbed up one September night in 1759 and stormed the city next day in the battle of the Plains of Abraham. Both he and the French general, Montcalm, were mortally wounded in the battle and are remembered by a fine monument we can't see from here."

The *Letitia* slowed down off Quebec Harbor to allow a tender to bring on more passengers, luggage, and to change pilots.

Under the sunset, the great liner picked up speed again and Peter excitedly pointed out Montmorency Falls in the distance, which Uncle Lee said were actually a hundred feet higher than Niagara.

As twilight fell, they saw the evening lights of the Isle of Orleans appear one by one. Then, tired but happy, the children turned in. Long before they awoke, the *Letitia* had reached Father Point where mails were exchanged and where the pilot left the ship. They had another thrill when they found a cheerful telegram and letter from home awaiting them on their breakfast plates. "O Uncle Lee, what a fairy prince you really are!" cried Nancy.

STRANGE FISH AND A WALLED TOWN

THE engines of the *Letitia* throbbed like a human heart beating. The going was rough. Off the coast of Labrador the foghorn blew continuously, and it was bitter cold.

Uncle Lee brought both Peter and Nancy a second blanket to wrap around themselves as they sat in their chairs on deck. Most of the passengers had gone below.

The passage through the Strait of Belle Isle, past the northernmost point of Newfoundland, took them out into the wide ocean.

Later the fog lifted and Peter and Nancy saw a great whale lift its huge, black form and spout water like an immense fountain. There were a great many playful-looking fish about five feet long, with dusky backs and white bellies, all swimming together and leaping up, as though they were doing their daily dozen. Uncle Lee said it was a school of porpoises. Beyond the porpoises were miles and miles of waves, without a single bit of land.

"The sky looks like a bowl," Peter observed, "turned upside down over us."

"And it looks as though we had the world to ourselves," Nancy responded, soberly.

A wonderful program of games and contests, horse racing, a fancy dress ball, and marvelous meals made time pass quickly.



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THEY WATCHED THE FLIGHT OF COUNTLESS GULLS
FOLLOWING PASSING VESSELS FOR FOOD

On deck there were activities of various kinds, with passengers of all ages walking about or playing games of different sorts. Nancy enjoyed playing ring toss with Peter, just as though she were at home.

Later on during the day they passed a ship, the tip of its mast appearing first as a speck in the distance. Several days later they noticed drifting seaweed and watched the flight of countless gulls following passing vessels for food.

“There are so many of them, on the water and



Ewing Galloway

NANCY ENJOYED PLAYING RING TOSS

in the air!" Nancy laughed with glee, thinking of the gulls from the Great Lakes and of how they had made her wish for this journey.

Two days later Peter and Nancy were staring through a light mist at what seemed to be a golden blur, but which Peter guessed was a beacon from a lighthouse.

"The north shore of Ireland," Uncle Lee revealed. "Our first sight of land!"

Then the shore became visible to the children. Their eyes were almost as good as Uncle Lee's binoculars.

"I never before, in all my life," Nancy exclaimed, "saw such *green* grass!"

"That's because you haven't seen grass for some time," Peter declared.

But Uncle Lee said, "No, that isn't the reason. Ireland really is the emerald isle. Only there are many kinds of green besides emerald. Look at the bluish-green of the waves on the shore. That lush green of the land is usually found only in tropical forests. And notice the hills, green to their very crests. The walled town is Londonderry, or plain *Derry*, if you choose to call it so. The old wall is still standing, although the town has spread beyond it. The tall spire belongs to the Cathedral. Too bad we aren't going to land."

As Uncle Lee talked, the green shores already were receding.

A NEW LAND AND SOME QUEER ENGLISH

TO LOSE sight of Ireland would have made Nancy and Peter most unhappy had not they realized that Scotland was so near.

A tiny boat puffed out to meet their big ship.

“That little boat,” Uncle Lee explained, “is a tug. It’s going to tow us into the docks of Glasgow.”

“That little boat?” Peter asked. “I should think we’d get along better alone. We could puff up that little river.”

“The Scotch are proud of the Clyde,” Uncle Lee informed Peter, “and they don’t want the channel spoiled. Here we go!”

“Peter, look at the hills!” Nancy cried. “There are little fields all over them, and they are such small, green fields, all separated by hedges. Imagine planting hedges around our fields at home! There’s the ruin of an old castle, Peter. Uncle Lee, see those small stone houses! That’s my first sight of a thatched roof! Why, they’re making hay over in that field; and the men and women and children are all working together. They’re waving at us, Peter!”

The children waved back at the workers, feeling as though they were being welcomed most heartily into bonnie Scotland. And now the masts

*Ewing Galloway*

THE SCOTCH ARE PROUD OF THE CLYDE

of tall ships came in sight and Nancy exclaimed, in astonishment, "Why, there are actually miles and miles of ship-building yards. I suppose the *Lelitia* was built here."

"Or in Belfast, perhaps," said Peter. "There are shipyards there, too, you know."

Soon they were alongside a great liner in process of construction, and men climbed like flies all over its immense steel framework. The noise of hammering and riveting sounded pleasant to Peter's ears. Near the liner was a beautiful launch, almost completed, and farther away were big and little boats, all being made ready for the sea.

The wharves were reached and the gangplank

was swung out. What a hustling and bustling! What laughing and chattering! What excitement over luggage and wraps! And then Peter, with Nancy's hand in his, followed Uncle Lee down into the customhouse to begin the great adventure of seeing new lands.

Half an hour later Uncle Lee was at liberty. An Irish cabman in a tall silk hat put the three of them into a hack and drove them to the North British Station Hotel.

Peter stared at the little boys who were dressed like himself, and he was glad indeed to see some in kilts and wearing Scotch plaid stockings. Nancy noticed that most of the little girls wore their hair down their backs as she used to wear hers before she had it bobbed.

The street cars that passed had two decks.

"Wouldn't you like to ride on them?" Nancy nudged Peter.

"We can ride while Uncle Lee tends to business," Peter promised. "I'll take care of you."

The magnificence of the hotel, its size, the number of servants in livery, and the great dining room, with its brilliant chandeliers, impressed Peter and Nancy; and they were amazed at the number of courses that made up the dinner. If all dinners lasted so long, there would be little time for sight-seeing.

"All French cooking," Uncle Lee offered, as he tasted the meat sauce.

"Here's something that isn't French cooking,

Uncle Lee," Peter remarked, when the waiter set a great plate of fresh strawberries in front of him.

"The biggest strawberries I ever saw!" Nancy squealed. "They still have their hulls. We dip them in the thick cream in this little pitcher, I suppose, and then into that mound of powdered sugar. How good they are!"

After Uncle Lee had finished his black coffee, he became very businesslike.

"I'm going to run out and see a customer," he announced. "I'll take you as far as MacDougal's cottage—Mrs. MacDougal is an old friend of mine—and then you can return to the hotel by street car. How would that suit you?"

"You *are* a 'magic uncle,'" Nancy decided. "That's just exactly what we'd like to do. I'd like nothing better than a ride on one of those double-decked, red-and-yellow street cars."

Uncle Lee took them in a cab out to the MacDougal cottage, a small, plastered stone house with a thatched roof and an old-fashioned flower garden in the little plot at the side. Here Uncle Lee left them with the kind-faced Mrs. MacDougal, asking her to send them back to the hotel in an hour.

The little stone house was damp and chilly even in summer. But the floors were scrubbed until the boards were white. The curtains were as starchy as Mrs. MacDougal's big white apron, and the hearth had been swept perfectly clean.

They sat in the kitchen, which seemed to be the living room, too, and while Peter and Nancy munched crisp oatcakes and drank milk, their hostess asked all about the farm back in *The States*, as she called the United States of America.

Never had an hour passed so quickly. Mrs. MacDougal offered to take her charges to the street car, but Peter was certain he could manage.

The street car stopped at a platform, and Peter proudly reached in his pocket to be certain he had the pennies and farthings Uncle Lee had given him. There was also a shilling piece that looked like a silver quarter.

The conductor began to talk rapidly to Peter. Peter wondered why they called conductors "guards." This conductor, or guard, as he was called, seemed to be saying something in a foreign language. Peter's face was a study. So was Nancy's. Here they were in an English-speaking country, and they could not understand the street car man.

Peter talked fast in his excitement and tried to make motions to show where he wanted to go. Nancy talked faster, trying hard to make the man understand. The guard talked faster still.

Finally a pleasant-faced man joined them. Peter told him where he wanted to go. The man told the guard. The guard grinned and scraped and bowed. He patted Nancy's head. Poor Nancy was close to tears, and Peter had never before felt really worried.

“Why couldn’t I understand?” Peter asked the kind stranger, after they had climbed up to a place beside him on the upper deck of the car.

“He speaks cockney,” the stranger replied. “It’s English, all right, but it’s an English dialect.”

In the lobby of their hotel Peter and Nancy sat down on a deep lounge beside a little Scotch boy and girl. Both children wore bright plaid clothes, from tams to rolled stockings. Peter poked Nancy.

“Wonder why that boy wears a whitewash brush!” he whispered.

“If he could speak plain English, we might ask him,” Nancy suggested, trying not to giggle.

The little Scotch girl gave Nancy a laughing glance out of her bright blue eyes.

“We speak English,” she offered. “What makes you think we don’t?”

Nancy and Peter were soon interrupting each other to tell of their street-car experience.

“And now,” demanded Peter, “tell me why you wear that brush in front!”

“Why, that’s my pouch!” declared the boy.

“Your—what?”

“My pouch!” the boy repeated. “It’s a sort of pocketbook. See? I can carry lots of things in it.”

As he brought out several marbles, a knife, a piece of string and a handkerchief, Nancy began to laugh.

“Well, your pouch and Peter’s pockets serve the same purpose,” she said. “Only your pouch is much prettier.”

SHIPYARDS, LINENS AND LINOLEUM

UNCLE Lee MacLaren was quoting a Scotch customer who had said, "Glasgow made the Clyde, and the Clyde made Glasgow."

He sat opposite Peter and Nancy in a compartment of a train bound for Edinburgh.

"What did the man mean?" asked Peter, wearing a puzzled frown.

"He meant," Uncle Lee replied, "that the citizens of Glasgow dredged their river until its shallow channel became big enough for sea-going steamers to enter. The steamers entered with cargoes of sugar and cereals and cotton goods to exchange for products from Glasgow."

"The shipyards at Glasgow are wonderful!" Peter cried. "Uncle, they were building everything from yachts to ocean liners, weren't they?"

"Yes. But shipbuilding isn't all there is to Glasgow's industry," Uncle Lee returned. "Scotland has great coal and iron mines. Glasgow makes iron and steel goods. It manufactures woolens and cottons, of course."

"How about linens?" Nancy asked. "I never in all my life saw such lovely linens as there are in the shops at Glasgow. You won't forget, will you, Uncle Lee, to let me buy that tablecloth with the thistle pattern for Mother?"

“I won’t forget,” Uncle Lee promised. “The linens, Nancy, come from Dunfermline, farther north. Its linen industry began years and years ago, when each family raised its own flax and wove its own linens on hand looms. Grandmother MacLaren can remember that time. After coal was discovered, the work was done in factories.”

“Is that where linoleum is made, Uncle Lee?” Peter inquired. “What’s linoleum made of, anyway?”

“Dunfermline makes it of linseed oil mixed with pulverized cork from Spain,” Uncle Lee explained. “Glasgow gets the cork for Dunfermline, and Dunfermline furnishes Glasgow with sails and ropes for her ships.”

“Fair exchange!” declared Peter.

They reached Edinburgh in the morning. The capital of Scotland seemed less than half as large as Glasgow. It was shrouded in gray mists. In fact, everything looked gray, as Uncle Lee led Peter and Nancy up the hill to view Edinburgh Castle. The castle, situated on a high rock, known as Castle Rock, overlooked a strip of level country to the east. The children felt certain that the Scotch soldiers must always have been ready for the enemy. Peter said he wouldn’t have liked to be marching down below when the early Scots threw down great rocks upon any one who attacked the castle.

Uncle Lee led Peter and Nancy over the old moat, which was now a flower garden, and into the



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EDINBURGH CASTLE IS SITUATED ON A HIGH ROCK,
KNOWN AS CASTLE ROCK

vaulted archway called the "Portcullis Gate." Then they followed a winding road, which led shortly to another gateway and then to a platform. Nancy gazed out over the hilly city with its spires and crowded, tall houses; but Peter was interested in the old bomb battery and the famous old cannon, called Mons Meg. The ancient gun was inscribed with the name of Mons, Flanders, where it was supposed to have been made in the fifteenth century.

When Nancy faced about, Uncle Lee was telling Peter that the oldest building of the castle-

fortress was the one on the very summit of the rock and that it was known as St. Margaret's chapel. Beyond the platform they gazed at the Half Moon Battery, from which royal salutes used to be fired and from which the time guns are still fired. It was built in the sixteenth century and was the most important defense of the castle. It commands a view of the city.

Leaving Argyle Tower, as one end of the castle is called, they strolled into the Palace Yard, on one side of which was the Great Hall and on the other side the old palace. In the Crown Room they looked at sparkling jewels, a gorgeous crown, beautiful sceptres set with precious stones and marvelous swords. The crown was supposed to date back to Bruce. It was of pure gold, adorned with many marvelous gems. Peter was most interested in the armor he saw in the arsenal, and both children gazed long and earnestly at the portraits in the picture gallery. Here the Scottish kings seemed to live again.

Suddenly the sound of bagpipes and marching feet recalled the visitors sharply to the present. Out on the platform a Highland regiment was marching about, the plaid skirts of the soldiers swinging in beautiful rhythm. The bright plaids were the only spots of color in the grayness; and both Peter and Nancy regretted that the Scotch people no longer wore kilts and colorful plaids. At least, most of them didn't. The bagpipers were as cheerful as the marching soldiers. The chil-

*Publishers Photo Service*

THE HALF MOON BATTERY

dren's eyes were sparkling, but they sparkled even more happily when Uncle Lee said, "How would you like to walk the Royal Mile?"

"The Royal Mile?" they exclaimed in one voice.

"The Royal Mile, or the King's Way, whichever you choose to call it. It's the street connecting the castle with Holyrood Palace down there," Uncle Lee explained. "The Castle is on a rock that's almost perpendicular on three sides, but it does slope gradually down to Holyrood."

"It looks like a picture of a French château," said Peter. "Who built it, Uncle Lee?"



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IN THE CROWN ROOM THEY LOOKED AT
SPARKLING JEWELS

“David the First built it,” Uncle Lee answered. “You see, it was like this: One day when King David was out hunting, he was thrown from his horse. A wounded stag was about to attack and kill him. Suddenly a bright cross appeared, and the stag fled. So David built the Abbey of the Holy Cross, or Holyrood Abbey, in memory of this miracle. Queen Mary lived here and, although the abbey was burned by the English more than once, Mary’s rooms escaped the fire. The place has been rebuilt a number of times. Shall we start?”



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THE ROYAL MILE, OR THE KING'S WAY, CONNECTS
EDINBURGH CASTLE WITH HOLYROOD PALACE

To Nancy the tall old houses were as interesting as the castle, and she loved the quaint church of St. Giles, where so many Scottish heroes lie buried. The square central tower looked like an open crown, and Uncle Lee said that the old church had a strange history. It had been a church, a school, a court, a prison, and even a storehouse for the machinery of the gallows. But to-day it was just a pleasant old church with an atmosphere of peace and calm.

Nancy looked back up the way they had come.

“The Royal Mile!” she said, softly. “Doesn’t

it seem strange, Peter, that such a short distance should have so much history?"

"Wonder if that's where they got the idea that 'there's no royal road to learning,'" Peter observed. "If one mile could be so hard for the early kings, imagine what . . ."

"That's too far-fetched, Peter," Nancy put in. "Whenever I think of The Royal Mile, I shall think of it as The King's Way because of the illustrious persons who have walked down it . . . To think that our feet should have trodden the same path!"

"Well, maybe some day *we'll* be famous. Who knows?" Peter cried, a merry twinkle in his eye.

THISTLES AND HEATHER

HALF an hour later, however, the atmosphere was one of gayety, for Peter and Nancy were strolling with Uncle Lee down Princes Street. It was the first time they had ever seen a one-sided street. Along one side were shops and cafés, palatial buildings, the children thought them, while the other side was left open for parks, beautiful public buildings, and statuary. The street was black with traffic, and it looked as though all Scotland were on parade. Uncle Lee stopped to chat with a business man who told him how much paper was manufactured in Edinburgh and what a wonderful publishing center it was. Nancy and Peter stopped in a bookshop, and together they chose a copy of Burns' poems for Father. It had a plaid silk cover.

From the heights in Edinburgh, Peter and Nancy could see much of the southern uplands, where the granite-topped mountains were covered with purple heather. A long afternoon tramp over the grassy slopes fulfilled their desire to see the country close at hand.

Cows grazed in the valleys, and sheep wandered over the drier hillsides. Everywhere there seemed to be peace and plenty.

"I wish I could see an old *droveroad*." Peter

sighed. "Remember Grandfather MacLaren telling us about the droveroads, Nancy? The shepherds used to drive their sheep clear to the ports. That's why the trails they took were called droveroads."

"The droveroads are all overgrown with heather now, but the sheep still graze on the hills. Everything is shipped by rail." Uncle Lee sighed too. "Look ahead, Peter. That's the Tweed River, and it's in the midst of the sheep country."

"Whenever I put on a tweed suit, I'll remember this trip," Peter promised.

"I never knew that tweed cloth was named after a river," Nancy cried. "How very interesting!"

A few days later it was the northern highlands toward which the children's thoughts flew. They had heard a great deal about the highlands over which the Scottish chiefs once held sway, and Grandmother MacLaren was very proud of the peculiar plaid of her own clan. She had tried to teach Peter and Nancy some Gaelic words and she had told them many a sad story of the crofters, those frugal peasants who lived on tiny plots of land called crofts.

"'My heart's in the Highlands,'" Peter sang, and Nancy joined in.

Uncle Lee had promised that they were to see a crofter's home in the Highlands.

A week later they found themselves fishing for salmon and trout with Uncle Lee, in a swift,

beautiful mountain stream, they saw startled grouse rise beneath their feet, and even caught a glimpse of a red deer with her fawn.

The crofters seemed to live on the bleakest hillsides the children had ever seen. When Peter and Nancy beheld the tiny, barren farms that the poor Scotch peasants had rented, they recalled Grandmother MacLaren's stories anew.

One afternoon Uncle Lee asked one of the crofters if he and Peter and Nancy might visit him. The crofter was very hospitable and left his potato hoeing to meet them in front of the stone hut so rudely thatched with heather.

Tears came to the children's eyes when they entered the hut, for right in the middle of the room burned a peat fire. There was only a hole in the roof to carry off the smoke, no chimney at all. A black kettle hung over the fire, and in it the porridge steamed.

The crofter's wife, who had been down in the valley to get peat, came back with a basket on her back and dumped the big pieces of peat onto a pile at the side of the house. She said they must dry enough to last through the cold weather. She had a smile and a welcome for Peter and Nancy, and she knitted while she visited. Later she even set out a lunch for them, of milk and bannock.

Nancy stared at the flat, hard cakes, as big around as a dinner plate. She did not realize that bannock was oatmeal bread until she broke off a piece and tasted it.

Why, it was good!

Nancy watched the flying fingers of the crofter's wife thoughtfully. Did she have any little boys and girls? She answered Nancy's thoughts. She had two sons who were working in the shipyards in Glasgow, and her daughter was employed as a servant in a large home in Edinburgh. The children would be home for the holidays; and they sent part of their wages to help their father and mother. Some day soon they would all have a much better house.

Uncle Lee was as sober as the children on the way to their comfortable lodge.

"What is peat, Uncle Lee?" Peter asked.

"It's really the sort of turf that's found in bogs," Uncle Lee explained. "Each year when the plants dry up in the fall, they form a layer. The next spring new plants spring up. Then they dry. This goes on year after year until the layers become something like coal. The crofters cut the peat out in blocks. Of course the peat lowest down is the best. Though I'm not partial to peat as a fuel, if you should ask me!"

"Why don't they use wood or coal?" Nancy asked.

"There aren't many trees on these barren hillsides," Uncle Lee pointed out. "As for coal, it's too expensive."

"I think we're very fortunate to have pleasant, big farms like ours," Nancy said, softly. "Don't you, Peter?"

Peter nodded soberly.

“The thistle is surely a good flower for Scotland,” Uncle Lee said. “The flower is like the beauty of the mountains and streams, and the thorns are like the crofters’ hard lives.”

“And the heather,” Nancy added, “is like their kindness.”

Peter nodded in agreement. He was very silent, for Peter.

He climbed up over the hill, trudging ahead of Nancy and Uncle Lee. The little party passed other stone huts with heather-thatched roofs, and Nancy and Peter waved to children who greeted them. Uncle Lee whistled blithely, “Up with the bonnets o’ bonnie Dundee.”

Nancy, her arms full of purple heather, cried gayly, “Don’t look so solemn, Peter. Remember that this is bonnie Scotland.”

Peter’s smile was rather pensive.

“It’s more than a bonnie Scotland,” he declared. “It’s a *brave* Scotland! I’m *for* it!”

JAUNTING CARS AND PEAT BOGS

RAIN beat against the window of the compartment in which Nancy, Peter and Uncle Lee traveled on their way from Queenstown to Cork, or rather from *Cobh* to Cork. The city had been known as Queenstown from 1849, when Queen Victoria first visited Ireland until the Irish Free State came into power. Then they changed the name of Queenstown to Cobh. Nancy liked the sound of Cobh. Although it was pronounced *kob*, the Irish tongues managed to impart more than a suggestion of brogue to the single syllable. The children pressed their noses against the glass, delighted with the green pastures and the little farms separated by neat hedges. The stone fences were overrun with ivy vines; and everywhere flowers bloomed in profusion, pink and red foxglove, yellow iris, dandelion, lavender hyacinth and treelike red fuchsias. Later they would see the purple heather, the golden gorse and the white bog flowers. The wild pink roses made Nancy just a little bit homesick.

“Cork’s the most Irish place in Ireland,” Uncle Lee spoke up. “To be really Irish, you must be born, they say, within sound of the Shandon bells. They are sweet-toned bells, eight in number, and they send their music out over Cork from the

tower in St. Ann's church. The church may be seen across the roof tops from almost any hilly street in Cork. I'll point it out to you."

"To be really Irish, Mrs. Murphy back home says, we must ride in a jaunting car," Peter cried. "She says jaunting cars are the taxis of Ireland and that passengers sit back to back on the side seats and feel all the time as though they were going to slide off."

"Remember, too, Peter, that the Irish taxi drivers are called *jarveys*?" Nancy supplied as she stared out at the gray slate roofs with their red chimneys.

They were nearing Cork.

"I'd intended to take you to the hotel on a double-decker," Uncle Lee teased. "But if you say jaunting car, jaunting car it shall be."

Half an hour later, sitting back to back in a jaunting car, Nancy and Peter held on for dear life. But the smiling, red-haired jarvey landed them safely at their hotel.

It still rained. But the houses in rows that they had passed, with their open gates and flaunting flowers, had looked hospitable, and the children felt their hearts warm toward the kindly, smiling people of this little island. Nancy and Peter knew, from what Uncle Lee had told them, that they were in the most fertile part of Ireland and that the countryside round about supplied eggs, butter, cheese, poultry and live stock to be shipped to England.

“No wonder it’s called the Emerald Isle,” Peter exclaimed, when they drove out into the country the following morning, this time in an automobile that Uncle Lee had rented for the week. “Hay and grass! Shamrocks and rain! Grass is so plentiful that the jarvey says there’s a cow in Ireland for every person, and a sheep for every family. It won’t be hard for me to remember that hay is Ireland’s chief crop.”

“I want most of all to see the country ladies with their black, hooded cloaks and red petticoats!” Nancy cried. “And I want to see a real Irish hut and a peat bog.”

“You can’t miss either in southwest Ireland,” Uncle Lee said. “I think I can produce several huts for you, Nancy, and any amount of peat.”

As was usual with this kind uncle, his promise came true. That very day Nancy and Peter began to see little huts made of rocks from the hills and thatched very cleverly. The thatched roofs were held down by a net of grass ropes, weighted at the ends with rocks.

“Potatoes and peat!” Peter exclaimed in delight, as Uncle Lee led the children on a hike one pleasant afternoon.

The peat cutting did look interesting. The men with turf spades, which they called *slanes*, would cut out the peat in large bricks and then stack it in loose piles to dry. When the water was dried out, Uncle Lee said there would be only half as much peat.

“One of the men said that peat had other uses than just for fuel,” Peter offered.

“Yes, it has. It’s used for bedding for cattle and as a fertilizer, too,” Uncle Lee answered. “There’s plenty of it in Ireland. The only trouble is too much rain! If the peat doesn’t dry, it’s hard on the peasants.”

“They all seem sunny, in spite of the rain,” Nancy remarked, as she waved at some boys and girls who trudged along the road. They smiled and waved back. “Uncle, I believe the sun is coming out.”

“Well, the sun ought to be good for potatoes as well as peat,” Peter exclaimed. “That’s one thing they can thank America for—potatoes.”

“Funny they’re called *Irish* potatoes, then!” Nancy said.

“Peter’s right,” Uncle Lee put in. “Potatoes were first brought to Ireland by an Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh. Of course he found them in Virginia.”

“Must have been a long time ago,” Nancy guessed.

“It was,” Uncle Lee explained. “It was ’way back in the seventeenth century.”

“And they liked ’em so well, they called ’em *Irish* potatoes: is that it?” Peter asked.

“It must be!” Uncle Lee agreed.



Ewing Galloway

“O UNCLE LEE! PETER, LOOK! THE LAKES
OF KILLARNEY!”

SHAMROCKS AND RAIN

A SHORT drive in Uncle Lee's rented car brought the little party into a fairylike country. It was Nancy who recognized the water before her from pictures she had seen.

“O Uncle Lee! Peter, look! Over there in the distance! The lakes of Killarney! I know there are three lakes at Killarney, but this upper one,

even though it is the smallest, is the most beautiful. Those low mountains rising from the shores are full of maidenhair ferns and arbutus, the little flower that grows on a trailing vine and smells so sweet. And just think of seeing ruins of old castles on the islands in the lakes! We should pass Ross Castle very soon."

"'By Killarney's lakes and rills,'" sang Peter. "Where do we go from here?"

"To Dublin!" Uncle Lee replied and smiled. "To get there, we pass through the Golden Vale, if this car holds out. It's called the Golden Vale because of its richness and its golden butter."

"I like golden butter," Nancy declared.

"And I know you'll like Dublin," Uncle Lee replied. "You will want to peep into the dungeons in Dublin Castle, where famous Irishmen were held captive; and to say a prayer in the beautiful old church, St. Patrick's Cathedral. In Trinity College you will want to look at the harp of Tara. Of course it may not be the real harp of Tara, you know. About all that's left of the royal palace of Tara is a green hill on which stands a statue of St. Patrick; but we can imagine that the harp once hung on its magnificent walls. And best of all, in the Trinity library you are going to see what the Irish claim is the most beautiful book in the world."

"The most beautiful book in the *world*?" asked Peter.

"Yes, the most beautiful book in the world,"

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RUINS OF ROSS CASTLE ON LAKE KILLARNEY

Uncle Lee repeated. "It is called the *Book of Kells*, and it's a copy of the gospels written in Gaelic about the eighth century. The pictures are wonderful and every capital letter is illuminated, that is, decorated and colored, you know. This treasured book lies open upon a table covered with glass. Each day a leaf is turned, there being the same number of leaves in the book as days in the year."

"We'll have no time for the horse show or the poplin mills or the biscuit factories or even the shipping yards!" Peter complained.

When the children arrived in Dublin, it was not the things in the busy city of which they had heard that pleased them so much as the odd things they learned from Mrs. Clarey, an Irish acquaintance of Uncle Lee's.

Mrs. Clarey took the children out into the country to show them the Round Towers. No one knew who had built them, but Mrs. Clarey told strange stories of the great towers, with the entrances well up from the ground. There were no stairs in the towers and one had to climb from floor to floor by ladders.

The mounds which Uncle Lee declared had once been Celtic forts built by Englishmen who crossed the channel in skin-covered boats in the early days, were made by fairy folk, Mrs. Clarey insisted. And since they were made by fairy folk, they must not be disturbed. Mrs. Clarey confided that there were parts of the Connemara coast where the peasants dressed little boys in red flannel petticoats in order to deceive the fairies. Fairies often stole little boys, but little girls were safe. How Peter laughed! But Nancy declared that she really believed in fairies.

On their way back to Dublin, they passed a peasant cottage where one of the old type of milk carts of this district, with a little donkey between the shafts, had just stopped to deliver milk.

Peter and Nancy did not like to leave the Irish Free State and Mrs. Clarey; but Uncle



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AN OLD TYPE OF MILK CART HAD STOPPED BEFORE
A PEASANT COTTAGE TO DELIVER MILK

Lee's business called him to northern Ireland and Belfast. Northern Ireland would not be so rainy.

All about Belfast were flax fields with their small delicate flowers. A little later the seeds would appear, seeds which would yield linseed oil. The plants themselves, the children learned, furnish the flax of commerce from which linen is made. Whenever Nancy came near the pools where flax was retted, she held her nose. This retting, or steeping, was necessary to separate the fibers more easily. The pools were certainly not beautiful,

but Nancy did enjoy seeing the great fields covered with yards and yards of linen bleaching in the sunlight.

Peter was more interested in the shipbuilding than in Belfast's linen industry.

"Belfast builds the *ic* boats," he told Nancy.

"What are the *ic* boats?" she asked, laughing.

"Boats that end in *ic*, like Majestic, Celtic and Teutonic. Glasgow builds the *ia* boats, like the Aquitania."

Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy for a final day to the North Coast to see the Giant's Causeway. This was the queerest formation the children had ever seen. Ages ago one layer after another of lava had been poured out over this section of Ireland. When the lava cooled, it cracked into queer columns. Then the waves carried pieces of it away.

Think of about forty thousand columns of stone in queer shapes! Peter and Nancy loved the names the Irish had given some of the queer rocks. There was the Giant's Grandmother, the Giant's Organ, Chimney Tops, the Honey Comb, the Gateway, and the Ladies' Fan. Peter declared it would not be hard to think of names, and that the Giant's Causeway must look quite terrible in a storm.

In the quaint old town of Londonderry Peter and Nancy, with bouquets of shamrock and wild flowers, said good-by to Ireland.

"Shamrocks and rain!" Nancy cried as they

sailed away. "Peter, I shall never forget the little Emerald Isle, nor the shamrock. Mrs. Clarey says the three-parted leaf of the shamrock is said to have been used by St. Patrick as a symbol of a trinity in unity. I wish we could stay on the island that St. Patrick loved."

Peter sighed.

"Do you know," he said, "I'd almost be willing to wear a red flannel petticoat, if Uncle Lee would leave us here."

"The fairies wouldn't steal you, Peter," Nancy teased. "You've always been lucky. Remember how many four-leaved clovers you used to find at home?"

"Well," sighed Peter, "I'd be perfectly satisfied with three-leaved ones—if they were shamrocks!"

STRATFORD-NOT-IN-THE-BOOKS

NANCY woke up in a queer old bed with four posts and a large canopy, and then snuggled down deeper into the feather bed on which she was sleeping. The sheets, of silky linen, smelled pleasantly of lavender.

The plump landlady appeared in the doorway with a pitcher of hot milk, some hard rolls and orange marmalade in a little pottery jar, and said, "Here's your breakfast, Miss."

Apparently Nancy was to eat her breakfast in bed, or at least in her room. She bathed quickly, using the pitcher and basin on the commode. After dressing, she carried the tray over to a table near the window. She poured out the hot milk and munched her rolls. It was fun eating alone in the big, comfortable room.

This old inn, now known as the "Golden Lion," had been called "Ye Peacocke Inn" in Shakespeare's time. That was in 1613, so the landlady had said. Shakespeare, the great English playwright and poet, who had written "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and "Julius Caesar," plays Nancy would study when she reached High School, had lived right in this very town and had perhaps dined at this very inn.

It would seem strange to be walking the streets

in this clean little country town of England. The streets were so wide and pleasant, and there were any number of half-timbered houses like the one that was Shakespeare's birthplace. She'd visit that historic old house this very morning. Quickly she spread one more roll with the good but bitter marmalade.

There was a sudden knock on her door, and Uncle Lee came in, followed by Peter.

"Well, little lady," Uncle Lee said, "I'm going to send you and Peter to play with the swans in the Avon while I go to see a friend. Would you like to feed them?"

"I certainly would!" Nancy declared, as she pulled on her tam. "I always fed the geese and chickens at home. But couldn't we see Shakespeare's birthplace first?"

"Uncle Lee and I saw it this morning before you were up," Peter bragged. "You'll like the garden in the rear best of all. All the flowers that are mentioned in any of his plays are planted there. I remember rue, primroses, rosemary, and even holly. I'll take you through the house first, and then we'll walk out to the river and see the church."

Ten minutes later Peter and Nancy were entering the living room of Shakespeare's early home. To Nancy's amazement, she found the room stone-paved, with a built-in fireplace of antique type. There was a similar fireplace in the kitchen, the mantel of which was formed by a single oak

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ALL THE FLOWERS MENTIONED IN SHAKESPEARE'S
PLAYS ARE PLANTED IN THE GARDEN

beam. On one side there was a small cupboard and on the other side there was space for a seat. Behind the kitchen were two small rooms, the wash-room and the pantry.

Upstairs there was the principal bedroom, where Shakespeare was born, and the windows contained very old glass. At the back of this room was another large room, which had formerly been two bedrooms. Nancy was surprised at the simple, rather chilly house, and she was glad to step out into the garden with Peter. Shakespeare



Underwood & Underwood

THE SIMPLE STONE-PAVED ROOM

had bought another house, called New Place, where he lived after he was grown up; but the birthplace held the greater interest for the children.

Peter led Nancy along Henley Street. The morning sunlight slanted down through lacy trees and shone on the flowers that bloomed in the window boxes of the pretty, old houses.

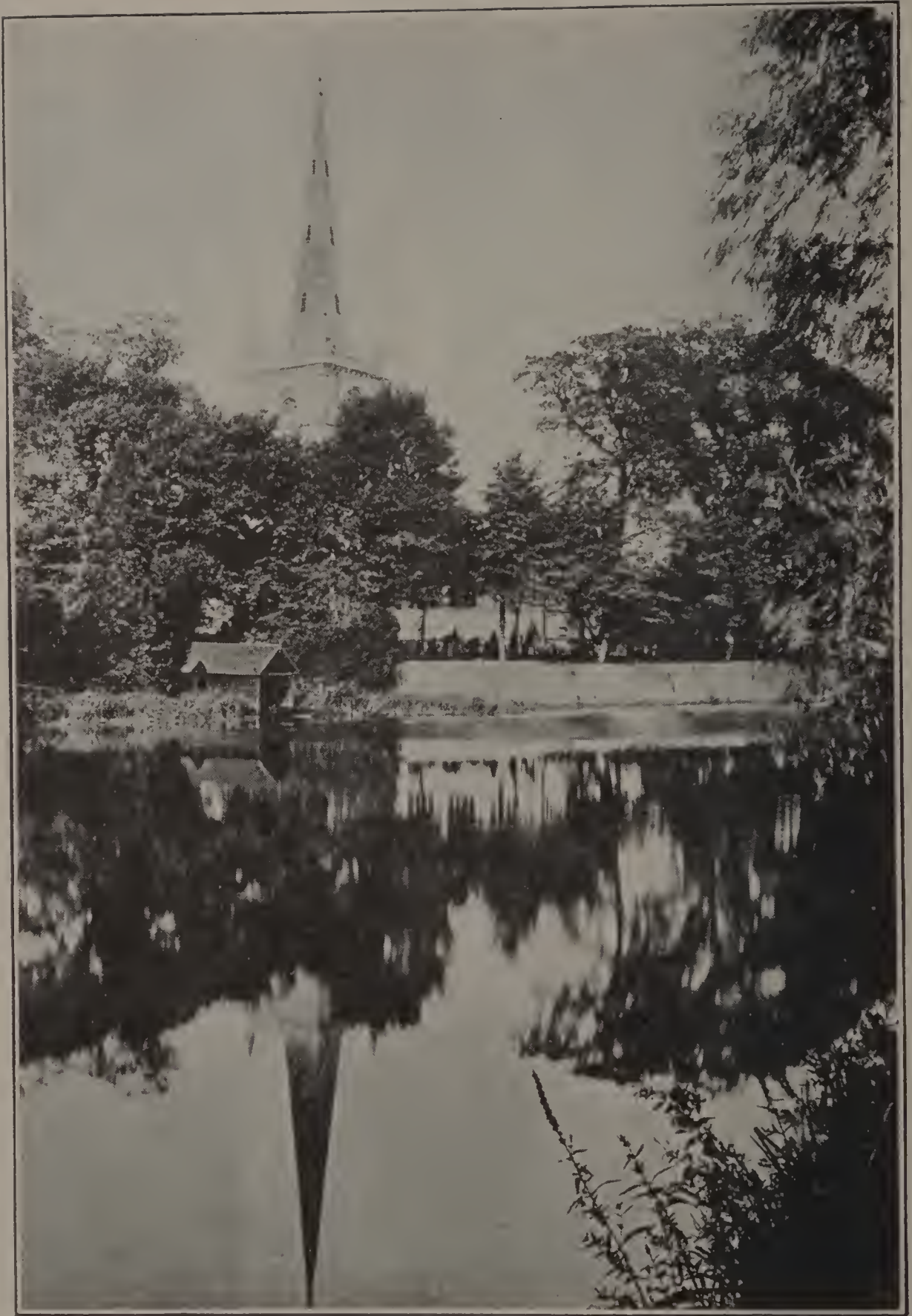
The walk to the Avon did not seem long. It was Nancy who first caught sight of the spire among the trees and heard the rooks calling. They hurried on to the end of the street where

the venerable Holy Trinity Church came in sight. Some parts of this historic church are five centuries old, Uncle Lee had told them. It was set far back as if to make room for the moss-covered graves and discolored tombstones in its yard. Quietly Nancy and Peter stole down between the rows of lime trees whose branches interlaced above them, and they whispered together reverently as they saw how beautifully the many graves in the churchyard were decked with flowers.

They hesitated at the heavy oaken door of the church. But Peter's interest was suddenly caught by something on the great, rough-hewn inner door. He lifted what appeared to be a great iron ring and asked, "Guess what this is, Nancy?"

"It's just a queer old knocker," Nancy replied. "That is certainly an odd old iron face, holding the ring in its mouth."

"This is a *Sanctuary Ring!*" Peter announced, importantly. "Uncle Lee told me all about it. There weren't fair courts or laws to protect people in Shakespeare's day, or in the days before Shakespeare. And so the churches offered protection, or *sanctuary*, to people who needed it. If you fled for your life and reached a place of sanctuary, no one could touch you. Uncle Lee said that any person accused of a crime reaching this old door and grasping this ring was safe for thirty-seven days at least. In that time, he



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THE SPIRE OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH AMONG
THE TREES

could often prove that he was innocent after all.”

“I’m glad I didn’t live in those days,” Nancy said. “Let’s go in, Peter.”

They stepped in through the rough wooden door, paused to see the baptismal font, then walked down the dim aisle. Just within the chancel rail and in front of the altar they saw the marble slab that marked the great playwright’s grave.

“Looks like your spelling, Nancy,” Peter teased, but Nancy nudged him to be quiet in church.

Together they read the inscription:

Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust enclosed heare,
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones,
But curst be he yt moves my bones.

On the wall above the grave the children gazed earnestly at the bust of Shakespeare by Gerard Johnson. Critics said it had been spoiled by being painted, but it looked beautiful to the children. They were delighted most of all with the window erected by Americans, representing the “Seven Ages of Man,” from the babe to the aged one. The sunlight, sifting through the colored glass, gave reality to the figures.

They left the dim church, hand in hand, as they walked past the tall elms that grew before the painted windows and strolled down to the bank of the silvery stream where forget-me-nots grew. The swans saw the children almost as

soon as the children saw them, and Peter and Nancy soon found out that these graceful white birds with the arched necks were great pets, used to being fed by visitors. Peter reached in his pockets for the dry bread Uncle Lee had given him; soon he and Nancy were having a jolly time.

“Do you suppose the swans fed here in Shakespeare’s time?” Peter asked.

“I shouldn’t be surprised if they did,” Nancy answered. “Surely there were lime trees here, and the rooks called in the reeds.”

“And Shakespeare really went to that church,” Peter said, turning back to stare soberly at the beautiful old structure.

“I felt very solemn in there,” Nancy offered. “It’s pleasant to get out in the sunlight again, isn’t it? I feel sure that Shakespeare loved this little stream.”

Softly she began to sing:

“‘I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows,’ ” and Peter joined in.



Ewing Galloway

ANNE HATHAWAY'S "COTTAGE" TURNED OUT TO BE
A FINE OLD HOUSE

ANNE HATHAWAY'S COTTAGE

“I WONDER,” Peter mused, when the last crumb was gone, “if we could walk out to Anne Hathaway’s cottage alone. Shottery isn’t far, and Uncle Lee says that Shakespeare probably walked out there many times to see his sweetheart.”

“She became his wife, didn’t she, Peter?” asked Nancy. “I like love stories that end well. I’m willing to try, Peter. I think it would be wonderful to walk along the same country road that Shakespeare traveled.”

Peter and Nancy wandered out on the country lane leading to Shottery, picking white wild daisies and red poppies along the roadside. The walk seemed very short, with so much to see; and the cottage, although thatched like a peasant’s cottage, turned out to be a fine old house. It boasted a beautiful garden, and the heather was in bud but not in bloom.

A dear old lady took them through the large rooms and permitted them to sit down on the settle in the comfortable old kitchen. They examined the fireplace and bake oven, as well as the place in the wall where the family kept its well-cured bacon.

Peter became interested in a wooden dish, on one side of which meat and salt could be served, which could then be turned over on the other side for pudding. Nancy could hardly pull him away to see Anne Hathaway’s bed. The bed was a four-poster with a canopy, and it was most elaborately carved. The caretaker declared that the same linen sheets were on the bed as in Anne’s time! And she laughed as she added that a great many housewives called them “everlasting” sheets.

“But how could they last three hundred years



Ewing Galloway

NANCY AND PETER FOLLOWED THE COUNTRY LANE
LEADING TO SHOTTERY

and more?" asked Nancy. She looked with awesome interest at the old coverings of the bed.

"All Stratford believes them to be Anne's sheets," Uncle Lee told her later.

By the time Peter and Nancy had decided to start back to Stratford it was high noon and very warm. As they trudged along the sunny road, Nancy threw her withered flowers away and exclaimed, "Peter, we must be lost. It was never this far from Stratford to Shottery."

"I wish we had bicycles like that boy and girl!" Peter exclaimed, pointing to a pair of children cycling along the road. "Let's ask them if we're on the right road."

The boy and girl seemed glad to be hailed by two children who turned out to be Americans. They said they were Tom and Emily Ward, and they'd be glad to give Peter and Nancy MacLaren a lift into Stratford.

Gratefully Peter and Nancy mounted behind the Ward children, and away they all went over the smooth road on the bicycles.

Back in Stratford once more the Wards, with their passengers, brought their bicycles to a stop before a row of houses that looked like one continuous building. There was no space at all between the houses, and single walls made all the division there was. Peter jumped down from Tom's bicycle, and Nancy stepped down from Emily's.

"We live here," Tom announced.

“Won’t you come in?” Emily invited. “You look surprised. What’s the matter?”

“How can you tell your own house?” Nancy asked.

“And where’s your yard?” Peter inquired.

“You must both come in and learn the answer to your questions,” Emily said hospitably, and drew Nancy in beside her.

Nancy noticed that the number was the third door from the end of the block. Tom and Peter followed the girls.

There was a rather dark, stuffy sitting room with a whatnot in the corner and a red plush album on a little center table. Emily led the way through the simple, dark bedrooms, the tiny kitchen and out the back door.

And there, right in front of them, was a flower garden. Mrs. Ward, the mother of the English children, was cutting flowers. The little tea table under a big umbrella was set for lunch. Tom and Emily introduced their new friends, and Mrs. Ward made them welcome.

“What a lovely yard!” Peter and Nancy exclaimed at one and the same time.

“We call it a court,” Tom explained.

Mrs. Ward invited Peter and Nancy to stay for a simple lunch, but they knew they must get back to the inn.

Uncle Lee was waiting.

“Well, what did you two see this morning?” he asked.

“Lots of things that weren’t in our books,” Nancy answered.

“It will take all lunch time to tell half,” Peter declared, happily.

“Well, while you children have been enjoying yourselves, I haven’t been idle,” Uncle Lee spoke up. “Ever hear of the Harvard House?”

“Heard of Harvard University at home,” Peter answered.

“Well, before we leave Stratford, I’m going to take you to see a fine old home known as the Harvard House,” Uncle Lee promised. “It was in this house that John Harvard was born.”

“But Stratford’s a long way from Cambridge,” Nancy said.

“That’s true,” Uncle Lee agreed. “But John Harvard went to America in 1637 and gave the college in New Towne—which is now Cambridge, Massachusetts—a fine library. In gratitude the trustees named the college after him.”

“To think,” Peter exclaimed, “that the founder of our oldest American college lived in Shakespeare’s town!”

BIG BEN TELLS THE TIME

IT WAS Sunday morning in London. The little party had arrived the night before in a railway carriage. Peter and Nancy had expected to feel their way, hand in hand with Uncle Lee, through a dense fog. They had heard so much about London fogs that they were surprised to see the sun shining brightly.

Down the Strand, the important street that borders the Thames River, floated the chimes of Saint Paul's, the grand old cathedral. The music filled the air with silvery sound.

The children had never seen such contrasts in riches and poverty as they now saw in the streets of London. At home they had never seen such splendid cars, nor people so richly dressed as those who rode in them, wearing silk hats and priceless furs. And there was no one so poor at home, they thought, as the cripples and old men and women who sold flowers on the corners.

Nancy would say, "O Uncle Lee, please let me buy some of those bright blue bachelor's buttons from that poor little hunchback!" And then a few minutes later she would beg, "O please, Uncle, can't I buy a few magnolias from that old, old woman? She looks hungry."

Finally, when her hands were full of roses, daisies, bachelor's buttons and magnolias, Uncle Lee said, "Nancy, you couldn't possibly buy from every flower peddler in London. And if you gave a penny to every beggar, Uncle Lee couldn't take you home."

"No, I suppose not," Nancy said, with a sad little smile. "Not even a magic uncle could do so much."

"No, but I can show you something that seems like magic," Uncle Lee promised. "We'll take a trip on the underground train."

Uncle Lee bought tickets at a booking stall. Then all three stepped into a commodious elevator, which in England is called a "lift." The descent was so smooth and slow that Nancy did not have to hold her breath, as she usually did in elevators at home.

They stepped out upon a clean, wind-swept street far below the surface of the ground. It was lighted by street lamps, and there were tiny stands along the tracks, where papers and confectioneries were sold.

If the lifts had been slow, the underground trains were the fastest vehicles on which the children had ever traveled.

"How can they go so fast?" Peter asked with delight.

"Because they do not have to look out for traffic," Uncle Lee explained. "They have a clear coast all the time down here."

*Paul's Photos*

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, WHERE ARE BURIED KINGS
AND MANY FAMOUS MEN

Leaving the train, Peter and Nancy and Uncle Lee went up and down steps and in lifts, in the marvelous under-the-earth tunnels, until at last they came to the surface at Trafalgar Square.

From the Square it was just across the street to the National Gallery.

“I want Peter to see Landseer’s picture, ‘Dignity and Impudence,’” Uncle Lee said. “The hound and the fox terrier will remind you of your own dogs at home. If I remember right, I saw a little print of the picture in your room.”

Peter was delighted with the painting, as Uncle Lee had expected him to be. The lad

went back several times to look at it again. The big hound looked so massive and solemn, and the little terrier so pert and saucy.

When a great bell tolled out the noon hour, Uncle Lee spoke.

“Big Ben is telling us it is time for lunch,” he said.

“Big Ben?” Peter asked. “Why, that’s the alarm clock at home.”

Uncle Lee laughed.

“Big Ben is the great bell in the clock tower of the Houses of Parliament,” he explained.

Uncle Lee led the way and Nancy followed him out on the long, outer stairway. They had gone half a block talking about the pictures before they noticed that Peter wasn’t with them.

Uncle Lee looked startled, but Nancy only laughed. When Nancy laughed, there were dimples in each of her cheeks.

“Never mind, Uncle,” she said. “I just know Peter’s gone back again to look at ‘Dignity and Impudence.’”

And so it proved to be. Peter was found standing before the painting. He was so intent on the dogs that he hadn’t noticed that Uncle Lee and Nancy had gone.

They had lunch at the Cheshire Cheese, a famous old inn on Fleet Street. While they were eating, Uncle Lee told them that this old inn had been a favorite resort of many of the great writers of earlier days.

Then they drove in a cab along the Victoria Embankment, the great avenue that borders the Thames River at this part. After a while they dismissed the driver and walked about.

“What is that tall, thin spire?” Peter asked.

“It is called ‘Cleopatra’s Needle,’ ” said Uncle Lee. “It is an obelisk, or four-sided pillar. It tapers toward the top, as you see. It was brought here from Egypt in a ship specially designed for the purpose. But there was a great storm and, in order to save the ship, the obelisk had to be thrown overboard. Afterwards it was recovered and placed here.”

“Let’s go over and look at it,” said Peter.

“What are those marks on it?”

“That is writing,” said Uncle Lee. “It is what is called ‘picture writing.’ That was the way the ancient Egyptians wrote.”

Next they viewed the Parliament Buildings and Westminster Abbey from the banks of the Thames.

“The Houses of Parliament are government buildings,” Uncle Lee explained. “‘The House of Lords’ and ‘The House of Commons,’ as they are called, are the law-making bodies for England, just as our Senate and House of Representatives are for us. The two together are called Parliament, as our two law-making bodies are called Congress.”

“Is Westminster Abbey a church?” asked Peter.

“Yes, a very great and famous one. In its



Paul's Photos

THE GUARDS AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE WERE
TALL AND HANDSOME

crypts, or vaults, are buried kings and great statesmen and many famous men.”

At last, as they strolled along the embankment, they came to a vast, dingy stone building that stood apart. Nancy was impressed with the immense black and gold gates and the guards standing before them.

“What place is this?” she asked.

“It is Buckingham Palace,” replied her uncle. “The London residence of the king and queen!”

The guards were tall and handsome in their uniforms of blue trousers, red and gold corded coats and big fur caps, over a foot high. They carried guns and one stood on either side of each gate all about the palace. The little English boy in the picture was given a guard’s uniform as a Christmas present, he told Peter.

Just as the children and Uncle Lee appeared, the famous guard was being changed and the children were able to see this impressive ceremony.

Inside the gates Nancy could see no grass nor shrubbery. The little girl was so interested that she stood staring at the tall guards, stationed like statues. She did not notice that Uncle Lee and Peter had strolled on, until they came back for her.

“Well, I think we’d better go back to the hotel before I lose both of you at once,” Uncle Lee said.

They crossed the street. A tall traffic officer said, as he signaled to them, “Thank you! Step this way, please. Thank you!”

*Publishers Photo Service*

THE CHILDREN WERE ABLE TO SEE THE
CHANGING OF THE GUARD

“Why did he say ‘thank you’ to us?” asked Peter. “At home we say ‘thank you’ to the policeman when he directs us.”

Uncle Lee laughed.

“Yes,” he agreed. “You will notice those differences in the manners of police officers here and at home more, as you go about in London. And they are called ‘bobbies,’ here.”

“Bobbies!” cried Peter, laughing gaily at the idea of speaking in such a familiar way of policemen.

Nancy's color was high, and Peter's eyes shone with excitement. They were in the greatest city in the world, a strange wonderful city, where elevators were "lifts" and where policemen treated one like kings and queens.

It was the city where Big Ben tells the time so that it can be heard for miles and miles.

"Remember, Peter," Nancy asked, "the time we heard Big Ben over the radio?"

"I certainly do," never expected to in any other way. never expected *person!*"

Peter answered. "I hear those chimes And I certainly to see Big Ben *in*



BIG BEN "IN PERSON"

BOATS, CHEESES AND WINDMILLS

UNCLE LEE and Nancy leaned back to rest in the railway carriage as it left London for Folkestone. Peter was wide awake. He was more anxious to see Holland than any other country. Folkestone, that English seaport town with the spacious harbor, was ready and waiting for its tidal steamers to sail, just as Uncle Lee had said it would be.

It was dark, and the boat was crowded. The children heard German, French and Dutch spoken, but very little English. The waves beat high, spraying the decks, so that Nancy's dress was dampened and Peter's stockings soaked. Uncle Lee sent both his charges below to their staterooms. Nancy watched the sailors as they closed the portholes, and she shivered as the green waves, with their crests of white foam, beat against the glass. Peter said good night to Nancy at the door of her stateroom and assured her that she needn't worry about being seasick. The steward said that children never did get seasick.

Nancy went to sleep to the pounding of the ship's engines. It seemed as though the ship had just embarked when a stewardess called her. It was, in fact, just dawn of the following day.

*Ewing Galloway*

THE DELFTSHAVEN HARBOR AT ROTTERDAM WAS
FULL OF FISHING BOATS

Such a short journey on the North Sea! Nancy could hear Peter grumbling sleepily, and she almost fell asleep again while lacing her own oxfords. Uncle Lee and Peter led her up on deck, and then she felt repaid for her early rising.

The sun was barely up, and a golden mist filled the air. The Delftshaven harbor at Rotterdam was full of fishing boats. Off in the distance were sailing vessels. Through the dim morning light Peter and Nancy caught sight of



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THEY LOOKED OUT UPON LOW FIELDS, CANALS AND ENDLESS WINDMILLS

a great city and there was one strange thing about it. They rubbed their eyes at the sight of countless windmills outlined against the sky, in the low, fertile country stretching out before them.

“If you look at those ships and barges, you’ll get an idea of what business one little country can do,” Uncle Lee said, as he stood between the two children at the rail. “Alkmaar is the Dutch town of the famous cheese market. The cheeses arrive from the nearby town by barge and are painted with a coat of red preservative. They’re called Edam cheeses, and I imagine a good many are being shipped. Of course some of the milk is used in powdered milk, condensed milk and like products. When you see the number of cows, you’ll not be surprised at the milk products. These ships carry them all over the world.”

“How about bulbs, Uncle?” Nancy asked. “Those tulips Mother planted last spring came from Holland, she said. Do you suppose some of those ships are carrying away tulip bulbs?”

“Yes, indeed. Flower bulbs are raised mostly around the little village of Aalsmeer. You’d be amazed at the hyacinths, the tulips, the lilies of the valley and even the hothouse roses that may be shipped as far as New York. Aalsmeer raises ornamental trees, too. Sometimes they are cut to represent bears, vases, or whatever you may fancy. And if you want hothouse fruits, you have only to go to the country around The Hague,

the capital, as you know, of Holland. The ships unloading are bringing cheap coal, cereals, spices, rubber and other necessities. Well, here we go. We land here and take the train to The Hague.”

Half an hour later the sunlight shone out a golden yellow, and from the compartment of a train Peter and Nancy and Uncle Lee looked out upon the low fields, the many canals, the small, neat stone cottages and the endless windmills. Once the train passed a field of purple-blue hyacinths that perfumed the whole country round about. There were thousands and thousands of tulips and scarlet geraniums in another plot. Everywhere were the famous Holstein dairy cows of Holland, black and white and sometimes red and white. To Peter and Nancy, it was like being home again on their own farm, for Mr. MacLaren raised Holstein or Dutch cows, too.

“We’ll have to tell Colantha Johanna, our best Holstein cow, that we saw her home,” Nancy declared.

Peter exclaimed at the beautiful, cream-colored horses and pure-white sheep.

“No skinny horses here!” he cried. “They’re all fat and sleek and have thick necks. And such intelligent eyes! I felt so sorry for the horses in London.”

Three boys of different ages were carrying toy boats to the water, for sailing toy boats is a favorite pastime of Dutch children.

Uncle Lee was as hungry for breakfast as were

*Ewing Galloway*

“SAILING TOY BOATS IS A FAVORITE PASTIME OF
DUTCH CHILDREN”

the children, and the breakfast on the train in the early morning was one they long remembered. All the English breakfasts had been what Uncle Lee called “continental,” just hard rolls and bitter marmalade, with a hot drink. But if breakfasts on the continent were supposed to be so simple, the Dutch breakfast was quite an exception. There were delicious berries, fluffy hot rolls, thick yellow cream that had to be “spooned,” sweet butter, and fresh eggs with ham. Uncle Lee said he was enjoying his first

cup of good coffee since leaving the United States. The coffee did smell good.

"This coffee," he said, "probably came from the Dutch colonies in East Indies. Do you know, Peter, that the Dutch colonies are sixty times the size of the mother country? Maybe your cocoa came from there."

"It's good, anyway," Nancy said. "As good as your coffee."

Peter was thoughtful as the train slowed down at a station. He watched a big fat goose with her family of many plump, lively goslings.

"Uncle Lee," he spoke up, "I think I can understand now how the Dutch colonies can be sixty times the size of the Mother country and still be contented."

"How, Peter?" Uncle Lee asked, with an amused smile.

"That old goose has a big family, and every little gosling is happy," Peter offered.

"That's because the old goose is a good mother," Nancy explained.

"Right you are, children!" Uncle Lee agreed. "Holland's a good mother country. Her colonies should be—and are—both happy and fortunate."

SHOE LEATHER AND WOOD

THE HAGUE struck the children first of all as being very clean. Women wearing wooden shoes, full blue dresses and white caps, were out scrubbing the sidewalks.

Neither the children nor Uncle Lee were willing to spend very much time in the hotel. They went for a walk in this modern-looking city. They gazed long and earnestly at the simple, almost severe-looking parliament houses. Here, too, they paused before the great hall where the Peace Conferences are held, and they fervently hoped that soon there would be universal "peace on earth and good will toward men."

Peter found the old Spanish prison absorbingly interesting. Nancy shuddered at the dungeons, the cruel irons, the axes and the blocks. Here the Spanish had mistreated and even tortured Dutch prisoners.

Nancy was glad to drag Peter away to see Holbein's paintings in the famous picture gallery. Peter liked the pictures, too, and he called Nancy's attention to the fact that, in a Holbein painting, one could see every hair in a man's beard. Uncle Lee was most absorbed in Rembrandt's "Lesson in Anatomy," but again Nancy shivered. She was glad to be out in the sunlight

walking along a canal and learning the story of how the Netherlands had reclaimed the rich land from the sea by building dikes and pumping out the sea by the aid of their windmills. Uncle Lee said the Dutch were still saving more land from the ocean. It would take many years, he explained, but some day the whole Zuider Zee, a landlocked inlet which covers about two thousand square miles, would be fertile farm land.

"Cities aren't so important here, are they, Uncle?" Nancy asked.

"Cities are always important," Uncle Lee answered. "Amsterdam, the biggest city in this little kingdom, has many industries, including the diamond industry. Although many of the people travel by boat on the canals, the city is very modern, and the school children wear leather shoes instead of wooden ones. Around the southern cities of Haarlem and Leyden you'll find the most wonderful flowers. And when the bulb season is over, the Dutch farmers grow delicate vegetables of fine flavor, such as cabbage, cauliflower, cucumbers and onions. If you were a little Dutch girl, you'd have a lot of weeding to do."

"I always help with the weeding at home," Nancy said. "And so does Peter. Uncle, when are we going to see a fishing village? It's as hard to get a sight of wooden shoes here as to see kilts in Scotland."

Uncle Lee laughed and hailed a cab. The chil-

*Ewing Galloway*

THE LITTLE HOUSES WERE BUILT CLOSE UPON
THE CANAL

dren got in, hilariously excited. They knew they were on their way to a country village, and they were delighted when at last they alighted on a stone street of narrow gabled little houses, built close upon the canal. And then they came upon a gay group of girls sitting on the dike with their knitting, all wearing pointed caps, cotton dresses and wooden shoes.

Every one in the peasant district wore wooden shoes, coarse blue gowns, tightly belted, and queer, starched caps. When the little Dutch chil-

*Ewing Galloway*

A GAY GROUP OF GIRLS SITTING ON THE DIKE
WITH THEIR KNITTING

dren first caught sight of Peter and Nancy, some of them ran into their neat, stone houses, but others hid behind the gates where they could peek out. They were shy but curious.

Nancy and Peter, at Uncle Lee's suggestion, offered them some coins; and soon wooden shoes were clattering over the cobblestones. Every child looked plump and had red cheeks and bright blue eyes, like pieces of sky.

From the Island of Marken a little lad, walking with his mother and two little sisters, smiled



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A LITTLE LAD, WALKING WITH HIS MOTHER AND
SISTERS, SMILED AT PETER

at Peter in a friendly way. Peter kept looking at the wooden shoes of the boy who was about his size; and the Dutch boy knelt down and felt of Peter's shoes. They sat down on a stoop, while Nancy played with the little children and Uncle Lee visited in Dutch with a pleasant fisherman.

Reluctantly Peter and Nancy followed Uncle Lee to the waiting cab.

"O Peter," Nancy sighed, "how I wish we might stay!" Then, "O Peter, how funny you walk! Why, you've got on wooden shoes! Where are yours?"

"I traded with the Dutch boy," Peter explained. "He liked mine, and I liked his. It's lots of fun to walk in these."

Uncle Lee did not laugh with Nancy.

"Good American shoes are hard to find on this side," he said, "and they're expensive. However, if Peter's pleased, I won't scold."

The cabman touched his horses, and they drove along the sea-scented beach of Scheveningen, the fashionable summer resort of Holland; but Peter's and Nancy's thoughts were only of the little fishing village and its pretty, red-cheeked, blue-eyed children.



Ewing Galloway

THE GONDOLIER STOOD AT THE BACK OF THE BOAT

THE CITY OF WATER AND DOVES

NANCY and Peter, with Uncle Lee MacLaren, found themselves one day in the midst of shouting hotel men in the crowded station at Venice. Nancy listened to their musical voices and the soft, sliding words with pleasure, as the men tried to persuade each new group of tourists to patronize their special hotels. Peter peered anxiously ahead. He was quite excited.

“Look, Nancy!” he exclaimed, as they came out of the station onto a stone sidewalk. “We’re right on a street of water.”

“O Uncle Lee,” Nancy called, “how are we ever going to get to our hotel? Do we go by boat?”

Uncle Lee nodded as he helped her into a long, narrow, flat-bottomed boat that was high-peaked at both ends. He called it a *gondola*; and the boatman who ran it he called a *gondolier*. Uncle Lee settled Nancy comfortably on a pile of cushions, then seated himself opposite her with Peter. Peter leaned against the comfortable back and threw his arms wide in a gesture of perfect content. Nancy could tell that he felt like a little king. Well, she felt like a queen.

“Well,” said Peter, “we’ve gone to hotels with Uncle Lee in automobiles, double-decked street cars and cabs and even in one of those low buggies with the driver on a high seat, they called ’em victorias, I believe, but this is the first time, Nancy, that we have gone in a boat.”

“It’s surely a lovely boat,” Nancy declared, turning about to look at the *gondolier*, who smiled and said something pleasant in Italian.

The *gondolier* stood upon the back of the boat, expertly guiding it with a single, long oar. Through canal after canal the boat gently glided. The canals, for the most part, were so narrow that the *gondolier* could have touched the houses on either side of the street of water with his long oar.

“Why does the city have streets of water?” Nancy asked.

“It’s like the canals in Holland,” Peter put in.

“Not exactly,” Uncle Lee explained. “Venice had little space on which to build, for the city is made up of many little islands. The Grand Canal runs like a capital S between them, and there are over a hundred smaller canals, with many bridges.”

Venice looked to be grimy and dirty, but Uncle Lee told the children it would appear quite different at night.

“For once in your young lives,” he declared, “I’m going to spoil you by letting you stay up. You’ll see what the magic of the night can do to white marble. That red marble is from near Verona, and it’s probably the finest natural red marble you will ever see. Most of these buildings along here are public buildings or palaces.”

The children were more interested in the gondolas than in the buildings, however. As the boat neared the hotel Nancy was attracted by a young gondolier who sang sweetly as he cleverly managed a big, black gondola decorated with golden birds on the sides and high silver ornaments in front and back. Peter was interested in a cargo of fruits carried in a faded old boat.

THE GRAND CANAL AND ST. MARK'S

NANCY and Peter could hardly wait until evening, for Uncle Lee insisted that they take a nap in the afternoon, if they were to stay up late. But even the longest day comes to an end, and when night came and the lights began to sparkle along the Grand Canal, Peter and Nancy settled down on the cushions of their beautiful gondola with Uncle Lee.

As the boat floated along, it seemed to the children as though they were in an enchanted city of white marble, vivid colors and lights. Songs floated out, and boats lit with exquisitely colored lanterns drifted by. They glided under the Bridge of Sighs, that beautiful bridge connecting the State prison with the *doge's*, or ruler's palace. Uncle Lee said that it was called the Bridge of Sighs because prisoners who crossed over it to be judged in the palace often returned to the prison to die. However, he added that there had never been very many important prisoners. Most of the tales about the Bridge of Sighs were just stories.

In the white starlight the gondola entered the Grand Canal, alive with the beauty of music and lights. Sometimes the children saw little tables set up in the boats and the occupants of the

gondolas dining in the open. Sometimes a satin canopy half hid the soft richness of an Italian *signorina's* dress. It was Uncle Lee who told the children that an Italian young woman was called a *signorina*.

Nancy would have liked to float on quietly all evening, but Peter was growing restless. He glanced up at the lazy-appearing gondolier in envy.

"Wish I could run a gondola," he said. "I can row a rowboat and paddle a canoe. Bet I could run a gondola. Ask him to let me try, Uncle Lee. Please!"

The gondolier handed Peter his long oar at Uncle Lee's request, but seated himself at Peter's feet. Peter almost slid off the boat at first, but the gondolier caught him, grinning as he did so. It wasn't easy to steer the unwieldy, big boat, and Peter soon looked tired. When, at last, however, he ran against a gold-encrusted bird on the front of another gondola, Nancy held her hands over her ears. The two gondoliers were quarreling, and their voices were no longer soft and musical.

Uncle Lee interfered. He gave the other gondolier some coins and took the oar from Peter.

"Wait until you get home, Peter," he advised. "Then fix up an old scow and run it on your pond."

The next morning Uncle Lee and the two children walked across the Rialto Bridge. Here most

*Ewing Galloway*

ST. MARK'S CATHEDRAL AND THE DOVES
THAT FEED THERE

of the great business of Venice had once been conducted. Leaving the Rialto they crossed other bridges. "It's up one bridge and down another," Nancy said to Uncle Lee, "instead of up one street and down another."

"I'm going to show you the only place that looks like solid land in Venice," Uncle Lee promised at lunch. "Saint Mark's Square! Saint Mark's Square was formerly a field with a canal running through it. The canal was filled up and drained, and a church was built that has

been described as the only church that can be neither described nor forgotten."

Nancy and Peter could not take their eyes away from the Cathedral when they saw it. There were charming shops on one side of the square and the doge's palace, with its fairylike balconies, at their right, but directly in front of them was Saint Mark's. They were amazed at the exquisite coloring and fragile carving. Peter called Nancy's attention to the wonderful bronze horses which decorated one end of the exterior of the Cathedral, but neither Peter nor Nancy spoke when Uncle Lee took them inside to show them the altarpiece. It was a marvelous work in gold, jewels and enamels. This picture of Christ attended by angels and prophets was the most exquisite work in precious metals and priceless jewels that the children were ever to see. They gazed at it reverently.

They looked at the winged lion of Saint Mark's upon a column, and then Uncle Lee led them over to the middle of the Square.

All of a sudden they were surrounded by doves. Nancy fed them with the grain that Uncle Lee handed her. They alighted on her shoulders and hands, and one even sat on Peter's head.

"Whenever I see the doves at home," said Nancy, her eyes shining, "I shall think of these."

FOREIGN WORDS AND LEMON SQUASH

AFTER a hot, dusty ride along the cool-looking, blue Tyrrhenian Sea, Nancy and Peter arrived in Pisa as the sun went down in flaming red. It was like a fire dying down, leaving hot embers. When Uncle Lee had told the children that they were going north to Pisa and that it was located on the Arno River, they had naturally looked forward to coolness and freshness. The fleas in Rome had been bad enough, but the mosquitoes here were worse.

"I've never read much about fleas in the stories of Italy," Peter exclaimed ruefully.

"I'm just one mass of bites," Nancy said, as she rubbed her back against the seat in the railway carriage. "There's a row of bites where my sleeves end, and I can always tell whether I've worn a round- or square-necked dress. I suppose it's the heat and sand and the water that attract the insects."

"Yes," Peter agreed, "and the fruit and the dirt and nice plump people like us."

Uncle Lee laughed.

"Shake your clothes over the bath tub before you go to bed," he instructed, "and I'll see that you get a mosquito netting canopy for your beds to-night."

Uncle Lee led the children directly to the dining room at the little hotel. Jonni, a dapper Italian waiter with a waxed mustache and a brilliant smile, saw to it that the little party was served the finest of spaghetti with truffles, which Uncle Lee said were a queer sort of mushroom found underground. For dessert they enjoyed an odd pudding that Nancy named "frozen cake."

"*Grazia!*" she said to the attendant, and he smiled his dazzling smile. "Did I say 'Thank you' correctly, Uncle? And did I pronounce it properly? *Grat-tsee-ah?*"

"Oh, it's easy enough to say 'Thank you' in Italian," Peter put in. "But I can go to a shop and say '*Quanto?*' which means 'How much?'"

"And when they tell him how much it is," said Uncle Lee, "he can say '*Trope cara*' or 'Too much!' like a regular Scotchman. Remember, Peter, to pronounce it *trope-ah*, *car-ah*, only not so broad."

"I like Italy," Nancy said, softly, "even if it is hot and full of fleas and mosquitoes. I like the flowers and the fruits, especially the big, sweet lemons. I like the mountains and the sea and the walls of the old cities. There's a five mile wall around Pisa, isn't there, Uncle Lee? And there are several bridges across the Arno, aren't there? There would have to be, because it flows right through the city."

"Well, I don't feel like walking around walls or across bridges," Peter said, wearily. "I'd like

a glass of lemonade. Uncle Lee, may I ask the waiter for one? They all speak English and French and German, as well as Italian. Jonni does anyway, and he can understand my English much better than my Italian."

"Go ahead," Uncle Lee said, with a twinkle in his eye.

Peter spoke to the hovering Jonni.

"A glass of lemonade, please."

"*Oui, Monsieur.*"

Peter felt quite grown up to be addressed in French, but he pretended not to be impressed.

"Wonder why they pronounce it 'We' when it's spelled o u i and means 'Yes,'" he grumbled. "And 'Mister' sounds like 'Must see her,' only kind of mushy."

The waiter brought a bottle, pried off the metal top, and poured the foaming liquid into a glass. Peter's face was a study. Nancy's eyes were big with surprise.

"This isn't lemonade," stammered Peter as he tasted the fizzy drink.

"Of course it is," Uncle Lee insisted. "Doesn't it say so on the label on the bottle? Attendant! Some lemon squash, please!"

"Lemon squash!" cried Nancy and clapped her hands. "Lemon squash! My, but that sounds like a funny vegetable to eat after you've had your dessert."

The waiter soon appeared carrying a bowl of chopped ice, crushed lemons swimming in their

own juice, and some water in a pitcher. Uncle Lee proceeded to mix his own lemonade. There was sugar on the table.

“When you want what we call lemonade in our country,” Uncle Lee told the wide-eyed children, as he handed each of them a frosted glass, “order lemon squash.”

“I’ll remember,” promised Peter.

It was restful sleeping under fine-mesh mosquito netting; and morning found the party refreshed. It was delightful driving in a horse-drawn carriage through the narrow streets that swarmed with dark-skinned, dark-haired Italians. It was fun crossing the Arno River and remembering that it was just a little black line in northern Italy on the maps of the geographies.

THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA

THEN, all of a sudden, Peter and Nancy caught sight of the Leaning Tower. They rubbed their eyes. It *did* lean. That it was one hundred and seventy-nine feet high and that it leans fourteen feet on the outside were the facts with which the children were familiar.

“It has stood there for over eight hundred years,” Uncle Lee said. “Pisa built it because she wanted as fine a bell tower as Venice had. It turned out to be one of the finest in the world. One writer said, ‘It looks like some fairy tower, composed of tier upon tier of marble columns and delicate tracery, and leans gently forward as though weary of the burden of its own beauty.’”

“Why, Uncle Lee, that’s poetry!” Nancy cried.

“And it’s beautiful, too!” Peter added, with a smile.

Uncle Lee laughed and led the children to the tower, where he allowed them to make the long climb to the top by way of the tedious, circular stairs inside the building.

The guide was very talkative, for Peter and Nancy were most attentive listeners. He talked loudly and excitedly about the tower, and he declared it had not changed in his grandfather’s lifetime, nor in his father’s. It would always



Underwood & Underwood

THE LEANING TOWER *DID* LEAN!

stand just like that, no matter what any one said. No one knows, the guide insisted, how the tower happened to be built leaning, but it was built that way on purpose. It did not sink after it had been built, as most people believed.

“What is the truth, Uncle Lee?” Nancy asked, as she and Peter followed him down out of the tower.

“The guide is just about right,” Uncle Lee answered. “The tower was built on wooden piles driven into ground so soft that, when it was just begun, it began to sink. That strange accident, instead of ruining it, evidently gave the architects an idea. They built it in such a way that, if you dropped a straight line down from a certain point, the line would touch the ground *within* the foundations of the tower. So, although the tower leans, it will not fall. That was very clever, don’t you think?”

The children nodded, though they did not understand perfectly. Peter was asking Uncle Lee about the great scholar, Galileo. Hadn’t Galileo dropped the apple from the Leaning Tower and so proved certain laws about gravity or the pull of the earth? Uncle Lee said Peter was right, and that Galileo proved that heavy weights and light weights fell in the same length of time.

They crossed the street to the great cathedral with its buildings. Here, it was said, Galileo had studied out nature’s laws after dropping the apple from the Leaning Tower. This old cathe-

dral was built in the form of a Latin cross. Beggars stood at the doorway, and Nancy could not forget them, even while she viewed the altar marbles.

To Peter the Baptistery, which they visited next and which really belonged to the cathedral, was the most interesting building in Pisa. It was an odd, dome-shaped building, with a queer power of sending back echoes. Peter could sing out several notes, and his music echoed with more tones and overtones. Peter would have liked to try his voice all afternoon, but some Italian mothers had come to have their babies baptized; and so the little party had to be quiet. Nancy was glad to leave because she was so anxious to get back to the door of the cathedral and give the *lira* Uncle Lee had handed her to the beggars. A *lira* was like a French *franc* and worth less than twenty cents; but the Italian woman to whom she gave it was very grateful.

HANDKERCHIEF FARMS

“**H**OW large was that piece of land your father gave you for a garden last summer, Peter?” Uncle Lee asked, as he and the two children jogged along in a cart drawn by two big, cream-colored horses and driven by a fresh-skinned boy whose welcoming grin included Nancy.

They were on a country road in Denmark. Day before yesterday, Uncle Lee and the two children had been sweltering in Pisa. Then the cablegram had come, ordering Uncle Lee to Denmark. They had flown from Pisa in a private airplane, owned by a friend of Uncle Lee’s; and, as Peter said, they were having a hard time coming down to earth. Uncle Lee had to repeat his question before Peter could collect his thoughts.

“Oh, about an acre and a half, maybe two acres,” he answered, not seeing the drift of the question.

“And your flower garden, Nancy?” Uncle Lee inquired, lifting his eyebrows a bit. “How big was it?”

“About an acre, I think, Uncle Lee,” Nancy responded. “I didn’t plant quite all of it. Part of it was put into strawberries. I don’t remember just how much Mother gave me. Why do you ask, Uncle?”

“Because I want you and Peter to get some idea of what the Danes can do,” Uncle Lee answered. “Many of their farms are only an acre and a half. Forty acres would be considered an immense farm.”

Uncle Lee looked hard at Peter and Nancy; and Peter exclaimed, “Why, Uncle, Daddy has a hundred and sixty acres. Even those poor Kriegers at home own forty acres. Are all the Danes poor?”

“Hardly!” Uncle Lee replied. “They don’t think they are, even though some of us tourists call their holdings ‘Handkerchief Farms.’ ”

“Handkerchief Farms!” both children exclaimed at once; and Nancy added, “I know why. Because they’re so small.”

“How do the Danes manage to live?” Peter wanted to know.

“I thought that would interest you, Peter,” Uncle Lee said, with a wise smile. “Well, here we are at my friend’s farm. He’ll explain much. Here comes Nels. Hello, Nels! Here are my nephew, Peter, and my niece, Nancy. This is Mr. Nels Broderson, children.”

The cart stopped, they all climbed out, and Nels held out his hands in welcome. A few minutes later Peter and Nancy were following Uncle Lee and Mr. Broderson over the farm. There were no fences or hedges. When the children asked why, the farmer explained, through Uncle Lee, that no small space could be wasted.

“Why are the cattle tied up?” Nancy asked, surprised that the cows could not wander about in pastures as they did at home.

“They’re staked out,” Uncle Lee explained. “Each man’s pasture is only big enough for his own cattle. Nels wouldn’t want his cows to get into his neighbor’s sugar beets.”

“See the beehives near the little flower garden back of the house!” Nancy cried. “I suppose the bees furnish honey for Mr. Broderson and his family. Peter, look at those queer little apple trees and that funny, long cherry tree! And the ground underneath is all planted in garden stuff.”

“Those are dwarf apple trees and long-trunk cherry trees,” Uncle Lee offered. “Know why they’re grown here?”

“I can guess,” Peter spoke up. “Those trees do not keep the sun from the growing gardens. We never think of things like that at home. Of course we don’t have to.”

Peter pulled Nancy after him toward the big barn.

“Uncle Lee and Nels are going into the barn,” he said. “Come along. You always liked cows at home.”

The children gazed with interest at the big, clean barn. Above each cow’s stall was a record. The amount of food eaten by the cow, the amount of milk she gave, and the butter-fat in the milk had all been carefully set down.

“Nels says to tell you,” Uncle Lee said, turning

toward the children and grinning, "that when a cow eats her head off, she is sold for meat. Then a better milch cow takes her place."

Nels was talking excitedly and earnestly. What was it all about? Uncle Lee seemed to understand the children's interest and turned to explain.

"Ever hear of 'gentleman's butter'?" he asked. "The big land owners used to make the best butter because they could afford to hire the best butter-makers. Of course this butter brought the best prices. Now, Nels tells me, the peasants have organized and they've worked together and hired good butter-makers themselves. In London right now the so-called gentleman's butter and the peasant's butter bring the same good price."

"How about Danish eggs?" Peter inquired. "That aviator said that Danish eggs were the best to be had."

Uncle Lee spoke to Nels, and he led the children to the hen-house. There he showed them how each egg was dated and numbered. Nels was chuckling as he told Uncle Lee a joke.

"Nels says," Uncle Lee explained, "that Denmark ships so many good eggs to other countries that it has to buy cheaper eggs from those same countries for its own use."

How the children laughed!

COPENHAGEN'S FREE PORT

UNCLE LEE and Mr. Broderson next talked over the price of bacon, while Nancy and Peter watched the fine, clean hogs and pigs.

And then their host turned to ask if they had been in Copenhagen. That was the one Danish word they understood, and they smiled and shook their heads.

"Copenhagen," Uncle Lee explained, "means 'Merchants' Harbor,' and it is often called the 'City of Spires' or the 'Queen of the Baltic.' If you were to sail into the harbor of Copenhagen, children, you'd probably go into the 'free port' before you entered the old harbor. A free port means that every land may send its ships into the harbor without paying duty on its goods. Traders often exchange goods in Copenhagen's free port. Isn't that so, Nels?"

Nels began to talk very fast.

"He says to tell you," Uncle Lee translated, "that the free port is about the busiest place in Europe. It has an electric plant, great warehouses, ferries, offices and even restaurants, just like a little town in itself. There are even some foreign factories here. These manufacturers avoid paying duty on raw materials in this way. That so, Nels?"

*Ewing Galloway*

COPENHAGEN MEANS "MERCHANTS' HARBOR"

"I think Copenhagen is very generous," said Peter.

"It is," Uncle Lee agreed, "but you must remember, young man, that goods do not enter Denmark without paying duty!"

Nels was trying to talk to Nancy in broken English. Uncle Lee came to the rescue.

"He wants you to visit the King's Market Place in the heart of Copenhagen. Each wagon, he says, is like a little shop. Some are filled with vegetables, and some are filled with fish. But he thinks you would like the wagons best that are

filled with flowers. Every Danish woman is a shopper, and they buy mostly direct from the wagons."

"I know I'd like to see the wagons," Nancy cried, eyes sparkling. "Perhaps I might go tomorrow with Peter while you're busy. I don't suppose we'd have time to-night. You're sure we're going into Copenhagen, Uncle Lee?"

Nancy could never accustom herself to the short distances in Europe, and it seemed almost magical that they should find themselves, toward evening, driving along the streets near the harbor. Because of what they had learned on the Broderson farm, both Peter and Nancy saw the city with new eyes. Longshoremen were loading boxes and crates onto big ships. The boxes and crates seemed endless in number.

"Little handkerchief farms!" Peter's eyes shone with a new determination. "If they can raise so much on a handkerchief farm, I should be able to raise much more on my little piece at home."

"Little handkerchief farms!" Nancy repeated and smiled wisely. "I shall keep better track of the eggs, and I hope we shall always make gentleman's butter."

"Denmark's only a third as big as New York State." Peter could not take his eyes off the busy workers. "But it's a *big* little country."

THE BELGIAN BEEHIVE

“I’D hardly know we were in Belgium. It’s almost like Holland or Denmark,” Nancy exclaimed, as she and Peter and Uncle Lee MacLaren jogged along in a cart over a fine, country road in Flanders. “See the tiny farms, Peter! No fences, no hedges, no walls! How do they ever tell where one man’s vegetable garden ends and where another begins?”

“I believe they plow a narrow furrow between the farms,” Uncle Lee offered. “You see we’re in northwest Belgium on what is sometimes called the Plain of Flanders. I suppose it’s the windmills and the dikes that remind you of Holland, Nancy. These windmills not only pump water, but they also grind grain. The Belgians are a thrifty people, I can tell you.”

“Such flowers!” Nancy exclaimed. “And such asparagus as that boy is holding; so big and thick and white! Uncle, it’s all like a wonderful flower garden. Whatever do they do with so many flowers? Is it thrifty to raise such a variety?”

“Ghent is called the ‘City of Flowers.’” Uncle Lee smiled at Nancy’s radiant face. “But I hardly think Ghent uses all the flowers raised near it. You see, Ghent is an important trade city. It’s located on two good rivers, the Lys and the

Scheldt; and not only do these two rivers meet there, but two big canals as well connect the city with the sea. It wouldn't be hard to ship flowers, would it? The same barges take fresh vegetables to Ostend, and Ostend ships flowers and vegetables to London. Ostend's a fashionable watering place, or, as we would say, resort. Of course it's famous for other things, too, such as its linens, candles and sailcloth. Remember, Peter? Ostend was the capital of Belgium during the World War."

"I remember." Peter spoke up for the first time. "The Krieger boys told me. I'm surprised at the country, though. The farms are so close together and so small that the country looks more like a village than a countryside. I never saw so many women and children working. Where are all the men and boys? Napping?"

"In the Belgian Beehive there are no drones," said Uncle Lee. "While the women and children tend the gardens and raise the pigs and chickens, the men and boys are working in the factories in the towns. Railroad fare is very cheap."

"What do they make in the factories?" Peter asked, but his eyes were intent on the busy gardeners, with their flaxen hair and blue eyes, and on the equally busy windmills, with their industrious, shining blades.

"Carpets and rugs and cotton goods," Uncle Lee answered. "They raise flax near Courtrai, and it's made into linen in Ghent. Their cotton

comes from the United States. By the way, Courtrai is on the Lys River and, as you've probably heard, had many beautiful buildings before the War. It will always, I hope, be famous for its linens and its exquisite lace."

"Courtrai!" Peter exclaimed. "What was it that traveler told us about Courtrai?"

"I remember," Nancy cried. "He said Courtrai and Bruges were dead cities. The harbor of Bruges filled up with silt, and the ships couldn't land there."

"I think that when you see Bruges to-morrow, you'll enjoy a dead city," said Uncle Lee soberly. "It's the capital of West Flanders, and three great canals meet there. That means plenty of business, even if the harbor is filled up with silt so that the big ships can't enter. Then, too, Bruges is famous for its Gothic buildings. That's the pointed style, you know. There's the fine old cathedral of Notre Dame, and perhaps the most beautiful belfry, or bell tower, in Europe. I've shown you pictures of the Belfry of Bruges. You like bells, Nancy, and you'll enjoy the forty-eight chimes ringing from this tower. They make sweet music."

Uncle Lee did seem like a magic uncle, for, on the following afternoon, Peter and Nancy drove in a car through the broad streets of the old city and surveyed with delight the many low-roofed houses, with their pointed gables, and the broad canals on which swans floated peacefully



Ewing Galloway

THE BELFRY OF BRUGES, PERHAPS THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL BELL TOWER IN EUROPE

even though there were numberless barges. The dogs hauling milk and vegetable carts made them homesick for their collie Shep.

"It seems to me I've never seen so many bridges," Peter declared, as Uncle Lee had the driver slow down so that the children might see them.

"Well," said Uncle Lee, "the Flemish word *brügge* means bridges. That's where Bruges got its name. With so many canals, it's necessary to have a great many bridges."

Uncle Lee's customer, a kindly man who bought fruit for the children at one of the outdoor markets, invited them to his home. He insisted on Uncle Lee's dismissing his driver and riding home in his car. The man's daughter, who was sitting out on the stoop making what she called pillow lace, welcomed them. Nancy stared at the delicate lace, while Peter stared at the bobbins.

"Why is it called 'pillow lace'?" Nancy asked, and added, "I think it is too dainty for just pillows."

"Homemade lace is an old industry," Uncle Lee said. "Bruges doesn't want it to die out. Nancy, we must take some of this lovely lace home for your mother."

"But why is it called pillow lace?" Nancy persisted.

"We call it pillow lace," the fair-haired Belgian girl explained, in English, as she led them into

the house, "because the pattern is pinned on a pillow with all the little bobbins about it."

"The lace is fine," Peter admitted, "but I'd like to take a willow basket home. I guess there are as many willow baskets in Bruges as there are pieces of lace."

Everybody laughed, but Peter knew he was right.

Nancy and Peter did wish they could stay longer in northern Belgium; but Uncle Lee's business carried him into the south. Even the language here differed from that of the north. It sounded more like French than Flemish; and the people were dark-eyed and dark-haired. The sand dunes and low, flat stretches were giving way to rolling hills.

"No more little farms!" Nancy exclaimed, in disappointment.

"It's the other way about here," Uncle Lee admitted. "The families live in the villages and work on leased land, for the most part. They raise oats, rye and wheat. No more tiny farms, Nancy. See the old château, rising out of that wood! Enjoy it now, because you're going to see a good many factories from to-day on. We're going to Liège. I think both you and Peter know something of Liège. It was the first big city in the way of the Germans when they invaded Belgium in August, 1914. They took it and held it until the end of the War. The Meuse River flows right through the town and it is the center of a

rich coal district. Here in Liège are the famous artillery works, machine mills and metal works. In Liège years ago, the citizens used to make even their nails by hand."

"What do they make at Liège now, Uncle?" Peter asked. "Didn't you say once that it was called the 'Workshop of Europe'?"

"There are three big coal mines close to the city," Uncle Lee explained, "and Liège makes all sorts of steel products, from steel bridges and cranes to rails. Of course it's famous, too, for arms and ammunition. The Meuse River runs right through the Belgian coal fields, but it's a beautiful, much-loved river, just the same. Antwerp handles the transportation for Liège, for the most part. It's a well-fortified town, and although it's fifty miles from the open sea and on the Scheldt River, it is the chief port of Belgium. It's worth going to see whether you have any business to transact or not. Its beautiful Gothic Cathedral has a spire four hundred feet high, and no pilgrim ever leaves Antwerp without viewing Rubens' famous painting, 'The Descent from the Cross'."

"I wish I might see it," Nancy said, wistfully. "We have a print of it at home. I'm glad southern Belgium isn't just steel."

"No, Brussels manufactures some of the finest plate glass in the world," Uncle Lee said. "Sometimes Brussels is called the Paris of Belgium, Nancy. It has lovely picture galleries, palaces,

and flower gardens. Being the capital of Belgium, it has a great many fine government buildings and attracts many distinguished visitors and diplomats. The little stream that runs through the town has been arched over, and, if we get to visit the city, I shall take you for a ride on the Inner Boulevard which is above the river. It was a great task to make this famous boulevard, but the Belgians are not afraid of work."

"Well," said Nancy. "This is the busiest country I ever saw. No wonder they call it the Belgian Beehive!"

"A beehive without a drone!" Peter exclaimed. "It deserves to prosper, doesn't it, Uncle?"

"It is prospering, Peter," Uncle Lee declared. "And the best thing about it, to my notion, is that Americans are helping to repair and rebuild Belgium."

"The American soldiers were very kind to the Belgians during the World War, weren't they, Uncle Lee?" Nancy asked.

"Yes, and the Belgians were very kind to the Americans, too," Peter put in. "'Turn about's fair play!'"

"That's one of the good things about the War," Uncle Lee said, soberly. "It has helped to cement the friendship of Belgium and the United States."

"I'm glad!" exclaimed Peter and Nancy, both at once.

FIORDS AND DELTAS

NANCY'S face was radiant. So was Peter's. So was Uncle Lee's. The little boat was full of smiling people who strolled about the clean decks and visited in Norwegian, in French, in German and (luckily for Peter and Nancy) in English, too.

Norway, with its sight and sound of the sea, its rugged mountains and its queer coastline, was the oddest country Nancy and Peter had ever visited. They had arrived with Uncle Lee in Bergen but a few days before and had been almost too excited to sleep. And now they had joined the crowd of sightseers on this little boat that was to take them into one of the most beautiful fiords in Norway. Peter had learned in school that a fiord was "A long and narrow arm of the sea with high, rocky banks." But that definition didn't give any idea of the beauty of the clear blue water and mountainous cliffs.

"No wonder the coastline of Norway looked so uneven and joggly in our geographies," Peter exclaimed. "I don't see how any map-maker could keep track of the islands, either. There are every size, I believe, from islands big enough for farms to mere pieces of rock sticking up out of the ocean."

“The ships are the most wonderful things,” Nancy cried. “Remember how much we wished we could go where the gulls went? Well, we’re here. Did you notice those longshoremen this morning, Peter? They were carrying great bundles of salt cod, barrels of herring, tons of cod-liver oil, packs of hides, and I don’t know how much wooden stuff onto the ships. My, but Norway ships a lot of things away!”

“And did you notice,” Peter said earnestly, “what they took off the ships? Cereals and coal and cotton and wool and lots of machinery! Uncle and I watched them a long time while you took your nap.”

“I think I saw what teacher calls the exports from Norway; and you and Uncle saw the imports. Peter, isn’t it wonderful really to see the things we’ve studied about, even the cod-liver oil? It’s no wonder that they have to buy cereals away from home. There’s no room to raise wheat or corn. If you’re a Norwegian, I guess you have to be a fisherman, a sailor or a ship owner.”

“Or a farmer,” supplied a pleasant voice at Nancy’s elbow.

Both children turned at once and faced a pleasant, light-haired, blue-eyed boy, who looked as sturdy as the pictures of Vikings the children had seen in their readers.

“Hello!” Peter greeted the boy. “What’s your name, please? We are Nancy and Peter MacLaren from the U. S. A.”



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MANY NORWEGIAN PEASANTS HAVE FLOWER GARDENS
ON THEIR COTTAGE ROOFS

“I’m Olof Holen,” he said, “and I’m a farm boy.”

“Where do you farm?” Peter asked. “There seems to be nothing but cliffs and steep mountains and sea.”

“There isn’t much farm land in Norway,” the boy admitted. “Only about three per cent of all Norway can be farmed. The deltas at the heads of the fiords and the land along the rivers make the best land, and of course we have a few farms on the lower slopes of the mountains. But our

people love flowers and many of them have flower gardens on the roofs of their cottages. We live just out of Trondhjem, north of Bergen. We raise oats, rye and dairy products. We live well. Our *flad brot* is made of oatmeal and rye, as you know. We have plenty of fresh and dried fish, good potatoes and cheese. Who could want more? Are you farmers?"

"Yes," Peter answered. "We live on a farm at home and we both plant and care for our own gardens. How well you speak English!"

"I study it in school. And besides, my uncle lives in the United States, and he teaches us when he comes to visit his old home."

"Are all the fiords as beautiful as this one?" Peter asked, as he gazed into the clear water and then up at the cliffs rising over a thousand feet from the water's edge.

"This fiord is called Smiling Hardanger," Olof said, "and it is a good name, all right. Strangers who visit here like everything about it, from the beautiful scenery to the little red and white houses, or the fine hotels, that nestle at the head of small bays. Naturally I like it farther north better, because it's my home. Ever seen Trondhjem? It's a fine town with broad streets and some of the finest old wooden houses in Norway. It's against the law now to build new wooden houses there. We're taking care to prevent fires. Have you been north?"

"No." Nancy spoke up. "This is our first trip.

*Ewing Galloway*

THIS FIORD IS CALLED SMILING HARDANGER

One of our neighbors once brought home a lovely coat from Trondhjem. It was lined with eider-down."

"Eiderdown!" Peter repeated. "Yes, I remember. Where do they get the eiderdown, Olof?"

"From the eider duck," promptly replied Olof. "The eider duck builds its nest on the beach, sometimes so near the water that the waves almost touch it. The mother duck plucks the softest feathers from her breast to line the nest for her little ducklings. One must rob the nests to get the down."

“How dreadful!” cried Nancy. “After all the work the mother duck does!”

“How wonderful!” Olof exclaimed. “To think that the hunter is bold and fearless enough to risk his life that you may have the warm coat and the warm blanket!”

The two boys laughed, but Nancy remained sober.

“I like your great trees,” Peter said, to change the subject. “We have forests almost like yours in northern Minnesota and Wisconsin.”

“We have wonderful rivers as well as wonderful forests,” Olof boasted. “I suppose you’ve heard of the Glommen, the Drammen and the Skien. The Glommen is the largest river in Norway, but there are so many waterfalls that it can be navigated only a few miles. The Drammen is always full of floating logs; and so is the Skien. We have enough lumber for our own uses, and our factories make everything from matches to ready-cut houses. The factories use the water power from the swift rivers. We aren’t all fishermen and sailors, I can tell you that.”

At that moment the boat pulled in to the shore, and Uncle Lee, who had been visiting with a customer, came for the children. They said good-by to Olof.

Little open carriages, which Uncle Lee called *carioles*, were waiting, each drawn by a small, cream-colored horse. There was room for only one person in each cariole, and the driver sat on

the luggage. Nancy was shy at first, but enjoyed the finely kept roads. The driver told her how each piece of road was kept by the farmer whose land it passed. Then he told about the greatest snow field in the world, the *jostedalsbrä*. It was very hard for Nancy to say until the driver explained that *brä* was a field, *dals* a valley, and *joste* a place; and so she understood that *jostedalsbrä* was an ice field in a valley. The area of this snow field, the driver insisted, was three hundred and thirty square miles.

The carioles stopped at a little inn where the party stayed all night. The next morning after breakfast, Uncle Lee said, "Now we're off to Oslo."

"I thought we were going to see Christiania, the capital of Norway," Peter said.

"Christiania has been given its old name of Oslo, Peter," Uncle Lee explained. "It's a lively city, indeed. It exports lumber and ice, packing paper and paving stones, and herring most of all. Well, we're in the land of the midnight sun at last. How would you like it if the sun stayed up at home from May thirteenth to July twenty-seventh, Peter, the way it does at Hammerfest? Of course Hammerfest is away up in northern Norway and is often called 'The City Farthest North.' Even the trees are stunted up there, and there's very little grass. But Hammerfest's harbor never freezes, thanks to the warm Atlantic drift from the Gulf Stream. The city is more lively than you would suppose, for the boats bring

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THE LAPLANDERS ARE SOMEWHAT LIKE GYPSIES

in cargoes of whale, walrus, herring and cod. During the short summer everybody works with a will, for, during the seven months of comparative darkness, the people can carry on very little business."

"I suppose the children don't have to go to school," observed Peter.

"Oh, yes, they do," Uncle Lee corrected. "The Norwegians are all students. Even the Lapps in the northern city of Tromsö go to school in the dark."

“Are those the Laplanders we read about, Uncle Lee?” Nancy asked.

“Yes. The Laplanders are somewhat like gypsies,” Uncle Lee explained. “They follow the reindeer, though, instead of the warm weather. Norway has quite a few of them who live there all the time. Tromsö is often called the city of the Lapps. The Lapps really prefer to live in tents during the summer, but of course huts and houses are necessary during the winter. Many tourists visit their city and are offered everything from reindeer horns and walrus tusks to furs. The Lapps make a good deal of their living from the tourists.”

“It seems to me,” said Peter soberly, “that Norway is a very sober, hard-working country.”

“Anyway,” said Nancy, “it doesn’t have to recover from the war, like Belgium.”

“But it does,” said Uncle Lee. “During the war half of Norway’s merchant vessels were sunk by submarines and over two thousand sailors perished. But Norway has built new boats and regained her fine courage.”

“Well, Nancy,” Peter asked, “what would you do if you lived in the Land of the Midnight Sun and had to go to school in the dark?”

“I’d remember how Smiling Hardanger looked in the light,” Nancy answered.

THE LAND OF THE SAFETY MATCH

NANCY and Peter had expected to find Sweden much the same as Norway. It looked somewhat like Norway on the map. But they soon learned that, on the coast, were low, tideless bays instead of the deep bays and rocky fiords of the Norwegian coast.

As they drove through the pleasant country beyond Stockholm, in an automobile that Uncle Lee had rented, Peter said, "We might as well be in Wisconsin. Just rolling hills and meadows and fields of wheat and rye and barley!"

"They're even raising hay," Nancy remarked, "and I never before saw so many wood fences and red farmhouses trimmed in white. You're right, Peter. It's almost like being home."

"Except for several things, including safety matches!" Uncle Lee put in and laughed.

"Safety matches!" exclaimed both children, with one voice.

"Yes, safety matches!" Uncle Lee repeated, as he carefully skirted around a team of oxen. "Safety matches have done a great deal to prevent accidents, and the land that invented them should receive our gratitude. Although safety matches were unknown before 1852, they are now accepted by every country in the world."

“We use Swedish matches at home,” Peter spoke up. “Remember the funny little boxes, Nancy?”

Nancy nodded.

“They’re made in Jönköping, the match center of the world,” Uncle Lee offered. “Jönköping is southwest of Stockholm and located on Lake Wetter. The factories have no trouble getting wood, for there’s a great deal of wood in Sweden, wood for houses, fences and plenty left for matches. The aspen is used mostly for matches. Jönköping is full of factories that make all sorts of wooden things, but the making of matches is the most interesting. Thousands of people are employed just for that, and one machine alone fills forty thousand boxes of matches in an hour. Although Jönköping is a factory town, there are no slums, and you may be very sure, no unemployed.”

“Where do they get all of the wood, Uncle?” Peter asked. “Are there high mountains in the north?”

“Yes, and there are sixty important rivers in Sweden that make logging easy,” Uncle Lee explained. “They haven’t the steep waterfalls of Norwegian rivers, and besides, most of them run from the wooded mountains in a southeasterly direction to the sea. They begin to open up at the mouth and gradually melt as the sun rises higher. That means that there will be no floods and that the logs that have been cut up during

the winter will float easily down their roads of water. The Dal river probably floats more logs than any other river in the world. Well, there's the Svenson farm ahead of us. While I talk business with Mr. Svenson, you children can look around."

Peter and Nancy were glad, indeed, that Uncle Lee took them up to the house through the pear, apple and cherry orchard. The trees were large and rich in foliage and fruit.

The house was clean and fresh, and there was a lovely porcelain stove in the main room. Mrs. Svenson showed Nancy her beautiful embroideries and linens. Then she gave the children a delicious lunch of dark bread, sweet butter, milk, honey and hard little cakes. Both Nancy and Peter were delighted to find that Mrs. Svenson could speak English quite as well as Olof had spoken it.

"I used to think," Peter offered, "that all Norwegians and Swedes were fishermen."

"The Swedish do fish a great deal, though we haven't the cod of the Norwegians," Mrs. Svenson told Peter. "Most of our harbors are frozen over for so much of the year that we can scarcely get enough fish for ourselves, while Norway exports fish."

"Where is the best fishing in Sweden?" Nancy asked.

"Göteborg on the southwest coast has the best fishing," Mrs. Svenson answered. "The fishermen there bring in mostly herring and mackerel.

Oh, the fine herring! The delicate mackerel! But Mr. Svenson prefers the soil to the sea. Perhaps your uncle has told you how we Swedish people are heating soil in hotbeds for gardening."

"It seems sunny enough to make any garden grow," Peter exclaimed.

"It is to-day." Mrs. Svenson smiled, then grew sober. "But our summer is short, and we have long, dark, bleak winters."

Mr. Svenson came in with Uncle Lee, and the older people drank coffee and talked of the great Göta Canal which they said was three hundred and forty-seven miles long. They described the Göta Canal as a channel of waterways, passing through rivers, lakes and canals, connecting Stockholm on the Baltic with Göteborg on the North Sea. Göteborg, they said, at the mouth of the Göta river, could boast of miles of wharves and quays. Mrs. Svenson told Uncle Lee that this great shipping port was founded by Gustavus Adolphus, the soldier king. One day, while he was looking at the river, a small bird, chased by an eagle, flew to his feet for safety. The king considered this a good omen and ordered a city to be built in the valley below.

"Do many Swedish people live in the far north near the Baltic Sea?" Peter asked Mrs. Svenson as she paused in her story.

"The Baltic Sea, my friend," Mrs. Svenson declared, "is a very angry sea. The waves are nearly always white-capped. The breakers dash

high on the rocky shores and around the little islands. On shore the grass is scanty and poor. Here the Lapps rove with their reindeer. The Lapps do not demand what we do. They build themselves tents of bark and depend on their reindeer for smoked meat, milk and skins."

Mr. Svenson now began to ask about the United States, and Uncle Lee grinned when his host boasted about Sweden. Mr. Svenson insisted that Sweden had the best railway system in the world, the richest iron mines and the finest water power with which to run its factories.

"Sweden is sometimes called," Mr. Svenson declared with a good deal of force, "the land of the white birch and white coal."

"White coal!" Peter and Nancy exclaimed in one breath, and Peter added, "I never saw anything but black coal in all my life."

Mr. Svenson laughed loudly.

"The black coal," he said, "is used to produce heat and power, isn't it? We have wonderful rivers with swift water that we call white coal, because it can be harnessed and made to do the work of black coal."

"And it's so much cleaner," Nancy put in. "I understand. You make electricity by means of your water power."

"You have very bright children with you, Mr. MacLaren," Mr. Svenson said with a bow.

"*Tack sa mycket!*" Nancy and Peter both cried. They had learned that one expression which

means, "Thank you very much." Sometimes Uncle Lee allowed them to say just "*Tak*," to telephone operators, for instance. The Swedish telephone operators never said, "Just a minute, please," but, "In the wink of an eye"; and they really meant it.

Mr. Svenson was again talking to Nancy.

"When you go back to the United States, be sure to tell any Norwegians you meet that Sweden has four times as much land under cultivation as Norway. And tell any Italians you see that our Venice beats the Venice of Italy all hollow."

"He means Stockholm," Mrs. Svenson explained. "It is often called the Venice of the North, because it is partly built on islands. You will love its beautiful harbor, its flowery streets and even its factories. Your uncle tells me you are on the way now."

When they came to go, Peter nudged Nancy.

"Notice the little boxes of matches in the kitchen?" he asked.

"Yes. I saw them, and I'm glad I did," Nancy replied. "Whenever I see those same little boxes at home, I shall think of our visit here in Sweden. But the Svensons say we haven't seen Sweden until we've visited Stockholm."

Of all the foreign cities they had visited, Peter and Nancy were most surprised at their first sight of Stockholm. They stared in amazement at the well-swept, cobbled sidewalks, the many squares full of wonderful flowers and statues and the

really beautiful quays, which Uncle Lee called Stockholm's front door, where boats and cargoes of all sorts moored in front of the Royal Palace, Town Hall, and Houses of Parliament. They had driven down to the quays in a taxi cab called a *bil* or automobile; and they didn't know which way to look, at the many sailboats with the countless cords of silver birch, glistening in the sun, or at the somber granite buildings, with their severe but handsome architecture.

"Why are all the buildings such a sober gray?" Nancy asked. "Mr. Svenson said the country had plenty of timber."

"You would naturally expect Stockholm to be built of wood, since Stockholm means 'Isle of the Log,'" Uncle Lee remarked. "The people used to build wooden buildings. It took several terrible fires to convince them that the granite beneath them would be safest and best."

"What do they do with all that lovely birch wood?" Peter asked.

"It's the city's fuel," Uncle Lee answered. "Suppose we drive about a bit."

In Gustavus Adolphus *Torg* (Square) he paused for the children to see the statue of the great soldier king; and then he had the driver draw up in front of Concert Hall.

"O Uncle Lee!" Nancy cried, delightedly. "You never, never even prepared me for this!"

"I wanted to surprise you," Uncle Lee admitted. "This is the greatest flower market in Europe."

*Underwood & Underwood*

BEAUTIFUL STOCKHOLM, OFTEN CALLED THE
VENICE OF THE NORTH

Nancy and Peter alighted from the bil with Uncle Lee and walked about. They exclaimed over the flaming gladioli, the long-stemmed, fragrant roses, the dahlias, the asters, the sweet peas, and the lilies and violets. The flowers were so cheap that Nancy soon had her arms filled. Rich and poor alike, everybody seemed to be buying flowers.

“Time for only one more short excursion this afternoon,” Uncle Lee announced, when Nancy could hold no more flowers. “I want you children to see the Workingman Gardens on the outskirts of town. The idea began as a war measure.”

“Workingman Gardens!” exclaimed Peter.

“Yes. And such a good war measure that it still exists,” said Uncle Lee. “Stockholm divided the land on the outskirts into small plots, charging only a few dollars for a summer’s use. Here in the hard times during the war, the laborer built a tiny cottage, usually of the ready-made kind, and the man’s wife and children worked all through the summer months on their ‘little farm,’ raising vegetables and flowers. On an appointed Sunday in August, they brought the best of their produce into the Blue Room of the Town Hall, where fine prizes were given for the best. Because this plan was so successful during the war, it is still in force.”

Peter and Nancy were amazed at the fine vegetables and flowers grown on the farms.

“How healthy and happy the children look!” Nancy exclaimed. “They are all so fair and tall and blue-eyed, and they all look so strong. I wish it were winter, so that I could see them ski.”

“You wouldn’t like the winter, Nancy,” said Peter. “Would she, Uncle Lee? Do the children really go to school by lamplight?”

“Indeed they do,” answered Uncle Lee, and his eyes twinkled. “They go on Saturdays, too.”

“Well,” said Peter, “perhaps we don’t work so hard after all. Anyway, next winter, when I’m studying geography, I’ll know a little something about the land of the safety match.”

SNOWBALLS IN JULY AND GINGERBREAD FOR INDEPENDENCE

NANCY and Peter caught their first glimpse of the mountains going up from Mainz in Germany to Interlaken in Switzerland. From the train they looked so fragile and faint that Nancy declared that they were only a mirage that wouldn't be there when she looked again. Down below were blue lakes, of the brightest blue imaginable, and red-roofed cottages nestling in the valley. Uncle Lee had again wrought his magic.

Toward evening they arrived at Interlaken, that lovely Swiss city which means "between lakes" and which really does lie on a delta between two bodies of blue, shining water. Looking southward from the hotel garden, the children saw the magnificent Jungfrau, one of the most beautiful mountains in the world, its sides covered with pure white snow and its summit tinged with exquisite rose from the dying sun.

The next morning, while the children were again gazing in awe at this miracle mountain, Uncle Lee announced that a tally-ho was to be at the door in half an hour. Gayly the little party hurried through the good breakfast.

The tally-ho proved to be a great, high coach, drawn by six beautiful white horses with red

harnesses. The driver wore a high hat, tight coat and shiny boots, and he flourished a long whip. There were comfortable seats, one back of the other; and four could sit, without crowding, side by side, on each seat. A dozen Americans were already seated in the three back seats. Uncle Lee helped Nancy and Peter up to the seat back of the driver, and they settled themselves happily, one on either side of Uncle Lee.

Peter had often looked at Mr. Schwartz's pictures of Switzerland back home. This Swiss neighbor had insisted that the coloring was very real. Now Peter knew that the blue of the lakes was not exaggerated, nor was the delicate coloring of snow on the mountains. The roads were broad and perfectly smooth.

Then, just six miles out of Interlaken, the children both exclaimed at once. There before them was the *Staubbach*, or, as Uncle Lee called it, the "Dust Brook." A stream, almost a thousand feet above them, was falling over a precipice. But the stream never reached the bottom of the mountain. It was so small that the water broke into spray before it could reach the road. One of the women said it was like a filmy bridal veil. Peter and Nancy would have liked to watch the *Staubbach* for hours, but the tally-ho continued along the smooth road, the horses prancing and the sleigh bells on their red harnesses jingling. The bells, the smell of firs and pines, and the spirit of cheer made Nancy and Peter think of



Underwood & Underwood

LAKE LUCERNE, ONE OF THE BEAUTIFUL SPOTS
IN THE SWISS ALPS

Christmas. They were developing winter appetites, too.

The herds of Swiss milk cows on the little upland pastures, or alps, as they were called, appealed to Peter most of all. The cows were all cream-colored and so meek looking. Their bells sounded like the chimes at home, all in tune and silvery.

Lunch at a little inn and a bar of real milk chocolate made Peter and Nancy both enthusiastic for the last lap of the journey up the mountains in a little electric train. But they both gazed back at the beautiful horses and called good-by.

Sometimes it seemed as though the train were going straight up. At other times, it ran through tunnels in the mountain. The balmy air began to get cold, for the wind blew down from the snow fields.

“Now we shall walk,” Uncle Lee announced, when the train came to a halt at a little station. “We’ll climb over a glacier.”

“How can we?” Nancy asked. “Don’t they move?”

Uncle Lee laughed.

“They don’t move fast enough so you can notice that they move, Nancy,” he said, as he took her hand.

As they trudged upward they met a group returning, with a great St. Bernard dog drawing a sleigh in which two little children were riding.

What delighted Nancy most on the climb was

*Paul's Photos*

THE ST. BERNARD DOG IS A FAVORITE STEED OF
THE CHILDREN IN THE SWISS MOUNTAINS

the fact that the little Alpine or mountain flowers, so bright and small, grew right up next to the snow. There were a great many small white daisies, bright yellow flowers, blue forget-me-nots and Alpine roses. Once she saw a big patch of pansies, and she thought of Grandmother's garden back home.

After another lunch at a little refreshment place, Uncle Lee procured some ropes and fastened himself to Nancy and Peter. Then he gave them each a staff with a pointed steel end, so that they could help themselves along. At first it seemed unnecessary to Peter to have to trudge

along tied by his waist to Uncle Lee; but several times he slipped and was glad when his uncle dug his own pick into the ice and held him steady while he picked himself up. It was hard to breathe in the rarified air. Nancy's cheeks were flushed and so were Peter's; and they had to make haste slowly.

A native Swiss boy stopped to chat on his way back from a long climb. He smiled at the little, perishable flowers Nancy had gathered and gave her a bit of edelweiss that looked like delicate, light fur.

"Where did you get that?" Peter asked.

The boy pointed to a place upon the glacier high above them. Several difficult, icy crags would have to be passed to get there.

"I'll get you all the edelweiss you want," Peter boasted to Nancy.

"I don't think you will, Peter. It takes a trained mountain climber to get it," said Uncle Lee.

"If you'd let me go ahead, I could do it," Peter insisted stubbornly. "I can't go very fast with Nancy tagging along."

A queer glint came into Uncle Lee's eyes.

"All right," he agreed, as he loosened the ropes about Peter. "Go ahead."

Peter began to breathe hard when he had gone only a few rods. He was never once out of sight of Uncle Lee and Nancy. Finally he turned back toward them.



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DIFFICULT, ICY CRAGS WOULD HAVE TO BE
PASSED TO REACH THE EDELWEISS

“You were right, Uncle Lee,” he panted.

So they returned to the inn; and Peter and Nancy stopped on the lower levels to make snowballs and enjoy a snow fight in July.

“I like everything about Switzerland,” Peter confided, when they finally arrived back at Interlaken and were enjoying their dinner. “I like the mountains and the blue lakes and the clean, friendly people. I’m glad it isn’t a country of cities.”

“There are some important cities, however,”

Uncle Lee said. "There's Geneva, where the fine watches are made; and Zurich, where you may get wonderful silks and Swiss embroideries; and Berne, the capital. And surely you know about St. Moritz, the fashionable winter resort, and beautiful Montreux, on Lake Geneva, where the Castle of Chillon is located. And then there's Lucerne."

"I remember about the Lion of Lucerne," Peter offered. "It's carved out of solid rock and it holds the lilies of France in its paws, even though it's dying."

"It's a monument to the Swiss guards who died while protecting royalty during the French Revolution," Nancy explained.

"Correct, children! But no more to-day," Uncle Lee said. "To-morrow's the French Independence Day, and I have some French friends in Basle who have invited us to help the town celebrate. Go to bed early, and we'll all feel tiptop for the big day."

Nancy and Peter were delighted with the queer old city, with its buildings on two sides of the Rhine and its ancient cathedral and university. They shopped for ribbons, and then Uncle Lee and his friends took the children out to an open square where the people had gathered. Flags and fireworks made the children think of the Fourth of July at home. But there was not an ice cream cone in sight, nor a lollypop. Uncle Lee bought each of them a big, soft gingerbread man and

some crullers, lattice-work dough that had been fried in deep fat and sprinkled with powdered sugar.

Several orators spoke in deep, powerful voices. They made wide, sweeping gestures; and, whenever they paused, the people clapped their hands and shouted.

“*Bravo!*” they cried. “*Bravo!*”

Peter and Nancy were close enough to hear every word the speakers said, but they understood not a syllable. Nevertheless, whenever the audience cheered, Peter and Nancy called out with the rest, “*Bravo! Bravo!*”

Uncle Lee laughed heartily.

“But they really must have been good speeches!” Peter maintained. “They sounded so grand!”

“This is the oddest and best Independence Day I ever spent,” Nancy declared.

And Peter agreed that their magic uncle had given them another rare treat.

“NÜRNBERG’S HAND GOES THROUGH
EVERY LAND”

THE little excursion steamer made its way down the beautiful Rhine River in Germany. The flat part of the country had been left behind. Nancy and Peter could not take their eyes from the lovely hills that began to rise on either side of the broad river. They felt certain that the luxuriant, trellised rows of grapevines on the sunny hills were heavy with fruit. Perched above the vineyards rose stone castles; and Peter thrilled when he remembered that they had once been held by robber barons.

Uncle Lee, at the rail beside them, was visiting with a fine looking old German with a white beard. They talked of Munich as a center of art and the old man told of great Wagnerian operas. Dresden, he said, was full of students who appreciated great pictures and fine music. Leipsic seemed to be mostly a great trade center; and Berlin, although located in the sandy plain of the north, was the center of a network of railroads. Peter and Nancy both knew that it was the capital of Germany.

When the children told this pleasant stranger of the canals of Holland, he explained to them how easily the canals from the Rhone and the

Marne, the Oder and the Elbe could handle German produce by barges. He even drew a map of the rivers and canals on the back of an envelope, and the children studied it politely. Next he explained to Peter how the coal of the Ruhr mines supplies power for factories in the valley.

"Black coal!" Nancy offered, but the old gentleman looked puzzled.

The boat stopped at *Köln*, or Cologne, so that its passengers could land and see the famous cathedral. Nancy had been told that it was the most magnificent Gothic building in the world, and she was not disappointed. Standing with Uncle Lee in the dim church, with the sunlight sifting through priceless glass, she looked up at the altar and felt a sense of great peace. She was very quiet all the way back to the boat; and, if it had not been for Peter, she might have forgotten the little bottle of Eau de Cologne she had planned to buy.

"Funny to call it Water of Cologne," she said, when Uncle Lee explained that *eau* was the French word for water. "It's as refreshing as pure water, but much more fragrant. This will be Mother's gift, because it's her favorite perfume, and she'll like the little wicker basket around the bottle."

Back on the boat once more, Nancy heard Uncle Lee say something to the pleasant old German that was so interesting she was tempted to interrupt him.



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THE COLOGNE CATHEDRAL, THE MOST MAGNIFICENT
GOTHIC BUILDING IN THE WORLD

“Yes, I think you’re right,” was what he said. “Nürnberg’s hand still goes through every land.”

When the German had gone down the companionway, Nancy grasped Uncle Lee’s arm.

“What did he mean, Uncle: ‘Nürnberg’s hand goes through every land’? Does it go through our country?” Nancy asked, breathlessly.

“The phrase, as it’s used to-day,” Uncle Lee explained, “means that Nürnberg, or Nuremburg, sends its toys to every country in the world. But the saying originated in the Middle Ages, when there were robber barons, Peter, and life was not so safe. Traders trudged with their packs or drove their oxen from the middle Danube through Nürnberg on their way to the Rhine. Traders from the Mediterranean went through Nürnberg going north. Traders from other parts of Europe met here. They not only bought goods made in Nürnberg, but they traded with each other. The city became a great center of exchange. Merchant princes as well as peddlers met here in order to travel in company with others. It was much easier to travel in company in those days.”

“Well, I hope Santa brings a good pack safely through this next year,” Peter exclaimed. “Nürnberg means ‘Merry Christmas’ to most of us. Nancy, I believe here’s what you’ve been looking for. There’s Bingen, and we’ll see the Lorelei Rock just below it.”

The grape country looked very pleasant and prosperous, and Bingen seemed to welcome the

little excursion boat. Peter was delighted with the great statue of Germania opposite Bingen, and he read the inscription below, “*Die Wacht am Rhein*” and explained to Nancy that it meant “The Watch on the Rhine.” But Nancy was interested in what lay ahead. The river was becoming narrower and swifter. Then suddenly the children saw the tall summit of a rock in the river. It shone in the sun and looked brighter because of the dark waters around it. Nancy could almost imagine a siren living there who lured sailors with her beauty and her singing.

The little Rhine trip came to an end at Bingen.

One sunny afternoon, with the Rhine left far behind, Peter and Nancy found themselves in a forest in Thuringia in central Germany with Uncle Lee.

Such beautiful mountains covered with fir and pine! Such tiny houses nestled against the sides of the mountain! Such great mountain torrents!

“I wish we could go inside one of the little houses,” Nancy said, wistfully.

“The boy at the inn told me the families up here make toys right at home,” Peter offered. “He says every Saturday the women carry them to town in great baskets on their backs.”

“I have a friend further up this trail,” Uncle Lee said and pointed to a wee house, perched so high that it looked as if it might tumble at any moment into the rushing stream below.

Nancy and Peter quickened their steps.

Uncle Lee knocked at the door of the house; and a sturdy, black-haired, red-cheeked girl opened it and said, "*Guten Tag!*"

"*Guten Tag* means Good Day," Peter whispered to Nancy. "The boy at the inn taught me to say it."

The girl invited Uncle Lee and the children to come in. Such a big, clean room, with its scrubbed floor, its tiled stove and its pleasant smell of shavings! In a cage near the window a canary from the Hartz Mountains sang, and at the long tables the children worked. In a big, cushioned chair by the sunny window sat the aged grandmother, wearing a frilled cap. On the table in front of her were cans of different colored paints and numerous brushes.

While the father and mother made Uncle Lee welcome, Peter and Nancy stared at the workers. Each one was making some part of a toy horse. A big boy cut out the horse's body. Another boy of about Peter's age whittled out legs. A little girl no older than Nancy carved manes, and a smaller girl fastened on the tails. The mother carved the faces and the father glued or pegged together the different pieces. Then the horse was passed to the aged grandmother, who painted it.

"This family," Uncle Lee told Peter and Nancy, "has made horses for years and years. The parents and grandparents, as far back as anyone can remember, made horses. Next up the hill is a family that makes tinsel trimmings for Christ-

mas trees and still another that makes nothing but dolls.”

“Heads, too?” Nancy asked.

“No, the heads are made in the factories. You’ll see the factories later,” Uncle Lee explained.

All of a sudden the sound of a sweet song filled the big room of the tiny cottage. It was a cuckoo clock.

“The clock came from the Black Forest,” Uncle Lee explained. “Wonderful clocks are made there. The grandmother understands that we are going to Nürnberg, where she sends her toys for marketing. Know what Nürnberg eggs are, Peter? Nancy?”

“No,” they answered promptly, and Peter asked, “How are they different from the eggs at home on the farm?”

“Because the Nürnberg eggs are really watches,” Uncle Lee answered.

When, at least a week later, Nancy and Peter really saw Nürnberg, they were disappointed. It looked at first like any other noisy factory town except for the castle fortress above its narrow streets of high, gabled houses. But they walked around on the top of the old castle wall one afternoon and saw the moat which had once been filled with water but which was now planted with flowers. From the red-tiled wooden passage on the wall, they could look down upon the busy toy factories and the old castles of the merchant princes.

*Ewing Galloway*

NÜRNBERG LOOKED LIKE ANY FACTORY TOWN
EXCEPT FOR THE CASTLE FORTRESS

But what they did enjoy in the fascinating old city above all else were two old statues. One was that of a bagpiper and one was that of a peasant boy with a goose under each arm.

“His geese were his only wealth when he came from the farm to the city,” Uncle Lee offered. “By working hard and learning to do his work well he made his fortune.”

Peter laughed.

“I could get the two geese easily enough,” he

said. “The start would be easy. And I think hard work would always bring success.”

“I wish,” Nancy said, “that Mother could see the geese of Nürnberg. But I think she’ll see something from Nürnberg anyway in our home stores. It’s nice to think that ‘Nürnberg’s hand goes through every land.’ ”

THE BEAR

“RUSSIA, the Bear!” growled Uncle Lee playfully, as he helped Nancy and then Peter into the back cockpit of the small airplane.

Nancy tried to laugh. So did Peter. It was their first experience in so tiny an airplane. Sitting side by side they finally relaxed their tight hold on each other. Uncle Lee’s friendly back and the sight of the pilot in front of him were reassuring. Quite casually they began to study the country down below. Plains and more plains! Plains everywhere, dotted with straggling villages whose low, gray huts shone with red and green roofs! Queer, rounded cupolas of churches! Gleaming birches among dark pines! Fields and grass and alder bushes along the broad rivers! Flocks of crows and more plains!

The pilot was Mr. Nicholas Lisowsky, a business friend of Uncle Lee’s, and he was taking them to his home in a Russian village, whose name the children could not pronounce. They had read about Leningrad, with its hundred bridges over the Neva River, of Moscow, now the capital of Russia, with its famous Kremlin or walled fortress, and of the Volga River, which the Russians called *Mother Volga*. But the names of the villages sounded like spluttering airplane engines.



Underwood & Underwood

A LITTLE RUSSIAN VILLAGE (SHOWING RUSSIAN
PEASANT WOMAN DELIVERING MILK)

“Peter the Great must have been a wonderful hero,” Peter MacLaren said. “If it hadn’t been for him, Russia would never have gained the Baltic provinces from the Swedish people. It means a lot, having an outlet to the sea. I’m not surprised that they named their seaport after him—St. Petersburg. I like it better than Petrograd or Leningrad. Did you know, Nancy, that Peter the Great even went to Holland, disguised as a shipwright, so that he could learn how to build on a delta and drain marshy land? I’ll bet the Dutch would have been excited if they had known they were teaching a king. It must have taken lots of work and courage to build a place like that.”

“Mr. Lisowsky says Lenin was a great savior of Russia, too,” Nancy offered. “That is why he lies in the brand new mausoleum in the Red Square in Moscow. From all over Russia people come on a pilgrimage to see him. He loved the peasants so much that it is small wonder they named a city after him. Mr. Lisowsky says that there are over a hundred bridges to span the Neva and to join the islands. There are wonderful palaces to be seen; and Leningrad looks almost like any other European city except for the bright-colored cupolas of the churches. I should like to have seen the statues of pure gold set with jewels that beautified the churches before the war. Doesn’t it seem strange, Peter, that there is no regular Sunday in Russia nowadays?”



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STREET TRANSPORTATION IS PRACTICALLY THE SAME
IN MOSCOW NOW AS IT WAS FIFTY YEARS AGO

“It certainly does seem strange,” Peter agreed, with a perplexed frown. “And it would seem strange to have a six-day week for us, wouldn’t it? But it is better than the former Russian five-day week, when not everyone had the same holiday.”

Nancy smiled at her brother.

“Mr. Lisowsky says that Moscow is really more Russian than Leningrad,” Peter continued. “It has wonderful palaces, fine theatres, and many rich churches, some of which have been turned into clubs, schools and other public buildings. There are small wooden huts in the narrow streets of the old part of town; and there are no wide, lovely boulevards, such as there are in Leningrad.

Street transportation is practically the same now as it was fifty years ago."

"How about the Kremlin?" Nancy asked. "I was so sleepy when you were all talking last night that Uncle Lee sent me to bed."

"He said a lot about the Kremlin," Peter answered, importantly. "There are six gates in the big, outer wall. It's the very oldest part of Moscow. The guard lets you in at the Gate of the Redeemer. You see the Palace, cathedrals, monasteries and fantastic churches. There's one in which the czars were crowned and one with nine cupolas. If you climb to the top of the bell tower of Ivan the Terrible, you can see lots of cupolas of gold and bright colors."

"It must be wonderful!" Nancy exclaimed. "What did Mr. Lisowsky say about the Volga River?"

"A great deal," Peter replied. "They call the Volga Mother Volga, just the way they call Moscow *Mother Moscow*. I think it deserves the name all right. It's a fine, peacefully flowing river. There are dark firs on the upper part and it widens out through the farming country. There are five cities, and I promised Uncle Lee I'd try to remember them. Let me see! First there's Nizhnii Novgorod, where the fairs are held and where there's lots of trade going on. Kazan is the Tartan city, and the people there are Moham-medans. It's a great trade city, Kazan is—sort of oriental. Then there's Samara, in the middle

of the wheat country; and of course Samara makes flour. Saratov is a trade town; and, last of all, there's Astrakhan, near the mouth of the river. Astrakhan is a good shipping point. Lots of little rivers flow into the Volga and bring all sorts of things to be sold. It's a wonderful river all right."

"You certainly have a marvelous memory, Peter," Nancy exclaimed, in admiration. "I wish I might have stayed up later. But it's fun remembering what I did hear."

As Nancy spoke she seemed to be back in the little inn on the Russian frontier. It was here that Mr. Lisowsky had told the children how big The Bear was. They had learned that while the northern shores were on the Polar Sea, the southern provinces were fragrant with orange blossoms.

"Are there no mountains?" Peter had asked.

"Only on the edges of Russia," Mr. Lisowsky had replied. "There are the Caucasus in the south-east and the Urals in the east. The Caucasus are wild and rugged, while the Urals are richly wooded."

"What do the farmers grow in Russia?" Nancy had asked. "Is it a country of farms or factories? I have heard mostly of Russian peasants."

"Russia's wealth," Mr. Lisowsky took pains to explain, "is in its raw products. I wish I could take you and Peter, Nancy, into the warehouses of Moscow. There you would see what my coun-

try can give to the rest of the world: grain from the central plains, metals from the Ural Mountains, wood from the north, wool from the south and furs from Siberia. Such furs! Wolf and fox and marten, even ermine and sable, fit for kings! And queens too!" he had added, smiling at Nancy out of his bright blue eyes.

Uncle Lee had asked, as he ate the good Russian soup called *borsch*, "Has the war changed things for the better? or are the peasants ill-fed and poorly housed?"

"I cannot say." Mr. Lisowsky knit his light brows, and his blue eyes looked troubled. "Changes occur daily. There is a five-year plan of the work Russia hopes to do.

"In the days before the war Russia grew more wheat than your United States; also a billion bushels of oats and as much rye. It was second among all nations in potatoes and sugar beets, and it supplied three-fourths of the world's flax. Perhaps the Soviet government will produce miracles. I hope so. Joseph Stalin is a man of steel. *Stalin* means steel in Russian, you know."

The plane hummed pleasantly. Nancy came back to herself with a start.

On and on they flew. It did not seem possible to the children that they had been in the air three hours. But now Mr. Lisowsky had begun to swing the plane in great circles, lower and lower. Peter grinned at Nancy bravely.

"We're going to land," he said.

In a few moments they were bumping along the ground, skidding to a stop, and taxi-ing up to a hangar.

No sooner had Uncle Lee lifted Nancy and Peter from the cockpit than they were surrounded by curious peasants. The girls wore very full skirts, embroidered blouses and kerchiefs tied over their heads. The boys wore boots, wide trousers, gay shirts and girdles; and some few, though it was quite warm, displayed high, fur hats. Boys and girls were curious and very much interested as to how this little party had gained permission to visit them. Nancy could not understand what Mr. Lisowsky was saying.

As she walked along the raised board walk with him and Uncle Lee, she asked, "How is Russia governed, Mr. Lisowsky? I know there isn't a czar any more, and of course I've heard of the Soviet."

"At the head of the government, Nancy," Mr. Lisowsky explained, "is what is known as a Central Committee. There are nine men, including Stalin, the dictator. He is not really a dictator since he is very serious and kindly—but he carries out his ideas very strictly indeed. Every child must learn to read and write in this new Russia, for one thing."

"What do you mean by a new Russia?" Nancy asked.

"It is quite different. The peasant who was nothing is to become everything, according to

the new government. Once the czar and the rich owned everything; now the land, the houses, and all the wealth of the country belong to all of us. We share everything. It is very hard for those who have been used to luxuries. It is equally hard to make a fair division, so that all will be satisfied. Everybody must work five days out of six. The sixth day is a holiday. All must buy food of stores owned and run by the government. There are many eating places but they are usually overcrowded. It will take some time for everything to work out. Stalin wants to make the working people happy."

"The children all look healthy and happy," Nancy offered.

"There are nurseries to care for them while the mother works in factory or field," Mr. Lisowsky explained. "There are also restaurants for children and there are hospitals, too. In the cities, however, where one large family may be allotted only one room, the children may find it uncomfortably crowded."

Mr. Lisowsky was now leading his guests through a neat garden to a single-storied house. Nancy saw Peter ahead with Mr. Lisowsky's young brother. A servant in cotton trousers and bast shoes appeared in the doorway. Nancy paused just a moment to admire the sunflowers in the yard and the pots of bright flowers in the window.

Then they were within, being welcomed by Mr.

Lisowsky's father and mother, tall, fair people in simple, dark garb. The house was very pleasant. Such lovely, old wood walls and brown-beamed ceilings! There was one whitewashed wall with its icon or carved image.

"In many homes nowadays, there are pictures of Lenin instead of the icons," Mr. Lisowsky informed Nancy.

From the ceiling hung an oil lamp. A table against the wall was being set for guests, and soon the mistress of the house brought in a steaming *samovar*. It was a copper urn in which the water for the tea was kept hot. Uncle Lee pronounced the word sam-o-var, with the accent on *sam*. Tea was passed. The cups were small and pretty. Sugar went the rounds and then little cakes.

Peter was most interested in the big stove with the tile top. Mr. Lisowsky explained that the family slept on the tile top, a very comfortable place in winter. The servants slept on the wide bench which was built around the stove.

Peter was trying to visit with Mr. Lisowsky's young brother, but they could not understand each other. However, the boy took Peter with him on an errand to the bazaar or market place, and Peter later told Nancy of the wooden stalls or small booths where everything from food to household furniture was sold.

The pleasant master of the house invited the little party to stay for a good peasant dinner of

black bread, dried fish and cucumbers, but Uncle Lee could not wait.

Saying many thanks for their delightful visit, the children again climbed into the cockpit. All the neighbors had come out to wave them good-bye.

The engines roared. The plane rose into the sky. The journey back had begun.

"I don't know why they call Russia THE BEAR," Peter said.

"There must be pleasant bears," Nancy explained. "In spite of the Revolution, all the peasants seem happy."

"That's because they're better off than they ever were before," Peter offered. "The black bread and cabbage soup may not be especially good, but it's filling."

"Everybody has work, too," Nancy said. "In fact, everybody *has* to work."

"There's so much to be done under the five-year plan," Peter shouted above the roar of the airplane engines. "The Russians are trying to do in five years what it's taken us a hundred years to do. Well, good luck to them!"

Nancy smiled as she shouted back, "Good luck to them!"

GOATS AND CURRANTS AND MARBLE COLUMNS

“TO Greece!” Peter cried. “To the land that gave the world art, literature and love of beauty!”

“Peter, you sound like a book!” Nancy declared.

Uncle Lee laughingly helped the children into the cockpit. It was Nancy’s and Peter’s third trip in an airplane. Again Uncle Lee had secured the kindly services of Mr. Nicholas Lisowsky. But how different the country over which they flew this time! No more wide Russian plains, but the rugged, mountainous country of Greece. The children had known what to expect.

“Greece is a land of goats and currants,” Mr. Lisowsky had told them.

“Goats and currants!” Nancy had exclaimed. “Peter thinks it’s a land of marble ruins. What does Mr. Lisowsky mean, Uncle?”

“He means goatherds and gardeners,” Uncle Lee had explained. “I know something of the herding. During the winter, the shepherds and goatherds pasture their flocks on the small plains. The winter rains keep the grass green. After the grass dries up, these peasants move into the hills with the help of their donkeys, who carry food

and bedding. Then they build huts for shelter, and spend their time tending the flocks, gathering the scanty fire wood, and pulling up wild hay for future use. They live on coarse brown bread, sheep's and goat's milk, cheese and garlic. You children wouldn't like it. Now, would you?"

Even through the humming sound of the engine, Nancy could hear the tinkling bells of a flock of sheep. Peter pointed out the numerous goats on a hillside. A shepherd, leaning on his curved staff, stared up at them, and a shepherdess ceased her knitting. It looked lovely down there and Nancy sighed. But the plane roared on southward to the southern shores of the Gulf of Corinth into the currant country.

It was almost noon when Mr. Lisowsky found a landing field, and it was very hot in the sun.

"Fine weather for currants," their pilot declared, as he led them through a pleasant grove of olive trees and out again into the sunny vineyards. As he made his way with Nancy and Peter through the ripening currants, he told them about the crop. Uncle Lee lifted one of the biggest bunches the children had ever seen.

"No wonder Greece can supply almost the whole world with currants!" he said. "There are enough on this one bunch for all Mother's fruit cake."

"They look like little grapes, not currants," said Peter. "They are so large. I don't believe I've ever seen such large currants."

“How carefully the vines are trained!” Nancy remarked.

“Like everything else that’s good,” Mr. Lisowsky declared, “currants are a lot of work. The Greeks begin in January to prune the vines. Then they have to spray them to get rid of insects. Next, the laborers thin out the leaves, so that the sun can get at the grapes. Harvesting begins in August. You see they have started. The workers gather the grapes in the baskets and then spread the bunches on wooden trays to dry. After the grapes are dry, they’re taken to the warehouses, by boats from the islands and by donkeys from around here. There are fine warehouses at Corinth, Patras and Kalamata.”

“This is a lot like California,” Peter offered.

“Is it?” asked their pilot. “Did you ever see so many olive trees? They raise figs and lemons and oranges, too, and as fine almonds and walnuts as you would want to see.”

“Where are all the workers?” Peter asked.

“Taking their noon nap, their siesta,” Uncle Lee put in. “They work early and late now. Well, it ought to be a good season for currants. The sun’s hot enough.”

“It’s too warm,” Nancy complained. “I always thought of currants as belonging to the winter months.”

“That’s when we eat ’em, all right,” Peter agreed. “O Nancy, Mr. Lisowsky says they’ve even got a currant railroad in Greece.”

“He’s joking!” Nancy accused.

“No, he isn’t,” Uncle Lee declared, as he led the children under a dark-leaved olive tree to escape the hot sun. “The railway to Kalamata is called the currant railroad, because it’s in the currant country.”

“Aren’t there any farms at all?” Peter asked. “Don’t they raise grain, like we do back home?”

“Some grain is raised in Thessaly,” Mr. Lisowsky replied. “Old-fashioned methods, with oxen treading out the grain, are still used. Macedonia raises some rice and Thrace has a few farmers. The Greeks import a great deal. There is no manufacturing to speak of, either. It is, as I said, a country of goats and currants. And then there is Athens!”

“Then there is Athens!” Uncle Lee repeated and smiled enthusiastically.

Mr. Lisowsky returned in his plane alone, and Uncle Lee took Peter and Nancy to Athens by rail.

“I know a lot about Athens,” Peter declared. “It’s several miles from the sea and the first city was built on a rocky hill called the Acropolis. All the first houses and the fortress were built here. Later the Greeks erected temples of beautiful white marble. Then, when the city outgrew the Acropolis, the artists built marble temples half-way down the hill. The Parthenon on the Acropolis was their finest temple.”

“Part of it still stands, as you know, Peter,”

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THOSE WHITE MARBLE RUINS ON THE ACROPOLIS
HAVE NEVER BEEN MATCHED FOR BEAUTY

Uncle Lee offered. "You'll see some of those exquisite milk-white marble columns. With all the progress that the world has made, those white marble ruins on the Acropolis have never been matched for beauty. And no one has been able to create such perfect statuary as the Greeks. You children will like even modern Athens. Parts of it are really lovely. Buildings are still erected of white marble. You'll like the names of the streets, Nancy. They're named Apollo and Jupiter and Venus, after the mythical deities. Hermes is the

shopping street, because Hermes was the god of trade.”

Athens was a surprise. True, the marble buildings were there, just as Uncle Lee had promised them. And the Parthenon, with its massive, milk-white columns made the children catch their breath in delight. They had expected to find magnificent ruins. But they were not prepared to find such a queer place as the street of red shoes, where red leather shoes with turned-up toes and pompons were sold to customers.

In the evening the street of the coppersmiths was bright with the light from burning forges, and Peter could hardly be drawn away as he watched a coppersmith mend a great coffee dipper. Nancy liked best of all the street of candles, where she learned that the Greeks used candles not only for church services but also for festivals.

Nancy and Peter both enjoyed watching the peddlers with their trays of food. Often they stopped with Uncle Lee to watch milkmen milk cows right at the housewives' doors. They stared at the turkeys and geese being driven through the streets, and they were most amazed at the cook-shops on wheels that stopped at houses to permit housewives to cook their meals.

“Everybody seems to live in the streets,” Nancy said.

“Fuel is scarce,” Uncle Lee explained. “Most of the houses have no fires. If you are cold in your house, you go out and sit in the sun.”

ADOBES AND PLAZAS

VALENCIA, on the east coast of Spain, overlooks the blue Mediterranean. It is often called the Garden of Spain, and its dates, figs, citrons and flowers are famed throughout the country. This was the Spain of which Nancy and Peter had dreamed. The gardens, begun by the Moors, had been tenderly cared for by the Spanish, and the result was sheer beauty.

But these Moorish gardens, Peter and Nancy soon learned, were not intended simply to be a delight to the eye. Workmen had terraced the hills and built irrigating ditches to carry water from rivers and mountains so that the land would yield abundantly. The gardens repaid them for their work with enough foodstuffs to supply the entire region. Wheat and rice and sugar were easily grown. Oranges and grapes ripened in the sun. Figs and dates became plump and tasty.

It was with regret that Nancy and Peter left Valencia for Madrid, in the province of Castile. Madrid was in the middle of Spain. Since the railroads were most unsatisfactory, Uncle Lee had bought a car for a small sum. In the early dawn of a Monday morning it chugged noisily along a road between beautiful limousines and ox-carts. Nancy looked back at the seaport.

She would never forget Valencia, nor that other seaport further north on the east coast of Spain, the city of Barcelona.

Barcelona wasn't a garden spot like Valencia, but Uncle Lee had insisted that it was the center of a manufacturing region. Its factories turned out cotton, silk, linen and leather goods, as well as paper and metal products. Peter and Nancy had been more interested in the statue of Columbus in the harbor of Barcelona than in its factories. Barcelona had been businesslike, Valencia beautiful, and Castile would be romantic, of course. At least, so reasoned Nancy. Peter said all he could think of when people said "Castile" was soap. But Nancy thought of beauty and royalty.

"Castile's really a high plateau in the middle of Spain," Uncle Lee cut into Nancy's dreaming. "You mustn't expect too much, children. You'll find mostly dry plains and little trickles of rivers with sandy basins. The small towns are just groups of huts, and they're far apart at that. Although the peasants have fairly large holdings, they make meager livings."

In spite of Uncle Lee's warning, neither Peter nor Nancy were prepared for the sight of the first little adobe house they saw. It was such a sad-looking little house, made of sun-hardened bricks and mud, with practically no windows.

"It's so terribly hot." Nancy fanned herself with her hat. "Why aren't there bigger windows in that little hut?"

“Because, Nancy,” Uncle Lee explained, “it’s just as cold here in winter as it is hot in summer. As for that house, it’s one of the best. Those huts beyond, as you see, are much smaller and you may believe they have dirt floors.”

Uncle Lee brought the car to a stop. The radiator was steaming. He asked a ragged but polite Spanish boy for water. The boy invited them all into a little mud house, and they accepted the invitation to get out of the sun very gladly indeed.

They found themselves in a hall which evidently served both as a living and dining room. At one side of the hall was a kitchen with a large fireplace. Nancy sat down on one of the wooden benches in front of the fireplace. The floor, which was of wood, was freshly scrubbed. On the walls were earthen dishes and polished pots and pans. Uncle Lee explained that the bedrooms were on the other side of the hall.

“Where are the father and mother?” Nancy asked.

“The father tends the sheep,” said Uncle Lee. “You see, the family depends on the sheep for milk, cheese and clothing. The mother has gone to gather *esparto* grass, probably, out of which she will weave shoes and baskets.”

“I suppose even the children must work hard,” Peter guessed.

“Indeed, they must,” Uncle Lee agreed. “The grain crop is always scanty on account of the

dryness. What there is of it is threshed by hand, or rather, by foot, I should say. The children pound out the grain by jumping up and down on it in a threshing barrow."

Nancy and Peter did not laugh. They felt sorry for the little Castilian children.

When the car was ready again, Peter and Nancy climbed in and waved good-by to the polite Spanish boy. Now they were prepared for other little mud houses, scanty fields, small, dried-up river beds and villages which were just a few miserable huts around a main *plaza*. But they were surprised at the cheerful smiles, the polite manners, and the joyfulness with which all the peasants greeted them. Under the broad-brimmed hats they saw nothing but gleams of white teeth and broad smiles.

At last, in the middle of this dry plain, they saw the outskirts of the city of Madrid, the capital of Spain. It was afternoon and unbearably hot in the sun. In the shade one could feel the cool breeze from the distant mountains. The car entered a wide boulevard, the *Gran Avenida de la Libertad*. It was indeed lovely, with its inner and outer highways and the wide, tree-lined walks for pedestrians lying in between. There were fine plazas, or parks, all the way along, adorned with fountains and statuary. But the street was almost empty.

Peter asked, "What's happened to the people?"

"They're taking their *siestas*, or daily naps,"

Uncle Lee explained. "Shops are closed between one and three. Too hot to work! Well, here's our hotel."

At the desk of the palatial hotel the three travelers learned that dinner would not be served until seven-thirty, when the Avenida would be alive with people. A courteous gentleman suggested that they refresh themselves in the *patio* before going to their rooms.

"Wish I was old enough to wear a high comb and a *mantilla*," Nancy whispered, as they sat down in the patio, where several Spanish ladies were sipping cool drinks. "Then I'd go call on the king."

"King Alphonso is in exile," Peter reminded his sister. "Spain is a republic now, and the people will use the palaces for government offices and museums. Once before, in 1873, so Uncle Lee says, the people overthrew their monarchy, but that republic lasted only two years. Isn't that right, Uncle Lee?"

"Correct, Peter!" Uncle Lee clapped his hands to call a waiter. "I'll treat you children to a *horchata* before you take your naps."

"What's a horchata?" Peter and Nancy asked in one voice.

They soon found out that it was a cool, creamy drink with a delicate almond flavor and that the sweet, rolled wafers served with it were called *barquillos*.

"Madrid," Uncle Lee explained, while they

sipped their drinks contentedly, "will never become a great industrial city, because there are no great cities near it to use its produce. It does manufacture a great deal of leather goods and also many products needed by the city itself. Perhaps an improved railway system would help it."

"Perhaps an improved climate would help it most of all," Peter remarked. "And if the Castilian farmers had realized that the birds were their friends instead of their enemies, they wouldn't have cut down all the trees. Then Madrid wouldn't be standing in the middle of a treeless plateau that looks like baked, red mud."

"We shall go north to Asturias when we leave Madrid, Peter," Uncle Lee consoled the grumbling little boy. "You'll find Asturias as wet and cold as Madrid is dry and hot."

It did not seem as though any part of Spain could be wet and cold; but, as the little car chugged northward, Peter and Nancy soon saw the broad-brimmed hats of the south give way to blue woolen caps. They were glad to follow the examples of the Asturians of northwest Spain and get out their woolens.

PATIOS AND A GREAT ROCK

THE peasants in Asturia seemed to have very small farms. The houses, however, were built of wood from the forests to the north.

Uncle Lee abandoned his car at the edge of a little village of a few houses, and he and the children trudged along the muddy road.

“An adobe house would be washed away in this climate,” Peter declared, as he lifted one mud-caked foot after the other. “But I like this better than the heat of Madrid. Are all the villages as small as this one, Uncle Lee? You can count the houses.”

“Yes. It’s a country of villages,” Uncle Lee said. “You’ll probably see the first house of the next village as soon as you’re out of sight of this one. There are a few larger villages with markets. Each landholder here raises corn and hay, and each one owns a cow. The cow supplies the household with milk, butter and cheese. Apple and cherry orchards provide fruit, and nearly every yard has a chestnut tree. No matter how small the farm, there are always chickens and sometimes a few pigs.”

“Seems funny to see two-story houses again.” said Peter.

“And wooden shoes! Uncle, those people have

on wooden shoes!" Nancy insisted. "Well, it's small wonder. Wish I had wooden shoes on myself. My leather shoes are soaked. And I hear a bagpipe. Isn't it funny, Uncle, to see a bit of Holland and hear a bit of Scotland in Spain?"

"The wooden shoes are real enough," Peter remarked. "But you're imagining bagpipes."

"No, Nancy's right," said Uncle Lee. "I think some musician was practicing back there. The Asturians do use the drum and bagpipe during festivals."

A few days later Uncle Lee turned his muddy car south again. This time they were bound for Andalusia in southern Spain, the province in which was located Seville. Seville! Afterwards Nancy vowed she would never forget the scent of Seville's roses, and Peter vowed he'd never forget the Street of Serpents, the principal business street of Seville, with its many windings. All three visitors vowed they would never forget the heat. Uncle Lee led the children down the narrow Street of Serpents. Awnings were stretched from one side to the other to keep out the hot sunlight. The shops were fascinating, but everywhere one looked were idle men.

"Andalusia is a province of rich and poor," said Uncle Lee at breakfast the morning after their arrival. "It's a land of extremes. The entire country is held in big holdings and the poor in the cities wait about for work on the land. They are hired to harvest olives in De-



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**PETER VOWED HE'D NEVER FORGET THE
STREET OF SERPENTS**

ember, to weed gardens in March, to cut grain in August and to sow seed in September. But men are often out of work and the wages are low. In most families the mothers and children must help out. Yet, in spite of everything, the people are gay. You will hear tambourines and the sound of castanets, and at every festival you will see bright clothes and colored ribbons."

"But Seville looks prosperous," Peter insisted.

"It is," said Uncle Lee. "In spite of its many poor, it's a great trade city."

Late that afternoon Nancy and Peter saw the beautiful side of life in Seville. They had tea in a lovely patio, fragrant with flowers. A fountain in the center of the patio, about which the white-walled house was built, showed rainbow gleams. A group of girls coming from a costume party wore the high headdress and mantilla of an earlier day, now rarely seen.

"Well, it's Cadiz next, then Gibraltar, and then France," Uncle Lee said, as he took another cup of the fragrant tea from his hostess.

"I don't know which I like best," Peter said quietly to Nancy, "Uncle Lee's friends who are so kind to us here in Seville, or the peasant boy in the little adobe house in Castile."

"Well," said Nancy, softly, "they're both Spanish."

Cadiz was a quaint old city, full of narrow and winding streets. The children enjoyed their short stay here and looked with interest on the

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A GROUP OF SPANISH GIRLS

round-eyed Spanish children, who gathered in groups to watch the little Americans.

Two days later as he stood at the rail of the little Mediterranean steamer between Uncle Lee and Nancy, Peter said, "Gibraltar isn't Spanish, is it, Uncle Lee?"

"No, Gibraltar isn't Spanish," Uncle Lee answered. "A good many countries have fought for it, because it's the key to the Mediterranean, as you've probably learned in school. Great Britain took it from Spain in the eighteenth century and has held it ever since. The English

settlement is at the foot of the rock on the western side. We'll climb it this afternoon."

The rock of Gibraltar now rose gray and precipitous before them. On the Spanish side rose bare hills and on the African side, bluish hills with snow caps.

Uncle Lee was as good as his word. The little party climbed up the west side of the great rock and stood looking awesomely at the view. To the north lay a sandy stretch of land, which Uncle Lee said was neutral territory. Beyond the strip of land were sentry boxes and Spanish soldiers. The children faced about to see the bay full of ships, some coming, some going. Uncle Lee explained that Gibraltar was England's most important coaling station.

"How'd you like to go inside?" Uncle Lee asked suddenly.

"Inside?" Peter did not understand.

"Inside?" Nancy echoed. "You don't mean inside the Rock of Gibraltar, do you?"

"That's just what I do mean," Uncle Lee answered. "Of course the east side of the rock is almost perpendicular, but the north, south and west sides of Gibraltar are full of passages where guns are hidden. Want to come?"

The children accepted breathlessly.

As Nancy stood in one of the passageways looking through a hole in the rock that served as a window, she said, "It seems very strange to be inside of the Rock of Gibraltar and looking



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ROUND-EYED SPANISH CHILDREN GATHERED IN
GROUPS TO WATCH THE LITTLE AMERICANS

down on the blue Mediterranean. I wonder what the children back home would say if they knew."

"They'd say," said Peter solemnly, "that you must have used magic to get inside."

"Well, I'd say I had a magic uncle to get me in," Nancy conceded.

"I wonder how far it is from the most southern point in Europe to the most northern point in Africa," Peter puzzled.

"Only nine miles," Uncle Lee spoke up. "Once, long ago, Peter, there probably was a range of mountains that connected the two continents. Now a good, swift current flows between from the Mediterranean. It's a tideless sea, always flowing westward."

"I should think it would soon dry up!" Nancy exclaimed.

"No chance of that!" Uncle Lee declared. "The current you see flows on the surface. But underneath there's a hidden Gulf Stream flowing back."

"Gibraltar's the most wonderful surprise to me," Nancy said, her eyes beaming. "I'd always thought of it as a barren rock—but I never saw so many wild flowers. What are they, Uncle Lee?"

"Oh, fig trees, locusts, orange blossoms and clematis, I think," Uncle Lee answered. "And of course you recognized the red geraniums."

"Just like home!" both children said at once.

They looked just a wee bit sober, thinking of the red geraniums in the farm kitchen at home.

A PURCHASE IN PARIS

THE children's first excursion into the city of Paris occurred early one evening. Uncle Lee took Nancy by one hand and Peter by the other and led them out to the quays by the old *pension*, or boarding house, where they were living. The air was fresh and clean, and lights began to twinkle along the quays and bridges and on the boats.

People passed, chatting happily, the men in blue jackets and caps, the women in clean frocks with big aprons, and the children in simple clothes such as Nancy wore to play in. The women wore no hats, and their dark hair was simply knotted at the napes of their necks. This first view of Paris was not at all what Nancy expected, and Uncle Lee was disturbing her ideas, too, by very practical remarks.

"Paris," he was saying to Peter, "is the greatest manufacturing center in all France. It can be reached by all places on the Seine and the Marne and by boats from the North Sea. It's a railroad center, too. And you'd be surprised at the number of canals that have been built between rivers, with the sole idea of sending produce into Paris. From the little Isle of the City, which was settled by people that Cæsar



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VIEW OF PARIS SHOWING BRIDGES OVER THE SEINE RIVER

called the *Parisii*, it has grown to the Paris of to-day. Even in the very earliest times, Paris had grain for bread, grapes for wine and wood for fuel close by. It's always been a very fortunate city."

"But I never thought of Paris as being a *practical* city," Nancy objected. "I'm almost disappointed."

"Your idea is partly right, Nancy," Uncle Lee said, smiling down at his niece. "Paris differs from London, for example, in having small factories instead of large ones. These small factories turn out things noted for their beauty, their design or their quality. They make tapestries, shawls, jewelry, hats, silk stockings, bags and perfumes. These things may not be necessary, but they make life more delightful."

"And they make us much happier," Nancy added.

Uncle Lee's work had kept him in Europe much longer than he had expected; but it wasn't hard for Peter and Nancy to be reconciled. Paris was gay and delightful, and, although Uncle Lee insisted that they have a tutor for part of each day, there was still much time to wander about. Nearly every afternoon saw them in the *Place de la Concorde*, the largest and most beautiful square in the world. The summer flowers were still beautiful, and the great stone statues that represented the chief towns of France always had a fascination for the children.

Peter was particularly drawn to the marble fountains and the Egyptian obelisk, or square shaft with Egyptian hieroglyphics, or picture-writing, that had been brought from Luxor in Egypt.

The spot where the obelisk now stood had once been the scene of mob violence during the French Revolution. The French Revolution was a cruel civil war of the poverty-stricken masses against the rich aristocrats and royalty. Here it was that thousands had suffered death at the hands of infuriated revolutionists. Here the French king Louis XVI and the unfortunate young queen, Marie Antoinette, had met their terrible fate. Nancy went every day to see the statue of Marie Antoinette, with the fresh flowers laid there in remembrance. Both Peter and Nancy thought, too, of the many American soldiers who had visited the *Place de la Concorde* and had never again returned from the trenches.

One fine afternoon Uncle Lee took the children in a cab for a drive along that splendid avenue, the *Champs Elysées*. Uncle Lee said the word *champs* meant field; and that this fashionable avenue, with its well-dressed men and women, its nurses in uniform, and its purring limousines, had once been a field outside the city. *Elysée* was a girl's name. It happened that a lively party of young folks were celebrating a holiday by staging a costume parade down the avenue.

Next day they visited the *Arc de Triomphe de*



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UNCLE LEE TOOK THE CHILDREN FOR A DRIVE
ALONG THE CHAMPS ELYSÉES

*Paul's Photos*

A COSTUME PARADE DOWN THE AVENUE

L'Etoile, the largest triumphal arch in the world. There was a military review in front of the arch that day, and the companies of soldiers in their uniforms moved as one through many drills. Many roads lead out from the arch, as though it were a central sun. For just a few moments the children stared at the immense statuary, depicting the successes of Napoleon and his generals, and then the carriage moved on. But both Nancy and Peter seemed to see column after column of khaki colored uniforms marching under the arch.

And always, no matter where they rode or walked—or flew—they saw the Eiffel Tower in

the distance. They often said they would miss it when they came to leave. And one day they saw a zeppelin in flight over Paris passing the tower. It did not pass *over* the tower, which rises to so great a height, but only near the lower tiers of the great structure.

Peter liked to visit the tomb of Napoleon best of all. It was in a small building in the *Invalides*. The *Invalides* consisted of buildings erected by Louis XIV as a refuge for his old soldiers, the invalids. It was planned to hold seven thousand, but it is too small to hold all who need it now. In the chapel whose dome the children had often admired from a distance lay all that remained of the great conqueror Napoleon. Peter often stared down on the tomb of brown marble, beneath the dome, and admired the white marble statues representing the different captured cities. Nancy beside him, would lift her eyes to the altar. At the sides of the altar were yellow stained-glass windows through which the golden colored sun shone on the blue marble pillars. Peter said it looked as though the sun were always rising on Napoleon's tomb.

The chapel in the rear contained all the flags carried in Napoleon's campaigns, old flags, tattered and torn and faded. Peter's eyes saw hordes of men fighting valiantly. When he looked at the remnants of glory, he heard battle cries. And when he viewed Napoleon's gray coat and his favorite battered, soiled, worn and faded old



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THERE WAS A MILITARY REVIEW IN FRONT OF
THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE THAT DAY

hats, the great conqueror seemed very close and very human.

It was cold dining on the boulevards, but some people still enjoyed it. Uncle Lee was one of them. Peter and Nancy never tired of the crowds at the little tables, and one afternoon they left the *Champs Elysées* to drive out to the *Bois de Boulogne*, a palace for pleasure in a natural forest. This forest boasts of an upper lake and cascades, a lower lake and beautiful trees and walks. In the wonderful restaurants Nancy and Peter enjoyed

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THEY DROVE TO THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE, A PLEASURE PALACE IN A NATURAL FOREST

such cantaloupe as they had never imagined existed.

Uncle Lee had promised that on his first day of leisure he would take Peter and Nancy over to the *Bon Marche* to shop. *Bon Marche*, he explained, meant a cheap market, or, as we would say in America, a Golden Rule store. Madam Cambon, who ran the pension at which they lived, gave them much advice as to where to buy and how to get bargains. She was almost like a mother to the children. Although she made won-

derful soup and stews, Peter missed his mother's pies, and Nancy longed for turkey and cranberry sauce at Thanksgiving time. Madam seemed to sense that they might be lonesome around holiday time.

"You are happy in Paris?" she asked politely. "I can perhaps procure for you the good Thanksgiving dinner. What do you like?"

"We always have turkey and cranberries at home," Peter put in.

Madam Cambon smiled in her gracious manner.

"I procure the turkey," she promised. "Maybe I find also the cranberry in Paris."

Peter and Nancy forgot for the time being their Thanksgiving plans when they shopped at the Bon Marche. There was such a jumble of things to choose from. But Peter finally picked out some wooden soldiers, and Nancy chose a big doll that could walk, talk and roll her eyes. When Madam Cambon heard the "Mama! Mama!" of the doll, she came running out into the hall. She laughed heartily at her mistake.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER

ON Thanksgiving morning Uncle Lee took the children to church at the Cathedral of Notre Dame where, with full hearts, they offered up thanksgiving. They were almost alone in the cathedral, but they said the Lord's prayer in French, as their tutor had taught them. As they left the cathedral, they took a last look at the gargoyles which, perched far up on the edges of the roof, seemed to watch over the city with wistful, half-human faces.

Then they took a last look around in the *Louvre* galleries. These galleries had once been a palace, and they were very beautiful. At the end of one of the corridors they came upon the *Venus de Milo*, that beautiful piece of Greek sculpture which artists pronounce perfect feminine beauty. Nancy and Peter had both seen casts of the statue, but these copies gave no idea of the beauty of the original marble. They paused before Millet's *The Gleaners*, and they were glad to see the peasants of the little farms of France. That was a picture that Peter could understand. He was a trifle puzzled about the *Mona Lisa*. This smiling young woman, whose eyes seemed to follow one, looked to be very much alive. But Peter wondered what she was thinking about. Leonardo

da Vinci had worked four years on this picture and then had not finished it. Once it had been stolen, and Nancy said she would have been very much disappointed had it not been recovered.

When the children and Uncle Lee returned to the pension, they found a happy, flustered Madam Cambon.

“I have procure,” she confided, “even the cranberry.”

They sat down to the feast, the tasty, flavorful soup, the well-roasted turkey, with chestnut stuffing, the delicate vegetables and green salad and a pudding. There was, however, no sign of cranberries.

At last Madam rose from her table.

“I shall bring in the treat myself,” she confided.

Peter looked at Nancy and Nancy looked at Peter. Uncle Lee grinned at both of them.

Presently Madam appeared. She had three small dishes on a tray. She placed one small dish before each of her boarders with a grand gesture.

Nancy, Peter and Uncle Lee gazed down at their dishes. Then they stared. In each dish lay a few hard, red little cranberries, *uncooked*.

“I do not like them so very well,” Madam commented. “Perhaps they are like the olive. One learns to like them.”

Uncle Lee looked at the children and thanked Madam for all her pains. Peter manfully bit into the sour berries, and Nancy ate hers like a lady.



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THE GARGOYLES SEEMED TO WATCH OVER THE
CITY WITH WISTFUL, HALF-HUMAN FACES

"I'm proud of you," said Uncle Lee, after they had gone back to their rooms. "You never gave Madam a hint that she hadn't pleased you immensely. I'm thankful that my little niece and big nephew know how to be kind, which is true politeness."

"We couldn't be ungrateful, Uncle Lee," Nancy spoke up. "It was sweet of her to take so much pains to find the cranberries. And you've done so many things for us, almost like magic."

"Well, magic won't cook cranberries," Peter exclaimed. "When I get home for Christmas I'm going to eat ten sauce dishes full up with cooked cranberries."

The children couldn't leave Paris without looking at the wonderful city from the Eiffel Tower. From the day of their arrival they had watched it, with its great light at the top, faintly etched against gray skies or sharply clear against blue.

"How high is it?" Peter asked, as he and Nancy stepped into the taxi with Uncle Lee to go to the *Champs de Mars*.

"It's nine hundred and eighty-four feet high," Uncle Lee answered, "and it's built of iron. Cost about a million dollars to build it, I believe. I want you children to remember that the first telephone message from America to Europe was dispatched to the wireless station on the Eiffel Tower."

Later that afternoon Peter and Nancy stood beside Uncle Lee on the third platform of the



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AND ALWAYS . . . THEY SAW THE EIFFEL TOWER
IN THE DISTANCE

Tower, which they had reached by means of elevators, and looked out over the towers, spires, domes and housetops of the great city. They saw the silver ribbon of the Seine and the hills beyond.

“If Christmas wasn’t coming, I’d like to stay in Paris another month,” Peter declared.

“Let’s stop for just one more little visit in the Louvre,” Nancy begged. “I want to sit in that room that the Venus de Milo occupies all by herself and look again at that wonderful marble against the dark curtains.”

In the autumn sunshine the little party entered the Louvre and came out into a lovely park-like square that Uncle Lee called the *Place du Carrousel*.

“Oh! Oh!” cried both Nancy and Peter.

Before them stood Paul Bartlett’s statue of Lafayette, which the school children of America had paid for out of their pennies and presented to France.

“Uncle Lee,” Peter declared, “this is one of the very best surprises you ever gave us.”

And Nancy silently smiled her thanks.

CHRISTMAS BEST AT HOME

THEY were going home! Only three hours from London to Liverpool on the west coast! Only six days' sailing and a seventh to be used up at Quebec getting through the customs and buying transportation. Only four days on the train! How Peter and Nancy beamed, and how constantly Uncle Lee wore that wide, pleasant grin of his!

"What's Liverpool like?" Peter asked, as the swift train sped through the country.

"It's just a big modern city," Nancy put in. "They admit in London that it's the biggest seaport in the British Isles."

"But what made it such a big city?" Peter persisted.

This time it was Uncle Lee who answered.

"Well, Peter," Uncle Lee said, "we might as well begin at the beginning. In Queen Elizabeth's time Liverpool was a very poor little town. After the Great Plague and the Fire of London merchants left London and went to Liverpool to carry on their trade."

"Liverpool ships a lot of coal, doesn't it?" Peter interrupted.

"I'm coming to that," said Uncle Lee. "Liverpool's prosperity really began with the digging of

*Ewing Galloway*

LIVERPOOL IS THE BIGGEST SEAPORT
IN THE BRITISH ISLES

a great canal. It was called the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and it connected Liverpool with the new towns rising up in south Lancashire. Here the coal trade was growing."

"Is Liverpool famous just for coal, Uncle Lee?" Nancy asked.

"No, indeed, Nancy," Uncle Lee answered. "After the invention of spinning machinery and the steam engine, Liverpool began to manufacture all sorts of goods. Many a ship from our country brings in cotton and other raw materials. It

wasn't long before Liverpool built railways to Manchester and London. Then they dredged their river and constructed a tunnel under the river bed. Where do you suppose Liverpool gets its water?"

"From the river," Peter guessed.

"From springs," Nancy guessed.

"Both wrong," Uncle Lee said. "The water comes from a lake in Wales. And it's piped a good many miles."

When the children drove through the city to the docks with Uncle Lee, they saw a modern city of fine public buildings, houses and shops. But since their boat was to sail at one o'clock, there was no time in which to visit the city. Besides, it was to the great ships in the harbor that their eyes turned.

The ocean trip was delightful and uneventful. The first sight of the American flag on American land sent little shivers of joy up and down their spinal columns.

The railway journey back home seemed endless. Nancy and Peter put on their wraps while the train was still fifty miles from home. Then they gathered their luggage into their arms and sat stiffly on the edge of their seats. Uncle Lee leaned gently over them and said, "Well, I guess home's the best place on earth after all, isn't it? What do you say?"

They both nodded, afraid to speak because of a sudden tightening of their throats. In the

months they had been gone, this last mile was the longest trip they had ever taken.

Daddy and Mother were at the station with the big sleigh. Peter and Nancy were hugged and kissed, and there were tears of sheer joy. Uncle Lee helped to tuck his charges into the sled with fur robes, and they drove out over the snowy roads. There was a flutter of snowflakes in the air and, when the big square farmhouse came in sight, Nancy and Peter both uttered squeals of joy.

“O Peter, we’ll see our cows like the Holsteins in Holland,” Nancy cried.

“And the Swiss milk cow, too, Nancy,” Peter added.

“The doves! O Peter, see them now, flying down from the barn!” Nancy squealed. “Remember Saint Mark’s Square, Peter?”

“I can wear my snowshoes now, Nancy,” Peter declared. “It’ll be as much fun as the wooden shoes were. Remember how I walked on that cobble-stoned street near The Hague in Holland?”

“See here,” put in Uncle Lee, “it seems to me that you two are going to have more fun right here at home than you had on my trip. Doesn’t pay to take you traveling.”

Peter and Nancy were used to their Magic Uncle’s banter by this time.

“Why, Uncle Lee,” Nancy exclaimed, “you’re every bit as happy-looking as we feel.”

“Uncle Lee is even looking at the woodpile!”

Peter's laughter brimmed over. "I never saw anyone who liked to work in a wood lot like Uncle Lee."

All the relatives were home for Christmas, and Nancy and Peter ran from one to the other. Everyone talked and laughed in happy, noisy confusion. Daddy came in laden with luggage and packages.

Suddenly through the din came a different sort of sound.

"Mama! Mama!"

"Good gracious!" said one of the aunts. "We've waked the babies with all our chatter. I thought they were all asleep. It usually takes a lot to wake them from their naps."

She started upstairs, but Nancy pulled her back.

"It's only my Paris doll," Nancy explained. "Daddy tilted the box."

Then she brought out the beautiful doll that could walk and talk and roll its eyes.

"It's for little sister," Nancy whispered. "I'll put it away carefully so it won't disturb anyone. I want it to be a Christmas surprise."

Never had there been such a dinner in the old farmhouse. All the relatives with their children sat down to the big, long table. Peter glanced at the big brown turkey, the heaped dishes of vegetables, the homemade pickles and jelly. Then his eyes traveled to the sideboard, with its variety of pies, both mince and pumpkin. His enraptured

gaze even took in the nuts and apples and popcorn balls, and he knew that the Christmas tree in the closed-up living room was already loaded with candy cornucopias and frosted animal cookies.

But he did not seem satisfied.

The grace was said. He lifted his eyes, and they fixed themselves on an immense glass bowl full of richly jellied cranberries.

“Mother,” he asked in deep earnestness, “may I have all the cranberry sauce I want?”

“Why, certainly, son.”

Nancy lifted the dish and set it in front of Peter. Uncle Lee winked at his fellow travelers.

“Why go away,” he asked, “when all the best things are at home? Merry Christmas!”

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY

- Aalsmeer (äls'mār')
 Acropolis (ä-kröp'ō-līs)
 Adolphus (ä-döl'fūs)
 Alkmaar (älk-mär')
 Alphonso (äl-fön'sō)
 Alpine (äl'pīn)
 Amsterdam (äm'stēr-dām)
 Andalusia (än'dā-lōō'zhā)
 Antwerp (änt'wûrp)
 Arc de Triomphe de L' Etoile
 (ärk dē trīōnf' dē lä'twāl')
 Argyll (är-gīl')
 Arno (är'nō)
 Astrakhan (äs'trä-kän')
 Asturias (äs-tōō'rē-äs)
 Athens (äth'enz)
 Avon (ā'vön)
- Baltic (bôl'tīk)
 Barcelona (bär'sē-lō'nā)
 barquillos (bär-keel'lyōs)
 Basle (bäl)
 Belfast (běl'fäst)
 Belgium (běl'jī-üm)
 Bergen (bûr'gĕn)
 Berlin (bûr-līn')
 Berne (bûrn)
 Bingen (bīng'ĕn)
 Bois de Boulogne
 (bwá dē bōō'lôn'y')
 Bon Marche (bôn mär-chā')
 Bonsecours (bôn'sē-kōōr')
 borsch (bôrsh)
 Broderson (brō'dēr-sün)
 Bruges (brōō'jīz)
 Brussels (brūs'lz)
 Buckingham (bŭk'īng-hām)
- Cadiz (kā'dīz)
 Cambon (kän'bôn')
 Cambridge (kām'brīj)
 carioles (kär'ī-ōl)
 Cartier, Jacques (kär'tyā, zhāk)
- Castile (käs-tēl')
 Caucasus (kô'ká-sŭs)
 Champs de Mars (shän' dē märs')
 Champs Elysées (shän' zā'lē'zā')
 château (shă-tō')
 Cheshire (chĕsh'īr)
 Chillon (shĕ'yôn'; *E.* shīl'on or
 shī lön')
 Christiania (krīs-tyā'nē-ä)
 Cleopatra (klĕ'ō-pā'trā)
 Cobh (kōv)
 cockney (kōk'nī)
 Colantha, Johanna
 (kō-län'tā yo-hän'nä)
 Cologne (kō-lōn')
 Connemara (kōn'ĕ-mä'rā)
 Copenhagen (kō'pĕn-hā'gĕn)
 Corinth (kōr'īnth)
 Cork (kōrk)
 Courtrai (kōōr'trĕ')
- Dal (däl)
 Danube (dän'ūb)
 Delftshaven (dĕlftshā-vĕn)
 Denmark (dĕn'märk)
 Die Wacht Am Rhein
 (dē vācht' ūm rīn')
 doge (dōj)
 Drammen (drām'ĕn)
 Dublin (dŭb'līn)
 Dundee (dŭn-dĕ')
 Dunfermline (dŭn-fĕrm'līn)
- Eau de Cologne (ō dē kō-lōn')
 edelweiss (ā'dĕl-vīs)
 Edinburgh (ĕd'īn-bŭ-rŭ)
 Egypt (ĕ'jīpt)
 Eiffel (ī'fĕl)
 Elba (ĕl'bā)
 esparto (ās-pär'tō)
- fiord (fyōrd)
 flad brot (flät brŭ)

- Flanders (flän'dērz)
 Folkestone (fōk'stūn)
 franc (frängk)
- Gaelic (gāl'ík)
 Galileo (gäl'í-lē'ō)
 gargoyle (gär'goil)
 Geneva (jē-nē'vá)
 Ghent (gěnt)
 Gibraltar (jī-bról'tēr)
 Glasgow (glás'gō)
 Glommen (glōm'ēn)
 gondola (gōn'dō-lá)
 gondolier (gōn'dō-lēr')
- Götā (yū'tā)
 Göteborg (yū'tě-bör'y)
 Gothic (gōth'ík)
 Gran Avenida de la Libertad
 (grän ä'ven-ē'dä dā lä
 lē-bār-täd')
- Gustavus (gūs-tā'vūs)
 Guten Tag (goot'n tåg)
- Haarlem (här'lēm)
 Hague (hāg)
 Hammerfast (häm'ēr-fěst)
 Hardanger (här'däng-ēr)
 Hartz (härts)
 Harvard (här'vēr)
 Hathaway (hāth'ä-wāy)
 heather (hěth'ēr)
 Holbein (hōl'bin)
 Holland (hōl'änd)
 Holstein (hōl'stīn)
 horchata (ōr-chäh'täh)
- Interlaken (in'tēr-lä'kěn)
 Invalides (än-vä-lēd')
- Italian (í-täl'yän)
- jarvey (jār'vī)
 Jönköping (yūn'chū'pīng)
 Jonni (jon'nī)
 jostedalsbrä (yos'těh-dāls'brā)
 Jungfrau (yōōng'frou')
- Kalamata (kā'lá-mā'tá)
 Kazan (ká-zän')
- Killarney (kī-lār'nī)
 kremlin (krēm'līn)
 Krieger (krē'gēr)
- Lancashire (läng'ká-shīr)
 Landseer (länd'sēr)
 Leipsic (līp'sīk)
 Lenin (lěn'īn)
 Leningrad (lěn'īn-grād)
 Leonardo de Vinci
 (lā'ō-nār'dō dā vēn'chē)
 Letitia (lē-tīsh'ī-á)
 Leyden (lī'děn)
 Liége (lē-ězh')
- lira (lē'rā)
 Lisowsky (lēz-ōv'skī)
 Londonderry (lūn'dūn-dēr'ī)
 Lorelei (lōr'ě-lī)
 Louvre (lōō'vr')
- Lucerne (lū-sūrn')
- Lys (lēs)
- Macedonia (mās'ē-dō'nī-á)
 Madrid (mä-drēth' E. mād'rīd')
- Mainz (mīnts)
 Maisonneuve, de (mā'zō'nūv' dē)
 mantilla (mān-tīl'á)
 Marne (mār'n)
 Meuse (mūz)
 Millet (mē'lě')
- Mona Lisa (mō'ná lē'zá)
 Mons (mōns)
 Monsieur (mē-syū')
- Montreal (mōnt'rē-ōl')
- Mont Real (mōn rā āl')
- Montreux (mōn'trū')
- Moscow (mōs'kō)
 Munich (mū'nīk)
- Netherlands (něth'ēr landz)
 Neva (nē'va)

- Nizhnii Novgorod
 (nyışh'nyëë nôv'gô-rôt)
 Norwegian (nôr-wē'jăn)
 Notre Dame (nô'tr' dâm')
 Nuremburg (nū'rēm-bûrg)
 Nürnberg (nürn'bërk)
- obelisk (ôb'ë-lîsk)
 Oden (ô'dën)
 Oslo (ôs'lô)
 Ostend (ôst-ënd')
 oui (wē)
- Parisii (pá-rîz'î-î)
 Parthenon (pär'thē-nôn)
 patio (pä'tyô)
 Patras (pä-träs')
 pension (pän'syôn)
 Petrograd (pët'rô-gräd)
 Pisa (pē'zä)
 Place d'Armes (pläs' d'ärm')
 Place de la Concorde
 (pläs' dē lâ kôn-körd')
 Place du Carrousel
 (pläs' dû kă-rou-zël')
 plaza (plä'zä)
 Portcullis (pört-kül'is)
- quanto (qwăn'tô)
 Quebec (kwē-bëk')
- Rembrandt (rēm'bränt)
 Rhine (rîn)
 Rhone (rôn)
 Rialto (rî-äl'tô)
 Richelieu (rē'shē-lyû')
 Rotterdam (rôt'ër-däm')
 Ruhr (rōor)
- Samara (sâ-mä'rá)
 samovar (säm'ô-vär)
 Saratov (sâ-rä-tôf')
 Scheldt (skëlt)
- Scheveningen (skā'vën-îng'ën)
 Schwartz (shvärts)
 Seville (sē-vîl')
 Shottery (shôt'ër-î)
 siesta (sî-ës'tä)
 signorina (sē'nyô-rē'nä)
 Skien (shēn)
 slane (slän)
 Soviet (sô'vî-ët')
 Stalin (stäl'ën)
 Staubbach (stôwb'bäk)
 St. Moritz (sânt mō'rîts)
 Stockholm (stök'hôlm)
 Svenson (svën'sën)
- Tack sa mycket (tāk saw mē'kët)
 Tara (tä'rä)
 Thames (tēmz)
 Thessaly (thēs'ä-lî)
 Thuringia (thū-rîn'jî-ä)
 Torg (törg)
 Trafalgar (tráf'äl-gär')
 Tromsö (tröms'û')
 Trondhjem (trôn'yëm)
 Tweed (twēd)
 Tyrrhenian (tî-rē'nî-än)
- Ural (û'räl)
- Valencia (va-lën'shî-ä)
 Venice (vën'îs)
 Venus de Milo (vē'nûs de mē'lô)
 Verchères (vër'shâr')
 Verona (vē-rô'nä)
 Ville Marie (vël mâ-rē')
 Volga (völ'gä)
- Wagnerian (väg-nēr' î-än)
 Wetter (vët'ër)
- Zuider Zee (zî'dēr zä')
 Zurich (zöör'îk)

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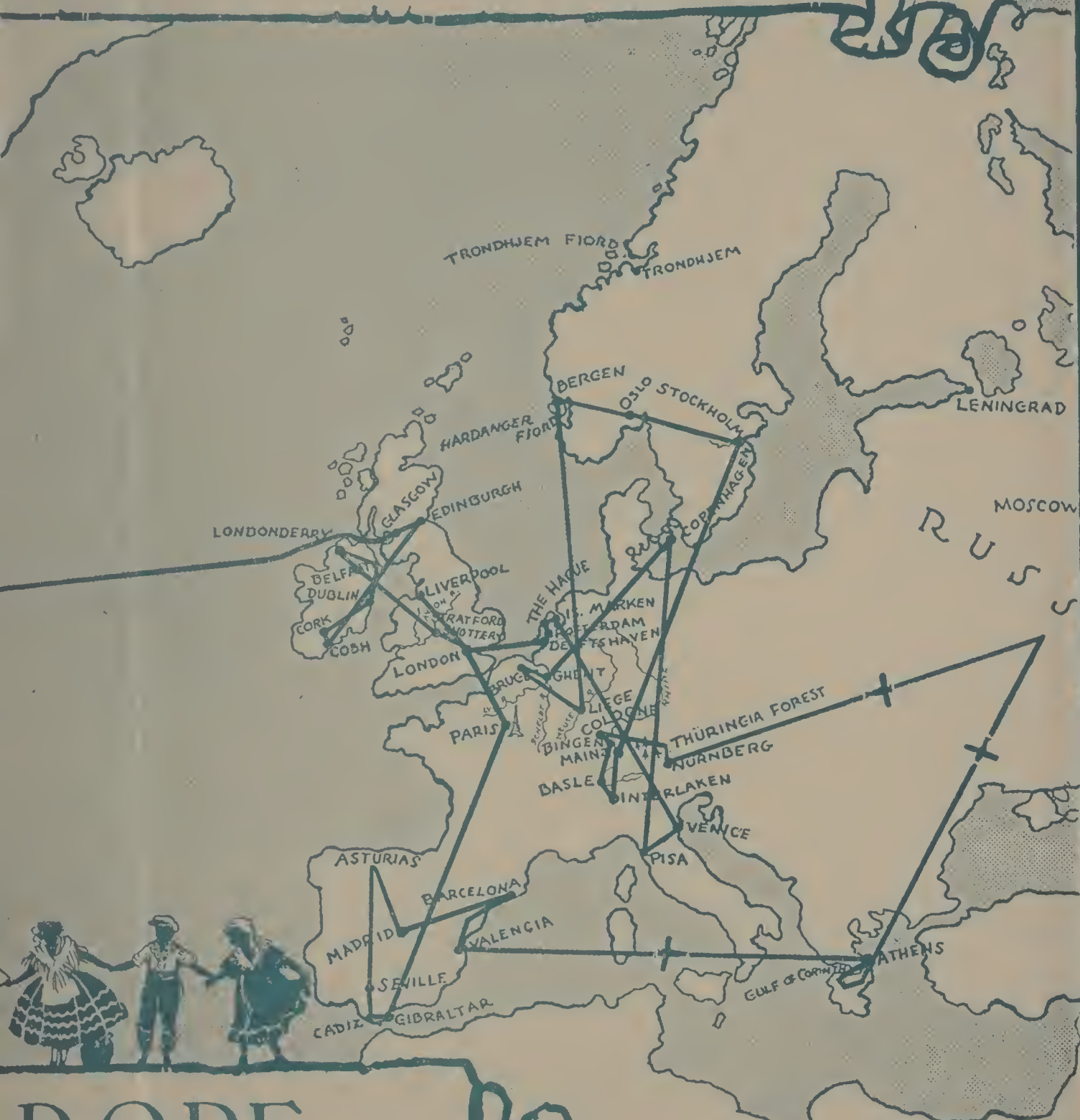
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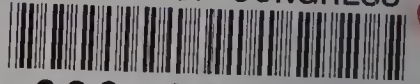


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